

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



MACPHAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL
AND
LITERARY REVIEW.

VOLUME XI.



EDINBURGH:
MYLES MACPHAIL, 11. SOUTH ST. DAVID STREET.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
1851.

Pw. 1419.e .442.
11. 12.

H. & J. PILLANS, Printers, 7. James's Court, Edinburgh.

CONTENTS TO VOL. XI.

No. LXI.—Commentaries on the Conflict, No. I., 1—Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations, 11—Orcadian Sketches, No. I., 16—Confessions of a Court Preacher, 29—Temple of Fame, Vision Fifth, 41—The Ladies of the Covenant, 54—Original Poetry, 59—Literary Notices, 60—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64.

No. LXII.—Notes on Theology and Science, No. X., 65—Orcadian Sketches, No. II., 79—Whitmarsh's Family Prayers, 95—Commentaries on the Conflict, No. II., 100—A Pilgrimage to Rome, 112—Original Poetry, 126.

No. LXIII.—Progress of Mechanical Science, 129—Dr. Cumming and Sheridan Knowles on Cardinal Wiseman, 152—Orcadian Sketches, No. III., 159—Female Education, 172—Ought purely Secular Meetings to be Opened with Prayer? 178—Original Poetry, 181—Literary Notices, 186—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 192.

No. LXIV.—Commentaries on the Conflict, No. III., 193—Tests, or no Tests, 208—Theory of Human Progression, 226—Literary Notices, 248—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 256.

No. LXV.—The Bards of the Bible, 257—The Nunnery Question.—The Protection Bill.—Monachism, 266—Cochrane's Difficult Texts, 277—Confessions of a Court Preacher, Part IV., 298—Literary Notices, 310—Original Poetry, 316—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 320.

No. LXVI.—Mesmerism, by a Candid Inquirer, 321—Was Peter Prince of the Apostles? 332—Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans, 336—Our Aristocracy, Past, Present, and Future, 341—University Tests, 356—Extract from Speech of Rev. Dr. Bryce, in General Assembly, on Abolition of Tests, on 27th May 1845, 368—Literary Notices, 370—Original Poetry, 383—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 384.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXI.

FEBRUARY 1851.

COMMENTARIES ON THE CONFLICT.

The Ten Years' Conflict ; being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. By ROBERT EUCHANAN, D.D. Blackie and Son. 1849.

" Ten Years of the Church " of Scotland, from 1833 till 1843, with Historical Retrospect from 1560. By JAMES BRYCE, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1850.

It is impossible for contemporaries to subject a revolution to any accuracy of measurement. Actors, observers, chroniclers, all are apt to be at fault. Sometimes, though rarely, they fall short in their estimate of its importance and effects. But the common error is to view it microscopically ; and to be ludicrously wrong in regard to its real dimensions. The Free Church Secession has recently formed the subject of two most elaborate histories. They record a melancholy, and, in some respects, no doubt, eventful story : but in so far as we can safely judge, it is the story of a chapter. A crowd of petty circumstances fall into the narrative, and make it easily divisible into many sections. But we know how it is, when a witness whose perceptive is immensely superior to his generalizing faculty, undertakes a relation ; how mercifully he draws on the patience of the listener ; in how many pauses he must be indulged ; what parenthetical interjections he must needs inflict on the weary ear—to tell what the poor penny-a-liner, under the correction of his remorseless editor, must be satisfied to put into the space of a paragraph or a page. In these large books, we could dispense with many circumstantialia. We would gladly have been spared the " parcel-gilt goblet, the round table, the sea-coal fire, and the memorable doings of the great Wednesday, or Whitsun week."

But to all this and much more of the like value and importance, we are doomed to listen, till, like the impatient Chief Justice, we almost lose our interest in the merits of the martyr tale, and begin before it is half told, to cry—"Prithee, peace." We aim to try whether this story cannot be brought with some advantage into shorter compass; and be made intelligible in the round unvarnished statement of a pen that makes no pretensions to the *philosophy of history*.

We cannot indeed think that some of the most minute and unnecessary party differences that ever broke the peace of a society or of a church, should be treated as if nations were conscious of an earthquake, or the world were rent with a convulsion. One of these historians begins with a parading prelude to his subject, in which he announces that his theme is a *great fact*. Measured by the magnitude of his book, it may be so; but we protest against this scale of measurement. We should like to know what space this great fact will occupy in future history; where, most certainly, it will not be equipped with all the detail of causes by which he prefaces it; nor magnified with all the glories or horrors of effect, with which he sums up his estimate of it. Imagine this great fact as it will be recorded in a chapter of the future Macaulay, should it ever seem to claim the notice of such a writer of history. Let not either of our pains-taking, and in their way, able historians, be angry with us, if we hint that they have utterly over-estimated their subject. We can fit them with a parallel case, by a comparison with which we do their chosen theme great and undeniable honour. On the 13th day of August 1662, two thousand pulpits became vacant in England on a single day. Of these pulpits many were occupied by men whose names will never die, and whose works actually form the richest contributions ever made, in a single age, to the Presbyterian, if not the spiritual, library. Of these men it may be truly affirmed, that their cause was good, their wrongs were real, their sufferings deplorable and undeserved. They have, moreover, transmitted their opinions; they are still represented in their generations. England has a native Presbyterian clergy; the successors of these men—but their successors in an obscure, and we are sorry to be compelled to say, turbid and mingled stream of dissent. Yet was theirs an involuntary, an enforced, and, we think, a righteous severance from the body that they left. But within what shrunken dimensions is all their history now contained! It detains the recorder of events but for a moment. The "great fact" is merged not in any native insignificance of its own, perhaps, so much as in the feeling of mankind, that while truth and piety survive—while principles, in their essence, remain, and are continually reproduced, it is but little matter to be dwelling on all the rents, and dissents, and party differences that have marked their stages of transition. To this historic complexion assuredly must the Free Church come at last. May the parallel reach no farther! May the time never come, when freedom from power shall be reckoned incomplete without emancipation from standards of doctrine, and when the bold proteſter shall merge in the insignificance of the mere dissenter! May the chair of Chalmers never be filled by any future Priestley;—nor the orthodox pulpit of Gordon be violated by a Socinian Price; nor a Candlish yield the re-

version of his subtle powers to the all but infidel speculations of a Wakefield!

We have begun with these observations, as we trust their nature will explain, not to insult over honest men for having followed their own course. But we think them necessary, in order to put in a plea for disposing, very summarily, of the long array of causes by which this matter is sought to be pushed into importance; and also for reducing our own abbreviate of the case to reasonable limits. It needed not, on the part either of Dr. Buchanan or of Dr. Bryce, to carry us back to the Reformation, or to make us grope our way over all the space between, to account for the Disruption; as if they were searching among the native elements of things, to account for the sudden emergence of a continent, or the phenomenon of a new creation. We shall make rapid work therefore of the causal theories of both one and the other. It is not unnatural, perhaps, that sanction should be sought in the *original constitution* of the Church, by parties claiming to be severally in the right. To that we too shall have occasion to make reference. But we claim no title to travel our readers over the ground occupied by the conflicts of three centuries, for the purpose of enabling them to judge of the positions taken in a party quarrel of ten years. We shall then begin by clearing the ground, without ceremony, of the antecedences of violent settlements—moderation, *versus* evangelism—doctrinal and disciplinary defection—tyranny of patrons. We say distinctly in the face of one of these annalists, that at the point of time from which he dates the conflict, such matters had ceased almost altogether to be of the grievances of the Church. This “great fact” seems indeed partly to have struck himself; and he is at some pains to account for the improved promise, and growing purity of the Establishment in Scotland. Was it then *because* her character was brightening, and her defections becoming less observable, that occasion was taken to begin a conflict? We can understand how provocation might have been given to envious observers, without her walls, by such signs of the Church’s prosperity and peace. Another description of conflict might have been anticipated. She might indeed have been thrown upon her defence, by outward aggression; but the time was surely ill-chosen, if we have characterized it rightly, for intestine and inter-necine divisions. We have an honest chronicler of the times, it is true, confessing with most admired consistency, that the envy of the Church’s friends and of the Church’s foes was mutual and reacting, when these hostilities commenced. Without was the voluntary, coveting her golden fruit and her delicious vineyard; and within was the admirer of reform, emulous of the liberty of the happy dissenter, who could keep pace unfettered with the march of constitutional and political renovation.

“Stimulated by the increase of political power conferred by the Reform Bill on the middle classes, to which their adherents almost exclusively belonged, the two most numerous bodies of Seceders commenced a violent system of agitation against the Church, resting the application to the minds and feelings of the people of this country, of their arguments in support of the voluntary principle, mainly on the assertion, that the Church of Scot-

land was so fettered by her connection with the State, as not to possess the free exercise of those spiritual powers of government which flow from her Divine Head.”—(*Mr. Dunlop's Answer to the Dean of Faculty*, p. 25.)

However truly the conflict may be accounted for by this mutual emulation between churchmen and voluntaries, it was surely an Irishism in warfare that prompted the fate of the Establishment by the zealous hands of her friends. It was by a dangerous and impracticable analogy that the Church was sought to be reformed on what are called *reforming* principles. Her constitution has in its very nature that which forbids periodical and revolutionary changes; else why her emblem of the bush,—her motto of “*Nec tamen consumebatur*?” This was tacitly confessed by those who pretended to seek the elements of her reconstruction among the remains of her foundations. But they had not the advantage of the voluntary trowel—which has passed into hands unpledged to refrain from the use of any thing that will stick on, to give a facing and a garnish of renovation that must be accommodated to popular fashion. The Seceder can renew or supersede his covenants and his testimonies as often as he pleases; and he has done so repeatedly within the last century. It remains to be seen now, how far his admiring Free Church brother is prepared to improve the liberty with which he has provided himself, and go and do likewise. We have in Mr. Dunlop's honest confession we think, a truer master-key to the Veto agitation, than all Dr. Buchanan's long array of causes, though he too allows a certain effect to the voluntary panic. But to please him, let us look with him for a little into that gloomy chaos—the precursor we presume of light and order—which he calls the dark ages of the Church; in which his discerning eye detects so many origins of evil and abuse. We have not been inattentive to the history of that period; and we doubt whether even Dr. Buchanan's researches have qualified him to delineate its features on darker ground. We could improve we think his picture of Moderatism, by some strong touches from the “*Ecclesiastical Characteristics*.” We could be severe to his heart's content on those “polite apostates from God's grace to wit,” who exercised the keen and happy irony of Dr. Wotherspoon. We own that the raid of a later period on Missions, and on Sabbath schools, was an unhappy and unscriptural aggression. But we conceive that the age which saw a Mission directed by the hands of Dr. Inglis—Sabbath education universal over Scotland—Orthodox preaching more the fashion than was ever its converse—patronage yielding its power and its privileges, almost without exception to the will, if not the prejudices of congregations—should have been better satisfied with its own mercies and more thankful for them, than to have risked their total shipwreck on the event of a stormy and unreasonable agitation. The days had come which many mourners in Zion had expressed their longing wish, but scarce their hope, to see, when the Mission-coffer was filled with the free-will offerings of congregations; when the doctrines of grace were more sought after than the pleasures of the theatre; when every parish had its Sabbath school—and not alone every dwelling, but every *hand* had its Bible. These were blessings for which the Erskines, the Walkers, the Dicks, and

other orthodox pillars of the Establishment were content to wait; for which they refused to quit it; and which would not suffer them to despair of it—so long as a door was open at which such angel visitations might be expected to find an entrance. Yet these men lived in the “dark age;” recognizing no part of their duty, however, in disruption or dissent, and just as ready to reprove the petulance of the Seceder, as to lift up a testimony against the *fierce for moderation*. These things have been often stated, but they cannot be stated over much. There was a time when they were not left untold to those who took it upon them to be the enemies of the Establishment, for abuses no longer existing. We thus sweep away a long drift of causes which had no sequence in the actual circumstances of the Established Church, or in the grounds of Secession for which so many have left it. We must now come to a word of reckoning with the gentlemen who have been pleased to seek their own justification in such fictitious causes. We charge them with trading on party names and distinctions; we charge them with slander at the expense of the survivors of their disruption; and we protest against their attempted monopoly of the Evangelical character. We almost repent of having transcribed out of their vocabulary the words Moderatism, Evangelism. It is a concession they have no right to ask, that we should yield them their own application of these names, at least their own definition of them. They have moreover a sectarian sound, and are of sectarian construction—as if made to perpetuate differences. What is Evangelism? Is truth, evangelical doctrine, an ism! The ordination vow renounces many heresies and errors, under the head of their characteristic isms. But where is truth so catalogued, or so confessed? In this instance the name is a mean coinage for the sake of the contrast which it is arrogantly meant to insinuate. Arminianism we know, and Calvinism we know, because men have been divided, but evangelism! In the name of truth and reverence, let not Christ be divided also; and his glorious gospel uncatholicised into the ism of a party.

We wonder that men of seriousness and piety should be found giving a place to such denominational *ineptia*, and that in the gravest of their histories and writings. Whatever may be the meaning of Moderatism, we very much doubt whether the Church of Scotland can afford, or would consent to spare all that has been contributed to her distinction from that calumniated quarter. Would she have her standards stript of all the illustration and defence, so successfully elaborated by Hill; her Presbyterian government and discipline left unprotected by the researches into primitive antiquity of Campbell; her literary character unadorned by the criticism of Campbell and Macknight—the rhetorical graces of Blair, or the historic glories of Robertson—her Reformation undelineated by Cook—her recent counsels unilluminated by Inglis? We are quite aware that the sneer of Moderatism will be ready to accompany the rehearsal even of such names as these—and that the worthies they belong to may be reckoned to have spent their strength for nought; while let but a small lawyer, or agitating orator, be seen in the opposite ranks, and forthwith we hear the “all-hail” of—

" Sir, your law—and Sir, your eloquence—
Yours, Cowper's manner, and yours, Talbot's sense.

We have been struck in going over the pages of Dr. Buchanan more than we have patience to express, with the disparagement of the great and exaltation of the small, which confounds every rational rule of judgment that can be made applicable to measures or to men. Thus Hill is orthodox if he were only in earnest. Inglis is the advocate of good principles and of good measures, but then he is so very cold. Cook is plausible—and when for a moment he expresses alarm for innovations in doctrine, Robertson is not sincere. Every popular leader has his panygeric. Dunlop is "an eminent lawyer." Cunningham makes "an unanswerable speech." One is Jupiter, and another is Mercurius. "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." And this is character—this is painting—in the taste of the History of the Ten Years' Conflict. That History, we think, is susceptible of being very shortly told. Its proper commencement was with the year 1832—and with a discussion on calls. We remember that debate well. Then it was that the Sybil began to raise her price—advancing it year after year, as her oracular overtures were rejected—till her claims reached the extravagant quotation with which all the world has become familiar. Then, first, was the ill-omened Veto forthcoming, claiming appropriate parentage in an overture from the Presbytery of Auchterarder. Lord Moncrieff was deaf to the announcement that ushered in the monster-birth. "He had not heard such a thing mentioned." He was asked to look at the voucher. "Well," he exclaimed, "the overture from Auchterarder may go farther than the rest." Other significant hints were thrown out in the course of this debate. Committees "out of doors" began to be talked of. The intrepid voice of James Begg was heard cheering on the younger hopes of the Church, (to whom, indeed, this discussion was very much left,) to the walls and to the battlements. "I trust," he cried, "that those members who think as I do, that the *very existence of the Church* depends upon the satisfactory settlement of this question, if they are left in the minority, will not suffer themselves to be baffled. They may meet, and from a Committee of their own," &c. &c. In this gallant style did the younger and hotter combatants in the high debate clear the walls, almost over the heads of their alarmed leaders, and push into the midst of hostilities which the latter would, perhaps, have gladly at least adjourned:—

" Egressi superant fossas ; noctis que per umbram
Casta inimica petunt ; multis tamen ante futuri
Exitio."

In the next stage we find the Veto's self ushered in with trumpet-flourish and tuck of drum. The Sybil's price had risen. Her rejected overtures were now at a premium. The Reform Bill, since her last appearance, had become law. A non-reforming Church was pronounced unsuited to a reforming people. The Dissenters rejoiced in their clerical tribunes, whose glory it was to march whole congregations to render their suffrages to the champion of freedom in province

or borough. In this emergency, friendly voices whispered to the Church, "Something must be done." The juncture seemed favourable even to the total abolition of patronage. But, "soft you," said the government of the day, by the mouth of its advisers. For the Dissenters were gained already, and an establishment had its prizes, and prizes to be of use to any government must be at its disposal. Whether this crafty policy were mother to the Veto or no, we shall not venture to pronounce. But if we can trust its historian—who becomes on this point gossiping and confidential—such was the egg, whose young progeny chipped the shell, to all mankind's astonishment, when Chalmers made his famous motion in May 1833. It would be ludicrous, if it were not melancholy, to show up all the jugglery that attended the circumstances of this memorable hatching. A learned lord, then a whig-official, who had long enacted Robin Goodfellow at the bar of the Assembly, amusing, and we fear too often amused, appeared we believe for the first time in that memorable year, in the character of a Member of the House. It turns out that, in a semi-official capacity, he was the trusted counsellor and adviser of the movers of the Veto law. He took burden upon his conscience that it was not *ultra vires*, and he was understood to possess the key of other consciences than his own. All this is now understood. But the farce of the anti-patronage committee!—the pro-patronage, zeal, and eloquence of Chalmers! The testimony of Lord Moncrieff!—the indignation of Dr. Mc'Crie at the delusion of a *silent voice* instead of an election! who could have construed without the recent discoveries that have introduced us so perfectly into the arcana of the Veto policy? The discussion of 1833 was memorable chiefly for a very able but see-saw speech of Dr. Chalmers. It sticks less to our remembrance, however, than a spirited rejoinder to it on the following day, by poor Dr. Welsh, who in his whiffling but not unimpressive way, ventured to remark on the orator's defence of patronage which was couched in the oracle, "Arithmetic tells on quantity, not on quality;" "we have a deliverance from higher authority, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." The anti-patronage party were in dudgeon and discontent. But they had no friends either in or out of official power who could afford to please them.

At length, however, an instalment of their demands was made payable. In 1834, a law was enacted which, it must be allowed, left very little indeed for patrons to surrender, or for the people to demand. The Sybil rose to her highest valuation, and was refused no longer. First, she required "that effect should be given to the call of the people;" next, that a majority should have the power "of rejecting a presentee, unless it should be made to appear on proof by patron, presentee, or minority, that the opposition was malicious, collusive, or causeless;" and third, "that the Veto of a majority should be absolute on their declaration, if required, that they were not actuated by malice to the presentee. Such was the ascending scale on which this popular measure soared to its ultimate pretensions."

The Veto, in its latest form, was proposed by Lord Moncrieff, and carried according to his motion. The history of his mind on the sub-

ject is a very remarkable commentary on the history of the measure. It does not appear to have occurred to him, in the first instance, that such a position could be maintained as that to which he was ultimately induced to lend his eloquence as an advocate, and his authority as a judge. He refused to find it in the original overtures. He listened with complacency to the oftentimes cited authority of his father, which was addibited to the necessity of reasons to be alleged and proved for the rejection of the presentee. At length "his eyes were opened;" but it was through the temptation of fruit forbidden—

———poma Deus non omnia grata sacrauit.

Disastrous, indeed, was the fruit, by what tempter's hand soever presented, that inspired such novelty of understanding. For novel and unheard of was the scheme pretended to be extracted from the existing constitutions of the Church, to relieve the people of the grievance of patronage. M'Crie had studied Church history with the keen and jealous scrutiny of a Covenanter. Where were his eyes that they could not see the Veto in all the records that they had sifted? "Ask their suffrages," said he, pleading on behalf of the people, "instead of telling them that they are incapable of anything but dumb and dogged resistance without the assignment of a reason." He would have the golden promise of the Books of Discipline redeemed; but redeemed constitutionally, and by *Act of Parliament*. He could not read in the ordinance, that "no minister should be intrusit contrary to the will of the congregation;" nor in the act 1649, which makes exception of "groundless prejudices;" that dumb and dogged, brute resistance was any part of a congregation's privilege, or of its redress, against patron or presentee. As unconscious was the acute and searching intellect of Sir Henry Moncrieff of the existence of any such statement in the laws which, as an ecclesiastical leader, he had made the study of his life. Thus he interprets the people's part in the vocation of their pastors, dating from so high a source as the Second Book of Discipline; "this language signifying, according to all the laws and usage which followed, the right of the people either to give their consent, or to state and substantiate their objections, of which the Presbyteries were to judge."

Whence then that fatal bigotry to the Veto, which terminated in a rent so woeful, that the torn garments of the prophet might well have been its emblem! Was the name so propitious or well omened in all past history? Or was it well exchanged for the call, which it superseded? In the Veto, throughout its progress, methinks we see that "*dumb spirit*" which Dr. M'Crie insinuates to be its character; the dogged resistance of the tribune, when he would move the popular discontent without venturing to *assign its cause*. In another phase we see in it the sulky frown of the tyrant—looking menace and condemnation, but not daring to express or justify it. We see in it the very worst and haughtiest usurpation of Papal Rome—challenging for infallibility dues and privileges, which reason would be ashamed or afraid to exact. Dr. Buchanan waxes pathetic over the rejection of this nota-

ble expedient. We shall blend no tears of ours with his on the occasion. We are of the mind of those who in 1782 entered this resolution in the records of the Assembly, "That the moderation of a call in the settlement of ministers is agreeable to the immemorial and constitutional practice of this church, and ought to be continued." So say we with all our hearts. The *call and concurrence* constitutes an amiable and desirable bond of connection between all parties. It completes that *vocation* to the ministry, which according to our fathers, comprehended the lawful title, the adjudged qualification, and the reasonable consent,—the first flowing from the patrons, the second from the eldership, the last from the people. From the Veto this respectable and constitutional formula is as different in its essence and circumstances as is the right hand of fellowship tendered at some friendly and hospitable door, from the gorgon's head frowning in the vestibule; looking unutterable "things *forbid*;" turning charity to stone, and welcome to despair. Of the Veto we find no historic trace; save where we have already hinted its name and character must be sought. Among the laws of the Church it is not and never was. "Groundless prejudices" vitiated and set aside the popular objection, by the Directory of 1649. The "qualified presentee" found protection in the astringent provision of the Act 1592. The will of the congregation had reasonable effect allowed it in the enactment that "no person be intruded in any of the offices of the church contrary to the will of the congregation to which they are appointed, or *without the voice of the Eldership*." These matters explain each other. The will is respected, but not as it is a capricious volition, or the child of groundless prejudice. Entrance into the ministry is separated from intrusion into it. And the "voice of the eldership" is made potential, to the effect that presentees be qualified, and that congregations be reasonable and just. Is *vocation* upon such a footing a mere nullity? how differs it from that constitutional calling of which the character is so well expressed in the concrete, in the Second Book of Discipline. "Vocation or calling is common to all that should be in office within the kirk, quihilk is a lawful way, be the quihilk qualified persons are promotit to any spiritual office within the kirk of God; without this lawful calling it was never leisum to any person to mittle with any function ecclesiastical." What was now become of this vocation or calling? No provision was in point of fact made, or left for it. The call of *appointment*, of *qualification*, and of *invitation*, for that was the call in the concrete, no longer remained, nor was acknowledged. What was its substitute? Non-prohibition—though there should not be a single voice inviting or *concurring*. Was this the most gracious form in which a pastor and his people could be introduced to each other's acquaintance, and wedded in the bonds of spiritual union? But apologies for the Veto have been founded on the very quiescence of its operation, in cases where objections found no expression. The consent of silence was affirmed to be a convenience on many occasions to patrons and presentee. It was our fortune sometimes to witness such consent, on the part of congregations, in which the Veto was yet a law; and we must say, that in the rueful silence which attended the whole ceremonial, we were reminded more of the solemn mockery into which the

call was *said* to have degenerated, than by any call that we ever saw subscribed or non-subscribed. If ever the consent of an abducted bride had its type, it was in more than one of these instances; when the hand given in frankness and in love, was so visibly exchanged for the pale and speechless sorrow which responded to the question—"wilt thou have this man to be thy husband?" But whatever were the non-hardship to parties, of the Veto, the fatal objection remains, it never was the law, it never was the practice of the Church.

The rights of majorities, and of minorities, were alike wantonly taken away by the innovation. The former could not call, but they might object; the latter could neither object nor call. But the latter might offer special objections, if *they could prove them*. True; but what was the advantage of *their* position to that of their fortunate fellow-worshippers, who were allowed the easy victory of making good their opposition, without the statement of a single reason.

We are reminded that "groundless prejudices," if such existed, were brought to the touch-stone of a safe and constitutional declaration. And here it is. "No person shall be entitled to disapprove, as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required solemnly to declare, in presence of the Presbytery, that he is actuated by no *factionous or malicious motives*." Faction and malice! "Groundless prejudices," with a vengeance! And who will plead guilty to faction and malice? They are the most delicate subjects of investigation that ever are subjected to judicial trial, or probed by evidence. Yet here, the very parties are deliberately expected to plead to them. They may be crimes proveable by persons entitled to investigate them; but who ever heard of them as matter of voluntary confession?

"Groundless prejudices" have an important place assigned them in logical science. They are among the most formidable causes of *false judgments*. They have been arranged into classes by one of the first of philosophers under the name of Idols; because men are addicted to no kind of will-worship so much as that of their prejudices. The idol of the *tribe*, is the prejudice of party, or of prepossession. The idol of the *den* is the prejudice of self-partiality or personal conceit. The idol of the *theatre* is the prejudice of imagination. The idol of the *market*, is that terror of truth and reason, the verbal prejudice. Such are the names and varieties of groundless prejudices. Alas! for the presentee who shall have to face them unprotected by "the voice of the eldership," or the wisdom of the Church.

The Directory of 1649 had, in mercy to all parties, erected a protection against these idol prejudices to which the Directory of 1834 required all men to bow. The prejudice of prepossession, of conceit, of imagination, of words—might operate without check, investigation, or control—and who shall doubt that each or all would be found equal to the consumption of many a sacrifice?

It may seem that we are ascribing too much to the Veto law, or rather that we are mis-stating the controversy which terminated in the Church and State collision. We are not unaware that the question was ultimately shifted into a controversy respecting the independence of the two jurisdictions on each other. But we have written our

Commentaries partly to distinguish the landmarks which are so apt to be obliterated or confounded when a discussion of this nature is prolonged. Originally, the Veto law was affirmed to be the legitimate offspring of that constitution to which Church and State stood alike pledged by public convention and indissoluble covenant. It made no pretensions to sole derivation from the spiritual power of the Church.

Where spiritual power is matter of assertion in such an application, we presume it is far too modestly bounded by claiming a Veto on patronage. Why not challenge its right to dispense with it? If the marches of legal and ecclesiastical jurisdiction admit of no settlement or definition, why should the existence of one jurisdiction be matter of knowledge to the other? Something like this was contended for in argument—but alas! to what effect, unless to prove too much—to prove that the patrons and presentee were characters unknown in the spiritual territory, and that the moment they should have passed over into that jurisdiction, they might be ignored into non-existence or an un-devout imagination.

Such idealism of power—transcendent and impalpable—have no parallel but in the visionary world of Alnaschar, where for a while the will reigned supreme, disposing of sublunary matters all its own way, till it found itself broad awake amidst the wreck and ruin of those material substances which lay at the FEET of its all-controlling jurisdiction.

“Ibi omnis effusus labor.”

Daily Bible Illustrations, being Original Readings for a Year, on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology; especially designed for the Family Circle. By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. Samuel, Saul, and David. July—September. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Sons. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1850.

We have already, on more than one occasion, expressed our opinion of the great value of the work before us. It is every thing that such a work should be—ever thing in one—commentary, dictionary, and devotional manual. We know no work that condenses into itself, and into so small a compass, so large an amount of Biblical criticism, theological disquisition, and spiritual sentiment. We could recommend no better accompaniment to the Bible than this work of Dr. Kitto. Like the two former volumes of the series, the one before us is written in a very attractive style. The language is simple enough for the most illiterate, and elegant enough for the most learned. The most metaphysical questions are brought down to the meanest capacity. Customs, the most foreign to our ideas, are simply and satisfactorily explained; and scriptural difficulties are made plain. We cannot name it better than by calling it a Biblical Library. The patience, the diligence, the research, the skill required to bring together such a mass of materials, are truly wonderful. There is in all nothing redundant, and nothing deficient—but a beautiful equilibrium and completeness are

preserved throughout. As we have said before, so we say again, that the Church is Dr. Kitto's debtor. At this moment we are ignorant to what denomination Dr. Kitto belongs, but this we do not hesitate to affirm, that every section of the Church should give him thanks—he has added to the stores and the profit of each.

Of all the historical portions of Scripture, that which forms the subject of the present volume, is the most interesting. Heroes and heroines pass in review before us, and we may be said to have in it the rise and fall of the Jewish empire. Samuel, Saul, and David—each name is the centre of thrilling emotion. A more than romantic interest attaches to each. In the first, we behold a God-inspired man fulfilling his mission with undaunted fidelity—in the second, a man of high human genius, but of a proud and fitful nature, which proved his downfall—and in the third, a man, who may be said in one to be the true model of a patriot and a penitent. Introductory to the consideration of these three Scripture characters, we have a few beautiful readings on the history of Ruth. Talk of novels! We have always thought, that even taking the word of God on the lowest ground, as a book of history, there is a thousand-fold more that is attractive about its characters and its stories, than the pen of novelist has ever produced. What heroine of Scott or Bulwer ever equalled in wonderful adventure, Ruth, the Moabitess?—and then the tale of her sufferings—her sorrows—her final success, and her joys is so simply, so eloquently, so movingly told. There is no narrative—no poetry—no philosophy equal to those of the Bible. It is well named the Book of books, and this fact—its unique and incomparable contents—its super-earthly style, proclaims that the finger that wrote it, the mind that conceived it, were divine. We give a specimen of the chapters on Ruth:—

“ It was the intention of Naomi to return alone. But as friends and relations were wont to do, and as is still the custom in the East, her two daughters-in-law went part of the way to see her off. But when the moment of parting came—when they kissed each other and wept together—they both declared that they would not return, but would go to the land of Israel with her. Like a wise woman, she declined to take advantage of the impulse of passionate regret, which seemed adverse to their temporal welfare, and which their cooler judgment might not sanction, and urged them by many strong arguments to return to their parents, and leave her to pursue her bereaved course alone. Once more they wept, but Orpah was prevailed upon, and gave Naomi the farewell kiss. Ruth remained, and once more Naomi renewed her arguments with her. But poor Ruth realized, in her affectionate heart, a keen sense of her mother-in-law's forlorn condition. She knew that Naomi could not but most acutely feel, when last she passed that way, she had been accompanied by a worthy husband and two hopeful sons; but had left them behind her in a foreign grave, and was returning alone—alone to her once prosperous but now desolate home. Ruth could not consent to abandon her under these circumstances. The reply is beautiful beyond expression—in the tenderness, with which the firm purpose of an affectionate heart is expressed,—‘ Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.’ ”

The following is a very satisfactory explanation of a circumstance in Samuel's history, which has given rise to much speculation and some dispute—namely, whether, from the fact of Samuel's on this occasion offering up sacrifice, he is to be considered a priest as well as a prophet :—

“ The difficulty is to reconcile the severe judgments, denounced and inflicted for irregularities in the ritual service, with not only the complete impunity, but the direct sanction and approval, which attended the irregular actions of Samuel and other prophets, with regard to the ritual observances. The point is of importance, for it is the action of the prophets, from this time forward, on public affairs, which gives to the history of the Jews much of its *peculiar* character, for which reason we mean to bestow especial attention upon their proceedings, without a clear apprehension of which the history itself can never be well and clearly understood. It would appear, then, that the prophets, as men divinely authorised and inspired, were regarded as having a right to dispense with the strict requirements of the law, on special and extraordinary occasions, and that, as prompted by the Spirit, it was lawful for them to do that which would be most criminal in persons not so authorised, and would bring down condign punishment upon them. And this authorised departure, when occasion demanded, from the strict requirements of the law, could not but operate beneficially upon the public mind. The rigid enforcement of every jot and tittle of the law, on ordinary occasions, might eventually, without the presence of a corrective and counteracting influence, have created a sort of idolatry for the mere letter of the law, and of every ritual detail, as in itself a divine thing. But the permitted departures therefrom by the prophets corrected this tendency, by directing attention more to the spiritual essence of those observances, teaching, as Samuel himself expressly declares on one occasion, ‘ that obedience was better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.’ The diligent reader of Scripture is aware that this upholding of the spirit above the mere letter of the ritual service was a peculiar function of the prophets, appearing with more and more distinctness as the time advances, until at last the prophets declare, with great plainness of speech, that the mere ritual service in all its parts, and the most sacred solemnities prescribed by the law, were, in the nakedness of their literal truth, apart from the spiritual influences which should be connected with them—not only unacceptable to the Lord, but abomination in his sight. Thus a most important part of the prophetic office was to maintain the spiritual character of the Hebrew worship, and to prevent the degeneracy of the people into mere ritualism, as they had fallen into at the time our Lord appeared. Indeed, it is important to notice, that this character of Judaism, as then existing, followed, and was no doubt in a great degree the effect of the long discontinuance of the prophetic office. Would not a man, like Isaiah, have lifted up his voice day and night against such a state of religion as prevailed in the time of our Saviour ?”

We now pass on to the history of the first king of Israel—Saul, the son of Kish. His character is strikingly brought out, and his eventful history traced to its close with singular power. The only passage about which we have our doubts, is that on the Witch of Endor. Dr. Kitto seems to be of opinion that it was really Saul who appeared. This we are very doubtful of, and, indeed, we are inclined to hazard the very opposite opinion. We do not think it was Saul, and for this reason, among others, that we have no single instance in Scripture of

a spirit appearing without its body. Moses and Elijah appeared on Mount Tabor at the transfiguration, but they appeared in the body. The very saints, who, it is said, returned to earth, and appeared at the crucifixion, did so in the body. The question may be asked—But did not angels appear? We answer—yes; but angels have, there cannot be a doubt, a corporeal as well as a spiritual being. Their bodies are different from ours, but nevertheless they have bodies; for how could they eat and drink, as we know they did with Abraham and Lot, if they had not these? And hence the impossibility of spirits appearing. This view of the subject—and this a scriptural one we believe—totally explodes the long-reputed and popular fallacy of ghosts. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Saul would be permitted, or feel disposed to obey the command of a sorceress, nor that of the Devil, and we know how very artful and powerful the devil and his angels are. It might have been a representation of Samuel, created by Satanic agency, and as we are informed that he not unfrequently appears as an angel of light, and had the audacity even to quote Scripture to the Son of God in the wilderness—it is possible that the spectral appearance, and the words which it uttered, were the result of diabolical power; or it is possible the whole thing might have been a mere trick of legerdemain. The performances which are daily exhibited by Professors of this art are truly startling, and if performed among a rude people, and in a dark age, we are well assured what the effect would be, and how easily they would be made to believe that they were supernatural appearances, flowing from supernatural causes. Who has not read of the ancient oracles of Greece? which were nothing more nor less than instruments of priestly deception. Even the greatest minds consulted and believed in them, and they were deceived and held in thralldom by them.

It is to be remembered that Saul was alone. No one else beheld the vision. He was, in a state mentally, where any deception could be successfully practised upon him. It was also night,—such are some of the grounds naturally, on which we dispute the truth and propriety of the Doctor's position; and for the spiritual grounds, we refer to Matthew Henry's Commentary on the chapter, in which the occurrence is narrated, where the reader will find a triumphant refutation of the possibility of its being really the departed Prophet, who appeared to the God-forsaken king. We are only astonished, and sorry withal, that a man of Dr. Kitto's powers should have lent himself to such an interpretation of the passage. We are no favourers of the "Night Side of Nature," and all Eliza Crowism we abhor—as having no foundation in Scripture—in the constitution of the human mind, or the economy of nature. Hobgoblinism is alone the offspring of either ignorance, credulity, or fear, with neither of which we charge the author, and believe that in this matter, he has simply committed a mistake—arising, we think, from not minutely enough analyzing the whole scene, and from a desire to do reverence to what the Bible *appears* to declare, but which, in fact, it distinctly opposes. We hope he will review the whole subject, and in this point, see it right to change his opinion. We are sorry to see him in company with Cock-

lane worthies, even though he has for a companion the great Lexicographer, and we anticipate that like the illustrious, but credulous Doctor, he will abandon all such notions. The volume concludes with the history of David, the man according to God's own heart. The portrait of David, is beautifully, and we think, very correctly drawn. We have always considered, that with all his faults, the son of Jesse is one of the greatest, as well as the most lovely characters of Scripture. In every capacity he shines. As a king, a father, a warrior, a statesman, and a private worshipper before the Lord, in the temple. We have ever felt a strange drawing of heart to the minstrel king of Israel, though he is no favourite with the Talmudists, who represent him as one possessed of the devil. There is so much nobility, generosity, grace, ardent natural affection, unquenchable earnestness, soul-consuming zeal in the cause of God about him. We by no means vindicate his faults. They were great, and we as greatly condemn them; but let those who would throw a stone at the erring monarch, remember his repentance—its depth, its continuance, its agony. We can conceive that he carried a sense of his fearful sin to the very gate of heaven, and that he even now bears its remembrance before the throne,—a remembrance, but to give a louder and a loftier intonation to the song of Moses and the Lamb, which he celebrates on his harp of gold, amid the bright myriads of the heavenly choir, with his feet on the sapphire pavement, and a crown of glory on his head, “for he is now a king and a priest unto God.” We cannot refrain from quoting the following.—It is an admirable example of how a spiritual meaning may be ingrafted on a scriptural fact.

“Now that the time of change was come, all things went well with him, and his prosperity increased, like a river gathering strength and fulness in its course, until long after, a great crime stayed its course, and overwhelmed him with the tides of trouble and grief, compared with which, the trials of his early days were light. This Ziklag is laid in ashes, but no sooner is he left shelterless, than God provides him a better city, even Hebron, a city of refuge, and most truly a refuge to him. Saul even dies at this time to give him room. ‘Now doth David find the comfort,’ says Bishop Hall, ‘that his extremity sought in the Lord his God. Now are his clouds for a time passed over, and the sun breaks gloriously forth. David shall reign after his sufferings. So shall we, if we endure to the end, find a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give us at that day.’ With reference to his taking with him his companions to be the sharers of his better fortunes, while their mutiny was yet fresh and green, the same writer beautifully remarks—‘Thus doth our heavenly leader, whom David prefigured, take us to reign with him, who have suffered with him. Passing by our manifold infirmities, as if they had not been, he removeth us from the land of our banishment, and the ashes of our forlorn Ziklag, to the Hebron of our peace and glory.’ Nor do these observations find application only to temporal prosperities. The same is observable in the higher matters of spiritual life. It is perhaps the general rule, that we are seldom admitted to the fulness of God’s presence, and to the enjoyment of that peace, which passeth all understanding, until we have gone through great throes of spirit, and groanings that cannot be uttered, in the consolation of our forlorn and miserable condition. It is then that the comforter comes to reveal Christ to our hearts, as a Redeemer and a healer, and then

to us old things are passed away, and all things are become new. We are not healed, till we feel how desperately we have been wounded—not redeemed, till we know how utterly we have been enslaved—not saved, till we know how entirely we are lost. And again, how often do we in our spiritual course, have seasons, sometimes long of darkness and of gloom of spirit, during which our Lord seems to hide his face from us, and has forgotten to be gracious to us; and then at the moment of most despondency and discouragement, when the gloom is deepest, the agony most intense, and we grasp as in the throes of spiritual death, the cloud rolls away, the sun shines out upon it, and all the fair fields and gardens of our inner paradise again look green, the drooping flowers of the heart revive, and all that is not earthly in us exults in the enlivening rays. These considerations are most proper in the history of David, for there is no human history in which those transitions are more distinctly marked, while his Psalms are full of passages, which may be, and are continually cited to illustrate these contrasted aspects of our spiritual condition."

When the Series is completed, it will form one of the most delightful additions to theological literature in our language:

ORCADIAN SKETCHES,

NO. I.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

Unquestionably Mont Blanc is the monarch of European mountains; he lords it over the Shrieckhorns and the Yunge Fraus of his Alpine regions in unapproachable sublimity; but like all absolute sovereigns it is extremely difficult to get access to him—and when he is arrayed in terror, it is more than life is worth to approach him; his sceptre is an avalanche, with which he desolates plains and annihilates villages—and his diadem of eternal snow is hidden in mid-heaven. He is gazed upon at a safe distance, with a mixture of fear and wonder, but as to his *utility*, I have been unable to learn much about it. Amidst a countless congregation of Scottish mountains, Ben Nevis stands like Saul among the people; taller by head and shoulders than his gigantic compeers—a most respectable old monarch of the wild—somewhat hoary and bald, indeed, but nevertheless enjoying a green old age. But *his* utility is also questionable. At a great expense of bodily labour, not altogether unmingled with danger, you ascend to the apex of the mountain, but when you have struggled for several hours, and have at length attained the summit of the vast eminence, and your own wishes, the chances are, that you see nothing but squadron after squadron of clouds, careering like aerial cavalry over a confused mass of apparent congeries,—yet ensconced in a sable pall, dense as the ninth plague of Egypt; where, but for the instinct of sagacious bipeds, and still more sagacious quadrupeds, you have every chance of furnishing matter for a paragraph in the *Inverness Cou-*

rier, and adding a few more tenants to the little kirk-yard of Fort William.

To gaze upon a landscape of surpassing glory and beauty, place me on a platform of *moderate elevation*—say from a thousand to sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea—and let that elevation be the ward hill of Hoy, in Orkney; time sun-rise; in the month of July: and if a calm has succeeded to a severe north-west gale, so much the better. Behold, then, our hyperborean archipelago expanded beneath your vision, like a chart on an enormous scale. Every headland glowing like a pyramid of fire—every mountain bathed in the effulgence of the morning sun—every islet and rock glancing like starlets flickering from, and anon disappearing into the blue profound.

The mighty Atlantic, with resistless energy, is straining and struggling through every artery, that he may perform his allotted part in the economy of nature; the waters of the Pentland Firth are rushing, and wheeling, and boiling, and thundering, through their abyss; while richly laden argosies of a thousand tons, and smaller craft of every description, are borne aloft upon its surges, impotent and imbecile as November's leaves on the surface of a mountain torrent.

Hoy Sound groans with its weight of turbulent waves, and toils with tumultuous rapidity, as if the grand object was to sweep the island of Graemsay from its base. Water Sound, Skerry Sound, and Holm Sound, in parallel lines, contest each other's powers of velocity, and contend for the goal, like

“ Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace !”

Enhallow Sound is one sheet of white foam; from bank to brae, that is, from Evie to Rousay, a drop of blue water is not to be seen. The bottom is broken, rugged, and precipitous; the channel tortuous, and the small island of Enhallow, or Holy Island, cleaves the saline torrent in midway career, so that the spray occasionally takes a *vertical* direction.

Thus, under the benign auspices of a clear atmosphere, and a summer morning sun, from six hundred to a thousand miles of coast scenery may be obtained by the unassisted eye; while the ear is regaled with such sonorous sounds—most musical, most melancholy—as never fall to the lot of mortals, except in similar circumstances, and surrounded by oceanic influences. The exile of Patmos compares the celestial sounds which he heard in that lonely isle to “the voice of many waters,” the simile was, and is, glorious, and in perfect keeping with his solitary position among the *Ægean* isles: the harmonies of heaven must be in some measure analogous to the harmonies of nature—and what can be so sublimely grand, as the rattling of heaven's artillery among the Alps, the voice of the tempest and the whirlwind in an illimitable forest, or the conflict of the Atlantic and Germanic oceans when the storm is loudest?

At the distance of some sixty miles, in a north-westerly direction, may be seen a huge, conical rock, rising sheer out of the ocean, to an

B

elevation little short of two thousand feet, white as the polar axle, and something like a grey cloud hovering over its apex. This enormous pyramid is named "the Stack," and is tenanted by countless myriads of solan geese, (*Pelecanus Bassanus*,) which accounts for the apparent grey cloud referred to. On discharging a piece of ordnance against it, the fowls arise in such dense swarms, as actually to obscure the sun. The waters, for many leagues around this stupendous eyry, teem with the finest white fish which appear in Billingsgate market; and in the early part of the present century, numerous fishing smacks, from thirty-five to an hundred tons burthen, belonging to Greenwich, Gravesend, Harwich, &c., frequented them for the purpose of supplying the metropolitan gourmands with "deep sea" cod and ling; which was, and is still esteemed a great luxury.

It is possible that some of the old stagers about St. Margaret's Hope may yet remember Old Joe C——, who commanded a small fishing vessel called the "Cleverly," and whose fame extended over all the south isles, for obtaining cargoes speedily, and making passages rapidly. Blow high, blow low, fair or foul, Joe made *his* passage. Even when he chanced to be the most leeward vessel in the fleet, of a dark December afternoon, in turning to London, he somehow contrived to have them all hull down, or out of sight in the morning; his cargo generally obtained the high prices ere the markets were glutted, and he thus gained an envied celebrity. However, detraction follows merit as surely as the shadow follows the substance. Malicious tongues have been known to utter queer stories about Joe, and to insinuate that he had dealings with a certain individual whose appellation is seldom or never made use of in good society. Nevertheless the skipper of the "Cleverly" was the *beau ideal* of his class; he stood five feet nothing in his boots, for shoes he never wore—was as rotund as a salt barrel; had an oleaginous countenance, deeply seared with small pox, and prematurely wrinkled by a life-long exposure to all the elements. His bullet head was ensconced in a heavy "sou' wester," and his "slop" hung around him like a dorsal fin. He set an example to the meanest of his crew. No man could rigg a *sprual*, or bite the cap off a putrid wilk better or faster than him—and though the extent of his "humanities" never reached beyond a kind of hazy knowledge of the points of the compass, he could poke his craft through the intricacies of the Hebrides and Orcades, or grope his way among the sand banks on the coast of Essex or Norfolk, with the best navigator of them all. Joe's fame even attracted the especial notice of the northren nobility—and it was deemed a capital opportunity for these magnates to obtain a passage from or to the British metropolis by such a well conducted craft as the "Cleverly," and under such a skilful pilot as her skipper. Indeed, such was the regard in which he was held, that a great Hebridean proprietor actually made over the "Stack and Skerry" to the Gravesend fisherman by deed of gift. Whether the said "deed" was written or verbal is a question I cannot solve, but the statement is nevertheless true! Ah! how the Billingsgate fishmongers would gape with wonder, when their old protégé,

whom some of them remembered having apprenticed out of the parish workhouse, talked about his "estates in the north;" the number of his "tenants," and "the noise they made in the world." "But the rascals," he would add, "are never hinclined to pay me no rent,—and ven I axes 'em, they kicks up such a bobbary, I'm a-glad to get avey from amongst 'em: howsomever, the Scotch lawyers tells me, I may shoot 'em if I likes—and I'm blessed if I dont too, if there's gunpowder to be had in London for love or money—or else there's no cod on the Dogger-bank."

About three miles distance from the "Stack" lies a low, flat holm, or islet, called Sule Skerry, or Seal Skerry. This small patch of ground is so very low, that you may see the white foam all around it, and hear the tremendous surges of the Atlantic thundering on its rocks, before you can discover what breaks them. This little island, as its name imports, is the haunt of innumerable seals, who congregate here in thousands, and gratify their amphibious propensities by basking in the sun's warmth, and dozing like aldermen after repletion. In former times, say sixty or seventy years since, ere capital had been invested in nets and lines, when cod fishing was only partially known, and when herring fishing was altogether unknown, this solitary spot was occasionally frequented by the young men inhabiting the west end of the island of Pomona for the purpose of shooting, and otherwise capturing these sea calves. This somewhat dangerous expedition was often profitable, always chivalrous; and entitled the daring voyager to hold up his head several degrees higher than those "home-keeping youths," who prefer the safety of *terra firma* to the dangers of "sealing."

About the distance of time which I have previously mentioned, this lonely flat, amidst the wilderness of waves, became the scene of a harrowing tragedy; the catastrophe of which filled a little isolated rustic community, with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. It may not be known to our "southeren" readers, that there are a numerous class of small proprietors in the western parishes of Pomona, holding their property by UDAL right, that is, lands held by uninterrupted succession, without any original charter, and without subjection to feudal service, or acknowledgment of any superior. These were alike exempt from the temptations of poverty, and the allurements of wealth, they held on the noiseless tenor of their way in virtuous obscurity, and descended into the narrow mansion with unobtrusive decency; leaving a small, unincumbered Scandinavian inheritance, which most likely had been in the family for eight hundred years, and the odour of a good name to their children.

Such were the parents of Henry Graham and Helen Waters, whose progenitors and themselves had been neighbours and friends for many generations.

The youth and maiden having arrived at that delicious stage of existence

"When love's delirious pulse beats high;"

and having been play-mates from infancy, I need not try to describe the ardour of their mutual affection, or the intensity of their reciprocal love—these may be *imagined*, but never *delineated on paper*; besides, where is the gentle reader, male or female, who has not known—and knowing, not remembered, the exuberant luxury of first love; the tremulous shooting of the nerves, from the brain to the extremities, with all the velocity, and some of the fire of electricity? Where is the man, of woman born, who has not, at some period of early life, experienced a thrilling sensation all over his vital frame,—a palpitation of heart, as if it would burst its legitimate boundaries, on beholding even the domicile of the beloved object at half a mile's distance? Where the man who has not been enraptured, fascinated, nay bewildered with sheer ecstasy, on suddenly encountering some

“Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon his sight?”

The loves, therefore, of poor, unfortunate Henry Graham and Helen Waters must be imagined, not defined.

The felicitous years and days of wooing had terminated, and the wedding-day agreed on; wedding guests had been selected and invited, and the bridal entertainment prepared on a somewhat sumptuous scale. It happened, however, that the betrothed had a family of relatives who resided in the neighbouring island of Hoy; and as the etiquette of the country prevented the affianced pair from sending either written invitation or special messenger, young Graham and a friend were under the necessity of proceeding to that island, in order to invite the parties personally to the nuptial solemnities; which ceremonial having been performed, the two friends thoughtlessly joined a party of young men on a shooting excursion to the little hamlet of Rackwick,—and as the wind was fair, and the weather unusually bright and mild for the season, being the early part of autumn, they extended their ramble to the Sule Skerry, in the hope of being able, in a day or two, to give their friends an agreeable surprise, and confer an *éclat* on young Graham and his compeers, which would last them half a life-time, and make the marriage day distinguished in the rustic annals of the district where they were best known and most highly appreciated.

In prosecuting this painful little narrative, I have now no light to guide me but the twilight of probability; I conjecture, then, that they had arrived on the sea-environed spot in safety; that there had been a heavy surf breaking on its rugged and rocky strand—that with the untamed, untrained exuberance of youth, the lack of order and discipline, and an undue anxiety to have their blood put in motion by a scamper over the holm,—they had recklessly sprung on shore, each trusting to the others to take charge of their boat; meanwhile, the recoil, (or *outrug*) of the billows had instantaneously carried her away,—fowling-pieces, provisions, everything! and left them on the barren islet to await a lingering but dreadful death!

Ah! what mental tortures—what internal agonies they must have

suffered!—what wild despair must have seized hold on them, as they saw their only hope for prolonged existence slowly wafted away from them by the gentle autumnal breeze; what terrific screams and sepulchral groans must have issued from their parched throats, while the sea-birds and phocas of the great deep screamed and groaned as if in mockery!

“Then Hope for ever took her flight;
Each face as monumental stone
Grew ghastly in the fading light
In which their latest sun went down;
All other secrets of their fate
From darkness would the Muse redeem;
Unheard of horrors to relate,
Which Fancy scarce may dare to dream.
This much we only know—they died;
All else Oblivion deeply veils,
And charnels of the waters wide
They tell no babbling tales.

For them were wishings, longings, fears,
The sleepless night and ceaseless prayer—
Hope, gleaming rainbow-like through tears,
And doubt that darkened to despair.”

Meanwhile the young men's relations at home, especially Helen, were horror-struck. They knew not either how to think, speak, nor act. The bridal-day dawned in unwonted autumnal splendour, but a frightful uncertainty—perhaps as excruciating as the fatal reality—pressed upon their minds, and paralyzed their physical powers. A boat was dispatched to Hoy, in quest of the ill-starred wanderers; they were traced to the hamlet of Rackwick—but no certain intelligence could be gleaned, beyond the ill-omened fact, that some days previous, a boat, having sportsmen on board, had been steering in the direction of Sule Skerry. The terror-stricken searching party, now procured additional assistance, and having hired a large boat, proceeded to that dismal abode of seals and wild fowl, where, on landing, they were horror struck, by finding the objects of their painful search, mangled, disfigured, dead! “As soon,” says Malcolm, “as the stupor and amazement had subsided, the party placed the dead bodies in their boat, and crowding all sail, stood for the Orkneys. They landed at night upon the beech, immediately below the house where the wedding guests were assembled; . . . an exclamation of joy broke from the bride. She rushed out of the house with outstretched arms to embrace her lover, and the next moment, with a fearful shriek, fell upon his corpse! with that shriek reason and memory passed away for ever! she was carried to bed delirious, and died towards morning. The bridal was changed into a burial, and Helen Waters and her lover sleep in the same grave.”

The sun has now ascended to the zenith, and the atmosphere, which erewhile was as pelucid as ether, has now become hazy, in consequence of the excess of exhalation from loch, firth and ocean;—let me

therefore descend the south-east side of the mountain, and there, in a desolate valley, far from the haunt of man, examine at my leisure the eighth wonder of the Orcadian world, the "*Dwarfie Stane*,"—a relic of remote antiquity, which has baffled the antiquarian from generation to generation, set speculation at defiance, and divided and sub-divided whole hosts of tourists and topographers. The peasantry alone are of one mind on the subject. They inquire not either of its origin or its utility, but they carefully and studiously avoid its vicinity—their untutored minds see "*dwarfs*" hovering over it in the shape of clouds, and hear their *skelloching* in the air, when the *gurlie* west winds sweep down the ravines, and the mountain torrents rush with unwonted rapidity, and the ocean moans with a dirge-like cadence. There is awe, there is mystery around its precincts—for they deem it the relic of a departed mythology—a fragment of that spiritual vassalage, by which priestcraft, in all ages, and in all countries held the bodies and the souls of mankind.

It was here that the world-renowned fictionist placed "*Norna*" of the Fitful head, to study a gory theology, and the rites and mysteries of the unhallowed world. Here, sorceries have been practised—spells and incantations have been chanted—the villanous *Flamens* giving out responses to their dupes, in the name of the idols which were invoked, while the *Cromlech* reeked with the blood of the human victim—and the air of the wild solitude was filled with the shrieks and the groans of the immolated.

Such were the scenes exhibited, and such the rites performed in remote and rude ages, ere life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel: how deep our gratitude should be—how profound our thankfulness to Him, who thought on us in our low and lost estate,—and bade us live—live to Him alone !

"Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired ;
But ours, as dark as witcheries of the night,
Was formed to harden hearts and shock the sight ;
Our Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
With fingers deeply dyed in human gore ;
And while the victim slowly bled to death,
Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath ;
Who brought the lamp that with awakening beams
Dispelled thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams ?
Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,
Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt ;
But still light reached us—and these gods of stone,
Odin and Thor, each tottering on his throne,
Fell, broken and defaced at his own door,
As Dagon in Philistia long before ;
Kneel now, and lay our foreheads in the dust ;
Blush if we can, not petrified, we must ;
Then we are bound to serve Him and to prove,
Hour after hour, our gratitude and love."

This *wondrous* antique of an unknown era, is a huge fragment of

solid sandstone, detached from a mass of the same material, cresting the eminence above the spot where it now lies. It must have been severed from its parent bed by some convulsion of nature. The block is about seven feet and a half in height, thirty-two feet in length, and seventeen feet in breadth. The upper end of it is hollowed by iron tools, of which the marks are evident, into an apartment containing two berths like those in a small sloop's cabin. The uppermost and largest of the two bed-places is five feet eight inches long by two feet broad, the lower couch is shorter, and rounded off at the corners. There is an entrance of about three feet and a half square, and a stone lies before it calculated to fit the opening; a sort of sky-light window gives light to the apartment. Sir Walter Scott, who visited this remarkable oblong in autumn 1814, and whose conjectures should be treated with great deference, says, "we can only guess at the purpose of this monument, and different ideas have been suggested. Some have supposed it to be the work of a mason; but the *cui bono* would remain to be accounted for. The Rev. Mr. Barry (the historian of Orkney) conjectures it to have been a hermit's cell, but it displays no symbols of Christianity, and the door opens to the westward. The Orkadian traditions allege the work to be that of a dwarf, to whom they ascribe supernatural powers, and a malevolent disposition, the attributes of that race in Norse mythology. Whoever inhabited this singular den, certainly enjoyed

‘pillow cold, and sheets not warm.’

I observed, that commencing just opposite to the Dwarfie-stone, and extending in a line to the sea beach, there are a number of small barrows or cairns, which seem to connect the stone with a very large cairn where we landed. This curious monument may therefore have been intended as a temple of some kind to the northern Dii Manes, to which the cairns might direct worshippers."

This remarkable vestige of the olden time, has recently attracted a numerous class of tourists, and among the rest, Mr. Hugh Miller, of geological celebrity, who visited it last autumn, and who with an audacity of mind, a hardihood of spirit, utterly unknown to the whole parish of Hoy, and the island of Graemsay to boot, and not having the fear of Haafmand, or Haafrau, Troid or Haims, Nixie or Pixie, dwarf or goblin before his eyes, actually crept into the dwarf's state-bed, and as if this had not been enough, he drew forth a piece of magic steel in the shape of a cold chisel, and grasping a hammer, not that of Thor, but his own, in his right hand, carved his name deep into the side wall of the temple, where it will stand for ever as a mark of his temerity.

A truce with jesting, however, I am opinion, and long have been, that this monumental stone or temple, or whatever it may be called, was lying in the same condition, long before Harald Haarfager and his sea-rovers landed on these islands; I humbly conceive it to be the handywork of the Picts, inasmuch as it agrees in size and other particulars with the numerous Pict-houses which have been recently opened

at Quanterness and Sandwick, and various other places throughout the country.

It is not improbable however, that the Scandinavian priesthood would adapt such a singular stone to their own gory ritual, especially as it lay in one of the most desolate and gloomy glens in the whole cluster of islands; the victims might be confined in the cavities already described, until the great sacrificial day; the top may have served for a *Cromlech*, and the very barrows and cairns mentioned by Sir Walter, may have been the remains and fragments of the sacrificed; thus forming from the landing place to the altar, a kind of *via sacra*, where none but the initiated might tread.

The influence of the Norse sea rovers on the destinies of the world, has been mighty. They seem to have been raised up by providence as the pioneers of civilization; and by a kind of undefinable instinct to have performed those wonderful achievements, independent of the arts and sciences, which has handed their *race* down to our times, and invested them with a renown peculiarly their own. Their restless activity and daring energy, were not confined to their own seas; they fearlessly roamed over the world's wide waters without chart, compass, or quadrant; iron constitutions, stout hearts, and a rude knowledge of the appearances of the starry heavens, were all that enabled them to brave every danger, to discover lands in unknown latitudes, to plant colonies, and in short to triumph over such physical obstructions, as would have paralyzed the efforts of any other race of men the world ever previously saw. Their discovery of Faroe, Iceland, and Greenland has never been disputed; but I cannot repress my indignation, when I consider how they have been *swindled* out of their greatest glory—namely, the discovery of North America! Is it at all probable that a squadron manned with such a band of enthusiasts as could search for, and find out islands and continents in the high latitudes of the north, situate amidst

“Icy plains, and in eternal snows,”

and remain ignorant of what is now termed the American continent? Is it to be supposed that after having endured the rigours and severities of the Arctic regions, they would not have been but too glad to alter their devious course, and push their ice-battered barques into a milder latitude and a balmier climate? Why the very name “Vinland,” which they gave the newly discovered country, and which is scores of times mentioned in the Sagas, is a proof of their having landed on, and taken possession of a country with a climate mild enough to produce vines. If Christopher Columbus, with his band of superstitious, mutinous cravens, could discover St. Salvador, what should prevent the lion-hearted sea-rovers of the north, under such redoubtable admirals as Biame or Lief, Ohthere or Vulfstan, to discover and possess themselves of what is now termed New England? All the world knows that when the pilgrim fathers first landed on Rhode Island, they found a round tower, of European workmanship! the Northmen have

ever claimed this piece of antiquity as a work of their early ancestors ; and European antiquaries of the highest grade, have subsequently declared that it must have been built by a colony from Europe, decidedly not later than the twelfth century ; and a skeleton has been recently dug up at Fall River, encased in a suit of armour ! The time-worn towers stands almost entire until this day, and I dare say the armour which encased the old Vikingr may be seen in some transatlantic museum for a cent. It is expected that much light will be thrown on this very important question, by the investigations now being made by the Society of Danish Antiquaries ; meanwhile, as a pendant to the subject, I here introduce a versified trifle, which I have taken leave to entitle

THE WAR-HORN OF SIGE FRID,

OR,

THE VIKINGR'S DREAM.

I.

Thus spake the stern Viking,
With countenance dread ;
" There's spears to be splintered,
And blood to be shed ;
There's helms to be cloven,
And lands overrun ;
There's chiefs to be conquered,
And gold to be won.

II.

" Then, beaks of the raven,
Relinquish the harp ;
Be the boarding spear keen,
And the battle-axe sharp ;
Let your nerves be as firm
As the fangs of the bear,
Or the heart of a Norsemen
Who never knew fear.

III.

" We've roamed o'er the Baltie
With banners displayed,
From the fens of the Rus,
To the rocks of the Swede ;
The fleets of our foemen
We've scattered like chaff,
Or the snow-flakes that melt
In the wild Danish haaf.

IV.

" We have warred with the storm,
And tempest in ire ;
Where Hecla disgorged
His torrents of fire ;
We've battled with monsters
'Neath Greenland's bleak sky,
Where icebergs and mountains
In altitude vie !

V.

" We've plundered the Saxon,
From Tyne to the Thames,
We've pillaged his cities,
And wrapped them in flames ;
At the sound of our war-horns,
They wend to be shriven ;
And clamour, in sackcloth,
For succour from heaven."*

VI.

" We've furrowed the ocean
Round Valland and Spain,
Where'er there was booty
Or glory to gain ;
And Moslem and Nazarene's
Life-blood did gush :
For the Cross or the Crescent,
We cared not a rush !†

VII.

" In the track of old Jason
In search of the fleece,
We darted like hawks
Through the waters of Greece ;
And islands were wasted,
And cities were razed,
And hamlets and villages
Blackened and blazed !

VIII.

" Our dragons have snorted,
Our banners have streamed,
Where Orient towers
In magnificence gleamed ;

* " A furore Normannorum, libera nos, o Domine !" was actually inserted in the litany of the period, in consequence of the horror produced by these northern marauders.

† From Gaul the Norsemen crossed to Spain (A. D. 827) where they came in contact with the Arab conquerors, and penetrated as far as Seville, the fortifications of which they demolished. The votaries of Odin prevailed over those of Mohammed ; thence they proceeded along both shores of the Mediterranean to the capital of the Greek empire.

And tribute flowed in
To our treasure-ships hold
Like rivers of silver,
And streamlets of gold !

IX.

" Last night in my tent,
While my flag was unfurled ;
I dreamt of a new
And more glorious world ;
With forests and rivers,
Savannahs and isles,
Beyond the wild Orcades
Thousands of miles !

X.

" My spirit commixed
With the clouds sailing past ;
And my angelic monitor
Soared on the blast ;
And we skimmed the blue heavens
In invisible cars,
Among new constellations,
And strange looking stars !

XI.

" Enraptured, I hovered
In air for a time ;
And I gazed on a landscape
All glorious, sublime !
Such regions of beauty,
Such melody rang—
As no Saga described
And no Skald ever sang !

XII.

There were lakes like the ocean,
And falls like its roar,
When Monkenstroem lashes
It's desolate shore ;
And crystalline streamlets
Meandering mild,
And murmuring brooklets
Refreshing the wild !

XIII.

" Resplendent in beauty,
Bespangled with dew,
A soft amphitheatre
Burst on my view ;

Orcadian Sketches.

Each mountain was bathed
In the radiance of day,
And green to the summit
Like holly, or bay.

XIV.

"Strange warblers, in plumage
Transcendently bright,
And humming-birds flitting
Like spirits of light,
And wild deer disporting
In herds on the plain,
Or scouring in thousands
Their covers to gain.

XV.

"The rivers seemed teeming
With treasures untold,
Bespangled with silver,
With diamonds and gold;
And harmony streamed
Out of arbour and brake,
From the bards of the forest,
The skalds* of the lake!

XVI.

"Methought that Valhalla
Was never so bright,
As the vision that ravished
My soul yesternight!
We must win this bright land
At the point of the sword,
And we'll rival the glories
Of Odin our Lord!

XVII.

"Red warriors by myriads,
In grisly array,
Were mocking the thunder
With whoop and with bay;
Their war-clubs and hatchets
Were crusted with gore,
And their shafts were envenom'd
With death to the core!

XVIII.

"And maniac laughter
Derisive arose,
From captives in torment,
Insulting their foes;

* Swans.

And I clutch'd my bright war axe,
And longed for the fray,
When I saw there were foemen
To combat and slay.

XIX.

"Shouts arose from the van
And the rear of my ships,
And—' level your boarding-spears !'
Burst from my lips ;
And—' pierce them with steel,
And enwrap them with flame !'
When, lo ! I awoke,
And the whole was a dream.

XX.

"Then, arm for the conflict
The prize is a world !
Let our sea-dragon's wings
And their flags be unfurl'd ;
We'll battle like heroes,
And with our last breath,
Defiance we'll hurl
At Oblivion and Death !"

CONFESSIONS OF A COURT PREACHER.

PART III.

In 1784, Reinhard, as we have seen, became a pastor. On assuming this office, he felt its importance deeply, and not less deeply what he considered his own inadequate preparations, since, previous to the period above mentioned, he had not in all preached more than sixteen or twenty times. But he laid himself out for a resolute system of application, with the hope of conquering the peculiarities of situation, in which the unaccustomed employment involved him.

It is instructive to note what these peculiarities were. In the first place, he had so little time at his disposal, in consequence of professional duties, that the only leisure allowed him for the composition of his sermons, was what had formerly been taken up by his general reading and study. Then his health was exceedingly precarious, and now more so than at any former period ; he was subject especially to "ephemeral fevers," which appear to have been not less severe than sudden. "Hence," he says, "when I began to preach, I firmly resolved never to postpone the composing of a sermon to the last moment, but always to commence the work as soon as possible. From the very outset, therefore, I made it an invariable rule, before deli-

vering one sermon, to have another already prepared to follow it in my desk."

In reference to this practice, it has been very sensibly remarked by Tzschirner, "that he could not recommend Reinhard's custom of writing a second sermon, before the first was delivered, to those who commit their discourses, as the two things united must occasion perplexity." But in the case of Reinhard, it seems to have been attended with advantage. It secured him from the necessity of ever extemporizing, in which he never appears even to have wished for facility, a circumstance that speaks volumes for his self-discipline. He was rendered, moreover, comparatively independent of sudden indisposition overpowering him in the latter part of the week, and was left with ample time for drawing up his next composition, with all his favourite requisites of forecast and careful finish. Above all, he was never the victim of haste; and having his prepared manuscript for some days beside him, could amend or remodel at will and with deliberation. To this must be traced the uniform character of excellence which all his sermons bear—exhibiting proof that the author wrote constantly with a standard of the most elevated description before his mental vision. And as life wore on with him, it so happened that this standard was ever rising in eminence; so that, instead of his diligence or minute calculation in any degree diminishing, they were in more rigid exercise towards the close of his career, even than in his first chastened aspirations.

The first efforts he made in preaching caused him to become aware of a highly painful defect—one which often nips the enthusiasm of the young orator most unkindly in the bud—namely, the want of "a good, ready, and retentive memory for words." Of facts, systems, ideas, and trains of thought, he had sufficient recollection; but of the precise and well-weighed phrases, in which he had decided to enunciate and expand his views, he failed, in the hour of trial, to call up anything but fantastic scraps and vague allusions, that only could make, "confusion worse confounded." As he had conscience (and we may surely, in all charity, wish it more prevalent in our own day) in hazarding a plunge into what might prove a sea of "inappropriate and undignified expressions, tautological excrescences, imperspicuity and indefiniteness," which frightful combination, he truly says, "must excite aversion and disgust," the special treachery in his memory referred to, cost him no small uneasiness. To remedy the defect, therefore, he applied himself to committing his sermons thoroughly, using every spare minute for that purpose, "particularly dressing time." He adds, that this fact being stated, it is a very natural confession for him to allow, that he looked on this as the hardest duty he had to perform. In some cases it appears to have been ungrateful too; for, in spite of his best efforts, memory, like a "galled jade," would sometimes stumble, and then the confusion and perspiration of the good man may be imagined. And what made the matter yet more highly aggravated was, that, after all his pains, it cost him, in the end of his career, exactly the same trouble to retain the *ipsissima verba* of his manuscript as it had done in its earlier stages.

These circumstances explain much of Reinhard's peculiarities, in the

form and division of his sermons. He very soon abandoned all idea of training his intellect in the distinctive track of any one of the great masters in pulpit oratory. As we have already seen, Saurin's Passion Sermons had been early favourites; but, after having now imbibed the great principles of genuine eloquence at the fountainheads, he freed his genius from the trammels a mere imitator must ever wear, and henceforth we find him distinguished as much by his originality as his earnestness.

He ventures to call his mode of sermonizing "scholastic." The method, requisite in his lectures to the students, he carried with him into the pulpit. Insensibly it became what may be termed naturalized; and he considers he was justified in permitting it to be so, on good grounds. In the first place, while he was a preacher within the University, it was strictly necessary he should exemplify, in his own instance, the clearness and accuracy which are essential to the acquisition of all genuine and extensive knowledge—and which were, of course, to be peculiarly recommended to the students of whom the majority of his congregation consisted. Farther, he found the truth of what Quintilian has repeatedly inculcated—that good arrangement is a most material assistance to a speaker's memory.* And, lastly, even in the case of common people, he perceived, in the end, that his method of careful and minute adjustment, as they became accustomed to the surprising compactness and ease with which they could grasp and retain the truths he taught, was, of all methods, the most truly adapted for all the ends of utility. To specify a single proof—"There were citizens' wives who could, from Sabbath to Sabbath, give a minute account of each discourse they heard, with all its divisions and subdivisions." This, and other instances of encouragement equally potent, determined him to persevere in the mode of sermonising, to which circumstances, combining with his own inclination, had originally led him. It is true, for the sake of utility, he was obliged to sacrifice many rhetorical embellishments; "but he did this the more willingly, as he had always looked upon the Christian minister as a teacher, rather than as an orator; and from experience he gradually learned, that a discourse, so composed as to constitute a well-arranged whole, is not only capable of being clothed in an interesting dress, but also of being filled with animation."

He incidentally confesses, that in the first years of his ministry, his sermons were really very imperfect; the reason being, that the skill with which he ought to have come armed to the task, he was obliged to acquire by experience. Hence, he emphatically says—and the caution cannot be too often, or too impressively repeated,—“Let no one, destined for the ministry, fail to improve every opportunity which presents of attending to the necessary preparatory exercises. The greatest natural talents will not compensate for the want of such exercises. A man of genius will get along better indeed, under such circumstances, than one that is not, and complete his task at an earlier period; but length of time will certainly not accomplish what, with a

* Institut. Orat. I. XI, c. 2, 9, 36, 37.

little more diligence in the proper season, might have been accomplished at once." At Wittemberg Reinhard was happy in having "good-natured hearers;" but when he was transferred to another sphere, the imperfections to which he confesses, as they were more sensibly discerned, stirred up within him a more severe self-reproach. Having, at length overcome the more palpable causes of failure, he could never afterwards recur to his Wittemberg sermons, without great dissatisfaction; inasmuch, that having once yielded to deliver, a second time, one of these compositions, he gave up the attempt, in what, we are forced to conclude was absolute disgust. In such a particular, so much scrupulous nicety may scarcely be credited by some readers; but we have most assuredly not indited these particulars for the sake of reproachful insinuation, and we beg it to be believed, as what is clearly ascertained, that Reinhard permitted no inducement to tempt him at any time, to hackney even his own effusions by repetition, and, above all, that he avoided, as he would profanation, every sentence, however trapped and elaborated it could be made, which conducted to a "lame and impotent conclusion."

The Eighth Letter concludes with an admonition to "young ministers," on the subject of the study and imitation of the best masters in pulpit oratory; and this admonition Reinhard evidently considered of much importance. For the exercise here referred to, he himself, during his pastoral incumbency within the university, had no leisure. Any time he could call disengaged, he was but too happy to devote to that sort of reading, "which was calculated to recruit him by novelty and variety." It was not therefore till he had been for some years Court Preacher, that he turned some degree of attention to the best French, German, and English preachers. When he did so, his modesty led him to think, that had he known their productions in earlier life, and he mentions those of Zollikoffer as having first made the impression, he might have gathered the secret of "a thousand excellencies," which he was convinced he had missed. Hence he draws the inference, that his example ought to be a warning to others, who devote themselves to the same career in which he spent his days. It was a principle, confirmed by the practice of Cicero, that nothing can be more useful and necessary for a man, than to make himself thoroughly familiar with the literature of his department. And if we might add the mention of a benefit which more particularly flows from the study thus recommended, it would be that of a curb over the unregulated impulses of a presumptuous spirit, if ever such an one could consent, for once rightly to contemplate the grand, yet chaste and simple proportions of the great masters who have gone before in the choice of the Book of Inspiration as their theme of art. Reverently to feel the rebuke of their grandeur, and deeply to imbibe of their wealth of wisdom, must not be confounded with a slavish fear and imitation, which at best will inflict the curse of mediocrity. Only the indolent, or the weakly complacent, or the man whose miserable envy is the offshoot of his consciousness of puny stature, permits the mingling in his imagination of these opposed characteristics. The student, who has a purer comprehension of man's inner life, thinks differently. Prismatic hues of eternal lustre and beauty are discerned

where his eye pierces through mediums, which, to these less earnestly endowed, present merely a surface of hopeless opacity.

At this point the transition from the mere form, as it may be called, of Reinhard's sermons, to their more *material* character, becomes natural as well as necessary. On this subject he speaks with a degree of frankness it is impossible to misapprehend. His creed was strictly evangelical, and his sermons therefore evidenced a due mingling of the theoretical and practical parts of religion. Not one of the large number that proceeded from his pen could, he says, be stigmatized as merely doctrinal or ethical. This bold and decided adherence to the truths of the Bible, did not of course pass unheeded, "at a time when the illuminating theologians of Germany had succeeded in rendering the doctrines of Christianity so clear and intelligible, that nothing was left but pure rationalism;" and Reinhard, in consequence, suffered under the bitterest censure, and even calumny. In those days it was almost absolutely necessary that the aspirant for public applause should begin by declaring some book of the Bible spurious, or by a daring invasion of some established doctrine. If he indulged, however, in a humour which ran counter to this despotic custom, a nest of journalists and reviewers, more inveterate than angry hornets, was instantly pouring about his ears, and he needed indeed to be sheathed in the triple mail of "temperance, patience, and a good conscience," if he ever hoped to stand proof against an attack so formidable. We may presume that Reinhard possessed this goodly array; for in the storm with which he was assailed, he never qualified the truth in a single jot.

But this was not the worst; for as he made it a rule never to reply even to the most pungent of the host of missiles showered about him, he found, in his bitter experience, the truth of that Spanish proverb, which prays for protection from officious friends, mortal skill being usually sufficient to ward off the hits of direct antagonists. Between the censure on the one hand, and the tender apology on the other, we do not think ever man was so sorely beset since the days of St. Anthony. Listen to the sort of pleading offered by those partizans, whose eagerness was more remarkable than their discretion. "That he remains such an old-fashioned believer from stupidity, or want of learning, is something which cannot be admitted. It must therefore be supposed, that he speaks as he does, in order to recommend himself to the circumstances and relations in which he is placed. It cannot be doubted that he is at heart convinced of the opposite truths, and a firm believer in the correctness of the modern explanations given of the Scriptures; for what man of learning and genius is not? The country in which he instructs however, is probably not prepared for this new light; or perhaps it is his opinion that a public religious teacher should deliver such truths, as he is enjoined to do by the State, without blending with them any particular opinions of his own; for in that celebrated work, *Der Streit der Facultäten*, is this not shown to be very rational and proper?" "So," says Reinhard very patiently, "every thing was cleared up, and but little left necessary for putting an end to my orthodoxy."

That such a line of defence, alike false and injudicious, should have given its subject something deeper than simple annoyance, is not sur-

prising. He was the impersonation of openness and sincerity. A word that belied his convictions would have died on his tongue. To flatter or to equivocate, especially in the pulpit, his soul abhorred with a perfect abhorrence; nay, he was remarkable for a fearlessness that admitted not the shadow of community with aught but the clear unbiassed truth. Earthly consideration of the highest kind was to him as dust in the balance, when weighed against the message he had assiduously committed to the tablets of his heart. Yet here he was represented in the light of a deliberate palterer in delivering this very message—dishonestly conjuring with things he counted of a value, for which there is no mortal utterance but falls short,—acting the part of the wretched hireling, who was bound no more by the ties of his office, but as they conduced to his own personal emolument! All this too in spite of what might have been easily known—namely, that at any time he chose, he might have accepted, in other countries, situations of much greater independence and advantages, than those he enjoyed in Saxony, had he felt his duties there oppressive, or at variance with his convictions. But keenly though the misrepresentation above alluded to must have wounded him, it was not of a kind to be permanently hurtful. Those who came in frequent contact with him, had hourly cause to admire and venerate his upright, consistent, and unobtrusive character. “Besides,” he adds, with honest pride, “he who ever heard me preach, knew from my manner, that what I uttered came from the heart, and felt that I spoke the language of deep rooted and firmly established conviction.”

How Reinhard formed for himself that unequivocal system, whose exposition brought on him so many bitter fruits, is clearly explained. After the agonising struggle through the dark sea of doubt and scepticism already noticed, his foot had touched a firm strand, where in his view, only two courses, and these marked as extremes, lay before him for his adoption. Being invariably a disciple of “strict and systematic connexion, unity of principle, and consistency of thought,” in his religious, as well as philosophical opinions; he felt there was no middle course but would compromise these fundamental pillars of inference and belief. He felt he must either erect reason on the supreme tribunal, in matters of faith; reject without scruple every report, even from the Scriptures, which he conceived at variance with her judgments; what Scriptural propositions he did receive, only receiving under the limitation of their simply happening to accord with particulars, to which reason had already given her sanction; and so, having reduced his knowledge under a connected and homogeneous character, call himself a rationalist. Or, on the other hand, and arranging a system equally pervaded by consistency, he must use reason only in the examination of the evidence for the claims of the Scriptures to be received as a revelation from God—when this evidence had been found to answer to every test the appliance of which reason should suggest, he must then implicitly resign himself to the reception and belief of all the Scriptures teach, reason being now a merely subservient authority, used in ascertaining the meaning of their contents, and having no liberty whatever to conclude on the truth or fitness of any one doctrine inculcated within their limits—in short, where the rationalist placed reason, he saw he must,

adopting this latter alternative, establish the Scriptures as a divine message, and call himself a supra-naturalist.

It is to be remembered, that Reinhard's strong natural bias, in favour of clearness, decision, and force, made him perhaps too strenuously insist on the impracticability of maintaining a consistent defence of systematized principles in some course, which did not absolutely imply the adoption of either of the extreme alternatives here proposed; and accordingly there were many (among whom may be named Tzschirner) who, forming for themselves a middle path, more or less inclined to the domain of purely logical authority, or to the region where a higher and intuitional faculty of recognition in man's nature was held pre-eminent, blamed Reinhard for his rigid, and, as they supposed, somewhat arbitrary division. But he draws so vivid and well-founded a picture of the confusion that must arise, from the vain attempt at reconciling and combining what are essentially heterogeneous elements, that his conclusion appears indisputable, when he indicates how little likely truth is ultimately to emerge triumphant from the infinite and discordant variety, resulting from the ill advised process.

In this middle course, however, Reinhard found *most* of the theologians of his day vainly striving. Some were mere Rationalists in disguise, who, adopting the mask of moderation, the more easily propagated the influence of the tenets to which they really clung. But others of the illuminati, more ingenuous, were beating the air under the self-delusions of ignorance as to their actual position and its farther tendency. Perfectly single-hearted, and perhaps not a little self-complacent, they expunged, "now this, now that dogma, from the old system," while others were left on the list, which for the very same reasons, were unworthy of acceptance. "By this means the whole of doctrinal theology was rendered so fluctuating and insecure, that nothing could any longer be said of it as a system. Very few knew where they were. Having taken away confidence in the old system, in which the Scriptures decided everything, without being sufficiently resolute to reject all Scriptural authority, and follow the dictates of reason alone, they fell into a strange kind of capitulation with the two; at one time they sought to abate something from the Scriptures, in order to satisfy reason, at another, they rendered it so obliging, as to admit the validity of some things, which stood too obviously on the face of Scripture to be rejected, and by means of this mediation and negotiation, now looked upon reason as of most righteous claim, and then the Scriptures, according as the mediator and negociator felt inclined to act the interpreter or the philosopher, and the other circumstances in which he was placed, seemed to call for caution, or to authorize licentiousness."*

* Lessing repeatedly exposed the futility of the attempts, made by the illuminating theologians, to systematize their opinions. In one place he says, "Respecting the possibility and necessity of a revelation, and the credulity of the many who lay claim to inspiration, reason alone must decide. When she has settled these points, and discovered a revelation, she must look upon its containing things above her comprehension as an argument in its favour, rather than an objection to it. One might as well have none, as to think of excluding everything supernatural from his religion; for what is a revelation, which reveals nothing? Is it enough for a man to reject the name, and retain the thing? Are there any

Yielding then to his strong natural perceptions, Reinhard hesitated not in his choice between reason and revelation. His preference was instantly given to the latter. He had not only been thoroughly satisfied with the evidence usually adduced in its behalf, but as his experience of the human heart daily widened, he became more and more

other unbelievers, but those who reject the name and the thing together?" He says again—"The very idea of a revelation implies that reason has been taken captive, and brought in subjection to faith; or rather, as this expression may seem harsh on the one hand, and indicate opposition on the other, that reason has surrendered to faith. This surrendering is nothing more than acknowledging her limits, as soon as she is convinced of the reality of the revelation. Accordingly, this is the position in which a man must maintain himself. To be laughed out of it by invidious ridicule, betrays a soul contracted with vanity; to allow one's self to think of relaxing the claims of these proofs, evinces a doubt in the reality of a revelation. What one tries to save in this way, will be lost with so much the less opposition. It is only a snare which the opponents of the Christian religion, by magnifying the incomprehensible, lay to catch those of its defenders, who are not altogether certain of the goodness of their cause, and wish, above all things, to guard the honour of their acuteness." LESSING, *Sämmtliche Werke*. Th. V. S. 26-30.

Yet the man who could thus write was the victim of sceptical perversity. To the Christian it must be highly painful, and matter of profound sorrow, to contemplate him in the aspect in which he has presented himself before men. A powerful mind and a single-hearted conscience struggling in vain to bear down the crowding and ever-varying assaults of a dark host of doubts, difficulties of his times, and virulence of his opponents. Yet, when braced for a decisive stroke, his arm could, by the magic of its strength alone, open up an avenue to light and truth. Witness the happy effort which first discovered the ground, on which revelation might place itself in secure defiance of all scientific objection—a position which philosophy has since amply approved—namely, that which assumes that religion is not fundamentally based in the logical, but the intuitional portion of man's nature—not in the understanding, but in *feeling*. Under "Religion," he says—"The many works which in modern times, appear in defence of the Christian religion, are open to the objection, not only that they prove very ill what they undertake to prove, but that they are quite contrary to the Spirit of Christianity, in that its truth is such as rather ought to be felt, than to be made an object of intellectual knowledge."—*Werke*, Th. 16, S. 305. Hence, observes Twisten, he makes a clear distinction between the theologian and the Christian; the former he supposes, may be perplexed by certain objections, which threaten to shake the props by which he would support religion; but what do this man's hypotheses, and explanations, and proofs concern the Christian? He possesses already the Christianity which he *feels* to be so true, and in which he himself is so blessed. When the paralytic experiences the beneficial shocks of the electric spark, what matters it to him whether Nollet, or Franklin, or neither be in the right? In similar language, Lessing argued against Göze. "Even supposing one should not be able to remove all the objections, which reason is so busy in making against the Bible, yet religion would still remain undisturbed and unconcerned, in the hearts of those Christians who had attained an inward *feeling* of its essential truths." Again—"He whose heart is more Christian than his head, pays not the slightest regard to these objections, since he *feels* what others content themselves with thinking." "This appeal," says Twisten, "to the *feeling* of the facts of inward Christianity, is Lessing's leading idea in the contest with Göze: and how much he was in earnest might be shown from many passages of his writings, and the whole frame of his mind." The fact of Christianity not being what is cognizable by the intellect alone, is noticed by Coleridge in his "Aids to Reflection," p. 136. The development of the same truth is found, combined with great ability and profound thought, in several works yet more recent. We may specify Morell's "Philosophy of Religion," and the authorities he mentions, particularly Professor Whewell. The above collocation of extracts may present remarks claiming admission from many, only under limitations: but they are adduced chiefly to exhibit Lessing's character under a light most impressive and affecting, not to mention their affording a trace of where fell the first gleam of a truth in connection with religion, which promises in its farther reaches, a system of solid strength, grand as impregnable. For the body of the note we must acknowledge our obligation to Dr. Pusey's able work—"An Historical Enquiry into the late Rationalist character of German Theology."

convinced, that a revelation was not only an act of benevolence on the part of the Deity towards man, but even one of necessity, in respect of his wants. And more than all, such had been the solace and the strength with which, from his earliest years upwards, the Scriptures had ever recommended themselves to his innermost heart, that he felt, to have formed a single opinion, questionable of any portion of their divine claims, would have been to outrage every principle of moral rectitude within him. He submitted, therefore, without reservation, to their authority; and finding on examination, that the creed of the evangelical party embodied most nearly his conceptions of that system, which alone he held to have a perfect consistency with truth and reason, so soon as the proper limits of the latter were justly apprehended, in that party he enrolled himself, and with ever growing calmness and emphasis, in spite of violence and opposition, enunciated and enforced from the pulpit the doctrines of the unmutated Gospel. After toiling long through a wilderness of philosophical systems, and finding the vanity even of the best of those which advanced arrogant claims to apodictical authority, he had arrived at a conviction of the futility of all human speculation reared on self-constructed bases; hence he was fettered by no scholastic attachments, and could freely adopt the simple doctrines of Scripture alone as his creed. At the very period when he was putting his eclecticism to the proof, the philosophy of Kant, seducing by its universal pretensions, tempted many within its circle; but Reinhard found the footing he had assumed immovable, and could congratulate himself ultimately, that he had not to reap of the same fruits of disappointment, which were yielded to the share of those who had fallen down before the Kantian pedestal.

He had never the smallest reason to repent of the choice he had made; on the contrary, his advocacy of the Scriptures, as containing the only rule of faith and judgment, waxed stronger with every day's experience. By this standard he was enabled, on many occasions, to test "opinions, historical assertions, and whole systems," which had every plausibility in their favour, but were yet at variance with his established criterion. They were in consequence, at once rejected. Nevertheless, not wishing to subject himself to the charge of arbitrary inference, which this might have the appearance of being, he did not close all investigation, immediately on such a variance being made to appear. On the contrary, he ever was scrupulous in making his conclusions after a fair examination, and independently of the great feature of the discordance with the Gospel; whence more and more, that very Gospel emerged into a striking harmony with every principle of truth, established or evolved as that truth might be, irrespective of its higher claims; and therefore was to be regarded as yet more decisively the one absolute rule of guidance, to which every other authority should submit itself.

With a humility, that has not always been the companion of fame and erudition, such as belonged to Reinhard, he now arrives at the confession which flows from all the foregoing remarks—that the main point in his convictions was a mere faith in authority. But lest the Rationalist should taunt him with a lack of independent thought in consequence, he shows very forcibly the real character of his own, as

compared with the antagonistic position. "The Rationalist," he says, "believes, as well as myself. His faith is in the declarations of reason. To her authority he yields a universal, unconditional obedience. My faith is in the *Author* of reason; because, in the teaching of the gospel, I recognise divine declarations and revelations. Is this kind of faith less compatible with the dignity of human nature than the former? Besides, he who, while he believes in the gospel, acquires a knowledge of the positions which human nature works out of herself, and leaves nothing unexamined, is called upon to go through more investigation, and exhibit a higher measure of independence in thinking, than he who has either made his rationalistic system for himself, and brought his investigations to a close, or else passes over from one system to another, and always declares in favour of the last. And, finally, that that man will succeed the best, as a preacher, who sounds everything upon the authority of God, and can always appeal to revelation, to prove that he utters the will and express commands of Jehovah, is a matter which must be looked upon as self evident. A man produces an entirely different effect, when he speaks in the name of God, from what he does when he is obliged to appeal merely to the principles of reason. The great mass of the people, and a large proportion of those who pass for learned men, can never be made independent thinkers. Without authority, they cannot even stand. And can you name to me any that is better, more exalted, and more generally recognized, than that of the Scriptures, as far as they are considered as the word of God? Do they not justify themselves to such a degree, by the extraordinary appeals which they make to the human heart, as to leave every other authority incapable of a comparison with them?"*

But nothing perhaps confirmed Reinhard more, in his staunch adherence to scriptural authority, than the results which anxious and incessant self-examination had produced. He experienced a profound conviction of the absolute necessity for a Mediator between God and man; and such an one Christ he found to be. In every sense, he found the character of his sacrifice answering completely to the wants and the weaknesses in man's nature. For how any one of the human family could believe, that, by his own unaided efforts, he could justify himself in the presence of the holy God, or could expect to become a recipient of the grace of that great Giver, and thereby arrive at the certainty of escaping from judgment and death into the realms of salvation and life, he did not conceive it possible, unless an absolute assurance to either of these effects were given him directly by the Omni-

* "The attempt of Rationalism is to exhibit Christianity simply as a system of logical thought, based upon certain fundamental definitions, and erecting upon them a complete superstructure of doctrine. In this way Christianity becomes a body of purely human truth; it lies *entirely* within the limits of reason; it is absolutely subject to the laws of the human understanding;—while the historical element simply designates the time and the circumstances in which it first began to be developed as a moral science. To all this, the view of Christianity we have presented is diametrically opposed. We have shown that it is a spiritual life; that it is based upon a direct revelation from God; that the office of the understanding in it is only formal; and that the historical fact is the actual realisation of divine and eternal truth."—MORELL. *Philosophy of Religion*, p. 257.

potent. Such was his conviction of the depravity of man's nature, and its utter incapacity to achieve what might claim even the most stringently qualified acknowledgments of his Creator's approbation, that, without God's intervention by a specially contrived agency, his earthly abode might well be one of despairing anticipation. In no respect could he conceive of sins, once committed, ever being wiped from the tablets of a retributive justice, in spite of the most fervent purpose and even act of amendment. The reformation, on the contrary, a man would plead, could but add a darker line to his former sin, since he would thus become convicted of the possession of the knowledge which is by the law. Even allowing a show of reason to the pleading which depends on extenuating circumstances of a highly amended life, is there even the best and most self-disciplined of men, who could aver his highest righteousness to be other than filthy rags? Have we not the instance of the vehement struggles of Job's spirit, as once and again he laid the rebellious suggestion at the feet of that pure image of perfect good, which even a corrupted heart may realise in the better flights of its fancy? What, beside this ideal goodness, is the highest work of righteousness which man can sculpture out in his own living reality? Let him consider the comparison, and say if, without fear or misgiving, he would submit it, as one of hope or promise, to the unerring eye of the one Judge of all men. He might kneel, indeed, but as his own heart would tell him, it would be in the prayer for grace and forgiveness, never in expectation of an acquittal and reward. This is universally attested by the experience of all who have made the greatest progress in the paths of godliness. It was what Reinhard found in *his* case. As he advanced, he seemed to grow ever more unworthy in his own eyes. For, as he truly says, "the defectiveness of human virtue must necessarily become more striking, in exact proportion as the moral sensibilities are purified and quickened, by the progress of reformation; for he who has made advances in goodness will be more pained at little faults and impurities, which the unreformed and beginners in virtue do not even perceive, than the latter are at gross errors."

It was thus that Reinhard felt constrained to rest in the firm conviction, that, without the assurance of the just God, as to the possibility and the means of grace that might be vouchsafed to man, he could expect no forgiveness. In the death of Christ, he beheld this assurance contained in its amplest sense. It was what alone calmed his inner life—leaving, instead of the terrific turbulence of despairing terrors, the smiling waters of peace and faith, in which the love of a merciful Father was mirrored. The impossible thing—the acquittal from sin on the ground of his own merits,—no longer clung to his spirit, with the tenacity of a corrosive anguish: instead he had the balm, whose eternal blossoms spring to fruition in the heavenly Gilead. His joy in believing was not that he could recommend himself as pure at a stainless altar, but that he could appeal confidently to that blood which could wash out the deadliest stain that ever spread and festered under the rottenness of sin. "That a faithful adherence," he says, moreover, "to the supreme and adorable Saviour, is exalting to the mind; that a close and intimate communion with him, exerts a wonderful influence

in purifying the heart, and leading one on diligently to make attainments in holiness; that daily occupation with him, and the inspiring contemplation of his exaltation and his example, prove a blessing to the whole internal man; and, finally, that he who can say, 'Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,' has acquired new power, and another and more exalted mode of existence:—all this, every one, who has, from his whole heart, yielded obedience to the conditions laid down by God for acceptance in Christ, knows by experience; and others would not understand me, should I attempt to tell them ever so much about it."

It is not marvellous, that Reinhard, with such persuasions, should have clung to orthodoxy with steadfast devotion. Yet he was no bigot. His whole conduct breathed a Christian liberality and charity towards those who thought it right to view the character of man's inner life, and the teaching adapted to its necessities, in a light different from that which his contemplations on these all-wonderful subjects had familiarized to him. And all he required at the hands of others was, the exercise of similar tolerative principles towards himself. His idea of true fellowship rested not in the mechanical, but in the dynamical, embodiment of faith within the Church of the living God. "Let it be remembered," was his frequent expression, "that every one of us shall give an account of himself to God. The Lord will judge us all; but other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now, if any man build, upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it."

And now, that we have seen wherein lay the secret strength of Reinhard in his pulpit instructions, the explication might claim to satisfy our curiosity as to the one important feature of that power. But there is a craving which carries us beyond the oft-repeated and the self-evident. Hence, now that we have arrived at the broaching of Reinhard's *formal* power, we look, with what perhaps is an undue interest, to the promise of his farther revelations; but it is an interest which we would fain consider naturally constituted. Whether the result may afford a correspondent reality and satisfaction, remains to be tested. Our present limits would hardly allow an advance beyond the mere threshold of the enquiry; but on a future occasion, we shall be happy to resume the subject at this precise point, and bring it, if possible, to a conclusion.

W. R.

C—n H—e, December 1850.

TEMPLE OF FAME.

VISION FIFTH.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

Public.—This last vision of yours, Peter, bears a queer title ; but we suppose, as in the case of "Limbo," will explain itself.

Author.—Never doubt : we know perfectly what we are about : your fools of fame must have their divertisements, as well as their less ambitious brethren in obscurity : and a little fun may not be amiss as a winding up of the whole matter—especially as the literary efforts of most of our friends, together with our laudable endeavours to put them right, will end in smoke.

Public.—To be candid, and as we are generally inclined to speak the truth to one whom we are bidding farewell, and may never see again, some of your hints have made an impression upon us, and do not deserve so cloudy a termination. We begin to think that the German school is not helping our authors to be more intelligible : Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets" do seem to be written in something very like a perversion of our mother-tongue : and if, as we believe, you pillory D'Israeli only as a novelist—not as a speaker—why, we think you are not so far wrong. By the way, we are out-and-out with you as to Montgomery, who carries his conceit and affectation into the very pulpit, and deserves castigation.

Author.—Why, now, this does our heart good. We were sure the British Public had something manly in it still, and retained a little of its old dislike to froth and cant. Carlyle, you will come to find, more and more, now that your eyes are opened, is little better than a hawker of stale truisms, tricked out to deceive in a strange garb. His style, vaunted as "pure Saxon," is like nothing that ever was, or, we trust, ever will be ; and appears to us to be *pure nonsense*. Conceive a conclave of old Greeks and Romans, together with Addison and Swift, sitting in judgment upon it ! They would find, as in the cast-away case of the Bat mentioned in the ancient fable, who was voted as neither belonging to the birds nor to the mice, that Tom Carlyle was a nondescript—a new genus of the literary animal. As for Montgomery, he is a conceited jackanapes in letters. What call had he to take the "Reformation" for a subject ? His small, wriggling ideas, could no more fill out such a large mould, than the diminutive legs of Goose Gibbie could occupy, with any degree of respectability, the huge jack-boots of the scheming Lady Margaret Bellenden. And so "a long, good night" to the Reverend poetaster. You only do us justice in the case of D'Israeli. Let him give up novel writing, for which he

is unqualified, and stick to the "House," wherein his pungent and truthful speeches often fall like bombshells upon the false security of a leagured city. He has a capital opening just now in the affair of the Romanists, and is able to do "yeoman's service" to his bubbled country. For, do you know, we doubt Lord John. Why in such fervour to admit Roman Catholics into Parliament? then in such haste to endow their colleges? and after swallowing the camel, strain at the gnat of a few pompous names, that ring hollow to the sound, like the gigantic system of superstition to which they belong?

Public.—Well said, Peter: now you speak sense: and since we have you in good trim, pray go back and enlighten us a little. What meant you, in your first vision by "unclerically gay?" Were you not a little scandalous here? We never heard that that reverend Gentleman appeared at theatres, whirled in the polka, or patronized the Musselburgh races. How, then, "unclerically gay?"

Author.—Alas! you thought you had us, did you? We referred to *unseasonable* gaiety in the pulpit—the *grotesque* and even *jocular* mode of illustrating sacred writ: provocative as much of amusement, as productive of edification. Your divines get too familiar now-a-days with holy things; and are over-much given to bring the talents of the harlequin to the assistance of the expounder. While, moreover, that unhappy step was about to be taken, which carried away many families from the homes of their youth, reverend gentlemen were patrolling the country like clerical buffoons, *cracking jokes* upon platforms, when *heart-strings were cracking* elsewhere, and doing their best to produce *tears of mirth* when they had more need to prevent *tears of misery*. But let us dismiss the painful subject. Once for all we repeat, there is a solemn dignity that is necessary to the pulpit; and we cannot bear to see grave divines growing *pleasant* and *facetious* over spiritual matters. If they will play the clown, or the merry Andrew, let their stage be other than the pulpit—their habiliments other than the gown—and their day as far from the Sabbath as possible. Do you understand us now, when we use the expression "unclerically gay?"

Public.—Perfectly—and although you are hard, there is truth in your remarks. We have just another query, and then we are done. Why so severe on Bulwer? Don't you think that his claims are of a higher order than the claims of those with whom you have ranked him?

Author.—Now, let us understand each other. The *best* works of Bulwer we admire as much as any one; but is Bulwer *inspired* that he dare not be approached by the critic? Has Bulwer been so *true to himself*, that he is beyond warning? We only said that "*even* Bulwer might take a hint, and write less." Why put down his own fame a single degree by such unredeemed trash as his King Arthur? What well-wisher of Sir Walter Scott would have looked on with pleasure at a continu-

ance of "Surgeon's Daughters," Castles' Dangerous," or "Counts Robert of Paris?" Would they not have been justified in crying—"Hold! enough—Guy Mannering, thy magic wand is broken. Therefore pause, refrain, be just to yourself—remember your own fame!" And who, we ask, would rejoice to see King Arthur, Zanoni, and the Last of the Saxon Kings, upon the same shelf with Eugene Aram, Pelham, and the Last days of Pompeii? By the way, the last has a sad blot upon its fair fame. What demon of madness induced Bulwer to bring upon the stage the Widow of Nain's son raised from the dead? Is it not presumptuous in *any man* to break the silence of Scripture? Must "fools rush in where angels fear to tread?" Shall man's frail hand dare to draw aside the curtain with which the Deity hath veiled his ways and intents? Dear friend Public, before you elevate your eyebrows at the bare notion of our canvassing the merits of Bulwer, hark, in your ear, Pope's claims to be a poet were once called in question!—and the divine Shakspeare, and Scott, the only rival he has in natural dialogue, even these were food for critics. Wherefore, cease your wonder, and tell all your children that no man is infallible. Besides, you may add that it is a miserable thing to find men of genius, such as Cooper, and James, &c., busily engaged, as if for a wager, in writing down good reputations. If, like the Sybil, several of our authors burnt a number of their works, the remainder would rise in value. Perhaps they imagine that bulk will carry them into fame; but let them fear, lest like Iarpeia, buried beneath the shields of the invaders of the Capitol, they are overwhelmed by their own handiwork. Cæsar's armour only incumbered him in swimming the Tiber; and the mass of some authors' lucubrations may serve no better purpose in buffetting the billows of the tide of time. A small house is easily furnished—not so the capacious and many-roomed palace. Think of this, ye writers of limited means, and determine rather on writing *well* than on writing *much*. A well-furnished *cabin* is snug: an empty *hall* is soon abandoned to the damps and the bats.

And now that our lucubrations draw to a close, let us say that we have not the presumption to hope any radical change of taste from their publication. The evil is too deeply-rooted for that. "*Cui bono?*" then, you may ask. Why, we are just in the position of the man who enters his protest at a public meeting—not from any positive good he may do—but to shew to those who come after him, that if he could not *prevent*, at least he was *free from joining in the folly*.

I.

I've often thought it were a curious sight
For some old grandsire, from the mouldering dead,
Into the nineteenth century's noon-day light,
To lift his bald and antiquated head.
Could grey goose' quill, or pencil's magic might,
Or calotype depict the wonder spread
O'er the grave face that bade the world adieu
E'er the first steamer ploughed the ocean blue?

II.

Heaven help thy intellects, thou good old soul !
 Thy day, considered wise, was far behind,
 We modern wizards sweep from pole to pole
 Without abetment of the fickle wind.
 The turnpike, too, with interruptive toll—
 Is now a reminiscence of the mind :—
 While you were fumbling for your tardy pence,
 Adieu, old boy, we're half a county hence.

III.

Mind ye the shady lane so cool and green,
 With ne'er a murmur, save the hidden rill,
 Or cushat plaining from the forest-screen,
 Or gentle zephyr breathing o'er the hill ?
 If there ye think of wandering at een,
 Hope not, old man, to find seclusion still ;
 But have a care ! for through the gathering night
 The meteor-engine holds a fearless flight.

IV.

Hours would on hours elapse e'er tongue might tell
 The change—the startling change ye witness here.
 The Age of Iron lays its mighty spell
 On the old east, and western hemisphere.
 The fever "Speculation," fierce and fell,
 Dries every heart—engages every ear.
 Even priests themselves, 'tis said, have got a nip
 From something—not just apostolic "Scrip."

V.

Lo ! while we ponder, reeling down the street,
 Roll cab-men, dust-men—a tumultuous band !
 No common thirst, I trow, hath crazed their feet :
 They come deep-laden from Dorado's strand.
 The golden age is sounding a retreat :
 Silver prepares to make a dogged stand ;
 But Charlie Dickens told me, by the way,
 That, ten to one, old Brass would win the day.

VI.

Ah ! yes, old man ! all things are strange to thee ;
 The scenes of thy gay childhood smile no more.
 Alas ! and must mine eyes no longer see,
 Dash proudly from the "Swan," or grim "Blue Boar,"
 The rattling "stage" or "mail" still dear to me ;
 Perched on whose box I've sat so snug of yore—
 The "weed" so fragrant, and the "whip" so spruce—
 Railroads, I almost wish you at the deuce.

VII.

All—all is utter change ;—and yet I'm wrong ;
 Man's nature *is* and *shall* be still the same.
 Still shall the senseless and misjudging throng
 Bow to that unsubstantial God—a name.
 Long as the weary world endures, so long
 Shall multitudes be duped, and feel no shame.
 While Dickens writes, and selfish Cobden rules,
 They'll boast a following of knaves and fools.

VIII.

Oh, vaunted modern wisdom ! are thy shrines
 More nobly lorded than the shrines of old ?
 Where Egypt's sun, like flaming furnace shines,
 Enter the pictured temple, and behold—
 Marvel of meek and sanctified divines—
 The burly idol-ox of burnished gold !
 But e'er ye laugh, a whisper in your ear—
 Are Cant and Quackery less worshipped here ?

IX.

Should inconsistent critic wield a quill
 In favour of a sour, delirious age :—
 Should he insinuate, tenacious still,
 That Peter Lely lies—I here engage—
 If you but follow me to yonder hill—
 To shew of human nature such a page
 As may convince you there is little treason
 In holding this age not the " age of reason."

X.

Behind the Temple stretched a grassy plain,
 Whither the Sons of Fame would oft repair
 To nerve the limb, and recreate the brain
 With generous pastime—sweet relief from care.
 Here at the chariot-race, the ancients strain,
 Or whirl the " discus" through the whistling air ;
 Degenerate moderns played at " pitch-and-toss,"
 And simpering cockneys ambled by on " oss."

XI.

A few old English Bards at tennis played—
 Young England thought it rather hardy work,—
 The Germans, generally, were found in shade,
 Sublimely smoking with the turbaned Turk.
 The monks of old, of whom so much is said,
 Plied zealously, a most assiduous fork—
 Such peaceful pastime suited well their calling—
 Only at times they took to ribald bawling.

XII.

A board of choice, right-merry souls were met
 Under the umbrage of a spreading bay—
 Chaucer was chairman of the jolly set,
 Flanked, right and left, by Massinger and Gay.
 There Ford and Wycherly their genius wet
 With sack and malunsey warm as summer day.—
 There honest Ben grew glorious o'er his can,
 And rosy Falstaff worth a "better man."

XIII.

The games Olympic for the current year
 Were just upon the eve of celebration.
 Men of all countries strove and jostled here—
 Dutchman and Scotchman—Prussian and Helvetian—
 Germans bewiskered well from ear to ear—
 The stately Roman, and the polished Grecian—
 Drove up in ancient cars and modern whiskies—
 Dog-carts and tandems—tilburys and britskas.

XIV.

Punch—roguish elf! might be detected there—
 Comical citizen of half the world!—
 High towered his cap, with jaunty knowing air—
 His wig, like mine, luxuriantly curled,
 Idle no moment, he was everywhere;
 And now he chuckled, and at times he snarled;
 Bagging, full slyly, many a piece of folly—
 Laughing where others had been melancholy.

XV.

And now with nine-pins were the games begun—
 A small amusement made for little men.
 Lover and Smith essayed them, one by one—
 Jerrold and Willis, and some other ten.
 Smith played a dexterous ball—but Willis won—
 And got, for prize, an ivory-handled pen,
 With grave injunctions never once to use it,
 Or sure was he that moment to abuse it.

XVI.

Next came a jig—a sort of modern dance—
 Grotesque and rapid, fidgety, fantastic,—
 It seemed a cross of Caledon and France—
 Its music was the "drum ecclesiastic."
 However, none had shadow of a chance
 With Merle D'Aubigné, of a limb most plastic—
 At *wheeling* Candlish not a soul could follow—
 At *shuffling* the Genevan beat him hollow.

XVII.

Then came the jugglers, with their balls and beams—
Their jets of fire, their ribbons, and their capers.
From their fierce throats rush forth the sulph'rous streams,
And round their nostrils curl prismatic vapours.
Many that day did wonders; but it seems,
Like waxen lights compared to farthing tapers,
Appeared the Frees, who swallowed, without question,
Things that had tried an elephant's digestion.

XVIII.

To these succeeded putting-stone and hammer,
The first of such a dire, portentous size,
As made the stoutest limbs to bend and stammer,
And hurtled, cloud-like, through the groaning skies.
When, in a measure, died the dinning clamour,
I asked of him who bore away the prize,
How came the putting-stone so large and weighty,
That none could heave it, save the vast and mighty.

XIX.

Said he, with something 'tween a laugh and sneer,
"Its composition is both new and strange—
The works of Candlish all are kneaded here,
And Campbell's book, so varied in its range;
And all Buchanan lies within that sphere—
D'Israeli's novels, dull by way of change—
Much of Dumas and James;—and now I leave ye
To tell me if this bullet is not heavy."

XX.

These trifles o'er, as, at a city feast,
The soup and sherbet—fish and entremets;
As, when the last note of the prelude ceased,
A solemn pause bespeaks the coming play:
Deep silence broods around, as if, at least,
The crowd were waiting for the judgment-day—
A steeple-chase they whisper, is impending,
And lo! the coursers to the post are wending.

XXI.

As this wild steeple-chase, perchance may run
Into the bosom of remote posterity,
I'll trot the coursers forward, one by one,
And give their names and pedigrees with verity.
Here comes the first, then—ancient as the sun;
More famous, though, for bottom than celerity—
His name is History—was bred in Greece,
Some time posterior to the Golden Fleece.

XXII.

Herodotus* they say, in deserts caught him,
 Thucidydest† first rode him with a bridle—
 Quaint Tacitus some clever paces taught him,
 Nor under Livy has the steed been idle.
 To Gibbon's stud the wise Polymnia‡ brought him—
 Some canting Churchman§ learned the beast to sidle;
 Hume won him back to gracefulness and ease—
 D'Aubigné foundered him, and broke his knees.

XXIII.

So, when our "Luther" sought that day to ride him,
 A general shout of "No!" rebellowed round;
 And queer Tom Carlyle, standing close beside him,
 Sprung on his back, and cantered o'er the ground.
 Ashamed, D'Aubigné fain would run and hide him;
 And story says, to soothe his smarting wound,
 They made him tollman of the Temple-pass,
 He knew so thoroughly the ring of brass.

XXIV.

Critique is next—a wild and wicked hack—
 Jeffrey bestrides him on this great occasion.
 Scarce could he seat him on the courser's back,
 And seated there, it cost him some abrasion.
 Galled was the jade since Johnson's whip did crack,
 And Gifford spurred him on with firm persuasion;
 But the old blood was there, as Combe must feel,
 Who came too near the lightning of his heel.

XXV.

Powers of description! tell me what is here?
 Who backs him jauntily in dandy style?
 The beast is short in limb, but long in ear,
 The rider beams like an embodied smile.
 'Tis Bob Montgomery rides—so stand ye clear.
 His steed has wind in spite of many a mile
 Of crazy racing—"Satan" 's now its name,
 They called it "Poesy" in days of fame.

XXVI.

Is this the courser fiery Pindar rode,
 Bequeathed by Homer on the Trojan plain?
 Is this the steed that Virgil oft bestrode,
 With all the riders of the Delphic train?

* Called the "Father of History."

† History by him was reduced to definite rules.

‡ Muse of History.

§ A prototype, in all likelihood of Hetherington, that notable confounder of facts; the honesty of whose history is only to be matched by the delicacy of his poetry.

Whereon, majestic as the morning's God,
Shakespeare sped boldly, heedless of the rein ?
That Byron's giant-hand rejoiced to tame ?
Alas ! alas ! " another and the same !"

XXVII.

Place for Free-kirk ! the gallant donkey comes ! !
Who backs him ? Guthrie, or no grave buffoon.
Ye cymbals clash ! squeak, fife ! and rumble drums ! !
Hey ! in what quarter think ye sits the moon ?—
And now the books are out—and deadly sums
Are bet and taen by many a knowing loon ;
When " where is Fiction ?" rings the general cry ;
And " Fiction ! Fiction !" rends the frightened sky.

XXVIII.

" Bring forth the steed ! the vaunted steed was brought"—
He came of pure and noble eastern race—
In many a bloody field had stoutly fought,
Famous alike for durance and for pace.
With German and Italian had he wrought,
And lost but little of his strength and grace,
Till modern men and women of small merit,
Ambled to death the glorious creature's spirit.

XXIX.

Tears filled mine eyes, as there the courser stood,
Sore galled and spavined since the days of Scott.
Balzac and Sue, and all your bloody brood,
Had brought his gallop to a stumbling trot.
And now he seemed most miserably shod,
For a long race of dire and perilous note—
Dickens was on him—he had used him ill,
But felt it not, and journeyed on him still.

XXX.

The weights are now adjusted—and 'tis found
Jeffrey rides lightest of the booted crew.
With kindness, seldom matched on selfish ground,
James lends a novel—generous Ainsworth two.
At length they rank them for the opening bound,
Rings the last bell, like jolly view-halloo—
Sounds every whip upon the coursers sides,
And every man for life and glory rides.

XXXI.

They push, they plunge, they scour, they rush, they rattle !
A thousand throats the startled welkin tear,
Eager they bend them o'er their labouring cattle ;
Nor shout, nor lash, nor gory spur they spare.

D

'Twas thought by many Bob Montgomery sat ill,
And sighed for brodered gown and easy chair;
While Guthrie nervously forsakes the rein,
And whip in teeth, seeks safety in the mane.

XXXII.

Awhile they tramp the even, turfy plain—
A ditch is cleared—a sunken fence is passed—
A hedge is topped! another! and again,
A third is skimmed as featly as the last!—
Up a rough hill the struggling horses strain,
O'er the dim ridge they vanish like a blast;
And when the race once more appears in view,
'Tis clear some envious bog has swallowed two.

XXXIII.

"Freekirk" is down, and "Satan" strives no more,
"Fiction" is first, while, neck and neck, behind
"Critique" and "History" exert them sore,
And plunge, and pant, and tear, along like wind.
A rasping leap—dread Scylla! yawns before—
"Fiction" is o'er! "Critique!" thy paces mind!
One slip—he's got it! and like old tree-root,
We see no more of Jeffrey than his boot!

XXXIV.

Now, Dickens! use the spur and bridle well;—
Like the wild German Huntsman at thy back—
Each ringing lash resounding as a knell—
'Tenacious Carlyle urges on his hack.
Men drew their breath, as centuries will tell;
And many a trembling better sighed "good lack!"
When crack! and crack! and, by his horse's nose,
Dickens has won it from historic prose!

XXXV.

The prizes now bespeak the umpire's care;
And, in the absence of a Queen of Beauty,
Punch claims the management of this affair,
And, grave as priest, betakes him to the duty!
First prize—a "cap and bells" is Dombey's share.
Quoth Punch—"They're not, I rather think, quite new t'ye!"
"Not quite" said Dombey—"yet they suit me well;
As future Christmas days, perchance, may tell."

XXXVI.

Prize second—"his own works"—was Carlyle's doom—
With rueful glance the hero took them up;
Even as a quack might be supposed to fume,
If forced to swallow his own nauseous cup;

Or as old Croesus might be thought to gloom,
When on his molten dross constrained to sup.
He bagged the insult ; but was heard to say—
“ For this disgrace I’ll make the public pay ?

XXXVII.

Last prize—“ a ream of foolscap,”—who shall claim ?
By this the vanquished three came sneaking in.
Were Jeffrey’s mother there, the worthy dame
Had scarce descried her son ; for cheek and chin
Were sore besmeared in that deceitful game.
The other two might well be held as twin ;
From a black bog the savoury Preacher, rose,
And men, who used their eyes, reserved their nose.

XXXVIII.

Votes being taen, with nearly one consent,
“ The ream of foolscap ” was to grace the toil
Of him, who, in his day, most ink had spent
In branding virgin paper with a soil.
The baffled Guthrie struck at once, his tent ;
His *virtus* shone in monster-meeting broil ;
The critic said the thing was past debating,
And off walked Bob to pen another “ Satan.”

XXXIX.

But where is —— ? Wherefore doth he hide
His head for modesty so widely famed ?
Why lets he honest Guthrie boot and ride
Till gallant “ Free-Kirk ” in the mire is lamed ?—
Early I marked the victim slink aside,
And seek a doleful place—“ Lake Limbo ” named—
A refuge for those ill-advised men.
Who dupe their kind, or desecrate the pen.

XL.

Alas ! alas ! it was a saddening scene—
Black were the waves, and bitter to the taste ;
Upon its stony shore no verdure green
Smiled sweetly—all was melancholy waste.
A rifted pine, two scowling crags between,
Made eerie music to the bleaching blast :
There swung the skeletons, mid wind and rain,
Of those who made of “ godliness a gain.”

XLI.

Here raved and wailed the sleepless ghosts of those,
Who drugged the public with unwholesome pills,
Whose books to true morality were foes,
Who dipped in infidelity their quills.

Here Paine is tortured with undying woes,
 The worm that dies not, fire that never kills.
 Here —— prowled, like Israel's vagrant-son,
 Ahitophel seeking peace, but finding none.

XLII.

"Ah! me," he cried, "these waters drink the brine
 Of floods of hapless tears poured out for me.
 Ten thousand curses on that pride of mine,
 Scotland! that fastened discord upon thee!
 Peace—holy peace—will yet again be thine,
 To me that blessed dove no more can flee."
 He wrung his hands, and shrieked along the shore;
 Nor seek we pain like his to witness more.

XLIII.

To watch the fate of that eventful day
 Were many of all tribes and tongues collected.
 There laughed the Frenchman, volatile and gay;
 And there the smoking German was detected;
 And there the Dutchman, stubborn as his clay;
 And there the Scot, in every clime respected;
 There spat the Yankee; there, with bearded face,
 The solemn Turcoman beheld the race.

XLIV.

The ancient dramatists, though fond of fun,
 Thought the concern was rather *infra dig*;
 But from a distance every mother's son
 Noted with merriment that classic rig.
 Ben Johnson mingled with the crowd for one,
 I knew him by his ruby nose and wig;
 And if I err not, Massinger and Shirley,
 With Ford and Webster, joined the hurly-burly.

XLV.

Two witty, clever gentlemen I saw
 Devouring eagerly the precious scene—
 Smith,* fonder of the green-room than the law;
 And that facetious, happy wag, Maginn.
 Nature bestowed on each, without a flaw,
 The diamond of wit so bright and keen,
 To light them onward to the first renown;
 But both to sparkling fragments broke them down.†

* The inimitable James Smith of whom the Countess of Blessington said, "if he had not been a witty man, he would have been a great man."

† Both frittered away talents which should have produced some sustained work.

XLVI.

'Twere long to tell of all who gathered there,
How tears of laughter stood in Brinsley's eye—
How "Uncle Toby" twirled his crutch in air,
As all the rabble-rout went scouring by :
How North was heard most stoutly to declare,
That were it not the "Noctes" had run dry,
He'd print in full, the pedigree and names
Of those who strove at these Olympic Games.

XLVII.

Yes ! yes ! t'would take a century to tell
The varied scenes of that pictorial day.
Long, long, I guess, in memory they'll dwell—
Fresh as a bean-field, or the new-mown hay ;
But see ! in gigs and whiskies forth pell-mell,
The glad spectators pour along the way—
So here we pause, and for a while sit down,—
Not always can Grimaldi play the clown.

XLVIII.

Reader ! adieu ! what think ye of my book ?
'Tis written mind ye, with a pure intention.
At other pens it might have ta'en a look,
And other faults it had been just to mention.
Perchance you say, like true Parisian cook,
I'm keeping for a "coup" my best invention ;
Or, like a skilful actor, may I mean
To hord my talents for a closing scene.

XLIX.

No ! here I pause ; for this to me is clear—
Until a candid radical is found—
A German hating pipes, and loathing beer,
A critic, whose chief aim is not to wound ;
A party of old maids, who hate to hear
Scandal of man or woman above ground—
An honest Lawyer—and a Footman civil—
Authors will fool and fume, and dupe and drive.

L.

Seven righteous men, in ancient times, had saved
The sin-beladen "cities of the plain,"
Were a like number of wise authors craved,
Who print for right and reason—not for gain ;
By whom the public fear not to be knaved,
Their taste perverted, and their money taen,—
Were this the case, I fear that even London
Would run an awful risk of being undone.

LI.

Then fare thee well! My worthy friend Sir Peter
 Has long withdrawn from painting fools of fashion;
 Nor shall his kinsman, in half crazy metre,
 Paint fools of fame till in a righteous passion.
 Should he appear again, a pastime sweeter,
 Than dealing round to quacks a hearty thrashing.
 May prove, if smiles are all that waken here—
 Peter can also draw a pensive tear.

The Ladies of the Covenant. By the REV. JAMES ANDERSON. Glas-
 gow: Blackie and Son. 1851.

"AND OF HONOURABLE WOMEN NOT A FEW."

The link between men and angels is woman. She is the sublimation of humanity. The ideas which we form of angelic spirits are derivable from her. It is she that gives the image of the beautiful to the mind of the sculptor, the painter, and the poet. It is she whose love blesses us—whose pity cheers us—whose companionship makes us glad—and who is at once the ministering angel of man and of the world. A signal honour has been put by God upon women since the beginning. If she was the cause of man's ruin, she has been that of his restoration. If by her Paradise was lost, by her also has Paradise been regained. If she has been the source of all our woe, she has also been that of all our hope. Whether her lot has been cast among savage or civilized nations—whether the devotee of heathenism, or the disciple of the Christian faith—whether seated on a throne, or on the rustic chair of the peasant's cot, she has been ever true to her instinct,—tender, gentle, affectionate and faithful, and when need be, sublimely heroic. In the annals of every country, yea and of every tribe, are embalmed both the good and the noble deeds of women. It was the Lacedemonian women who saved their country from the arms of Pyrrus, king of Epyrus. It was the Celtic women who quelled the civil war that raged in their country, and which threatened its destruction; and such was the position of national honour assigned to them, as well as of national confidence, that long after, in the league with Hannibal, this was one of the clauses inserted, "That if the Celtans have any matter of complaint against the Carthaginians, the Carthaginians as commanders in Spain shall judge of it. But if the Carthaginians have anything to object against the Celtans, it shall be brought before the Celtan women."

And what a bright galaxy of female names stretches along the hemisphere of history, profane and sacred. Aspasia was so learned, that she was the instructress of Pericles, and made him one of the greatest soldiers and orators of his age. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was such a mistress of eloquence, that Cicero himself was one of her ad-

mirers. Joan of Arc is the heroine of patriotism. In letters we have a Madame de Staël, in poetry we have a Mrs. Hemans, in astronomy a Mrs. Somerville, and there is scarcely a department in literature, philosophy and art that women have not adorned, and rendered more illustrious. But it is religion especially that has made woman to shine, and brought back her loveliness to its primeval lustre, purifying it of its earthiness, and giving it a holier and a heavenlier tint. It restores to her Eden's beauty, which sin swept away. In almost every page of the Inspired Record, we read of the piety, the faith, the holy love and heroism of women. We find a Miriam, leading on the "loud timbrel," the thanksgivings to Jehovah of a ransomed nation—a Jael cutting off with her own hand the leader of Israel's enemies—three Mariës and but one John, at the foot of the cross of the crucified One, and one of these, three nights thereafter, alone in the garden, seeking in discolorate sorrow, the place where he was laid. Among the primitive martyrs to the faith, there were none more ready to die or more courageous in death, than women. At the Reformation female devotedness to the truth was equally conspicuous. Olimpia Fulvia Morata, and Lady Jane Grey were both the daughters and the disciples of the Reformation, and in them we behold that the truth as it is in Jesus, had not lost its charms over the female heart, nor failed to inspire it with its ancient heroism. Since then how brightly has woman shone in the Church, doing with affectionate fidelity and unquenchable earnestness, the will of her divine Master,—forsaking the land of her nativity and her kindred, to carry the gospel to the perishing millions of heathenism—penetrating the unhealthy lanes and fevered hovels of the crowded city to minister to the necessities of the poor and the outcast, and carrying within the very bars and bolts of a prison their message of compassion and peace to its unhappy inmates. The names of a Harriet Newell and a Mrs. Fry, will be held by their race "in everlasting remembrance." But how many are there whose names posterity will never know, who are as deserving of regard and human admiration as any whom we have already mentioned—nay, as any whom our pen could name. Like the diamond in the mine, and the pearl in the deep, they are destined to hold their place in earthly obscurity, "till the restitution of all things," when they will have their reward in being publicly acknowledged and honoured before an assembled universe. Meantime their record is on high.

We thank the author of the present volume for the service which he has rendered the Church and posterity in rescuing the memories of those noble women, whom he styles the "Ladies of the Covenant," from the dust and decay of ages. They deserve to be remembered. We do not believe that Westminster Abbey contains one of their bones, but the whole Christian Church is the temple of their sepulture, and every Christian heart should be a sanctuary, in which their character and deeds lie embalmed. He well remarks in his preface, that the conflict in which they were engaged was a different one from the "Ten Years' Conflict" of modern times. The one was a hurricane of the elements, the other was a *tempest of zephyrs*. The one was a real and a bloody engagement,—a Bleinheim or a Waterloo. The other was a *sham fight*

in *Hyde Park*. The Ladies of the Covenant did something more than lean upon their lily-white hands, and shed sentimental tears in St. Andrew's Church, or wave scented pocket-handkerchiefs on the march of the "merry martyrs" to Tanfield. They had to do with stern realities—the stern realities of life and religious principle, and God attempted their hearts to deal with these realities, and to triumph. As patriotic as they were pious, they were at once the heroines of their country and their Church, and Scotland and Scotland's Church will ever remain their debtors. Chiefly the wives and the daughters of the Scottish nobility, they hesitated not to make common cause with the people, for it was the cause of God; and neither the blandishments of a court, nor the bribe of royal favour and royal rewards could allure them from their allegiance. They loved the cause for its own sake. They loved Him whose cause it was, and looked for the recompense of reward. The truth of God had opened up within them a fountain of love, which the sunbeams of royal favour could not dry up. It had lighted a fire on the altar of every heart, which no civil persecution, however fierce, could put out; the one gave them strength by its waters, amid all their weakness—the other gave them light amid all their darkness; and they triumphed.

The volume before us may be called a romance of religious reality. Every biography may form the ground-work of a novel. We have more true incident in the shortest of them, than is spread over the four and six volume works of our fashionable novelists. We have here stirring adventure, touching episode, hair'-breadth escapes, marvellous exploits of the most thrilling character,—and what throws a halo of interest around them all is, that they all occur within the province of religion and religious enterprise. It is religion that inspires and carries on each heroine, and at last makes her to conquer, and in the volume, religious though it be, the adage is verified, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The period embraced by the work, is that extending from the reign of James the VI. to that of James the VII., or from shortly after the Reformation to the Revolution—although strictly speaking the Covenant only belongs to the intervening reigns of Charles the I. and II. Yet the principles of the conflict throughout were the same, and the ladies of the periods, bordering on the times of the Covenant, may be very properly included. When we mention the names of Lady Boyd, Lady James Campbell, Lady Cavers, Lady Bailie of Jerviswood, Mrs. William Veitch, Isabell Alison, and Marion Harvey, the readers of Scottish ecclesiastical history cannot fail to anticipate the interest which attaches to these sketches. They are names engraven on the granite hills of our country, which no lapse of ages can efface. We yield to none in our admiration of the men of the Covenant, and those heroines who were associated with them in the work, and who cheered them on to victory; neither to Reformed Presbyterians nor Free-Churchmen, nor to any who profess to inherit their principles, and to occupy their place, will we yield, in this respect. We revere their memories, we applaud their deeds; and maligned as they have been, by the pen of the novelist and the poet, we have no hesitation in saying that they were the saviours of their country and their Church. The Covenants to

this day are bound up with our Confession of Faith, and it will be an evil day for the Church of Scotland, when they cease to be so. We contend that the position which the Covenanters desired in all their struggles to occupy, was that which the Church of Scotland now occupies, of which we have proof positive in the volume before us. She alone, of all the Bodies that lay claim to this distinction, is their heir, and may she continue to the latest era to evince that she prizes and is resolved to maintain the heritage! The following beautiful answer to prayer is from the Sketch of the Marchioness of Argyll. "In this season of deep distress (the determination of Middleton to carry the sentence of death into execution against her husband, the Earl of Argyll) the Marchioness, like a genuine child of God, betook herself to the throne of grace, and it is an interesting trait in her character, to find her there imploring from 'him who is a present help in the time of trouble,' support and comfort, not so much for herself as for her beloved husband, who though guilty of no crime, was so soon to suffer a traitor's death. On the forenoon of the day on which he was to be executed, she and Mr. John Carstairs were employed in wrestling with God in his behalf, in a chamber in the Canongate, earnestly pleading that the Lord would now seal his charter by saying to him, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' It is a striking circumstance that at the very time they were thus employed, the Marquis, while engaged in settling some worldly affairs, a number of persons of quality being present with him, was visited in his soul with such a sense of the divine favour, as almost overpowered him, and after in vain attempting to conceal his emotions, by going to the fire, and beginning to stir it with the tongs, he turned about, and melting into tears exclaimed, 'I see this will not do, I must now declare what the Lord hath done for my soul! He has just now, at this very instant of time, sealed my charter with these words, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' This comfortable state of mind he retained to the last, and to this scene he alluded in his dying speech on the scaffold. Can it be doubted that the bestowment of the very blessings prayed for, by this devout lady and that goodly minister, to the dying martyr, at the very instant in which it was sought, was a signal answer to their believing prayers."

We have said that the principles of Guthrie, Durham, Veitch, and Blair, and of the real, not the spurious Covenanters, were those which the Church of Scotland has ever maintained, and now maintains. The following is an anecdote from the sketch of Mrs. Durham, the wife of the celebrated James Durham, one of the ministers of the High Church of Glasgow. "Mr. Patrick Simson," says Wodrow, from whom the anecdote is taken, told me "that Mrs. Durham, when reading some sermons of the high-fliers, and when hearing some of the more violent of the field preachers, said that she had observed just such a difference between the field-preachings and those she was used to, as she did between the Apocrypha and the Bible, when she read them." "Mrs. Durham," the author adds, "seemed to refer to such of the field-preachers as more zealous than wise, broke forth in their sermons into bitter invectives and uncharitable censures against the indulged ministers. She

has also apparently had an eye to the undigested and superficial theology of their discourses." Might not the Free Church take a hint from this? Again, when speaking of the Duchess of Hamilton, the author tells us,—“When Mr. William Violant became indulged minister at Cambusnethan, the Lord's Supper was frequently administered in that place, and was resorted to by people from all quarters. Among others the Duchess regularly went over to observe the ordinance, and on such occasion, it was her practice to reside at Coltness, in the family of Sir Thomas Stewart of Coltness, who was himself a man of sincere piety, and whose Lady was distinguished in no ordinary degree, for her Christian virtues and graces. In attending the indulged minister, says the author, she was keeping within the strict limits of the law.” Again—“Of the Revolution which took place in 1688, the Duchess was a warm friend, both because it delivered these nations from tyranny and popery, and restored the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to her liberties. Lockhart calls her “a staunch Presbyterian and hearty revolutioner.” Her zeal in the cause of this Church was well known to King William, who delicately jested her on the subject, as we learn from the following anecdote, recorded by Wodrow. Writing, October 3d, 1710, he says, “I hear that a little while after the Revolution, when this present Duchess of Hamilton was coming down from court, and had taken leave of the Queen, and took leave of King William, he smiling said, ‘You are going down to take care of the Kirk. Yes Sir, she replied, ‘I own myself a Presbyterian,’ and offered to kneel to kiss his hand. The King presently supported her, and as I think did not suffer her to kneel, but said, ‘Madam, I am likewise a Presbyterian.’” Macaulay also confirms William's own statement. Perhaps the most interesting memoir in the whole volume is that of Mrs. Veitch, wife of the celebrated William Veitch, the valiant Covenanter. Flying from Scotland to England, she resided there, first at one place and then at another, along with her husband, hunted like a beast of prey, and latterly by herself and with children, till shortly before the Revolution, when her husband became indulged minister at Morcattle, and after the Revolution, minister of Peebles and Dumfries. She lived to see the day when the Church of Scotland was restored to her ancient rights and liberties, and to sit by the fireside of her own manse, recounting to her children and friends the marvellous goodness of the Lord to her and hers. But they were not all women of birth and education, and in a worldly sense “ladies,” who espoused the cause of the persecuted Covenanters. We have an interesting account of Isobel Alison and Marion Harvey, who suffered in the cause. In the lower ranks of life, and the one but a servant maid, they were raised by the grace of God to true nobility. They maintained these principles with a devotedness that nothing could daunt, and courageously sealed them with their blood. Such also were Margaret Maclauchlan and Margaret Wilson, who perished for the same cause, by the inhuman death of drowning at the stake, but three years before the Revolution.

The last Sketch in the volume is that of the Duchess of Atholl, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and an eminently godly woman.—Among many incidents in her history worthy of being known and re-

membered in the present day, is this, that the law under which the Church of Scotland was placed in the appointment of ministers to vacant parishes, *was identically the same as that under which the Church of Scotland now acts*; identically the same we repeat; and what say our Free friends to this! We do not know to what denomination the Rev. James Anderson, the compiler of the present volume belongs; but hear what he says in a foot-note to the text, which refers to the appointment of a minister at Falkland, in which appointment the Duchess of Atholl was deeply interested. At page 591 he thus writes: "*The reasons of the congregation, if they disapproved of the person proposed, were to be laid before the Presbytery, which was to judge of them.*" This is what the Seceders of the Free Church Secession have long denied. Let them answer it if they can. It is not an adherent of the Establishment who makes the assertion. We also learn from the same memoir, that the same Episcopal bigotry obtained, one hundred and fifty years ago, as now. In her Diary she writes as follows, Dunkeld, April 4th, 1706. "I was this day reflecting upon the sad divisions of this Church, and now it is become a doctrine, preached up by the Episcopalians, that the Presbyterians are not lawful ministers, and that what they do is not valid, so that those they baptize are not baptized, and that the people owe them no obedience in their ministerial authority. I was made to think it was matter of great lamentation, and presaged very sad things to this nation, and the more so that it was so little laid to heart, and that there is so great neglect, to say no worse of the gospel, which is preached so powerfully amongst us." The Episcopal peacock is again spreading his tail to the sun, maintaining that no bird has a tail but himself, and forgetting that "his speech bewrayeth him," as after all the foolish bird of the fable!

In conclusion we say, that this volume has filled up a blank in our religious literature that has been long staring us in the face, and it is not too much to affirm, that it has all the interest of fiction, and the truth of history, whilst it forms a beautiful manual of the experience and power of vital religion. It may be called the annals of religious heroism—a heroism such as no country has produced but our own, and none but Scottish women have displayed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FANCY! BEAR ME ON THY WINGS.

Fancy! bear me on thy wings,
To where the silv'ry fountain springs—
In the forest's deep recess,
Bright in summer's loveliness;
Bounding joyfully along,
In one ceaseless flow of song.

Lay me by its flow'ry brim,
 On the couch that fairies trim,
 Deck'd with hare-bells blue and white,
 Purple oxlips, cowalips bright,
 Starry daisies, violets rare,
 Balmy thyme to scent the air!

Shield my head with branching trees,
 Waving gently in the breeze,
 While the laughing skies above,
 Like the watchful eyes of love,
 Softly through the foliage peep,
 As if to guard me while I sleep.

On my eyelids lay the spell
 Whose magic power I love so well,
 That shuts from vision earthly things,
 Or else upon their meanness flings
 A heavenly light in which they shine,
 All holy, spiritual, divine.

The forms I love then let me see,
 Bright in that wondrous witchery;
 The tones I love then let me hear
 By thee made music to my ear;
 Throw over all hope's radiant beams,
 Then Fancy—leave me to my dreams!

Sidney Field.

ALGER SMITH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Greek Church. A Sketch. London: Darling.

The precise object of this little work does not evidently appear. It gives us no complete idea of the history of the ecclesiastical community to which it refers—nor does it describe its present state. It is apparently part of a series bearing upon some peculiar idea of Christian union present to the author's mind. The other portions of the series have not reached us; and judging from this fragment merely, the matter appears somewhat dark and enigmatical. We are led to infer that the author belongs to that body (increasing perhaps), who desire the revival of the Houses of Convocation, (p. 69.) He seems to adopt an almost apologetic, or at least beseeching tone, when he treats of the separation of England from the Romish Church, and the Papal authority; though we must do him the justice of stating, that he admits the existing corruptions of the Romish hierarchy to be a barrier in the way of such a consummation; yet his language is not that of one who perceives the vast importance and vital consequence of the doc-

trines of the Reformation. The Church of Rome, it seems, has her "priceless gifts;" but the writer does not tell us what these are; and he speaks in terms as vague of a "true Socialism." Surely these notions are like the reveries of a dreamer? and the book itself seems calculated to subserve scarcely any useful purpose in the case of those who have access to larger and more satisfactory records of the history of the Church. It treats but of a small part of them; and the treatment of that part is not to our mind. We quote the following as a specimen of the writer's manner:—

"Dark and threatening were the signs of the times as the third century passed away. An order of the Cæsar Galerius had just come out, commanding all soldiers to join in the Pagan sacrificial rites; many, in consequence gave in their commissions; soldiers of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, preferred to quit their service rather than to forsake or compromise their faith. The worst forebodings were realized when, in 303, the persecuting arm of Diocletian spread terror and desolation. Nicomedia, where Diocletian kept his court, contained a magnificent church, erected and adorned by the pious munificence of Christians of rank and influence in the imperial household. The hallowed services of prayer and praise had been accustomed to prevent the night-watches. On the 22d of February, at the first dawn of day, the church was surrounded by troops; the doors, which had been hastily barricaded, were broken down; the copies of the Bible found were burnt, and the whole edifice abandoned to plunder and destruction. The next day an edict was published to the following effect: 'All assemblies of Christians for religious worship are forbidden; Christian churches are to be demolished to their foundations; all sacred writings are to be burnt; those who hold places of honour or profit must either renounce their faith or be degraded. In judicial proceedings the torture may be used to Christians of whatever rank. Plebeians are to be deprived of their municipal privileges as citizens and free men, Christian slaves are incapable of receiving their freedom.' This edict was so timed as to aggravate its severity. It became known in many provinces near the Easter festival, and in several instances on Easter Day. Numbers yielded and gave up copies of the Scriptures. These were afterwards termed in reproach, *traditores*, whence traitors. Numbers more resisted at the cost of their property, and often their lives; and for the honour of human nature it may be added, that not a few were saved either alternative by the consideration and humanity of the heathen magistrates.

"Take an instance or two. Mensurius, bishop of Carthage, removed all manuscripts of the Bible from the church to his own house, leaving behind only the writings of heretics. The search-officers came and carried these off, asking no questions. Certain senators of Carthage told the proconsul of the matter, but the edict said, 'sacred writings,' without specifying which, orthodox, or heterodox; and since the edict had been executed, the proconsul declined to interfere. When Secundus, a Numidian bishop, refused to surrender the Scriptures, the officers of police asked him to give them some useless fragments,—anything he pleased. So the question of the Prætorian prefect to Felix, an African bishop, 'Why do you not surrender your sacred writings—or perhaps you have none?' In 304 an edict still more rigorous was published. Proclamation was made in the streets of the cities and towns, that men, women, and children, should all repair to the temples. Every one was summoned by name from lists previously made out, and the recusants condemned at once. At Alexandria, and the instance was not singular, Pagan citizens concealed the persecuted Christians in their houses, and protected them at the hazard of their own lives. These barbarous pro-

ceedings, while they inflicted the most serious injury on the best interests of the empire, effected nothing towards the end designed, the extinction of Christianity. In 308 there was a lull, Christians condemned to work in the mines were better treated; within less than a year another desperate effort was made. An order was addressed to all civil and military functionaries, commanding that the heathen temples which had fallen into ruins should be rebuilt; that all free men and women, all slaves, and even little children, should sacrifice and partake of what was offered on heathen altars. By a refinement of cruelty, all provisions in the market were to be sprinkled with the water or the wine which had been used in these sacrifices.

"The efficacy of this and similar edicts may be judged by the remarkable counter-declaration issued by Galerius in 311. 'As the majority of the Christians, in spite of every prohibition, persevere in their opinions, and it has now become evident that they cannot worship their own Deity, and at the same time pay due homage to the gods; the Emperors have resolved to extend to them their wonted clemency. They may once more be Christians, and will be allowed to hold their assemblies, provided only they do nothing contrary to the good order of the Roman State.'

"The space between toleration and ascendancy was soon spanned. The movement now was under the direction of Constantine. The guiding hand of this sagacious prince, guarded against the evils which might else have arisen from over-confident zeal and rash precipitation. His earlier proclamations placed all religious sects on a level, to stand or fall by their own merits; every person was permitted to be of what religion he pleased. A leaning towards the Christians was only observable in a clause which by name specified Christianity as one of the religions which all persons might freely profess. Shortly after the churches, landed estates, and other endowments, confiscated by Diocletian, were ordered to be restored; nor was the decree marred by injustice, since it contained a provision for equitable compensation to those who had bought the forfeited estates, or to whom they had been granted. As Constantine, thus cautiously feeling his way, saw no appearance of any concerted or dangerous opposition from the adherents of the old religion, 'the obsolete superstition,' as he scornfully termed it, his intentions were more fully disclosed, and edicts and laws in favour of the Christians multiplied."

The Queen's Attendance on Presbyterian Worship. Extracts from the "John Bull" Newspaper, and Letters in Reply to the Aspersions therein cast on the Queen and the Church of Scotland, in reference to Her Majesty's Attendance at the Parish Church of Crathie, Balmoral. By A. MODERATE PRESBYTERIAN, BUT NO PURITAN. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

This is a most absurd controversy, arising out of certain leading articles in the *John Bull* newspaper, reflecting upon her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, for attending Divine Service in the Parish Church of Crathie. The writer of the Pamphlet under review, in a letter to the *John Bull*, informs that worthy, that at her Majesty's accession to the crown, she swore and subscribed the declaration appointed by the treaty of Union, binding her inviolably to "maintain and preserve," and consequently to countenance and cherish (not to condemn and despise) "the Presbyterian Church Establishment, with its government, worship, discipline, rights and

privileges ; which by the energy of our ancestors, were made a *fundamental and unalterable* condition of the Union."

The Editor of the *John Bull* attempts a reply and fails, and is beaten through the columns of his own paper, which he eventually closes to the "Presbyterian," while he admits the Letter of *another* correspondent in support of his own views. Hence this brochure. The "Moderate Presbyterian" has defended the Church in an able and straightforward manner, and has triumphantly repelled the aspersions cast both upon the Queen and the Church of Scotland. The Editor of the *John Bull* with a narrow-minded bigotry, which we doubt not will astonish Presbyterians, thus introduces the subject to his readers in an Editorial article, dated September 21st, 1850.

"We wonder who the scribe can be, who at present furnishes information for the Court Circular. Among other absurd and incredible records, which he chronicles, is the attendance of her Majesty and Prince Albert at the 'Parish Church of Crathie.' The Court Circular's informant does not appear to be aware that the Queen is a member of the Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, and that the 'Parish Church of Crathie' is a Presbyterian place of worship. Common sense might have taught him that Her Majesty, who views Episcopacy as a Divine ordinance, and has received her solemn consecration to the kingly office, at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is not likely to attend the worship of a Body whose distinctive tenet is, that Episcopacy is 'a rag of Popery.' Besides, if he was not utterly uninformed, he would know that her Majesty, when in England, scarcely ever attends the public worship of her own Church, which makes it all the less credible that she should attend the public worship of a Communion whose creed is an insult to her faith. Really the Lord Chamberlain ought to see to this, and to take care that Her Majesty's subjects are not misled and offended by misrepresentations of so palpable a character."

The sapient Editor of the *John Bull* appears not to know, that in point of constitutional law, the Episcopal Church has no superiority over the Church of Scotland, and that as such she is as entitled to the countenance of the Sovereign of these realms, as her sister Establishment of England. It certainly would be considered by the people of Scotland as a slight were Her Majesty, when she honours her northern kingdom once a year with her presence, to worship nowhere but in the Meeting House of Scottish Episcopacy, (for *Episcopalians* are in every sense of the word *Dissenters*,) to the disparagement of the national Church, which she is sworn to uphold and to defend.

The Practice in the Several Judicatories of the Church of Scotland. By ALEXANDER HILL, D.D. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

This valuable little work has now reached its Fifth Edition, and embraces the management of the Poor by Kirk Sessions, which was not comprehended in any of the previous editions. The observation of Forms is absolutely necessary, and it would be impossible to proceed without them. This little manual has all the elements of enduring popularity. The style is succinct and perspicuous, all the Acts of Assembly referred to are embodied in the Appendix ; and the Index is both comprehensive and accurate.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Induction at Renfrew.—On Thursday week the Presbytery of Paisley met at Renfrew for the purpose of inducting the Rev. Mr. Alexander, late of Wishaw, to the pastoral charge of that Parish, vacant by the deposition of Mr. Wood. The settlement of this able and popular minister in this important parish, has given satisfaction to all concerned,—and we cannot but anticipate the happiest results from Mr. Alexander's labours.

Presentation.—Mrs. D. C. Durham of Largo has presented the Rev. Mr. Davidson of Cockpen to the Church and Parish of Largo, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. I. Goodsir.

Springburn Church.—The Presbytery of Glasgow met on Friday in this Church, to moderate in a call in favour of the Rev. James

Arthur, Dr. Napier of the College Church preached on the occasion. The call being read, was respectfully signed and sustained.

Moderator of next Assembly.—It is said that the Rev. Dr. John Macleod of Mervin will be proposed as Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Recent Ordination.—At a full meeting of the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy, held here on Thursday the 5th ult., the Rev. John Wilson, M.A., was ordained to the Office of the holy ministry, and the second Pastoral charge of this Church and Parish.

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Brown late of Buenos Ayres, has been presented by the Crown to the Church and Parish of Cameron, vacant by the translation of the Rev. William Milligan to Kilmacquhar.

WILLIAM MACRAIL, PRINTER, 2 GREENSIDE PLACE, EDINBURGH.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXII.

MARCH 1851.

NOTES ON THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

NO. X.

POPERY AND SCIENCE.

Nothing is more remarkable in the history of Popery than its many apparently antagonistic phases. No sooner do we fix upon one feature as eminently characteristic, than the very opposite is at once presented. If we single out Hildebrand as the type of despotism, the liberal Pio Nono starts up to repudiate the charge. If Liguori and Dens be exhibited as sinks of pollution, we have on the reverse side Father Matthews combating the monster vice of our country. If the persecutors of Galileo be adduced as an illustration of the policy of the Church of Rome in making ignorance the mother of devotion, the Society of Jesus meets us with a bright roll of names adorning almost every branch of human knowledge. If Dr. Cullen be scornfully pointed to as ignoring the Copernican system,* and countenancing the caseous theory of the moon's constitution, the achievements of Padre Bancalari, occupying the most advanced post of science, will be immediately quoted. All must acknowledge that these Proteus forms are characteristic of Popery, so

* The Copernican system has been a bitter pill for the Pope to swallow. At the time of Galileo's persecution a Papal decree was issued, anathematising the motion of the earth. Consequently every Roman Catholic astronomer was compelled to bow to this decree, and we find accordingly the learned Jesuits in their admirable commentary on the *Principia*, making the following declaration, "Newton, in his third book, adopts the hypothesis of the motion of the earth; we could not explain his propositions without making the same hypothesis. Hence we are compelled to take a character different from our own, for we profess obedience to the decrees promulgated by the Popes against the motion of the earth." This was a terrible trial of the Pope's infallibility, which boldly braved the scorn of science up to 1818. In that year Pope Pius VII., not willing to bear the contempt of Christendom any longer, repealed the edict, and thus in the words of Cardinal Toriozzi "wiped off this scandal from the Church." It has been asserted as an argument against any resistance to the Pope's present aggression that the deed is irrevocable, but the dealings of Rome with the solar system, shews us that even the papal infallibility is of a squeezable nature.

that it is difficult to make any general and sweeping asseveration without being met by a counter statement. If we resolve Popery into its ultimate and simplest element, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how principles apparently so antagonistic should be combined in one system. Popery is the incarnation of ambition, the embodiment of man's lust of power—power however, of the most sublimated character. It is not the vulgar ambition of princes and warriors, but that which would trample princes and people under the weight of a dark spiritual tyranny. To rear this gigantic system of tyranny, it was necessary that a broad basis should be laid. Popery needs the good as well as the bad features of humanity. It accepts humanity in its totality, and it affords scope for the holiest aspirations, as well as the most sordid tendencies of our nature, according as each may be most useful for the occasion. It appropriates a Massillon or a Thomas à Kempis, but it finds use for a Caesar Borgia or a Tetzels too. A Dr. Cullen is useful for benighted Ireland, but Rome can command a supply of learned Jesuits to mingle in the most brilliant literary circles of Europe, or by a profound science to throw a new halo around the tiara of the Vicar of Christ.

We have been led to make these remarks by the announcement of Faraday in his Bakerian lecture, of the discoveries of Padre Bancalari. In a former note we gave an account of the discoveries of Faraday himself in the field of magnetism. We then saw that the magnetic condition was not peculiar to a few bodies, but that it appeared to extend to matter in general. We give the name of *magnetic* to a few substances,—such as iron, that are attracted by the magnet; and it was supposed that all other bodies were not in any way affected by it. Faraday has however, shown, that such is not the case—that the magnet acts upon all bodies, although the mode of action on one class differs from that upon another. While the magnet *attracts* the class of bodies to which iron belongs, it *repels* all others. Every body thus repelled is called a *diamagnetic*. Again, if magnetics be suspended so that their greatest length may be horizontal, they will place themselves in a line joining the two poles of a horse-shoe magnet. Diamagnetics will on the contrary place themselves at right angles to that line. The human body being a diamagnetic, would, if thus suspended, take this last position. A leaf being also diamagnetic, places itself in the same position. And as the leaves of a tree are suspended between the two poles of the earth, they must have a tendency to place themselves east or west, or at right angles to the line joining the north or south poles. The action is not strong enough to shew itself in this case, as the tendency is resisted by other forces. But there is no doubt that this force, constraining the greater number of bodies in nature to place themselves east and west, will yet be detected in various departments of the natural sciences. Faraday's researches at once determined to which class any solid or liquid belongs, but in the case of the gases he found more difficulty. Padre Bancalari has, however, with exquisite manipulation, determined the magnetic condition of various gases. Oxygen is found to be a magnetic, while hydrogen and nitrogen are diamagnetics. He effected his object by enclosing the gases submitted to experiment in soap bubbles.

It was afterwards found that glass globes of excessive thinness served the same purpose. The discovery of the magnetic character of the gases completes the generalization, and shews that magnetism equally with gravitation is an affection of matter, and one step farther is made towards the resolution of both into some higher principle.

The discovery that oxygen is ferro-magnetic, or magnetic in the same sense that iron is magnetic, has suggested a theory which beautifully accounts for the diurnal variation of the needle. The needle is the type of fidelity—"true as the needle to the pole," but minute observation detects a daily waywardness in it. The north pole begins to move about nine o'clock in the morning towards the west, and some time after mid-day it returns to its former position. This remarkable movement has hitherto baffled all explanation. It is plain that it must be, in some way, connected with the sun; for the variation has always reference to the hour of the day. This in the Baconian philosophy is called an *instantia lucifera*, but it has hitherto shed little light upon the subject—the theory of thermo-electric currents being by no means satisfactory. The movement of the needle is best conceived by supposing that the north pole strives to avoid the sun. The fact that oxygen attracts the magnet, combined with the fact that it loses part of its magnetism by the action of heat as iron does, serves at once to explain the phenomena. It is well known that heat expels the magnetism from a steel bar, and that it regains it in cooling. The sun acts in the same way upon the oxygen of the atmosphere. The oxygen of the atmosphere more immediately under the sun's influence loses some of its attractive power, consequently the needle recedes from it. When it cools it regains its attractive power, and thus the needle is drawn towards it. If this theory does not indicate a *vera causa*, it is at least, in the meantime, a most plausible hypothesis.

In connection with the labours of Bancalari, who has put the top-stone on one of the most brilliant discoveries of the present century, it is worthy of remark that a Jesuit among his many wonderful anticipations of modern discovery, seems to have got a glimpse of the above diamagnetic generalizations two hundred years ago. We allude to Kircher, and more particularly his work entitled—"Athanasii Kircheri, Societatis Jesu, magnes sive de magnetica arte opus tripartitum." In this work he asserts the diamagnetic character of the plant, and makes this principle account for the opening and closing of flowers, for the motion of the sun flower, and the direction of the spiral in tendrils and climbing plants.

Among the Jesuits who at the present day adorn the roll of science, Padre de Vico merits a prominent place. He has long laboured in the field of astronomy, and his labours have secured for him a high renown as an astronomer. He seems to have devoted special attention to the subject of comets, and every now and then we are reminded of his nightly watchings, by the discovery of some new wanderer. He has had the high honour conferred upon him of having one of the bodies of our system called after him, viz., a comet whose period is about sixty years. It seems that comets are the only bodies of our systems that will condescend to wear the names of mortals. Various of the planets have

been labelled with such names, but they have never adhered. Galileo named the satellites of Jupiter after his patron, *Astra Medicæ*, but they are now never known by that name. Piazzi, who was an ecclesiastic of the order of the Theatins, and professor in the college of the Jesuits at Rome, discovered the first of the asteroids, and called it *Ceres Fernandea*, in honour of the king of Naples. It never receives any other name than simply *Ceres*. Sir William Herschel called the planet he discovered *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of George the III, who took a great interest in stars and specula, and proved a valuable patron to the Hanoverian drummer. This name was however soon dropped. It was for a while called the planet of Herschel, but is now universally distinguished as *Uranus*. There was an attempt to call the planet *Neptune*, by the name of Leverrier. The discoverer would fain assume this honour, and Arago solemnly declared that he would never call it anything else than *Leverrier*, but the name *Neptune* is universal and undisputed. In connection with this subject we cannot omit to mention an amusing piece of casuistry, by which John Bull has introduced our beloved Queen by a side wind among the stars, and at the same time assuaged the wrath of his Transatlantic brother. One of the thirteen asteroids was lately discovered by Mr. Hind, and no doubt animated by feelings of loyalty, the English astronomers agreed to call it *Victoria*. It was rather a hazardous attempt after the fierce controversy about *Neptune*, but they were resolved to try the experiment. Of course dissatisfaction was soon expressed, and above all a deep growl came across the Atlantic. It was held to be unfair to stoop to a mortal, when such a large brood of goddesses were yet unappropriated,—and besides, it was like committing the model republic to monarchy. But John had an argument for Jonathan which at once shut his mouth. He told him that *Victoria* was a *bona fide* goddess; and as Jonathan had likely become rusty in the classics since he crossed the Atlantic, and took to growing cotton and tobacco, he was referred to Cicero. “*Video virtutis templum. . . . Quid opis, quid salutis, quid Concordiæ, Libertatis, Victoriæ.*” Mr. Bond, the highest authority in America, has declared his perfect satisfaction with this explanation, so that the Queen will remain in undisputed possession of the honour—though we certainly would like as well that it was bestowed in testimony of her signal virtues, and not on account of her heathenish connection. The comets we have seen are less scrupulous than the planets, and one of them now flares into the depths of space, bearing the name of a Jesuit, an emissary as it were of the Propaganda, to extend to the uttermost bounds of the universe, the triumphs of Loyola and of Rome.

TOLERATION.

Considerable difficulty has been felt in Scotland as to the precise stand-point we must occupy in resisting the aggressive measures of the Pope. There has been an instinctive and almost universal impulse to resist. The matter has come home to the mind with the force of intuition, though when the reflex and logical process is applied, some embarrassment is experienced. There are many subjects in regard to

which we would be disposed to trust more to the impulse of the feelings than to the deductions of a wire-drawn logic. The healthful indignation of a nation may be aroused by circumstances in which the chopping of logic would be felt to be totally impertinent. Now we consider the present crisis one in which the moral and religious instincts of our people may be fairly trusted, though it might be a perplexing question to define precisely the position we can consistently occupy. But although difficulties must occur to every thinking man, yet we hold that the ground taken by us admits of a rational and logical defence. It is plain that we stand on different ground from the Church of England. We differ entirely on the subject of the Queen's spiritual supremacy and the validity of orders. Yet it is in reference to these points chiefly that the indignation of England has been roused. According to the theory of orders, and the doctrine of apostolical succession held by the Church of England, or at least the High Church party, some spiritual kindred is acknowledged with the Church of Rome, so that the aggression of the Pope is felt as if it were an unchurching of themselves. The extreme keenness of feeling on the subject of the Pope's ignoring of their orders, is a tacit admission that he has some power to ignore. Fortunately the Church of Scotland is not fettered by such theories. She can afford to smile at any attempt to ignore the validity of our ordination. Nay, any such attempt would only be an additional presumption of its validity. It is however possible to resist the Pope's aggression as directed against the spiritual supremacy of the Queen, without compromising our own principles. Some of the English Dissenters have taken this ground. They stand up in defence of the spiritual supremacy, not as homologating the doctrine, but as denying the right of a foreign power to interfere with our constitution, good or bad. The principle is the same as that on which a man, while acknowledging defects in his domestic economy, would resist the attempt of his neighbour to intrude into his house, and dictate different arrangements.

But seeing that we cannot take the same doctrinal ground with the Church of England, What must our exact position be? The difficulty lies here, that while we oppose this aggression, we must leave the great principles of toleration intact. We must be careful, that while attacking one form of evil, we do not rush into another of greater magnitude. Now there does appear a large margin left for action, without treading upon the peculiar ground of the Church of England, or infringing the principles of toleration. But the question arises, What is toleration? And in passing it may be remarked, that very frequently the fury of a contest is past, before there is any thought of defining the terms on which the whole controversy turns. After a world of controversy on the subject of miracles, the matter has now merged into the question, What is a miracle?* This reminds one of duels, where the explanation comes after the fighting; whereas considerable risk and trouble might be saved if the process was reversed. A definition of toleration is all the more important, as it has,

* It ought however to be remarked, that in many fields of inquiry we must be satisfied with a provisional definition, till further research enables us to define with greater precision.

historically at least, a variable factor dependent on the progress of opinion. Every age has had its own formula for toleration; and when we assert that any line of action is contrary to the great principles of toleration, we must produce the exact formula in regard to which an antagonism is to be proved. The formula of our Church allows us ample scope for action. It allows the civil magistrate "to call to account, and proceed against those who publish such opinions, or maintain such practices as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity," and "to take order that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed." Here abundant latitude is given, and those who, within the pale of the Church, cannot adjust to the principles of toleration any resistance to the Pope's aggression, had better inquire whether there is not some need of a closer adjustment between their own private views and their public confession. In arguing, however, this matter, we have to deal with those who discard this part of our confession as the relic of a barbarous age, and who profess to hold sentiments more congenial to the liberalism of the present times. But before adverting to the most generally recognised formula of toleration at the present day, let us glance at its gradual growth into its present form. There can be no doubt that we must date the birth of the idea from the Protestant reformation, though it may be objected that the Reformers applauded toleration only when they were the weaker party. Now we are not much concerned to rebut the taunts frequently thrown out against our early Reformers as animated by a spirit of persecution. All that we are concerned to shew is, that toleration existed potentially in the very essence of Protestantism—and that just in proportion to the development of Protestantism, was the development of the principle of toleration. This perfect co-ordination clearly proves an identity of origin. Great ideas such as this have not the mushroom growth of a night, but like the oak require the development and consolidation of centuries. The era of the Revolution of 1688 is usually assigned for the complete development of the idea, but it was ever since the Reformation passing through the alembic of controversy and blood. Sir James Mackintosh holds that Sir Harry Vane was the first "to lay down with perfect precision the inviolable rights of conscience, and the exemption of religion from all civil authority." It was to him that Cromwell referred, when he stamped with his iron heel on the floor of Parliament, for his soldiers, and exclaimed, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." Yet Sir Harry and Oliver had substantially the same mission to fulfil, although it was to be accomplished in a strange way—by the antagonism of despotism. It was, however, reserved for Locke to place the complete development of toleration on a broad philosophic basis. He unfortunately erred in excess of liberality, and countenanced a principle which, if acted upon, would be as destructive to the well-being of man as the most rampant intolerance. We allude to the doctrine that man is not responsible for his belief. It may be in the memory of some of our readers, that no ordinary sensation was produced twenty-five years ago, by the announcement of this doctrine by Lord Brougham, at his installation to the rectorship of Glasgow College. This was his oracular dictum. "The great truth has finally

gone to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no controul. Henceforth nothing shall prevail upon us to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature." Dr Wardlaw at the time triumphantly met this position in a little work in which, if we remember well, he treated the doctrine as the product of Brougham's own wayward intellect. Though this doctrine has unfortunately been mixed up by Locke with the theory of toleration, the latter, even on his own basis, does not require the assumption of the former.

The most zealous advocates for toleration have always admitted a limit. They have acknowledged that the very conditions of society necessarily impose some restraint. Paley, who from his utilitarian theory, and from his putting the divine right of kings on a level with that of constables, was not likely to err on the side of prerogative, states that "religious liberty is like civil liberty, not an immunity from restraint, but the being restrained by no law but what in a greater degree conduces to the public welfare." But the difficulty lies in laying down the limit in its right place. The "public welfare" is a very general phrase, and as a practical limit is not of much value. Perhaps the most generally recognised formula is that which applies the restraining clause only to such doctrines as endanger the peace of the State, and the moral welfare of the community. Mere opinion is not in any way interfered with—no restrictive clause can possibly reach the conscience, and the limit is applicable only to the dissemination of dangerous opinions and doctrines. But still, as a practical rule, something more definite is necessary than this general formula. So difficult, indeed, is it to draw the line where there is in the community an extreme sensitiveness to the rights of conscience, that practically in this country there is almost no restraint whatever to the publication of dangerous doctrines and opinions. Paley does indeed condescend on some particular cases. For example, he says, "I deem it no infringement of religious liberty to restrain the circulation of ridicule, invective, and mockery, on religious subjects." And we find occasionally that a local authority interferes in the suppression of blasphemous and licentious prints. But practically there is no interference with those giant forms of error and corruption which exercise a real leavening influence on society at large. The morbid sensitiveness in reference to the rights of conscience is so strong, that anything wearing the remotest semblance to persecution calls forth the deepest sympathy. Lucky is the man or sect who in these days can provoke a little persecution, for there is nothing so readily converted into hard cash or some other solid advantage. Right or wrong, this is the state of feeling on the question of toleration, and any action taken against the Pope must be adjusted to these extreme views.

By the current principles of toleration, no man is to be interfered with, whatever his opinions may be, and a very great latitude is allowed for the expression and publication of opinions injurious to the peace and moral welfare of society. But the matter is totally different when a system of belief is embodied in an organization fitted for action.

Now this is what has been practically done in the recent aggression. A widely ramified organization has been formed for carrying into practical operation a system of belief and doctrine hostile to the peace of the state, and the morals of society. It is theory translated into action. The theory, so long as it was mere theory, might be overlooked, but translated into action it assumes a different aspect altogether. It may be argued, What is there in the appointment of bishops, with local jurisdictions, instead of vicars apostolic, that warrants such a charge? The manifesto of Cardinal Wiseman is quite satisfactory on this point, and shows us that the aggression is not one of mere empty titles. He tells us that the appointment of Bishops with local jurisdictions is convertible with the introduction of the canon law, which has not been administered in this country since 1623. There is no doubt that every Roman Catholic in this country all along acknowledged the ecclesiastical authority of the canon law; but this was a mere matter of belief, as the law was not actually put in force, and it was consequently innocuous. But now this acknowledgment is more than a mere system of belief, it is made the basis of an active organization calculated to endanger the peace and the morals of the country. The Thugs and the Decoits of Hindostan are religious sects, whose distinguishing rites are robbery and murder. Let us suppose that they sent missionaries to this country, to bring us over to their faith and practice. What treatment would they receive? To a certain extent the laws of toleration would be extended to them. They would be allowed with perfect impunity to maintain their conscientious convictions. Great latitude would be given even to the dissemination of their opinions. But the moment they formed themselves into an organization for action, a limit would be immediately set to what they might call their religious liberty. No overt act of violence would be necessary to warrant an interference. The mere organization would afford sufficient ground. In like manner, in dealing with the present Popish aggression, the principles of the widest toleration do not require us to wait till some actual outrage demanding the cognizance of the civil power should be committed. A sufficient ground of interference is afforded by the organization of a power calculated to endanger the peace and the moral welfare of society.

The difficulty in securing a firm logical ground for resistance turns very much on the use of the term *spiritual*. Perhaps no word has been made to cover, by its ambiguities, a greater number of abuses. Under shelter of the awful word *spiritual*, the most fearful atrocities have been perpetrated. Now we are not bound to deal with Popery as a spiritual system, merely because it chooses that as the most convenient designation. No doubt it has its spiritual aspects, but the points with which we have chiefly to do are these doctrines and practices which strike at the basis of the social fabric and endanger its stability. The Thug when about to commit a murder appeals to his Goddess Kali with as much reverence as when the Irish assassin kneels before his priest and pours into his ear his murderous intention. The plea that his system is a religious one, would not serve the Thug. Why should the same plea hold in the case of the Roman Catholic, when the results of both systems are similar? The canon law acknowledges that the Pope has

two swords, the one temporal, the other spiritual ; so that he cannot take refuge in the spiritual aspect of his power when the question of toleration is raised. It is also held that the laws of any country are not binding if opposed to the decrees of the Pope. He may depose kings, absolve subjects from their allegiance, and release from the obligation of oaths. The term spiritual is a most convenient word if it can withdraw such subjects from the jurisdiction of the civil power. Do not all these doctrines trench most essentially on the peace and welfare of society ? Would they not, if carried out in practice, render civil society impossible ? Such doctrines, as far as the stability of the state is concerned, may be harmless enough when they only form part of a creed, but they become eminently dangerous when they form the basis of an organization, such as the recent aggression of the Pope amounts to.

ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Perhaps few words have played a more important part in logical trickery than the term *infinite*. By a species of jugglery it often lands us in results of the most startling nature. We may have a latent conviction that there is some sleight of hand, but it is no easy task sometimes to say where the fallacy precisely lies. The fallacy will, however, be generally found to lurk in the ambiguity of the term. The subject of future punishment affords us an illustration, where, by the dexterous use of this term, we are landed in conclusions directly opposed to one another. Jonathan Edwards supports the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment, and his argument consists in the position, that because the sin is against an infinite Being, the punishment must necessarily be of infinite duration. John Foster denies the doctrine, and in support of his position appropriates an old argument, which is to the following effect. As there are different degrees of guilt, there must be different degrees of punishment, but there cannot be different degrees, if the punishment be eternal, for in that case the respective punishments would be ultimately equalized,—the infinite duration of one degree being equal to the infinite duration of another ; or to express the matter more definitely, a smaller unit of suffering multiplied by infinity, must be equal to a greater unit multiplied by infinity. The products in both cases being infinities, must be equals. Now, the erroneous assumption is, that infinities must be equal. If the term be used in its positive and absolute sense, neither equality nor inequality can be predicated of infinities. To assert that two infinities are equal, is to assign a relation which can belong only to finite quantities ; for there can be no comparison where there are no bounds. In a former note we saw that the same fallacy was employed to prove that the world cannot consist of an infinite succession of events. The revolutions of the planets were taken for illustration. It was argued that if the planets revolved from all eternity, then we would have unequal infinities, one infinite consisting of the shorter periods of one planet, another consisting of the longer periods of another. This *reductio ad absurdum* would be a valid argument, if there was no wrong premiss. But the

argument requires an assumption altogether erroneous, that the infinites by which the different periods are multiplied must be equal.

In the argument before us, the point at issue does not involve the origin of the notions of space and time, of infinity and eternity. Whether we adopt the sensational or transcendental theory, the matter is the same. The question is altogether a numerical one, and the proof professes to amount to a mathematical demonstration. We must therefore take the mathematical definition of infinity, and treat the matter as a question of mathematics. In dealing with the question, we will derive more aid from the fluxionary calculus of Newton, than from the transcendental analysis of Kant. A person conversant with the mathematical symbols and operations of infinites, will have no difficulty in detecting the fallacies which are often perpetrated when numerical relations are imported into subjects of a purely mental or moral character. Now it is abundantly apparent that the greatest absurdity must follow from the putting of one infinite equal to another, the term being taken in its absolute sense, as in that case they would be reduced to the category of finite quantities. In many of the startling sophisms connected with infinites, it will be found that the fallacy consists in a reversal of the definition of the term *infinites*. For example, the Epicureans in order to maintain their Atomic theory, thought it necessary to prove that space is not infinitely divisible, though the infinite divisibility of space and matter, are totally different matters, and their proof is as follows. Let it be granted that a given magnitude may be divided into an infinite number of parts, then if we take one of these and multiply it by infinity, we get a magnitude infinitely large; but this is opposed to the assumption that the magnitude is of given limited dimensions. Now the fallacy lies in the assumption that the infinitely small parts are of a finite magnitude, and no doubt, if they are finite, however small they may be, an infinite number of them must constitute an infinite magnitude, but this is contrary to the condition of the question, that they be *infinitely* small.

It will at once be objected that in mathematical questions we deal with infinites so as to obtain finite results. Nay the whole theory of limits on which the differential calculus is based, implies that infinites or infinitesimals may have any ratio whatever to one another. Indeed the great object of the calculus is to assign the precise ratio which they bear to one another; and in the question before us it may be remarked, that the argument holds equally well whether we take the infinitely small or the infinitely great. Now this leads us to note an ambiguity in the use of the term infinite, which has been the source of the greatest bewilderment to the hardest heads in every age. The term infinite as employed by the mathematician, has two meanings quite distinct. In the one sense it means *magnitude* without bounds, in the other it is equivalent to a *process* without limits. In the former sense it would be absurd to predicate equality or inequality of infinites. In the latter sense any proportion may be predicated, nay, it is in this use of the term that the idea of *ratio* is involved. As an illustration let us take the celebrated puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise. Suppose that when

they start in the race the tortoise is one mile a head of Achilles, but that the speed of the latter is double that of the former, when will the one overtake the other?—a moment's reflection shews that the tortoise will have run only one mile when it is overtaken. The sophist however, argues, that Achilles will never come up to the tortoise, for when the former has run one mile, the latter will be half a mile before. When he has run a half mile more, there will be a quarter of a mile between them. When Achilles has run this quarter, there will be the eighth of a mile between them, and so on, there being always a certain distance to be halved, however long they may run. It is inferred from these premises that Achilles will go on halving the distance without ever actually coming up to the tortoise. This is certainly one of the most ingenious puzzles ever devised by the wit of man. It baffled all the attempts of Dr. Thomas Brown to solve it. Indeed he came to the conclusion, an astounding one for a philosopher, that although the point proved is a palpable falsehood, the process of proof is without a flaw. The fallacy as indicated by Hobbes, consists in confounding the infinitely divisible with the infinite itself. The mile which the tortoise runs, or the hour in which we may suppose the feat to be accomplished, may be divided into infinitely small parts, but it by no means follows that the sum of these parts amount to infinity or eternity. But we think that this form of the fallacy may be referred to a still deeper source—viz., the tacit assumption that the infinitely small is still finite. The surprise occasioned by the paradox consists in the difficulty of conceiving of parts so small as not to be of finite magnitude,—and if we assign an appreciable magnitude, then the sum will constitute infinity. If a mile be divided into an infinite number of parts of finite magnitude, it is converted into infinity. But then there is a contradiction in the very statement of the hypothesis. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of dividing a mile into an infinite number of *finite* parts,—and this contradiction brings out the fallacy we think, more clearly than the solution of Hobbes.*

Still the difficulty is to be solved. How can we in consistency with this view of infinity speak of one infinite being so much greater or less than another infinite? We have said that the solution of this difficulty is to be found in the circumstance that *infinite* means in this case a process or rate—and hence the idea of ratio. The case of vanishing fractions illustrates this point, and to understand the illustration we require to be acquainted only with the simplest elements of arithmetic. Let us then inquire what is the meaning of the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$. If we take the cyphers as signifying the *infinitely small* in its absolute sense, then it

* Mill in his *Logic* gives a solution of the sophism, but it is only a verbal variation of Hobbes. Keill, who was the first to make the discoveries of Newton intelligible, in his work, *Introductio ad veram Physicam*, which was long a text book in the universities, gives an elaborate refutation of the Atomistic doctrine. His argument, however, appears to be fundamentally wrong. In repudiating the axiom that infinities must be equal, he endeavours to shew that they may be unequal, whereas they can be neither equal nor unequal. The error consists in not drawing a distinction between the *absolute* infinite and the *relational* infinite.

has no significancy whatever, for there can be no comparison between two absolute infinities. But they have a definite value where they are regarded as the vanishing points in the perspective of two magnitudes bearing a certain ratio to one another. Let us take the fraction $\frac{2}{1}$, the value of which fraction is 2. But by the very nature of a fraction, the value still remains 2, however small or however large we make the terms of the fraction, if they retain always the same ratio to one another. Let us then suppose that the numerator and denominator become infinitely small, but still retain the same ratio. How do we express this? by the equation $\frac{2}{1}=2$. And the same would hold if we used the symbols for the infinitely great. Here then we have apparently one infinite double of another, but it is plain that the symbols are only a conventional expression of the fact that a ratio is altogether independent of absolute magnitudes; that if the process of diminution or of increase bear the same ratio, then it does not matter how far that process is carried out.

Let us now see how this applies to the case of punishment, and let us take a case of punishment inflicted by man, in which we obtain a numerical relation. Suppose then that one criminal receives six lashes every day, and another only three. Foster's argument is, that if this were continued for ever, the three lashes per day would at last equal the six. He maintains that the punishment in both cases would become infinite, and that infinities are equal. We deny that the conclusion holds, because equality or inequality cannot be predicated by infinities. We maintain on the contrary that the punishment of the one would still be as at first, double of the other. But it will be at once retorted. Do you not fall into the very same error you condemn, by predicating a definite relation between two infinities? Do you not in this way reduce the infinite to the finite, and thus fall into the very fallacy you condemn? Our answer to this is, that when we speak of one infinite being double of another, we use the term *infinite* in a restricted sense, and with reference merely to the given numerical ratio, viz., $\frac{2}{1}$. All that is meant is, that the ratio is not in any way altered by having the numerator and denominator indefinitely increased in magnitude. If the daily infliction of punishment be six in the case of one criminal, and three in the case of another, then however long the punishment be continued, the one will receive double the amount of another. It is obvious then that the processes of mathematics give no countenance whatever to the notion that unequal degrees of punishment, if continued throughout eternity, must ultimately become equal.

An appeal to mathematics more than refutes the fallacy of Foster. It not only shews that infinity does not obliterate all differences in the degrees of punishment, but also proves that punishment though extended through an endless duration, may yet be finite in amount. We have a beautiful illustration of this in the area contained between the hyperbola and its asymptote. That area is infinitely extended, and yet is equal to a finite quantity; so punishment may be infinitely extended as it were, along the abscissa of time, and yet have a finite amount. The case of converging series also affords a good illustration:

and for this purpose let us recur to the case of the tortoise. The distance which it is supposed to run, being one mile, the successive stages above described, will be represented by the series $\frac{1}{2}$ plus $\frac{1}{4}$ plus $\frac{1}{8}$, &c. The sum of an infinite number of terms of this series amounts to 1. If we suppose its speed constant, and that it runs at the rate of one mile per hour, then the same series represents the successive stages in time, and the sum amounts to one hour, shewing that one mile is run in one hour. If however we suppose the speed to vary, so that it requires an hour for each successive stage represented by the successive terms in the converging series; then the series representing the time in which the journey is accomplished will be the following, 1 plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, &c. But the sum of this series is infinite, so that an infinite time is necessary to accomplish a finite journey. Let now the converging series represent the manner in which the finite punishment is inflicted, and the other series will represent the infinite duration over which it is extended. In other words, eternal punishment may be finite in amount.

We have now seen that scholastic subtleties will not avail the opponent of the doctrine of eternal punishment, but candour requires us to admit that such subtleties can be of as little avail in proving the doctrine. They may be useful in rebutting an attack, but worthless as positive proof. The cause of truth demands that we should as unhesitatingly expose the fallacies used in its defence, as those employed in attacking it. Let us now examine the argument of Edwards, which amounts to this. The sin is against an infinite being, and therefore the guilt must be infinite: but if the guilt is infinite, so must also the punishment, and therefore future punishment must be eternal. There are three exceptions we would take to this argument. In the first place, it is just as valid an argument to maintain, that as the sinner has only a finite being, his guilt must be finite. We do not say that either argument is good, but we hold that the one has as much show of reason as the other. In the second place, there is a fallacy in the argument, from the ambiguity of the term *infinite*. The ambiguity is very different from that of Foster's argument, but it vitiates the reasoning quite as much. The term infinite has two totally different meanings when applied respectively to guilt and duration. The one is a moral conception, the other a numerical value. The quantities are totally disparate, and admit of no comparison whatever. Infinity of guilt is a moral relation, that cannot be estimated by numbers. Infinity of time is a distinct numerical conception: it is a number or magnitude greater than anything we please to assign. The latter sense is the strict literal meaning; the other is only a metaphorical use of the term. We cannot but import into moral and metaphysical subjects, analogies derived from the science of number and extension: but we must be careful to let them stand for nothing else than analogies. We speak of a man's virtue as being solid, or of his attainments as being superficial, and so far these figuratives are useful; but it would be absurd to set down in numbers the cubic contents of a man's virtue, or the area of his attainments. Now this is what Edwards has done in applying to guilt the term in-

finite in the same sense in which he applies it to duration. It will be found too that many of Edward's verbal subtleties may be traced to this source. In the third place, granting that infinite guilt merits infinite punishment, it does not necessarily follow that that punishment must be eternal. As Edward's argument is a distinct appeal to mathematical proof, and affects to be a demonstration, we must again inquire what the science of number says on this point. From the two series which we have given above, it appears that a finite amount of suffering may be extended through eternity, but the same series can shew equally well that the suffering may be infinite in amount, though the duration be finite. Let the converging series represent the time and the other series the punishment, and as the sum of the former is finite, and that of the other infinite, we see that the amount of punishment may be infinite, though not eternal. Throughout this argument we have taken it for granted that suffering can be represented by number, as the argument of Foster requires this assumption, but it might be shewn that another fallacy lurks here, for it is equivalent to the assumption that pain, a mental emotion, is possessed of extension, and capable of measurement.

We have examined the above scholastic subtleties to shew that they can be of no service whatever in establishing or overturning the doctrine in question. They are useful merely as weapons of defence. Our anxiety is to repudiate them as pillars of the Christian faith. They abound in theological works, and as their conclusions coincide with our previous belief, we are apt to look upon them as valid arguments. The consequence is, that when employed against the doctrines of our faith, we feel committed to the soundness of the process, and by consistency bound to acquiesce in the mischievous conclusions. For example, if we admit the soundness of the argument from infinites, in favour of the non-eternity of the world, we are bound to acquiesce in Foster's conclusion regarding future punishment.

Though we cannot by scholastic jargon establish the doctrine in question, we should rest satisfied with the explicit declaration of God's word. Though *a priori* reasoning cannot prove that human guilt merits eternal punishment, we have divine revelation, which steps in where reason fails, and puts the doctrine beyond all doubt. Nothing but the most perverse ingenuity can resist the evidence of the passages bearing upon this point. These passages clearly declare that the future punishment of the wicked will be eternal, and they give no indication whatever that that punishment will in the least resemble a converging series, becoming infinitesimally less as time runs. Our knowledge of the moral elements of man's being would rather lead us to the very opposite of a converging series to represent the sinner's condition in a future state. Although the doctrine be beyond the reach of reason, it may be agreeable to reason, and we find even Celsus giving an ample acknowledgment to this effect.

Next to the great doctrines connected with the atonement, we view with special jealousy any tampering with the awful sanctions derived from the revelation of future woe; and it is to be feared that erroneous

views on this subject are making rapid progress. Nothing we confess startled us more in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, than the circumstance that so many members ranking among evangelical dissenters, should deny the eternity of future punishment. Mr. Foster also mentions that he knew ministers who disbelieved the doctrine, but yet did not think it prudent to avow their sentiments. They employed the usual language upon the subject, but at the same time had their own restricted view of the doctrine. This circumstance he mentions, at the same time that he commends them for their piety and intelligence. We would be inclined on the contrary to regard such conduct only as a proof that doctrinal error is usually accompanied by moral declension. While we believe that an alarming number hold erroneous views on this subject, we avow our utter disbelief that any considerable number of dissenting ministers practice a reservation so base and dishonouring to the Christian name.

It is often argued, and by implication it is an argument against the doctrine of eternal punishment, or at least against its importance, that mere terror has no essential connection with holiness, and that the real power of the Gospel lies in its more attractive doctrines. Now this is to affect a wisdom greater than that of God. Instead of being obscured or overshadowed, we find the element of terror occupying a most prominent and conspicuous place in Scripture. The history of religious pathology also shews that it is a most vital element in the curative process. Does not every religious awakening amply testify to the truth of this? Indeed we cannot do better than quote the words of Foster himself on the subject. "Dr. Watts, all amiable and mild as he was, and delighted to dwell on the congenial topics, says deliberately, that of all the persons to whom his ministry had been efficacious, *only one* had received the first effectual impressions from the gentle and attractive aspects of religion; all the rest from the awful and alarming ones, the appeals to fear. And this is all but universally the manner of the divine process of conversion."

ORCADIAN SKETCHES,

No. II.

By DAVID VEDDER.

With glowing heart, and potent lyre,
 Some native Skald may yet arise
 To sing with all a poet's fire
 Thy stern sublimities;
 The roaring flood—the rushing stream,
 The promontory wild and bare;
 The pyramids, where sea-birds scream
 Aloft in middle air;
 The Druid Temple on the heath,
 Old, even beyond tradition's breath.—*Ode to Orkney.*

Descending from my elevated platform,—or in other words the Valley of Desolation, where the “Dwarfie Stane,” already described, is the only conspicuous object ; I trace my steps along the ancient *via sacra*, and taking the advantage of slack water ; that is, the small space of time which intervenes between the flux and reflux of the tide, I embark for Stromness, the nautical metropolis of the Orcadian group of islands—the water, smooth and bright as a mirror, reflects the contiguous mountains, like the “swans on sweet St. Mary’s Lake,” who “float double, swan and shadow ;” the lovely isle of Graemsay seems like an emerald set in silver, with its green waving corn, and its ever-verdant meadows—and in a trice my tiny yawl shoots into one of the noblest wet docks,—I will not call it a road-stead,—that ever hydrographer marked in chart, or tempest-toot mariner took refuge in ; a basin, not constructed by the patronage of governments, at the expense of millions, nor improved by the ingenuity of the civil engineer ; but scooped out by the plastic hand of Him, who rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm, and who with a divine prescience, knew well the importance of such a haven to the human family.

This beautiful cove extends from south to north about an English mile, and somewhat more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, with a depth of water from one to four fathoms, and having a bottom of tenacious blue clay. It is protected from the storms of the Atlantic by a moderate elevation, it is sheltered on the south by the island of Graemsay, and defended on the east by two small holms, or islets.

Between these islets and the shore of Claistran there is a magnificent bay, where vessels of a large draught of water can ride in safety ; and during the prevalence of westerly gales in the fall of the year, ships of almost every European flag may be seen like an agitated forest. Here the squadron of discovery which was commanded by the illustrious Cook on its return from that memorable expedition which proved fatal to that great navigator, lay for some two or three weeks. Here Sir John Ross first set his foot on British earth on returning from his last Arctic expedition ; and here also the distinguished and lamented Sir John Franklin remained for some time, both in going out and returning from his former perilous voyage. Some twelve or thirteen decades have only elapsed since the site on which Stromness now stands was occupied by a few miserable mud hovels tenanted by fishermen ; it is now a free and opulent burgh of barony, with a population little short of three thousand souls. It contains all the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life, likewise ample means of instruction, education, and mental improvement ; possessing ten or twelve schools, in some of which, the higher branches of education are taught ; three libraries, a museum of natural history, &c. The shipping belonging to the port amounts to between two and three thousand tons ; together with white fishing, herring, and lobster small craft, more than I can enumerate. On the brow of the hill overhanging the town, accessible only by a series of dirty precipitous lanes, stood the hovel of Bessie Millie, a lady of European and transatlantic fame,—inasmuch as she dealt in a commodity which was universally required,—and as there was no opposition shop, she had it all her own way.

Whether her father had been a piper, and bequeathed her a *windy* inheritance, I know not, but this much I can assure thee, gentle reader, that she trafficked as extensively in the winds of heaven, as if she had been a lineal descendent of the prince of the power of the air. Nothing was more common in my younger days than to see knots of wind-bound skippers, waddling and puffing and panting up the aforesaid dirty lanes, to Bessie's weather office,—grasping a *crossed* sixpence between finger and thumb, during the rather *erie* operation of holding colloquy with the Sibyl, anxiously enquiring whether or not she could sell them a fair wind; and on receiving a favourable response from the Pythoness, thumb down the fee with a precipitation which betrayed an undeniable truth; that, notwithstanding the rude jest, and the loud laugh, terror predominated within, until fairly expelled by the potency of Mrs. R——'s old Flushing, and the brilliancy of her candles, which the excise had never inspected. Nothing enraged Bessie so much as an insinuation that she held converse with the denizens of the *nether* world. She abhorred and abjured, she said, the “Evil one, an’ a’ his angels”—and loudly disclaimed all unlawful arts; and unlike monopolists in general, her fee was extremely moderate, being exactly sixpence, for which she boiled her kettle, and gave her customers the advantage of her prayers. The wind thus petitioned for, she said, *was sure to come*. The precise time was uncertain.

In the year 1814 Sir Walter Scott visited the old crone, and thus describes her. “She herself was, as she told us, nearly one hundred years old, withered and dried up like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief folded round her head, corresponded in colour to her corpse-like complexion. Two light blue eyes that gleamed with lustre, like that of insanity—an utterance of astonishing rapidity; a nose and chin that almost met together, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecate. She remembered Gow the pirate, who had been a native of these islands. . . . Such was Bessie Millie, to whom the mariners paid a sort of tribute, with a feeling betwixt jest and earnest.”

Combination of ignorance, indolence, hypocrisy, and squalidity although she was,—her name can never die; her memory can never perish! Reader! she is the archetype of “Norna of the Fitful head,” Norna the far-famed “Reim-kennar;” and her reminiscences of John Gow, communicated to the arch-fictionist, I have no doubt, suggested the ground-work of “the Pirate” to his all-comprehensive mind; and thus the world has been a gainer by the interview between the mighty “Makker” and the hyperborean Sibyl.

The author of Waverley generalizes too much when he informs his readers that “Gow the pirate had been a native of these islands;” as a general remark it is true; but I deem it necessary and proper to inform the enquirer on such subjects, that the town of Stromness has the left-handed celebrity, or notoriety, of giving birth to one of the most audacious freebooters of the 18th century, in the person of John Gow.*

* The following documents appear in the Register of Infestment for Orkney and Zetland—“Sasine, dated 28th July, 1746, in favour of William Gow, merchant in Stromness, of

This gigantic sea-rover was born in a very respectable grade of society, as is proved by the foot-note. That he received an excellent education, is to be inferred from the reputable rank of society in which his parents moved, and from the style of his letters, copies of which are now before me; that he had possessed a superior intellect, and was a first-rate seamen, that he was fertile in expedients in the hour of exigency, cool and sagacious in council, and brave as his cutlass, is equally proved by the "bad eminence" to which he attained. It is impossible for any but a master-spirit, to keep a band of cut-throats in perfect subordination; and pity it is, that his high qualities and accomplishments as a British seamen should have been squandered away in guilt and villany, and in the breach of all laws, human and divine; yet so it was. The apocryphal stuff written about this remarkable man, or arch-miscreant if you will,—in the Newgate Calendar, and such like trumpery publications, are not for a moment to be listened to, or depended on; 'twas very unlikely he would disclose the red-handed incidents of his life to the world while he lived; and I know, that ere he died, he "made no sign;" but swung from Tyburn tree with all the hardihood of a determined bravo, as he was. Of the hair-breadth escapes, and the moving accidents of his youth; of his rise and progress in crime,—of the various gradations during the period when he fought his way to the star-board side of the quarter-deck, and assumed the command of a gang of blood-stained ruffians, hoisting the black flag at his gaff-end, and bidding defiance to the world, there are no authentic records. This much, however, is certain, that early in the year 1725, a rakish looking ship, apparently from two to three hundred tons, and armed with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, mounted on a flush deck, together with swivels and blunderbusses bristling from a small temporary poop, and top-gallant forecastle, anchored in Cairston Roads,—the outer harbour of Stromness, already noticed, and bearing an apposite name—the "Revenge." The bronzed desperadoes who manned her were the offscourings of all nations—the very sewerage of the earth; they were armed to the teeth; continually in a state of half inebriation; and the language of perdition flowing in cataracts from their unhallowed lips. The black flag, indeed, had not as yet been displayed, but the inhabitants of this remote district soon learned with terror and alarm, that Gow the Buccaneer had arrived among them, and that being familiar with the intricate navigation of the islands, he knew well where, and from whom to plunder.

Possessing the artifice of the fox, in conjunction with the ferocity of the tiger, Gow endeavoured for a while to conceal his real character; and with a plausibility and finesse which formed a component part of his personal qualities, lulled, if he could not altogether repress, suspicion. To this end he introduced himself to the *beau monde* of Strom-

ane piece of wast ground lying on the shoar of Hammigar, upon the neck of the point called Romeeness, in the parish of Stromness, on a disposition by Marjory Gordon, spouse to Archibald Gibsons of Hammigar;" and Sasine, dated same day, in favour of "Margaret Calder, spouse to William Gow, merchant in Stromness, and John Gow, their eldest lawful sone in life," of the same piece of ground "formerly called Romeeness, now called Gowness, with a new house built by the said William Gow yrupon."

ness and its neighbourhood; gave public dinners, balls, and dancing parties; and what was much more audacious, the wretch had the effrontery to engage the affections, and receive the troth-plight of a young lady possessed of some property. There is a tradition relative to this miserable affiance still floating about the district, and which is believed by all and sundry, that after the pirate's capture, the unhappy young woman went up to London to see him before his execution, and that arriving too late, she had the hardihood to wend her way to the gibbet from which he was dangling in chains—and touching the bony hand of the skeleton, formally resumed the troth-plight which she had unfortunately bestowed!*

Poor Miss Betty Moodie is all in the fidgets regarding certain written documents, which she fears may be found among the pirate's papers after his condemnation, and in great trepidation she thus writes to James Fea, Esq., of Clestran, (the gentleman who captured Gow,) under date of the 22d of April, 1725.

“SIR,—I wish you good success and prosperity in your affairs, and shall be glade to hear that the rewards given you may be suitable to the merit of the action, so that you may be encouraged to go on in the straight pathes of virtue and untented honesty, which only leads to honour hear, and eternal happiness hereafter; that only can give peace at the last, when all other politickes will be of no use. I am very sorry that som of our countray are like to com to truble by that miserable man Gow; I wish the inosant may not be made to sufer, whill the gulty is lick to go free. There is severall informations given hear, both public and privit, that there was letters found on Gow, which made som discovery of the correspondence held betwixt him and a sertan lady and her accomplices. Sir, I hope if there be any such letters in your custody, or whatever confession Gow hess made you on that particular, you will favour me with an account of it, which, upon the faith and honour of a Christian, you shall not be known or seen in it. You know how I and my concerns are oppress'd; yea, and our wholl contry defamed and abused by that most wicked set of peopell, which have set themselves in oppisition to the common intrist and quiet of all the contry. If you be obliged to give op what papers wer found, if ther be any such letors, youl secure them, so as extracts may be got of them wher of I hop youl procure me on, which will singularly oblige, Sir,

Your sincere friend and most h. s.,

Ed.

(Signed)

ELIZA MOODIE.

SIR,—I hop you'll favour me with a speddy answer.”

* This piece of superstition has descended from remote antiquity through many generations, and is not even yet obliterated from the uneducated mind. A very ancient ballad preserved by Ramsay alludes to it:—

There came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan;
And aye he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

“O Marg'ret! O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.”

Having quaffed the cup of pleasure to the lees, the rover now went to business in good earnest ; accordingly he sent out marauding parties, who commenced a war of extermination on black cattle, sheep and poultry,—they plundered “Grahamsay’s” house ; by which appellation, I think is meant a certain Mr. Honyman, a descendant of Bishop Honyman, and an ancestor of the late Lord Armadale, one of the Senators of the College of Justice ; the “house,” I suppose to have been the Hall of Claistran, a large antique mansion of the 17th century, situate in the parish of Orphir. They even carried their brutality to such a pitch, that they kidnapped innocent females, and carried them on board of their floating pandemonium.

About the middle or latter end of January, the felons tripped their anchor, and stood out of Hoymouth under all sail ; having arrived at a proper distance off the land, the *Revenge* held a northerly course,—and subsequently must have encountered a severe tempest, which had either stove her boats, or washed them away ; the loss of which was the cause of the freebooter’s ultimate ruin. The gale having in some measure moderated, Gow bore up for some place of shelter, where he might repair his damage, and procure either carpenters, or boats, or both ; and accordingly he steered through Westray-frith,—and held on for Calf-sound in the island of Eday,—a safe, commodious, and land-locked harbour, where he might repair the effects of the gale in security ; but on rounding a small uninhabited island called the “Calf ;”—he, by some fatal mismanagement, got out of the proper channel, and went bump on a shallow skerry, with a tremendous crash !

In this perilous position, with the probable destruction of his vessel before his eyes, and a choice of deaths pressing on his miserable mind, he dispatched his small boat and five men on shore, earnestly craving assistance, and the use of a large boat to carry out the ship’s bower-anchors, in order that they might attempt to warp her into deep waters by the top of next flood. Assistance was not absolutely refused, but neither was it forthcoming ; and Mr. James Fea, who appears to have been the chief man on the island,—and who from the first entertained the daring hope of capturing the pirate-ship and her whole crew,—wrote, and sent on board an insidious missive to Gow, holding forth faint hopes of assistance “so far as honour can allow,”—and exhorting him to send the bearer on shore in safety, as that circumstance might encourage the islesmen to assist him. Meanwhile the bearer of the letter was sent on shore, with a verbal message from Gow, informing Fea that he would *write* to nobody, at the same time beseeching him to grant the use of his large boat, together with manual assistance, offering lavish presents,—and the offer of high remuneration to those who might assist him. His tone was courteous in the extreme, and by no means deficient in flattery ; but Fea with a strategy, not unworthy of a diplomatist of higher experience, used every effort to gain time. He dismantled his large boat, and took some of her bottom planks out, ordered the oars, &c. to be taken out of all the small boats, and secreted away in the morasses. Tantalized with uncertainty, and fearing that some British ship of war might appear, Gow sent his boat on shore with five men, armed to the teeth, with orders to procure a boat as best they might. When the desperadoes landed, they left their own boat at

a distance, under cover of their guns, and proceeded in a hostile manner to the manor house. Fea, nothing daunted, walked boldly up to them, and held them in parley for a considerable time. By a stroke of good fortune, which was not at all to be calculated on, he had the address to inveigle them into the tavern, where, of course, strong liquors would not be wanting. When the process of inebriation had proceeded to the proper pitch, Fea seized the favourable opportunity, and with the assistance of his servants, who were all armed, first secured the pirate's boat, and then seized and disarmed the crew; bound them, and marched them off under guard to the other end of the island, there to be kept in ward. He then despatched expresses through all the neighbouring islands, warning each and all of them to keep out of the range of the pirate's guns, and craving the neighbouring gentlemen's assistance.

On Sunday the 14th February, the day after the ship grounded, being a very stormy day, Fea supposed the ship would have bilged, or gone to pieces, whereupon he ordered beacon fires to be lighted and kept blazing on all the promontaries of the Island, and on Monday morning sent a boat and six armed men to the holm where the ship lay, with a letter of the following tenor.

“Carrick, 15th February, 10 of the cloack mattin, 1725.

SIR,—Upon Saturday, contrair to my proposed friendship, five of your men having come on shoar armed, did after a most hostile manner threaten all the inhabitants of this place, and did begin to commit roites; therefore all the people returned and raise in arms; and two of your men made great resistance; but by the providence of God Almighty, they were overcome, and carried off prisoners to Kirkwall;—these three men that did not so much resist, confessed that the boat-swain was the man that carried the woman on board, and plundered Grahamsay's house. The collector ordered me, if you came heir, to set the promontories on fire for a signal to the friggats yt are sent for to catch you; they'll certainly be here to-morrow or nixt day, I therefore for the regaird I have for your father's son, being heartily sorry for you that ever you should be engaged with such a crew, desire you to come on shoar, and believe you may expect better entertainment from me than any other; for if you doe surrender, you can be evidence against the rest; and I'll doe my best to make all for your advantage that in honour you can imagine. If you have any friend with you, take him alongst with you, and if you do not resolve to come presently, send me word. Take this as a friendly caution, and if you take not my advice you'll certainly repent it, this in friendship from—James Fea.”

With a pertinacity of purpose, Gow refused to avail himself of the advantage which might accrue from the “friendly caution;” he still persisted in his solicitation for help; still implored, in the most moving manner, for the use of a large boat, to place a portion of his valuable cargo in, in order to lighten his ship,—at length, fear overcoming his avarice,—he bound and obliged himself to pay to the value of L.1000, for such aid as he required, besides ample remuneration to labourers

and seamen. Adding,—and here the fiery spirit of the pirate flashes out,—“if it be my misfortune to be shipwrecked, the government seizes all; and I’ll take care they shall be nothing the better—only the guns; for I’m resolved to set fire to all, and all of us perish together; therefore begs you’ll advise (consult) your own advantage.” Fea however was conscious that he had hooked his fish, and with the skill and tact of a disciple of Walton, gave him ample play until the favourable moment arrived that he could land him in safety. In the interim however, and pending the result of negotiation, no effort was left untried to get the ship into deep water, that nautical skill could suggest.

They even attempted the hopeless expedient of constructing a raft, by starting eight or ten wine-pipes, and lashing them together as a float. Then with planks, spare-spars, and every available article, they formed a kind of platform, or spar-deck, whereon they might place the ship’s bower-anchors, and having fitted temporary rowlocks, together with as many sweeps as they could manage, and defended by two cannon, they laboured as between life and death, to lay out the anchors; but all in vain, the gale continued with unabated violence, so that all hopes of saving the vessel became exceedingly slender, or vanished altogether.

Gow’s great object now was to procure a boat wherewithall to effect his escape; and accordingly he implores Fea to set carpenters to work, and repair the large boat which had been previously staved; to furnish it with mast, sail, oars, and a small anchor;—“I am resolved”—he writes—“rather to trust to the mercie of the seas as surrender prisoner at discretion. If the ships of war arrive heir before I can make my escape, I am resolved to make yt defence I can, and afterwards set fire to the hold, which will soon seize the upper part, together with us; and as we have lived soe wee die, yoh will be the loss of some thousand pounds, and now the betur; therefore, if you’ll think of the advantage and honour of taking such a ship, and if you have any regard to my safety assist me with a good boat. I promise to leave the ship and cargo entire, only some provisions to our subsistence.” His heart, it would appear, had not been so far brutalized, but that he remembered the influence of woman on the obdurate heart of her “master;” and as a forlorn hope, he attempts to bias Fea’s lady in his favour, by the combined impulsive power of flattery and bribe. How it must have wrung his lurid soul to be under the stern necessity of begging his life from an obscure female! while it must be acknowledged that the bribe, like the donor, was exceedingly paltry; an ingot of gold, or a casket of jewels, would have made a more appropriate “compliment.”

February 16, 1735.

“Madam—I presume as being a countryman, to make known my unfortunate condition at present; I have begged Clestran’s assistance, which I am not likely to procure without your goodness is pleased to solicit in my behalf, yoh I earnestly begg. We are all resolved to die together, happen what will, and my death will be but little satisfaction to any; for I begg it of your ladyship, hoping to live to make the

countrey the better of me. 'Please receive a chinch gown, which is made up only for clearing the duty, which I am hopeful you'll accept, as being from a countryman. Hoping your goodness will pardon yrin I have done amiss; I am Madam, your Ladyship's most humble servant."

The despicable donation was returned with contempt, and no intercession made,—or if made, it appears to have had no effect.

On the morning of the 17th, contrary to Fea's expectations, the piratical chief landed on the uninhabited islet aforesaid, in company with one of his men, who sported a white flag, by way of a flag of truce. Scollay, one of Fea's emissaries, had gone on board of the *Revenge*, contrary to the express orders of his master,—and the wily pirate taking advantage of the man's fool-hardihood, instantly seized and retained him as a hostage, which enabled the ruffian to land in what he thought comparative safety; but he had reckoned without his host; for no sooner had he set foot on *terra firma*, than Fea and his men rushed upon him, disarmed him, and took him prisoner. As to the pretended "hostage," he was very properly left to his fate, seeing that he acted in defiance to his master's orders. The following letter had by some means been either miscarried or delayed; it was now delivered to Gow, immediately after he had been made prisoner; and as it is exceedingly characteristic, both of the man and the period when he lived, I should deem this little narrative imperfect without its insertion. It contains a combination of pity for the man, and vehement solicitude for his capture. The P.S., which is only a single line, reveals as much of the one feeling, as the whole letter does of the other.

"Sir,— I am surprised that a youth of your education should not have better manners than to challenge me upon a lye. You confidently assert what I have already refused, that they are carpenters here; your informer is certainly a rogue. What I meant by your coming on shore with your carpenter you have taken in a wrong sense. You desire James Laing* to come on board; but if he would goe I dare not give him hostage to you; I thought you had more sense than write after such a style. I am sorry I ever wrote you; but I thought you had been such a man as a boy. I pray you seriously consider yt a thing it is to burn everlastingly; I pray you repent, and amend, and by soe doeing you'll get a sight of your folly, and turn unto the Lord, for he will have mercie, and takes no delight in the death of a sinner. He is certainly a mad man that would not wish for the longest life, and evite the severed torments; and if you and your crew would take a serious prospect of the blessed state of those who expect forgiveness by the merits of a crucified Saviour, you would not despair, but repent and expect forgiveness, which certainly you'll get, if you heartily and faithfully doe. . . . This is the last you may expect from me."—James Fea.

"P.S.—You'll be a prize this night or nixt day to those who will treat you more harshly."

* The grandfather of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq., Advocate, the Historian of Scotland.

During the early part of the interview between Fea and his prisoner, the former desired the bearer of the flag of truce, as he would hope for favour, to proceed immediately on board, and in the Captain's name to liberate and bring Scollay on shore, together with Jan Winters and Jan Peiterson, two of the most murderous villains in the ship. This very doubtful and perilous exploit was performed to heart's wish. The disobedient emissary and the miscreants landed: when the two latter were surrounded, disarmed, and taken to the boat, together with the flag-bearer and boat's crew. Gow having delivered up his sword, and been pinioned, entreated his captor to order his men to shoot him; but that gentlemen had a more important service for him to perform. He made the once audacious, but now prostrate pirate, a decoy duck to inveigle the whole infamous brood, by writing for all hands to come on shore and take the large boat, which had been repaired, the use of which had been at last granted them. As a *ruse*, Fea had previously made an ostentatious display of repairing her, and this having been seen from the ship, induced the remainder of the crew to fall into the trap so ingeniously baited for them.

Having divided the stock-purse among them, they all came on shore, and the whole gang were instantly disarmed, made prisoners, and secured from further mischief by cords and other ligatures. After this unprecedented feat, accomplished by a non-professional country gentleman, and a score or two of undisciplined peasantry, the captor went on board and took possession of his prize, having first minutely scrutinized her, fore and aft, above and below, lest haply a train might have been laid in connection with the powder magazine,—but having found none, and leaving the vessel in charge of his brother, he went on shore and inspected his prisoners, in order to ascertain that they were all safe, and under the eyes of a vigilant guard.

Next day at noon, being the 18th February, he again went on board, in company with a few personal friends, and a large posse of Orcadian magnates, who had arrived on the island. The crest-fallen free-booter was also brought along with them, and in presence of all the hyperborean notabilities, declared that Mr. James Fea of Cles-tran was the man whose prisoner he was, and wished the "said Cles-tran a happy enjoyment of the said ship, and more contentment than ever he had in her." I should have imagined that his good wishes, like Macbeth's "Amen," would have stuck in his throat.

The fortunate captor, who seems to have possessed as large a share of precaution and worldly wisdom, as of coolness and intrepidity, immediately took instruments in the hands of a certain "nottar-public," who rejoiced in the name of Alex. Mowate, "craving the benefite of the law made anent apprehending of pyrates may be extended to him because of the reasons.foresaid." How the prisoners were conveyed to London does not clearly appear, but that they were transported thither is certain; where they were tried for their lives, and suffered by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty the punishment their crimes had long deserved.

Gow conducted himself during the trial with great insolence, im-

puddence and impertinence. Some person, professing to be an eye-witness, wrote home as follows:—"John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the Judge ordered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whip-cord, till it did break; and then it would be doubled till it did again break; and then laid three-fold, and that the executioners should pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a good deal of boldness. The next morning, 27th May, 1725, when he had seen the terrible preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of Court, that he would not have given so much trouble had he been assured of not being hanged in chains."

It is said, and if true is much to be regretted, that Mr. Fea, the spirited and patriotic individual by whose exertions Gow's career in villany was cut short, received no reward from the government, and that he was not even protected from vexatious law-suits, and other apparently legal forms of process, by which his fortune was utterly ruined: to a certain extent this might have been the case; but an exploit which made Europe ring from one end to the other, *could* not escape the attention of any just administration; I am therefore inclined to entertain the rumour with great qualifications; and it is to be hoped, for the honour of George the First's ministry, that the story is fabulous altogether. Great were the rejoicings which took place throughout the islands, from Stroma to North Ronaldsha, but the was-sail which was held in the insular metropolis, was quite unprecedented. The chime of St. Magnus emitted glorious harmonies—harmonies which, if once heard, can never be forgotten—the old Dutch cock, at the apex of the *extinguisher*-looking spire, which disfigures the noble central tower of the magnificent cathedral, seemed crowing with exultation; the artizans sported their Sunday suits, and the magnates put an additional quantity of powder on their ample wigs; booth and shop were shut, while hotel and change-house stood with expanded doors; there were matches at foot-ball played over the "ba'-ley," during the day—while the *deray* of pipes, violins, and snatches of song from inebriated and husky voices, resounded from every third door, not only that day, but all the ensuing night; the rector of the high-school had given his pupils a holiday, and consequently some thirteen old Norwegian skiffs, five delapidated peat-boats, together with the ribs and trucks of an old Danish galiot, which had been wrecked near the "Thief's-holm," became food for one of the most brilliant bonfires the old Cross of Kirkwall had ever witnessed; while the half honeycombed guns on Cromwell's old fort at the "Mount" kept thundering away in imitation of their betters, at the risk of about a dozen lives, and four times as many limbs, at every discharge.

No casualty occurred, however, to mar the gayety of the day, except one,—if such it might be called—which, but for good management, might have had a serious effect on the fortunes of Donald Welch, the town piper. Poor Donald—though at other times a sedate person for his profession—became so exhilarated with happiness and Hollands, that the change of dynasty had been utterly obliterated

from the tablets of his memory ; insomuch, that he seized hold of his "bread-winner," and peraded the street, playing all manner of treasonable tunes—such as "Awa Whigs, awa," "The King shall enjoy his ain again," and one more flagitious than the whole put together, namely, that quintessence of all that is ludicrous, "The wee, wee German lairdie!" This atrocity was perpetrated at noon-tide ; and under the very windows of the town-hall, where the provost, magistrates and council were sitting in deep divan, consulting each other as to the best mode of entrapping and securing any future pirate that might infest the isles. On hearing the *sough* and *skirl* of such Jacobitical abominations, the civic assembly stood aghast ; the insult was not for a moment to be tolerated ; besides, walls have ears, and little birds carry tales ; the authorities might hereafter be called to account for their supineness—the felonious language of the bag-pipes must therefore be suppressed, and the obnoxious official punished by deprivation or otherwise.

The provost's henchman eyed the gathering storm, and anticipating his master's orders, rushed down stairs, armed with a sharp-pointed clasp-knife, which, in a twinkling he plunged—not certainly in the piper's heart—but into that which was nearest it—his bag ; that aerial receptacle, whence had issued many a grand pibroch, many a melancholy coronach, many a merry reel, and many a turbulent gathering. The drone gave a momentary *smort*—the chanter gave the ghost of a wail, and all was silence. The culprit was dragged into the awful presence, fluttering and shaking like the ribbons from his own instrument. He was ensconced in a coarse blue coat of extraordinary dimensions, bedizened with an ample quantity of yellow worsted lace—his three-corned hat might be about four feet in circumference—his blue "continuations" reached only about four inches above the knee, which was met by strong, ribbed blue hose ; a pair of capacious, half-tanned clogs, surmounted by brass buckles, which might have served for decorations to a modern horse's harness. It were vain to describe the severe lecture which was read to him, and equally in vain to portray the profound humility with which the reprimand was received by the culprit ; suffice it to say, that he was denuded of his official garments, and sternly ordered from "the presence ;" not without a threat of being set in the "jougs" if ever such an atrocity should occur in future, to the terror of all "mynstrills," and other profane persons.

It is pleasant to record humane actions, whether these occur in a town council or in a kirk-session, and should never be omitted by the veracious historian.

Deacon William Whang, who had the long-coveted honour of representing the corporation of cordwainers in council that year—a brilliant epoch in his existence—impelled by the kindness of his own heart, overtured the civic tribunal for more lenient measures—he even hinted at a reconciliation between the belligerents—but no one durst second the motion, and it fell to the ground. Mr. Whang, however, followed the *umquhile* piper to the foot of the stair, and taking him by the hand, told him, "no to be oure sair casten doon about what cadna

noo be mendet; send your pipes to my shop, an' I'll gar ane o' the loons repair ye're bag, an' mak it as weel as e'er it was; forbye a' that, I'll gie ye a piece o' green baize to cover it wi', an' syne ye'll be brawer than ever; an' I mak' nae doot, that when the provost's bit passion wears awa', there are mony i' the council that'll speak a gude word for ye, and that he'll *reponse* ye forthwith." The worthy deacon not only solicited Jupiter, but he put his shoulder to the wheel; so returning to the council chamber, and taking advantage of a pause in the meeting, he resumed, "Deed provost, gin ye kent Dawney Welsh as weel as I do, ye wad not only forgie him, but ye wad repone him in his office, an' to a' its rights an' preevileges. A loyaler man than Dawney never stepped in nowt's leather. He abjures baith Pope an' Pretender; renounces papistry, an' a' its' errors an' heresies, as soomed up i' the National Covenant,—an' a bonny catalogue they mak'—he's none o' your passive-obedience an' non-resistance men I'se mak' ye sure; an' sorrow thank him—his grandfather was ane o' the wastlan' Whigs, wham that drucken brute Middleton—malison gae wi' him—banished to the plantations, when he ought to hae been hanget as heigh as Haman himsel'. Ye ken the veshel was wracket at Swin-napool, near the Mull o' Deerness, an' the puir forlorn Whigs were a' droonded except twa or three—and Dawney's forbear was ane o' the surviveers: his vera name's in his favour: for if I'm no sairly mista'en, he was kirsened after Donald Cargill, o' savoury memory:—sae gie ye the bit word frae your month, an' the body 'l just trintle back again, an' they'll be nae mair o't." It is satisfactory to inform the reader, that the worthy deacon's intercession proved effectual—the great mishapen coat, and the unsightly three-cornered hat, were once more resumed, and I need not add, that Jacobite melodies were for ever abnegated. The piper, however, in the true spirit of his fraternity, could not help lamenting, "that the wicked hoose o' Stuart possessed the best tunes, as well as sanga, an' that the Hanoverian bards an' composers, had been a wheen sumphs."

Nor must I omit saying a word or two regarding Olave Sinclair, the reader and precentor, who was what is called "everybody's body."

Olave, albeit he was somewhat of a wet customer, was nevertheless a great favourite with gentle and semple; he would at any time have neglected his own business to assist a neighbour; and was never known to give offence to man, woman, or child, excepting when he forgot to put the proper proportion of water into his schiedam.

His round, ruddy face was the picture of good humour; and one could discover latent jests lurking in the corners of his large blue eyes, and playing at "hide and seek" around his somewhat well-formed mouth. "Mirth, with thee I mean to dwell," seemed to be his motto, and a careless kind of philanthropy his guiding principle.

He was an artificer, in a small way—in brass and in iron; could clean and repair horologes; magnetize the mariner's compass; construct sun-dials; dabbled a little in pharmacy, exotic herbs, and simples; he could paint and gild the dial-plate of the town clock; superintend the bottling of the provost's potent October-brewed ale; set his

razors, and dress the civic wig on occasion, when old Strap, the barber, was under a cloud. Moreover, he could manufacture violins, and perform on them; compose songs and melodies, and sing them; he was an unerring marksman, an indefatigable pedestrian, and a daring and skilful boatman; in short, he was a provincial prodigy, like poor, dear Goldsmith's hedge-schoolmaster; and

"still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

A person of such versatility, talent, and unbounded good humour as this, could not possibly be dispensed with, where punch bowls reek, and glasses jingle; and accordingly he had taken his seat at the right hand of Bailie Halcro, who being of a kindred spirit, the pair kept the table in a roar; bandying pellets of wit and humour at each other like shuttle-cocks.

When Olave's friend, the preses, observed him at the proper singing pitch, a song was demanded; and, nothing loath, the man of omnifarious vocations started to his feet as if he had received an impulse from a patent Brobdignadian baby-jumper, and gave with peculiar emphasis what I shall term

THE PRECENTOR'S LAY.

I.

A terrible fellow was Gow, was Gow!
A horrible pelloe* was Gow, was Gow!
Without rhyme or reason
He snecket the weason;—
His way was a word and a blow, John Gow,
His way was a word and a blow.

II.

Oh! Beelzebub's buckie was Gow, John Gow,
Auld Sathan's ain chuckie was Gow, John Gow;
He entered the porch,
O' chapel or church,
An' set the haill fabric a' low, a' low,
An' set the haill fabric a' low.

III.

A fearfu'-like bully was Gow, John Gow;
An' sharp was your gully John Gow, John Gow;
Ye snoddet fowk's heads,
Like a chiel sneedin' reeds,
Or hangit them up in a tow, John Gow,
Or hangit them up in a tow.

* A sea monster of the whale species.

IV.

Ye plundered the highlands o' gear, John Gow,
 Ye kept a' the islands a' steer, John Gow ;
 Till auld Jamie Fea,
 Ae cauld winter day,
 Cut short your infamous career, John Gow,
 Cut short your infamous career !

V.

They've ta'en you in fetters, John Gow, John Gow,
 To crack wi' your betters, John Gow, John Gow ;
 Ye're tried, an' ye're cast,—
 The sentence is passed,—
 An' ye'll never mair kick up a row, John Gow,
 Ye'll never mair kick up a row.

VI.

Sae, here's to the King an' the Queen, my boys,
 It's George an' his consort I mean, my boys,
 An' may they be long
 The theme o' my song ;
 For better we never hae seen, my boys,
 For better we never hae seen.

This effusion was received with more rounds of applause than the one half of the convives could enumerate. Even Deacon Stewart, who always after the fifth tumbler claimed remote consanguinity with the Ex-Royal Family, seemed delighted ; the Jacobitism lurking in his heart of hearts had evaporated considerably by the genial influence of music and good fellowship. To have jabbered about the faded glories of the white rose ; or to have sneered at the German "kail-songer," would have gained for him the wrong side of the door, without the slightest formality of procedure, or the smallest indication of ceremony ; so the worthy functionary was under the necessity of "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," as best he might. It has been propounded by certain northern antiquaries, that the prudent precentor, having the summary punishment of the piper before his eyes, extemporized the last stanza on the spur of the moment ; it is a moot point, however, and I hope the matter may be set to rest when they next meet in full chapter.

At this stage of the evening's progress, a burley bronzed sea-faring looking man stood "bolt upright,"—as he would have said,—and having caught the eye of the chairman, volunteered what he called a "Rhymed Yarn." He must have been thorough bred, for he applies his technicalities in a correct and proper manner, which, with the exception of Dibdin, few lyrists who ventured into blue water, ever did. 'Tis nauseous to hear such "turnpike sailors" calling the sails "sheets,"—and telling us that they "leave England on the lee," when their supposed ship is scudding before the wind with square yards—but let that pass.

The offer of the volunteer vocalist was received with plaudits; and the stranger, who it appears was from the parish of Dearness, where the greater part of the male inhabitants are sailors,—brayed forth the following with the lungs of a Stentor; but like his predecessor he added an additional couplet to the last stanza, and for the same reason.

THE SEAMAN'S "RHYMED YARN."

I.

The beacon-fires blaze upon headland and ward,
The boonsmen* are hurrying their hirsells to guard,
The laird in his mansion, the merchant on 'change,
Are trembling with dread of the black ship "Revenge:"
Her anchors are dropt, and her canvass is furled,
And Gow her commander's at war with the world!

II.

Her yards are not squared, nor her ensign displayed;
Her running-gear neither hauled taut, nor belayed;
Her batteries are masqued, on each side fore and aft,
And fain would she look like an innocent craft;
All this is deception—hypocrisy sheer,
Old seamen know well she's a rank buccaneer!

III.

Gow roved through the tropics, 'midst tempest and gale,
Like a nautical fiend, on a mission from hell;
He lightened the caracks,† until they grew crank,
Then made crew and passengers travel the plank;
Or tortured his victims with stretcher and fid,‡
Until they revealed where their treasures were hid!

IV.

The infantile prattle, whose sweet sunny smile
The heart of a savage to ruth might beguile,—
The hoary-haired pilgrim, about to depart,
Even beauty in agony, touched not his heart;—
Though the ocean was foaming, or smooth as a lake,
The sharks knew him well, for they kept in his wake!

V.

When he hoists his black ensign, bedabbled in gore,
And death's head and marrow-bones flow from the fore;
When he shotted his batteries with round and with grape,
Till each engine of fire with destruction did gape,—
When he pointed his cannon with handspoke and crow;
Then woe to the Spaniards who grappled with Gow.

* An Orcadian appellation for farm-servants and small farmers; being a corruption of the Norwegian word "bonder."

† A large Spanish ship of burden.

‡ A rounded piece of lignum vitae, about two feet in length, and ending in a sharp point.

VI.

He plundered their coasts, and he pillaged their towns,
 He wrapped them in flames, or he sunk their galleons,
 Did officer grumble, or mariner growl,
 Above or below,—at the wheel or the bowl?
 A brace of good barkers soon quashed the alarm,
 Or they dangled like pears from the star-board yard-arm.

VII.

His vessel was stiffened with bright silver ore;
 And precious the stores and the cargo she bore;
 Rich satins, and laces, and spices, and wines,
 With gems from Potosi, and gold from its mines;
 And dollars in casket, in box, and in chest,—
 And plate that might grace an imperial feast!

VIII.

On a pine-covered islet, all breathing perfume,
 Where arbours and flowers are for ever in bloom;
 He had reared a bright home 'midst the tropical waves,
 With garden, and fountain, and harem, and slaves;
 That islet of rest, and its gold-spangled shore,—
 That harem, and slaves, shall behold him no more.

IX.

The wretch was predestined to dangle as free
 As an apple of death from a poisonous tree;—
 Stern justice the felon no longer could mock,
 So crash went his barque on a half-sunken rock;
 Then to London they dragged him 'midst hisses and loathing,
 Where at Tyburn he danced a cotillion on nothing!
 So long live the house of Hanover—Amen!
 And may we ne'er see such a monster again!

Family Prayers, adapted to portions of the Holy Writings, and chiefly based on the Commentaries of the Rev. Thomas Scott. By WILLIAM BURT WHITMARSH, one of her Majesty's Coroners for the County of WILTS; Author of "Family Prayers on the Pentateuch and Historical Scriptures," &c. London: Ward & Co.

We confess we are no friends of forms of prayer—be they for public or private use—not because we are Presbyterian, but because we cannot see how they harmonize with the word of God. With all our investigation on the subject, we have not been able to discover a single instance or passage of Scripture which gives countenance to the practice. On the contrary, we think the whole genius and contents of Scripture are against a "form of words." Under every dispensation of

the Church we find the opposite obtaining, and "them that feared the Lord" pouring out their hearts before him, in their own unassisted language. The prayers we have recorded in the Book of God are, without a single exception, *extempore prayers*—occasioned by the circumstances in which the petitioner was placed, and having reference to them. It was thus that Abraham prayed for the cities of the plain—that Jacob prayed on the plain of Peniel—that Moses prayed in the wilderness—that Daniel prayed in the lions' den—that Peter prayed in the streets of Jerusalem, and in the upper room, and that our blessed Redeemer prayed on the mountain side and in Gethsemane. It is remarkable, too, that the prayer of Solomon, at the dedication of the temple was an extempore one—an occasion, when, if at any time, a ritual or liturgy was to be employed, it would have been then. But what of our Lord's Prayer? Is it not a form? We answer, No! and we further believe, that it was never intended to be a form, but simply a pattern, after which our own prayers were to be framed. "After this manner" is the language of the Saviour, "pray ye;" not this prayer use ye. But if there were any further proof required, that such was not to be used by his disciples or the Church, as a form, we have it in the fact, that in *no single case do we find the Apostles using it*. And in all the Epistles we do not find a single allusion to either the practice or the propriety of its being used. Forms of prayer were not used in the Jewish Church. They were simply devotional selections from the Scriptures, whilst extempore prayer was offered up along with these selections, both by the priests and the worshippers. Witness the prayers of the Pharisees and the Publican—were they not extempore, and does not our Saviour allude to extempore prayer by the Pharisees, when he speaks of their making long prayers at the corner of the streets? In the primitive Church, during the lifetime of the Apostles, there was no such thing, and we come to the age of the Fathers, before we find them—an age which gave birth to serious departures from the truth, and many gross corruptions. We are not, we confess, among the number of those who, although members and ministers of a Presbyterian Church, are never done talking about the beauty of the Liturgy of the Church of England, and who are so full of this liturgical enthusiasm, that they must needs make known their sentiments in periodical and public prints—one suggesting a modified Episcopacy, that his own sweet voice might be heard intoning the "beautiful prayers of the Liturgy," and another proposing that, in any contemplated unity of Christian churches, the Church of England should be made the rallying point for all—the centre towards which each sect and system should gravitate. We have no sympathy with this maudlin sentimentality about the Church of England, to which a certain class of our ministers are so fond of giving expression. Now, we admit that the Church of England is a Protestant Church, if she is to be judged by her articles; but what say our sentimentalists to her Rubric and many things else in her constitution and discipline, which savour strongly of Popery? But why this yearning to the Church of England with her beautiful Liturgy, and what not? Is it that the Church of Scotland is unworthy of their entire affections? The two

Churches will not bear a comparison. For purity of doctrine, for simplicity of worship, for the Scriptural character of her government, the Church of Scotland has no equal. Without exception, she is the purest and the freest Church on the face of the earth, at this moment. But we are happy to think that it is only a certain class of ministers who betray this Anglican leaning—*our fine gentlemen class*, with a slight dash of Evangelicism in their coat tails. The Church of Scotland, in the simplicity of her ritual, has not enough to gratify a diseased sentimentality of taste, and she has too few of the gentry in her communion; such are their secret feelings on the subject. We cannot say that the class of whom we speak embraces either the Moderate or the Evangelical section in particular. We rather think they are those who are hovering between the two—a sort of clerical nondescripts, and really after all, the Church would be no loser, were those Presbyterian admirers of the Church of England to bid her adieu, in a body. We are well without those who have already gone over the Border—Marshall, Watt, Tod Brown, and Norval, the first of whom is reported to have become already in the surplice a full-fledged High Churchman, and High-churchism, as is known to all men, is Puseyism in the bud. Our admirers would do well to remember that however pure in doctrine the Church of England may be, she is not purer, and not so pure as our own; and what do they say to the Headship of the Queen; to her utter prostration beneath the truncheon of the civil power; to her total destitution of discipline or the shadow of discipline; to her Semi-Popish Rubric; and to those *latent elements* in every department of her constitution and economy, which have given rise to Puseyism. We trust that this *Episcopal cant* will soon vanish from our Church, and that men who eat the bread of the Church of Scotland will show that they love her with an earnest and undivided heart, or be honest enough to renounce her communion and go where their “ladye love” prompts them. We want leal men and true, and not shams. But we have gone off at a tangent from the subject in hand—for forms of prayer are so closely connected with Episcopacy, that when we speak of the one, we insensibly slide into the other. We repeat we are no friends to forms of prayer. We cannot see that they have much countenance from the word of God, and this is our chief objection; although we are not prepared to affirm that they are unscriptural. But, say their advocates, there are many who cannot pray *extempore*, and need the help of a book. We ask “Did they ever try?” We say it without fear of contradiction, that we never yet heard of an individual, and we believe the individual was never yet heard of, who really tried to pray either in secret or in his family circle and failed. It is only when such is positively the case—when a man has absolutely attempted to pray and *failed*, that the help of a form of prayer is at all allowable. And really we cannot see how it is possible that the desires of the heart can get sufficient scope in a form of words, however fervently expressed. Nor can we see how a form of prayer is suitable at all times in all situations, or even when the prayer is professedly for certain circumstances, how it can be adapted to *those minutiae of circumstance* which vary with every individual family, and every individual himself. It is neither in

the multitude nor eloquence of words that prayer consists, and we prefer both in the family and in the closet that every individual should draw near to God at a throne of grace, in their own way and with their own words. We conceive that this is one of the ends, and the highest conceivable, for which the gift of speech has been conferred upon man. In what manner can it be more becomingly or more nobly employed, than in addressing Him by whom it has been bestowed, recognizing his greatness, adoring his goodness, and imploring his mercy. And what more becoming or lovely sight on earth is there than to see a family thus engaged? What spectacle has this world to present more beautiful than this—the head of a family in the midst of his children and dependants, unfolding the sacred page, and reading amid reverential silence, its words of salvation and life, and thereafter kneeling in the midst of them, as the High Priest of his household, before the mercy seat? In that house, where is offered up the morning and evening sacrifice, does the Highest delight to dwell, and there does the blessing rest, even life for evermore.

The book before us professes to be a help to the heads of Christian families, in conducting the domestic devotions. We have already given expression to our opinions of the principle of forms of prayer, and therefore, unless in extreme cases, such as positive inability to compose the mind, and to connect ideas, as well as a like inability to express in words the sentiments of the heart, we do not approve of their use. But, as to the execution of the plan, which the author has in view, we have no hesitation in giving it our unqualified approbation. The design itself is novel. We do not remember ever to have seen a thing of the kind before, that is to say, prayers founded on portions of Scripture in regular order. Thus we have the Pentateuch, the Historical Scriptures, and what may be called the devotional writings paraphrased into prayer. Taken as meditations, they are very beautiful, full of unctious and a serene earnestness of spirit, whilst the style is as elegant as it is simple.

Every prayer may be considered a commentary on the passage, bringing out the meaning in a clear, concise, and practical manner. As a manual of Scripture instruction, as well as godly meditation, the work is a valuable one, and by those who have not the same objections to forms of prayer as ourselves, it may be considered as an excellent manual of devotion, having certainly this advantage over the generality of its class, that it is simpler in style and more devotional in spirit than any that we have seen. And of one thing about the book we cannot withhold our highest commendation, and this is, that it is written by a layman, holding a high civil office in the country, as one of her Majesty's Coroners for the County of Wilts. With all our religious agitation and religious zeal, awe and religious superiority, by our own account, we have no such thing in Scotland as men of Mr. Whitmarsh's position in society, coming boldly forward in the cause of religion. We often think that there is a fashion about our religion. In every rank men profess a reverence for religion, and to a degree identify themselves with religious movements and religious measures, but there is a sad want about their religious profession after all—a want of vitality, of

simplicity, of calm and holy earnestness. Our Scottish laymen would be afraid or ashamed to put forth such a book. In England it is otherwise, whether in the Established Church or in Dissenting denominations. Find a religious man belonging to either, and you find a simple-minded, high principled, devoted man, evincing in all his transactions, that he believes and feels religion to be a reality—to have been to his soul the wisdom of God and the power of God. This is the great distinction between a Scotch and English profession of religion; and we give the preference to the latter, as more simple, more earnest, and more practical. Scotland cannot produce among her laymen such names as Wilberforce, Thornton, Wilson, or Fowell Buxton, and we question if among all our laymen, there would be found one standing side by side with the author of the present work. Among all our Advocates, Writers to the Signet, and men of law, where will you find one prepared to put his name to a book of devotion? Mr. Whitmarsh is a lawyer, but “he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.” The following is a specimen of the contents and style of the work. The prayer is on the xxxix. Psalm.

“At the close of another day O Lord, we address thy throne of grace, as poor pilgrims in a strange land, who have here no abiding city, but are soon to strike our tents, and be gone for ever. When thou with rebukes, dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like a moth. Oh spare our lives, until all that hath been decayed, through the frailty of nature, be renewed by the power of thy grace—let our reconciliation with thee be accomplished, before we take our last farewell of the world, and cease to have an existence in these regions of vanity and sorrow. Send forth thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, to convince us of our unworthiness; to bestow upon us spiritual life; to strengthen our faith; and, to produce within us every Christian grace. Enable us to bridle our tongue, never to murmur against any of the allotments of thy providence, however adverse and afflictive, and never to calumniate and reproach any of our fellow-men, however unworthy may have been their conduct, or however injurious to us. Compose our minds, O Lord, under sore trials and temptations, to know and consider our end and the measure of our days, and to realize the shortness and uncertainty of life. Lead us to reflect that ‘our days are as an handbreadth, and our age as nothing before thee,’ and that in our greatest prosperity and in the vigour of youth and health, ‘verily every man is altogether vanity.’ Oh, may we duly feel how absurd then, are the perplexing anxieties and the incessant fatigues of the most successful worldling, who pursues such shadows to the marring of his present comfort, and the ruin of his immortal soul. Instruct us that we may become happy in proportion as we despair of happiness from this shifting, sinful state—and wait and hope for it from thy mercy and all-sufficient love, through thy Son, our Saviour. Instead of being much concerned about temporal things, we would pray to be delivered from all our transgressions, and ‘that we may not be the reproach of the foolish.’ Dispose us to look above instruments, and to view thy hand in all our afflictions: and then may faith in thy wisdom and justice, thy truth and love, render us silent and submissive ‘because thou hast done it.’ Make us deeply thankful, as we find that our sorrows are all sanctified, and that thou Lord wilt wipe away our tears, and answer our prayers; we cannot but feel our afflictions, yet, as strangers and sojourners on earth, direct our thoughts and animate

our souls for a better and more enduring habitation in thy blissful abode. Prepare us for weariness and ill-treatment by the way; but our stay here not being long, and walking with thee by faith, may we go forward on our journey undiverted from our course, and not much cast down by the ill accommodation or difficulties with which we meet. May it be our chief desire in living here to finish our measure of service on earth; and to depart in that vigorous exercise of faith and grace, which may be honourable to thee, encouraging to our brethren, and comfortable to ourselves. Then, going from all below, may we enter on our perfect and eternal rest; and leave our pious friends consoled with the joyful hope of a blessed re-union, and instructed by our words and actions, how to live, to suffer, and to die. And now to thy protecting love and fatherly care we commend the whole race of mankind; that part of it in particular called Christian; and above all the members of this family, who are here assembled. May their last thoughts, before their eyelids are closed in sleep, be given to thee; and may it be their first and earliest act when awake, to praise thee for thy goodness, O thou holy one of Israel. But ere we conclude, we would show forth our thankfulness for thy continued and unnumbered mercies which are 'as the hairs of our head,' or the sand on the sea-shore. Like the rivers of water, they are flowing down upon us in the morning, at noon-day, and in the evening; and even our own unprofitableness cannot prevent thy loving kindness. We pour out our souls in thanksgiving for thy care over us this day; for the bread we have eaten, and for the raiment we have worn; for the health of our bodies and the enjoyment of our faculties; for the assistance in duty, the deliverance from evils, and the supplier of grace which thou hast granted us.

"Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity; grace and peace be with us all, now and for evermore. Amen."

COMMENTARIES ON THE CONFLICT.

PART II.

The Ten Years' Conflict; being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. By ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. Blackie and Son. 1849.

"*Ten Years of the Church*" of Scotland, from 1833 till 1843, with *Historical Retrospect from 1560.* By JAMES BRYCE, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

It could not have been expected that the Call and Interim Regulations of 1836 should command the approbation and forbearance of all the parties whose interests were to be so greatly affected, and whose several positions were to be so strangely reversed by them. That one party should respect a metaphysical fiction so much, as to hold himself still a living patron, and this a competent law; or that another should accept as his sole solatium for the reduction of his presentation to waste paper, and of his qualifications to a *caput mortuum*, that his sufferings were not to be intensified by damning reasons; were hopes which could

not be entertained, one would think, quite unaffectedly, by the most sanguine projectors of this hardy experiment. We therefore think that it might have become the historian whose work is dedicated to its renown, to forbear his wonder that opposition should have arisen to his favourite measure; and that its merits should have been brought to trial where they were to be disposed off otherwise than in the windy warfare of Assemblies. We think, we say, that it might have become him to forbear his wonder at this result; and we think, moreover, that his wonder needed not to have been at all the more extreme that he should have found his first example of disturbance under the new order of things "in a quiet country parish, previously without a name in history, now about to become the birth-place of a struggle which will make it memorable for centuries to come." What Auchterarder town and parish may have been throughout their generations, is, we dare say, matter of perfect obscurity; but there is, by your leave, a Presbytery of Auchterarder, which has not been any more, than it will be hereafter, all without a name. And it is very much to the purpose to bear this fact in mind. For we can make bold to say, that all things considered, perhaps there was not in Scotland a Presbytery within whose bounds a vacant parish was so likely to yield the peculiar fruits of the Veto as this same Presbytery of Auchterarder. Nor was there a town and parish so likely to be a scene of strife in such an emergency, as the town and parish within which that reverend body held its stated meetings.

The Presbytery of Auchterarder had before acquired itself "a name," not yet quite forgotten in Church records, which may be reckoned to symbolize somewhat with its more recent pretensions to extraordinary energy of discipline. This was by the tendering of a kind of extrajudicial test or confession to its candidates for license, which on the complaint of some aggrieved probationer, was finally disallowed and prohibited by the General Assembly.* These first fruits in advance, might have been reckoned premonitory of the wealthy tilth which appeared in the zealous proceedings of the more modern Presbytery. It was there that very overture was prepared which first astonished Lord Moncrieff with the novel proposal of the "Veto by the major part of the heads of families." And the people of Auchterarder, town and parish, actually constituted the audience, whose ears were most frequently and ravishingly regaled with the praises of this great invention. There was not a more sounding trumpeter, to his honour be it recorded, of ecclesiastical freedom, and of popular rights, within the whole limits of the Church, than a reverend gentleman who performed at almost every meeting of the Presbytery and of the people within its bounds, on these rousing subjects. And this was the scene on which an early experiment of the wondrous virtues of the Veto fell to be made. Let wonder cease for ever, that the first strong temptation to try the real merits of such a measure, should have taken effect where a licentiate had to strive with all the odds that such a state of things created against him; and in common justice, let whatsoever there be of odious or strange in the circumstances that forced the destinies of

* For this Antimonian Test, see Acts of Assembly X., 1717.

the Veto to a crisis, receive transference to some other head than that of Mr. Robert Young. It ought also to be stated in fairness to a person, none of whose ambition it was we are sure, to get himself "a name in history" after such a fashion, that there were cases as nearly contemporary with his own as possible; *e. g.* Dron, Trinity Gask, &c., which would soon have been on their way to the like result, if the Assembly's self had not with an assurance, of which little can be said in praise, actually discriminated, on slight pretences or none, and chosen this example to try the strength and effect of their own law. We well remember the time when this was as freely the subject of remark and acknowledgment among persons who kept bustling in and out of the Assembly on the head of these partial votes, as if they were about the most laudable work in the world. In such cases the heart "knows its own bitterness" with a peculiar sensibility; and is most naturally indignant at its wrongs, when they are aggravated by partiality.

The Auchterarder Case then, whatever character it might have of a "fear" to many, could have had that of a "wonder" to none. No cause that ever went to trial, was accounted for so naturally. We have little more to say than we have said already on those matters, which came into discussion concerning the Veto, in the course of the memorable proceedings that ensued. But two salient points in the history of the Disruption come here for the first time into mark-worthy notoriety, and it belongs to the object of these commentaries to distinguish, by a special note, their appearance in the series of events.

They have advanced their peculiar claims by the *denominations* in which it pleases them to rejoice. We are always fond of allowing to men and things their own names—with reservation always of our right, when they pretend to meaning, to enquire how far that meaning is characteristic. We now therefore introduce two matters of mighty note, by their chosen denominations of Co-ordinate Jurisdiction and Spiritual Independence.

We have seen how progressively, and even how unexpectedly by the parties themselves, one claim or one pretension grew out of another, in the course of these contentings of the Church. It was a new piece of luck, and from an unexpected quarter, that added another to the commodity of good names, by which the Church was proceeding so fast to augment her titles and exalt her pretensions. The idea of a co-ordinate jurisdiction assumed at first the character of a metaphysical subtlety; and was a happy invention of the late Lord Jeffrey—concerning whom, in reference to this very argument, one who knew him well* remarked "that he knew his subtlety to be unbounded, and the fertility of his imagination in dealing with questions to have no limits." No doubt, the ingenious and powerful special plea of *Rutherford*, whose weapons of fence, then and since, have so greatly enriched the Free Church armoury, was directly suggestive of this felicitous imagination. His plea was, that the Church by refusing ordination to which she could not be extrinsically compelled, had it in her power to shut out the civil court from all right of interference with her, or her licentiate, or any of her congregations. The civil power could not

* Lord Brougham.

"ordain" a minister—a principle fixed, and certain, and acknowledged; and this, according to the learned Solicitor General, left the "astricting" clause perfectly helpless. In virtue of this argument the Church might have slipped out of any engagement. She could be "bound and astricted" to nothing whatsoever, the plea being ever ready, that by refusing it she was only falling back on her own jurisdiction. Her renouncement, by the mouth of her advocate, of all right to civil emoluments and advantages, only made the absurdity of her position more outrageous. What! had she not contemplated such matters when she made her demands and her powers the subjects of definition, as well as of assertion, in all her treaties with parliament and government? And had she not put them in circumstances to judge, with a certain precision and accuracy, of the conditions in which their countenance and their bounty were expected? To what end had she submitted herself to be "bound and astricted" to any exercise of her functions, but to give effect to the legal provision of her ministers and establishment, by statute?

Here however was matter enough to tempt a casuist to the most unlimited freedom of speculation. The sharpest intellect in Scotland instantly seized on the quarry on which the sagacity of the advocate had opened the scent. The doctrine of co-ordinate jurisdiction was elaborated by Lord Jeffrey in a style which cannot fail to command the admiration of every one who is willing to forget that the Parliament House also, has its two provinces of delicate and doubtful demarcation, the bar and the bench.

With a commendable gravity of announcement, and with an ingenuity of illustration which is above all praise, Lord Jeffrey thus stated the merits of this famous question. "I think we recognise in our judiciary establishment, *several* supreme courts of co-ordinate and independent jurisdiction; each of which has a specific and well-defined province, within which alone it has any authority or power of acting; and beyond which it has in no case any right to trespass, so as to encroach with effect upon the province or jurisdiction of another. This court in particular, possessing within its own province as large powers, both in law and equity, as any court can possess, has by no means an unlimited or universal jurisdiction even in questions of civil right. Take the case of a court of criminal jurisdiction for example—

"Is there any punishment which it can award, that will not most deeply affect the patrimonial interests of the culprit and his family? If a father is transported, are not the patrimonial interests of the children affected as well as his own? But does the court of judiciary therefore adjudicate on civil interests? Or can this court be called on to consider whether its sentences were illegal, because a strong civil interest might be advanced by finding that they were? In the same way, when the General Assembly *deposes* a clergyman for heresy or gross immorality, his civil interests and those of his family necessarily suffer to a pitiable extent. But is the act of deposition the less an ecclesiastical proceeding on this account? Or can it therefore be subjected to question before your lordships?"

It is dangerous to lay a heavy weight of argument on the weak back

of an illustration. Here, as is very usual in such cases, they manifestly break down together. It may happen in a possible case that the wrong done within the Court of Justiciary, cannot be redressed within the Civil Court. A life may be taken *without trial*, or any of the forms of justice, by some scarce credible tyranny of the criminal court, and that life will in such event be irrecoverable. But even here, all the redress which the wrong done rendered possible, would be competent. Every thing might be set right, except the strangulation of the innocent individual. A formidable exception no doubt; but only *one* power can restore the dead to life. Fortunately the moral strangulation, which was the wrong appealed to the civil court in the case of Auchterarder, was not in the same sense an irreparable damage. But we say in both cases the *want of trial*, or the fact of trial without the *forms of justice*, were matters competent for other jurisdictions to overrule and set right. A man untried, or refused a trial, cannot be condemned to die without arming all that remains of justice in the majesty of the law, or the power of the constitution against an injury so preposterous, let the court that inflicts the injury be what it will. A court of justiciary may declare the man so put to death infamous by his crimes, may declare his goods escheat, may doom his body to be gibbeted and to be buried in a crossing way, but all that is done will be reversed as soon as time is given for reparation. Such an administration of the law would be visited at once on the administrators, and every legal justice would be done to the sufferer's memory. His good name would be restored, his goods would be saved, his body ordered for honourable sepulture, and could he be brought back to life, not a wrong would be left him of which to complain. The truth is no two jurisdictions, of which the powers are exercised on earth, are so irrespective of each other as the wild argument with which we are dealing would have them to be.

But the application of the reasoning and its examples to the case of Auchterarder, is still a wilder speculation. The church and the law had actually been *so far associated* in this clan of transactions, as to have made the "trial of qualified presentees" a matter of mutual recognition—and the wrong here complained of, was that there was *no trial*, or that there was a trial proposed in which the maxims of justice were to go for nothing. And all this, notwithstanding it was seriously contended that no remedy, at least no plenary remedy could be had, except within the bounds of the very jurisdiction, whose partial actings had given ground of complaint.

These matters were disposed of in the Court of Session in the way that might have been expected. We presume to affirm that in not a single known case, was the majesty of the law, or the integrity of a court of justice, more perfectly vindicated than by the "judgment in the Auchterarder case."

For certain effusions of Erastian tone at least, that mixed with some of the deliverances from the judgment-seat, we neither seek to make an apology, nor do we require one to be made. Laymen will not always keep strictly within the terms familiar to ecclesiastics; and here all the merits were determinable and determined on grounds that required none to stand committed to all the views with regard to the nature of

Church and State connection, that transpired from one or two of the judges. Such effusions on one side must in justice be set off against many effusions of nonsense on the other, of which we think we have given a recent specimen. The judgment of the court was the legitimate repulse of an irregular irruption into that part of a peaceful and friendly territory common to Church and State, where they had long stood strictly agreed on the terms on which collation to the provision created for ecclesiastical purposes should be made. To this extent, no more, was ought determined; and spiritual independence remained as safe and intact as if Auchterarder had never gotten itself a "name in History."

When this famous judgment was declared, the bad humour of the Church took the since familiar step of a protestation, that find what man might, it was as much in the right as ever. What was it to the plump majorities of the "Assembly," now increasing yearly by free contributions from the multitude of churches that had in the meantime sprung into existence in virtue of Church extension, and into power in virtue of the Chapel act, that the judges of the land had issued their Erastian Interlocutor?

"Woe, woe for Scotland, not a whit for me,"

was all the cry; and the most seasonable occasion that suggested itself, it would appear, was none other than its loss of a cause on which it had entered a defence, for the Church's raising a declaration of "Spiritual Independence."

It was surely a strange time to choose for such a declaration. We are reminded of the school-boy whose glittering sixpence was exchanged for certain luxuries in a shop; the privileges purchased with his money were eagerly swallowed; but the sixpence to his extreme astonishment was not forthcoming, when he asked what was become of it? The Church must have law, but it must have more. How could it at once enjoy its feast of forensic defence, and judicial deliverance, and an independence, which, to be consistent in the plenitude of its character and pretensions, should not have known the inside of a court of judicature. If the Veto had been declared to be legal and competent, would any declaration of spiritual independence have troubled mankind at this juncture? But a broad hint had now been given, which would have made it extremely imprudent to enter the House of Lords, on the same precise footing on which the Veto party had ventured to enter the Court of Session. Their advance to the fight on that arena needed no preliminary flourish on the trumpet of spiritual independence. They had entered the Court of Session flushed with anticipations of victory. Dunlop is clear said one; Monteith has no doubt exclaimed another; the Procurator is (for once) quite decided, exclaimed a third; and have we not Lord Moncrieff on our side? chorused the whole convention of counsellors together. So, to enter the Court of Session on the integral merits, was as good as a battle won. But now, the wool-gatherer was come home shorn of his own fleece.

Care must be taken that this shall not happen again. The Court of Session has behaved ill; and it is possible that the House of Lords shall behave no better. Therefore we must be in circumstances, if we win, to

win everything ; and if we lose, to lose nothing ; in short we must claim "independence" of all that calls itself power but our own.

This happy disposal, in any event, of a lawsuit once entered, and now appealed, was the very panacea of suffering self-esteem. To be thus was to be indeed "*Superis superiores*," and to be prepared even on the heels of defeat to sing,

" *Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*"

This same declaration of independence was, time, place, and circumstances—cause, manner, and instrument all considered, the most wonderful emanation that perhaps ever proceeded from a deliberative Assembly. Without reference to antecedents or consequences, it might have been, what we believe it remains to this day, the Church's protestation for her spiritual rights. But in its intention, object, and application at the time, it was a blustering bulletin : designed to excite the people, to alarm the government, to control justice, and to frighten presentees. If it be read without reference to the matters in discussion, as we have now recalled them, it is so harmless, or so mere a truism, as to be even now left on the record without challenge or erasure. But if the meaning be given to it, in which it was intended to reach the ears and fears of all the parties concerned,—in the circumstances of its utterance, never was thunder more menacing or ominous.

Alas ! for its unavailing terrors—alas, for its reacting mischiefs. For the former, they were the thunderbolts of which Jupiter allowed his child to make his sport ; they might frighten, but 'twas no longer than till their mock majesty could be detected.

" Thus when on wanton wing intrepid Love
Snatched the red lightnings from the arms of Jove—
Bright o'er the floor the scattered fragments blazed,
And gods retreating trembled as they gazed."

But that which was only the mimicry of terror, while the lightning was a toy to play with, became a very sad business when it was attempted to be used with power, and to none so sad a business as to those who took it upon themselves to sport with it.

We have referred to the cause, manner, and instrument of this famous declaration. The instrument alone remains to be commemorated. That instrument, as an admiring world must know, was " *Ourselves* ;"

" What then remains ? *Ourselves* ! still still remain,
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain."

The author of the Ten Year's Conflict has the glory to his own share of dividing the crown between this illustrious exploit and his History. But inflexible or unconscious as Jupiter Olympius himself, the House of Lords braved all the terrors of the Assembly and its independence, and sealed the fate of the Veto for ever.

There were certain fillings up, to which every intelligent reader will have missed a reference in our outline of events. The General Assembly had been, for example, greatly enriched meanwhile in its *majorities*, by a series of devices all framed with an obvious application to this

very purpose. Every reader of the "History of the Ten Year's Conflict," must have remarked with what a triumphant finger the enamoured chronicler points to the swelling numbers by which his favourite measures were, one after another, carried in the Church Courts, upper and lower. A kind of arithmetical progression in this respect, gives an appearance of credit and respectability to the several measures, as if they were rising in reputation and favour, year after year; and as if ecclesiastical men were becoming more and more enlightened by all the wisdom of discussion with which these difficult questions were in the meantime illuminated. Alas! the triumph was none of the triumph however of mere reason and conviction, irresistible as mere wisdom ought perhaps to have been in the powerful expositions of the chiefs of the movement. They trusted to nothing more or higher than other mortals would have done, for the purpose of carrying questions by numbers. Contemporary with the Veto was the Chapel act; and by this one stroke of policy, before its merits could be even tested, it had secured the support and vote of every chapel minister in Scotland. Then followed the hospitable invitation of the Church to the body of Presbyterian sectaries to come and take their share in the blessings of her new liberties; and though the only response was that which was made by our esteemed Constitutional friends of the Old Light; we all know how surely that small contribution would go to augment the credit side of all popular measures. And if, as we are proudly told, Church extension became, by the extinction of Dr. Brunton, and the elevation of Dr. Chalmers to the new Scheme and the new Dictatorship, a rage and a fashion; alas! here again we seem to see the hoof of mere wily management printing its mark deep over all the ground. For if Churches arose by a rule of multiplication which within the Establishment at least had never a parallel, was not the cry of the recovered liberties of the Scottish Church, under her new created constitution, made the chief available plea for this great appeal to the people of Scotland; and was not the prospect a very flattering one, of adding to all Church courts, so large and so unanimous a dividend of ministers, who might be trusted to carry out whatsoever measures of a popular nature might crave their support? It is a fact very much to our purpose, that while the ministers of parishes were greatly divided concerning these questions, the ministers of chapels and of the Old Light Secession, and of the new churches, were almost wholly agreed; and that when the fatal severance took place, they all followed through the breach as unanimously as a drove of sheep would have followed the bell-wether through a slap into an exchange of pasture.

When Dr. Buchanan sums his majorities on what he calls these great constitutional questions, pray let his readers take the trouble to remember by what persevering encroachments on debateable ground these majorities were created: and how necessarily their quality was ascertained and provided for before one voice of which they consisted had time to make itself heard. Even the poor eldership must undergo a kind of decimation that the rule of subtraction as well as that of addition might come in for its share of these desirable results, since it was thought that all who came under the description of not being *bona*

sic working members of that body, would by losing their representative status, diminish the moderate ranks; while this consequence was sought to be still farther secured, by new regulations for the election of elders.

We are not now pronouncing judgment on the independent merits of the measures; although we might very truly object, that they served to introduce, as in effect they were adjudged to do, either vitious or uncertain elements into the judicial procedure of Church courts. But we say that they were introduced in circumstances in which they were not and could not be independently dealt with. The end and aim of their energetic prosecution was one; the strangling of patronage; the making away with an odious thing which could not be reached by the common forms of law. Their very suggestion arose out of the temptation of a certain state of things. The very discussion of them was a novelty in church courts; and they were obviously intended to create a pressure, by which patrons might be finally reduced to an abortive exercise of their power, or to none; by which the courts of law might be concussed into a departure from judicial maxims; or the High Court of Parliament be swayed into an entertainment of claims enforced by a simultaneous movement on the part of the Church and of the people. We are ashamed to say, that we fear it is even the fact, that the very charities of the Church in their high and holy application to universal Christian purposes, the conversion of the heathen abroad, and the instruction of the poor and ignorant at home, were more indebted to the impetus given them by delusive expectations arising from these ecclesiastical questions, than to the most eloquent assertion of their evangelical claims to support. If we understand Dr. Buchanan, he not only admits this melancholy fact, but he seems even to glory in it. He demonstrates and exults how the ascending scale of these contributions kept progress with every new step in the direction of popular ascendancy. No doubt to him and his friends it may be an object to convince the world that its interest in the cause of righteousness is to be estimated correctly by money. But when the appeal to mankind on behalf of even their highest interests, is not a single, but a mixed one; when their passions on one subject, are brought in aid of their duty on another; the question comes to be, whether something of a moral fraud is not committed; and whether by holding out high expectations from the efficiency of a church and establishment about to be emancipated (as was boasted) from all oppressions, by the liberal character of Assemblies, men were not brought over on delusive pretences to enrich her missions, and multiply her churches; instead of being won to the support of these great and holy objects on the single footing of their own merits.

Popeery and enthusiasm have created vast revenues by the very passions which they have roused; and who will say that the multiplication of their resources is any fair gauge of the amount of spiritual feeling that has been called into action. The present time is perhaps as good as any for telling Dr. Buchanan and his friends in firm language, that their money standard of value is one that must not be applied without many qualifications to spiritual prosperity. We at the same

time sincerely hope and trust that the reverend historian is boasting, so far mistakenly, of the species of feeling under which the schemes of the Church grew, and multiplied in *their* times of rule. He would fain "bind and astrict" them to the popular character and popular measures of the Church and her leaders. And as he expatiates with an unction all his own, on the happy effects that followed the replacing of one convener after another, by a more fervent and constitutional successor, we do hope that he means something less than to insinuate that the Church was never so much debtor to the single-minded benevolence of those who originated the schemes on the basis of an appeal to pure Christian principles, as to those who entered into their labour with all the advantage acquired by their zeal for Church reform. At least one exception we make bold to advance; the Foreign Mission was carried to its spring-tide, in the most perfect independence of party spirit; and the lofty eloquence by which throughout the country its interests were wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, never failed to enter its protest against every party or sectarian element that sought to vitiate so holy a cause by its intrusion. It may be a privilege in reserve for other times, if not for ours, again to see the missionary lamp lighted up with the same unadulterated oil; where party names and party feelings shall be reckoned a debasement unfit to mingle for a moment with it, on pretence of swelling its amount or heightening its glow. Providence will raise new Duffs for its own best purposes, in times when division shall prove unable to separate, even by a hair's-breadth, holy men from the great objects in which all such men should join hand in hand.

One word more of reckoning with the gentlemen to whom we bow adieu for the present, on the threshold of the collision in 1839, and we have done.

We blame them not for their aggression on patronage; but for the manner of it. Had they sought to co-erce it by getting the Call-rights extended or explained, as they have since been by Lord Aberdeen's Bill; had they sought to get the Veto itself made legal by competent means; nay, had they prosecuted the extinction of patronage by legislative enactment, their proceedings would never have drawn forth any commentaries of ours. The Presbyterian constitution is of a nature to be quite workable under any of these modifications of its government and its discipline. But such modifications ought to have been fairly created; not by a series of measures of the legal or competent character of which their very advocates it now turns out were never very well assured: as by transferring not alone the rights of patrons and presentees, but the Church's own right of collation and trial to new hands; by multiplying office bearers and ecclesiastical judges unknown to law or precedent; and by working the very extension of the parochial System to the confusion of all the bounds and limits by which ecclesiastical jurisdiction was hitherto determined. These were so many stealthy, or so many violent inroads on patronage; a power, which, however offensive, demanded protection by the same rule by which even an offending limb, or life, cannot be allowed to suffer but by a regular and lawful excision. Claims of co-ordinate jurisdiction and of independence,

belonged in the particular character to which they pretended, to the self same class of devices, and only aggravated the uncandid and suspicious character of that ecclesiastical polity which so soon proved intolerable to the community, (or as certain persons are fond of calling it, the State,) and to the laws by which the community is protected.

We are not portrait painters like the more ambitious of our two historians; but as commentaries without characters are reckoned rather dry, we too, we suppose, must try our hand; with a laudable resolution however, not to give our heroes and their admirers cause to complain that we are dealing with them after the manner of the man who painted the lion, under the lion's protest. We wish our brother painter, when he was preparing his canvas and his brush, had kept the moral of that fable more in his eye. The transactions we have traced so rapidly, called into exertion no small amount of energy and talent. If the Veto had not engraven its name deep in its own results, the fame of Dr. Chalmers alone would have carried it down to posterity. And yet perhaps none of its admirers contrived to deal with it more whimsically. First and last, he dealt with it very much as if he doubted whether it would add to his character to be seen with it, or its friends, in the march through Coventry. He began with doubts about it; he ended with a formal proposal to get for it a parliamentary stamp of legitimacy. "But?"—says Dr. Buchanan, "his mind was more happily turned to church *economics* than to church *legislation*;" in other words his optics were too dull to see the Veto ready made, in the mirror either of the law of the land, or of the law of the gospel. Well fare they that contrived to illuminate the darkness of perhaps the first orator of modern times, and one of the first intellects. In Lord Moncrieff too, the great measure found another "reluctant dragon" among its advocates. We are far from desiring to imitate the flippant style sometimes adopted towards characters who are too manly and owe too much to themselves and to society to be suspected of trifling with their own convictions in such high matters. But we cannot possibly doubt from the tenor of his Lordship's evidence on patronage, that it was his anxious desire to hush that alarming controversy by any measure that might at once abate an evil, and keep the people quiet. We know how the most powerful minds grow into acquaintance and familiarity with associations once formed, even when in some sort involuntary.

That by far the most efficient support to the measures which issued in the conflict, was given by these two great men, is very certain. On the same side of this controversy, justice will always be done to some names which suggest, however, a far heartier partizanship, while it cannot be pretended that they merit quite the same distinguished consideration.

The late Dr. Patrick Macfarlane was an excellent debater, luminous in expression always, generally clear and unembarrassed, in the arrangement of his argument and ideas. Dunlop, though not quite a Warrington, who belonged to an age of lawyers and Presbyterians worth fifty Parliament House gospellers of modern days, (if there be so many), did the cause he espoused extraordinary service; for indeed he brought to it all the legal research it could pretend to, and on several occasions

its most ingenious advocacy besides. Cunningham, who never seems on these questions or any other, to have known what it was to doubt, threw the whole strength of his sturdy powers into every discussion; but he was a logician of the order of Cheynel rather than of Chillingworth—fighting with straws as he would have fought with the Pope—and to adopt the language employed by Dr. Johnson in his character of the former pugnacious worthy; “He appears always suspicious of some latent malignity, and ready to persecute what he only suspects, with the same violence as if it had been openly avowed in all his proceedings, shewing himself sincere but without candour.” From the remaining crowd of debaters on the same side, we should have singled out, perhaps without his book, the historian of the Conflict as the next man of mark, for serviceable qualities both in debate and diplomacy. And why postpone another still farther travelled name to so low, or a lower place in the enumeration? Simply because that name belongs to a new section of these proceedings, and there will claim to have ample justice done to it. In the meantime we shall avail ourselves of our historic privilege of taking a short view of the opposite camp and its champions. The late Dr. Cook brought very peculiar qualifications to this controversy. He was naturally candid, and apt to conciliate; a character which he had established in the face of all mankind, by two sober and very impartial histories. A more formidable antagonist the Veto party could not have, than a man who knew, by anticipation, all the laws and all the facts which they could extract from any corner of the ecclesiastical history of the country. And so manly and firm and unequivocal was the stand that he made against this new policy, as inevitably to damage its credit with all who look to the testimony of qualified witnesses in such a cause. When it began to be observed that another more learned ecclesiastical antiquary still was clearly disposed to give the whole weight of his authority against the support which the Veto claimed from antiquity, that species of claim was manifestly doomed. But Principal Lee sought no prominent distinction in the actual conflict. If character, intelligence, and experience; if a mind always clear in its conceptions; and language prompt to give them ready utterance, ever rendered service to a cause, that service was rendered in a manner the most efficient and dignified by Principal Macfarlane. And in Dr. Mearns, whose exertions terminated in a great measure in the earlier stage of the conflict, the Veto unquestionably met its far most *detective* opponent; a speech never answered, a protest of which the succinct and perfect expression may serve for a kind of constitutional statute, formed his chief contribution to the controversy. This party had also its lawyers; in Whigham, a speaker of great beauty and ability; in Hope, a man whose researches actually exhausted the whole subject, and whose expositions of the law, whatever may be thought of many of his particular views and positions, most unquestionably did more to enlighten the whole country on the merits of the various questions embraced in the controversy, than all that was written and all that was spoken on the subject.

He, however, was not properly an actor within the ecclesiastical circle where these questions had their origin. We have not forgot-

ten that Dr. Muir brought certain elements into the controversy which had a separate value and importance, and which found some recognition in Lord Aberdeen's Bill, but the Doctor's appearance on the scene belongs to the same section with Dr. Candlish's, and that of one or two other later names in "the conflict." We should do great injustice to this department of the commentaries, as well as to the parties concerned, if we forbore to touch on the character of the two historians. As combatants in the arena of public debate, we do not pretend to fix their exact place and importance. But as the writers of the most extensive record of transactions on both sides which will probably ever appear, there is no doubt that they have both associated their names permanently with whatever importance may hereafter be attached to the events which they narrate. Of the two, Dr. Bryce exhibits the manlier spirit, and has made the more authentic transcript of facts. He discusses arguments without abuse, and handles the character of opponents without a sneer. If he is deficient in some other qualifications of the historian, and of the safe exponent of his own party principles, his praise, so far as it goes, is not qualified by any drawback of a kind dishonourable to his feelings or to his talents. His rival is more a master of style and keeping;—we wish we could extend his praise much farther. If we were to go into particulars of exception, he would perhaps glory in our censures, and place them to the credit of his zeal and principles, and thorough-paced anti-Erastianism. Be it so; we shall say nothing of him therefore, but as we shall have cause to show, or may have shown already.

A Pilgrimage to Rome. By the Rev. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, M.A.
Second Edition.

No one can imagine what Romanism is, till he has either gone himself to Rome, and made a careful study of her ecclesiastical peculiarities, or has received a careful report of those from some faithful and competent witness—some one who has enjoyed and improved full opportunities of looking closely into its mysteries and mingling with its devotees. There is as great a difference between the Romanism of Rome and the Romanism of this country, as between the towering of St. Peter's and a village chapel—as between a lion rampant and a sneaking mouse. Here the Romish Church shuns the eye of the spiritually free, Bible-taught, shrewd Presbyterian, whilst in Rome, it competes with Harlequin in gay pranks, and tinselled parade, and all to concentrate upon itself the attention of the people—a people, alas! without a Bible. It was most fortunate, then, that such a person as the Rev. H. Seymour—one so highly qualified, both as to character and education, undertook a pilgrimage to Rome at all; but it was singularly so that he should have thought of such a pilgrimage, just before the arrival of the Pope's representative among us, and yet prior to any suspicion being entertained that such an honour was awaiting us; for in this way, he has avoided what might have apparently

sustained the charge of yielding to warping prejudices, in reporting what he witnessed at the Romish head-quarters, and, by the same means, he also escapes the charge of stating as what is still existing abuses and absurdities now renounced.

We are all under obligation to him for his labours, both as a pilgrim and an author—for his gathered stores illustrative of that power ecclesiastical which so boldly threatens our liberties, and for the faithful and interesting manner in which he has submitted these to our notice.

The first thing peculiar to the Romish faith which attracts the attention of our pilgrim, is its monastic system; at least, that system as it exists in Italy. With great candour, he gives palliating reasons, which do not exist, at least, to the same degree elsewhere, for the immuring in that country of so many young women in nunneries; but he seemingly does not see that his apology for the Romish Church, in this respect, involves the strongest possible condemnation of its whole practical tendencies. "The Cities of the Plain" were not more deeply steeped in licentiousness than is that region of Christendom which has for its centre the dome of St. Peter's, and for its governor, spiritual and civil, the pretended Vicar of Christ. A great proportion, it seems, of its young men, choose to lead a bachelor's life; which they do, in many instances, in *genteel* convents—both convents and nunneries differing very much as to rank and comfort. Of course an equal proportion of young women remain unmarried; but such are the snares and dangers to which they are exposed in the society in which they move, that if they are not withdrawn from it, by some means or other, there is little chance of their retaining their virtue; so that to avoid open shame, they are thrust into *religious* houses, as they are called, where, at least, *outward* decency is observed.

Our Author mentions another circumstance which marks in characters of deepest infamy, the moral status of the subjects of this Italian demigod.* In some parts of the scenic representations by which the Pope and his clergy seek, at one season of the year, to instruct or rather amuse the people, the lights were extinguished, or at least partly so, with the view of deepening the effect sought to be produced: but it would not do; the darkness gave rise to such deeds of darkness in the churches in which these scenes were exhibited—churches filled with the *saints of the Pope*, and in the Pope's own hallowing presence, that the darkening process, especially as many English were looking on, had to be renounced.

Protestants were scarcely prepared for such a disclosure as this; yet when they come to learn its true causes, they will be no more astonished than they would be at seeing a corn stack in a blaze, after a torch had been applied to it.

But to return to the monasteries of Rome and its neighbourhood. Our Author says—

"It is imagined by some persons in England, admirers of the mediæval system, that the conventual or monastic institutions were great promoters

* Lord Byron's noble Italian friend gave him his sister as a companion, and Rogers, in his Italy, hints at the same Socialist usage in that country.

of charity and alms-giving. They have suggested that their establishment in England would be for the advantage of the poor, as they would collect around them large numbers of the destitute, and daily, as of old, mete out to each his portion of food." "The experiment, as exhibited in Italy, goes to give a negative, and that a very decided one, to the theory. It is found universally throughout Italy, that monastic institutions do not alleviate the poverty and destitution of the people." "Indeed, so far from their being generally palliatives of mendicancy, it will be found, that not unfrequently those towns of Italy which are most signalized by the number and wealth of their monasteries and convents are, in the same degree remarkable for the poverty and destitution of the population. In the city of Rome, where the number of these institutions exceeds all bounds, and where the monks and friars constitute a large proportion of the population, it is found necessary to raise subscriptions among the laity, for the purpose of relieving the poor and the destitute. So far as I have been able to form an opinion on this point, I am decidedly against these institutions; and I think it a fatal objection to them, that they check and impede the natural current of the charities or alms of the wealthy. Their number is so great, their demands so numerous, their objects so varied, that they intercept the flow of charity, so that which would naturally pass to the poor and destitute, passes into the hands of the monks and friars." "They are a sort of licensed mendicants investing beggary and mendicancy with an ecclesiastical character, not only drawing to themselves all the alms of the wealthy, but taking away all the shame of beggary so observable in other countries."

Much has been asserted of the happiness of the poor female inmates of these high-walled, iron-stanchioned prisons. A nunnery is said to be a place of calm and holy peace—a very type of heaven. Let us hear our author as to this.

"We were wholly unable to remove from our minds the impressions we had received of the real unhappiness and wretchedness of a nun's life. The impression was created by a number of petty incidents which, though small in themselves, yet when taken together, have considerable weight as betraying the real truth, so often and so carefully attempted to be concealed; and day by day this impression became deeper and deeper on our minds; and though on every occasion the nuns used to say they were happy, and though they mingled loud laughter with every sentence to show they are happy, and frisk about at the age of fifty like hoydening girls of fifteen, to prove themselves happy, and then, standing with their mouths stretched as if in a merry smile, and to assure the spectator their feelings are pleasurable.

"A gentleman who holds an official station in the Papal court, and, from the nature of his office, has been obliged to accompany the Cardinal Vicar in his visitation of some of the nunneries, communicated to us in private the impressions created on his mind. He was a man of years and experience, and the father of a large family; was a very domestic, amiable, and religious man for a Romanist; and certainly was the most respectable character as an Italian gentleman, it was our good fortune to meet in Italy." "He and his wife communicated many things which we could not otherwise have learned, and frequently, by introductions, put us in the way of ascertaining matters in which they themselves could not prudently appear. He used to say, that when novices became nuns at an early age, as eighteen or twenty, they seemed to be sufficiently happy, for two or three years at least; that for that time there seemed to be nothing re-

markable; but that when they became old enough to see and understand well what were the consequences of the step they had taken, and that now there was no hope before them, they soon gave way to sorrow and despair. He spoke with deep feeling of the effect of this on the spirits and appearance of the young ladies. He stated that the broken-hearted look, the shades of deep and indelible sorrow, the lines of settled and unalterable sadness, the expression of resentment and despair, that characterized many of these young creatures, used to affect his heart, sadden all his best feelings, and trouble his very dreams. He could not think or speak of the subject without such feelings that the tears would come into his eyes, saying that it was inconceivable the number of nuns that went to an early grave under this system. While they were very young, they knew not, as yet, the nature of the step they had taken; and if they lived through some years, so as to survive the feelings of a woman's heart, they generally went on in a dull, passive, monotonous life, spending a sort of inanimate existence, but that there were comparatively few who so survived. Those who awoke to the reality of their state, and thought of all the ties of home and affection, and their exchange of all freedom for the dull monotony and useless employments of the cloister, soon pined and saddened, and sinking into despair, died of madness." "Such a state of existence is not conducive to the growth of a true and healthful religion in the soul; accordingly it is found, that whenever there is religion in a nunnery, it runs into that wild and prurient thing that we rightly call 'monomania,' and results in the most extravagant claims to visions and revelations. It is the religion of madness."

We have already adverted to the deadly moral malaria which has penetrated almost every abode of the *hallowed* city, despite all the purifying influences at work, in the shape of holy churchmen. Let us now see whether this malaria has penetrated its convents and nunneries. The two following quotations will determine this point:—

"Every one who knows anything of Italy, and especially of Rome, is aware that the most debauched and profligate characters in the land are among these inmates of the cloister.

"I have already stated that an official gentleman, who at times was obliged to attend the Cardinal Vicar at the formal visitation of the monasteries, gave us some information on the subject. His wife informed my wife, that on an occasion shortly before our visit to Rome, they found in a nunnery which they named, and which was not *two minutes' walk* from our residence, that no less than four of the nuns were *eniente*. They were immediately removed to another establishment, the reverend confessor was removed elsewhere, and the whole affair was kept as secret as possible. It would never have been known, were it not that this nunnery was one of those whose inmates are occupied in teaching the young ladies of Rome; and young ladies *will* talk. And matters became more canvassed, owing to the impression that the poor confessor was only a scape-goat for a higher personage, whose guilt was to be concealed by the dismissal of a subaltern."

Mr. Seymour found to his surprise that the confessors of the Roman nunneries were generally *young men*. How mortifying to the devil to find himself thus dared by the young ladies and gentlemen of Rome, even when wielding his most powerful weapons against them. This arrangement, however, affords these institutions an opportunity of de-

positing a large amount of merit in the strong box of the Church. The following statement will harrow the feelings of the reader. The guilty persons should be literally buried alive :—

"But there are some establishments from which even this suspicion" of licentiousness "could never go forth. They are so closely kept that mortal eye can never see the *intima penetralia*. The '*sepulte vive*,' for example, viz, 'the buried alive,' are establishments of this kind. The young creature, as a part of the ceremonial of admission, is laid alive in her coffin, and when once admitted, she is in fact as dead and buried to her friends, for she is never allowed to see again any of them. Once a year, on an appointed day, the parents of 'the buried alive' may attend at the nunnery, and the young creature within may hear their loved and familiar voices, but she must never see them; and as no kind of intercourse is ever permitted, she can never know whether they are living or dead, except as she hears, or does not hear their voices on that day. If a parent has died during the year, the abbess assembles the nuns. She tells them that the parents of one of them is dead, and desires all to pray for the soul of the departed; but she never reveals the name of the dead, so that all the nuns are left in a state of intense and agonizing suspense till the one day comes round, and all listen to catch the tone of their parents' voices, and the absence of the longed-for voice tells the tale of the bereaved recluse!"

Who can tell what atrocities may be committed, and what agonies and outrages may be endured in these living tombs: and to think that one pretending to be the *Vicar of the God of Mercy* should lend his countenance to such Moloch-like proceedings!

Our Author gives us an amusing instance of a person taking the white veil. She seemed to be a *young* lady. She had a profusion of long and luxuriant curls, of rich chesnut-coloured hair, and was dressed in satin and lace, adorned with many a valuable and sparkling gem; but the romance of the scene soon vanished, for she proved to be a servant pretty well on in life, decorated with her mistress's jewels; but what was most annoying of all, the whole affair of the flowing auburn locks proved to be a *wig*.

The Pope would as soon have one of Guy Fawkes' barrels of gunpowder placed under the *celebrated* chair of St. Peter, as permit the operations of a Bible Society in Rome. And no wonder—the Bible is just an hand-granade which, when directed against the hay, stubble, &c. which his holiness has so laboriously piled upon the real St. Peter's doctrines, as sets all in a blaze. But God's word prohibited, the Pope must produce a Bible of his own. This he does by what are called "The High Ceremonies of the Church." They are thirteen in number: illustrative of the principal events and doctrines of the Gospel. It is a Shakspearean, or Saddlers-Wells mode of teaching religion; in which the Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops all engage. Such a theological hall may do for the Italians, who, as to such subjects, are not yet out of their teens; but, here, it would only suit our New-years-day or Christmas' holidays. But, by all means, let the Pope and his troop visit us, and in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey,*

* Or a corner of the Crystal Palace might be consecrated for the purpose.

go through their performances, and we will vouch for it, that all tendencies to Romanism, among us, will thereafter disappear, and that soon also all the wretched drivillings which, under the name of Puseyism has so disgraced the sister kingdom, so noted for its manly sense, will be cast forth as rags taken from an infected body. Our readers may not object to one of these performances, as a sample of the whole. We shall select "The Last Supper." It is profane; but it is proper to exhibit a crime in its details, if we think that we shall thereby prevent others from falling into a similar offence:—

"They," the Apostles, "took their seat all at one side of the table, which was narrow, having their backs to the wall and their faces to the spectators. The table was tastefully laid out, not as we might suppose the humble table of our Lord to be, but loaded with plate, and decorated with a profusion of flowers. The governor of Rome stood at one end, and there were many officials in attendance. At last the Pope entered, asked a blessing, and moved along the side of the table, opposite the apostles, so as to be between them and the spectators, the whole being so elevated as to be easily visible to all. A bishop humbly approached, acting the part of a servant or waiter, holding a dish of soup, and bending on one knee, presented it to the Pope. The Pope then acting the part of our Lord, handed it across the table to the first apostle, who rose to receive it. Then, again and again, another and another bishop approached, bent on one knee, presented a dish of soup and retired, and the Pope disposed of it as before. When, in this manner, all the apostles were served, there was a second, and afterwards a third course; there being a profusion of fish, and vegetables, and rice, &c. all served by bishops, on their knees, presenting each plate to the Pope, and then by the Pope in person presenting each plate to the apostles. All was concluded by a grace, when I retired fully satisfied with my share of the entertainment.

"As a scene of mockery it was sufficiently sad, and yet the sadness was utterly banished in the merriment occasioned by these dramatic apostles. They set themselves to it, as if it were the first supper they had ever eaten, and the last they were to eat. There was a voraciousness of manner, a perfect demolition of every thing to the very cleaning of their plates, that drew bursts of merriment from every part of the assembly. A good man would find it difficult to say whether laughter at the absurdity, or grief at the mockery of the whole scene, was the most natural effect produced.

"On objecting against all this, in a conference with one of the priests at Rome, sometime afterwards, and stating that there was nothing more likely to give offence to the English Protestants—nothing more calculated to impress them with strong repugnance against the Church of Rome, as a superstitious and idolatrous church—he replied, that their religion, and religious rites, and religious scenes were arranged for Catholics and not for Protestants; for Italians and not for English, and that it was found by experience, that it was rites and scenes that were most suitable to a Roman or Italian person, and that however unwilling to alienate the people of other lands, they yet were bound to adopt a religious system suitable to the peculiarities of their own." "On again objecting, that the whole act and form that had taken place at *Ara Caeli* was stamped ineffaceably with the characters of superstition and idolatry beyond all that we had previously imagined as possible in the Church of Rome—he answered by a frank and fair acquiescence in our views; expressing it as his own private and per-

sonal feeling, that he himself not only could not join in it, but would never be present at it, lest he should seem to sanction it; and he added, that he believed that such opinions as he expressed were held by the very highest authorities in the Church.

"That it was regarded as a part of the religious liberty of the people, that they should not be interfered with, but should be allowed to have their religious rites *as pleased themselves*—that the monks, whose numbers gave them vast power, *would lose their wealth*, and would therefore be alienated from the Pope if he interfered; and, finally, any interference would lead to some commotion which it were more wise and prudent to avoid; adding, with a most expressive smile, that he had seen the impudence and folly of such uncalled-for interference, when the English Bishop of Exeter had so unnecessarily interfered with a display of authority in the matter of surplices."

All this proceeds upon a principle well wrought out by the Romanists, namely, the principle of *accommodation*. When the Papal missionaries find access to any unchristianised people, they meet them half-way, so that they will only acknowledge the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. In this way their Church exhibits the grotesque effect witnessed in what are called dissolving views, when the two shifting scenes meet and mingle together, so that trees, it may be, are seen growing in drawing rooms, men standing on clouds, and rocks obtruding themselves into bed-rooms.

It is a notorious fact, that, with few exceptions, in Roman Catholic countries, the people are frivolous and demoralized to a lamentable degree; and that just as we pass from its more distant regions to the central locality of that system, these characteristics become more aggravated—the nearer the Vicar of God the less of godliness—the more of saintly show, of pasteboard piety, the less piety of the heart—the more holy water, the fewer holy works. Talking as a manufacturer would do, Rome, as an ecclesiastical establishment, has a mighty moving power, and ought to turn off a large amount of what is spiritually valuable and beautiful; but it would appear that its high-pressure power and complicated machinery do nought but destroy the material subjected to their operations. The mystery, however, is not a very deep one. Let us endeavour to throw a little light upon it.

Man is morally powerful for good to himself and others—happy and exalted according as he has been accustomed to think for himself upon the great questions which affect his own well-being and that of his fellows—according to the liberty which he enjoys of exercising that right, and in proportion as his love of *goodness* and the *good* exceeds his selfish fear of evil. On the other hand, man is unprofitable to himself and to others—is morally impotent and depressed, in proportion as he is unfitted to exercise his faculties upon his own great interests and those of society—as he is denied his right to do so—and in proportion as his love of goodness and the good is surmounted by his fear of personal evil.

This is the philosophy of human nature as concerns man as to his own well-being, and his power to promote the well-being of his fellows; and to this philosophy must necessarily be conformed every system

of faith really vouchsafed from heaven ; and, rightly applied, we will find it an ethereal spear detecting every false faith that may be found swelled and croaking at the ear of credulous man.

Our blessed Saviour, he by whom all things spiritual and outward were formed, recognized this philosophy in the faith which he has established. The central principle of that system is faith in Christ, as at once God and man ; but, though really the Son of God, does he call upon us to acknowledge his divinity simply on the strength of his own declaration ? or does he take man in his ignorance and natural superstition, and bring him under the power of a mere feeling or imagination, in place of a well-founded, well-tested conviction ?

Again, does he submit his credentials only to a select few, to whose report of them all others were on pain of damnation to trust ? No, he does the very reverse of all this ; openly, frequently, with winning familiarity, in the midst of mingling crowds of friends and malignant gainsayers, he produced an overwhelming amount of evidence for the truth of his allegations, as an ambassador from heaven ; and this evidence is of so simple a character, that the learned and the unlearned may equally well judge of its character and amount. The Divine One thus appealing to man as a high intelligence, gives him a true dignity, tempered with humility ; lends him a confidence guided by an hallowed wisdom. In reference to those, also, who may address us in his name, our Saviour put us on our guard ; we are to try the spirits by that word which is the dictation of the Spirit of truth. What innumerable appeals also are made by Paul and the other apostles, to the common sense and reasoning powers of those to whom they addressed themselves, and through them to us !

The gospel scheme is characterized by *humility*. This grace is to be especially cherished by those in spiritual authority. Our Saviour commends it to his followers by his example, especially by one of the closing acts of his life, and by the opening words of his earliest address.

But whilst *faith* is the central principle, and *humility* the characteristic feature of Christianity, *love* is its impelling power. It does appeal to our natural dread of evil ; it does sound in our ears the terrors of the Lord, assuring us of the fact, that an eternity of woe is awaiting the finally impenitent ; but its great moving consideration is *love*, love of the highest goodness, exciting an ardent desire to resemble that goodness, and to be filled with His spirit, and so fitted for His presence. This is the grand, the *ultimate* aim of the true Christian. The doctrine of the pardon of sin through a crucified Redeemer is inconceivably precious ; but still, it is not an *ultimate* but a *progressive* doctrine, and valuable only in its onward relation to that which is, in time, the cope-stone of our faith, glory being reserved for another state. Nothing, the Christian knows, will avail in the sight of God but a new creature ; so that when he finds that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death, he hails the evidence that his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life—that nothing shall separate him from the protecting power, because nothing shall separate him from the love of Christ.

Such are the exalting powers, and rights, and aspirations vouchsafed and cherished under the gospel. Under that system the Christian unites himself with what he conceives to be a Church of God, but he allows no body nor individual to come in betwixt him and his conscientious convictions of the truth. He has satisfied himself that *the Bible* is the word of God, and, consequently, there it is alone that he seeks for the infallible solution of all religious questions.*

But to what are we to compare the great mass, lay and clerical, which we call *the Romish Church*? It is like a great nursery establishment, including a vast number of children, with a vast body of nurses over them. The nurses, not by instructions, but by coaxings, deceptions of all kinds, threatenings and small punishments, endeavouring, but in vain, to keep them in order.

The Church is every thing to the poor Papist. It thinks, dreams, reasons, concludes, resolves, and acts for him. It matters not, as to spiritual things, whether his cranium holds, or does not hold a brain, he needs no theological bump. What he is required to do and know for his salvation, is reduced to the smallest possible amount. What he yields to his physician as to his body, he yields to his priest as to his soul. He is prepared to swallow any doze of nonsense, however gross, that may be administered, (such as the story of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes,) or to submit to any operation, in the way of penance, which may be ordered. Nay, such is the advantage taken of his sottish superstition, that he is cruelly held up to the scorn of the Protestant world, by being made to mumble prayers to the *High Intelligence*, without understanding one syllable which proceeds from his mouth.* By the same gross mechanical means, he is patched and brushed up for heaven, or rather he is prepared for the Pope's finishing purgatorial process—he is thus, in all its processes, the clay in the hands of the potter—a subject of the purest despotism. Need we wonder then, that the abused Catholic has, as to spiritual things, a trodden-down aspect, a timid look, a cautious gait. The priest, the priest, still haunting him. If he meet but his eye, he is instantly mesmerized.

This was all foreseen by our Saviour. He knew that amid the lusts of the flesh, the lust of *power*, that which made a Satan of an angel, is the most powerful and untameable of all lusts. He foresaw that, as with a wisdom equal to its daring, it takes all shapes, seizes upon all positions, assumes all characters, in order to gain its proud purposes, it would, after the authority of inspiration had been withdrawn from the

* Do the Popish priests ask, how can an uneducated man interpret Scripture for himself? Allowing, for the moment, that he cannot easily do so, still, is such a task not a thousand-fold easier for such a man than that of searching into and duly pondering the evidence by which the Romish Church seeks to establish its infallibility? But there is little danger of a serious-minded, though uneducated man misinterpreting Scripture, in any of its vital points; and he cannot continue to read and *study* the Scripture without becoming educted in the best sense of that word, for the Bible is at once the most *intellectual* and the most *intellectualizing* book in the world.

† The Georgians are not a whit more irrational, when, believing that a written prayer is attended to as long as it is kept in motion, put their written prayers into a cylinder, which cylinder is moved by the village water-wheel, so that sleeping or waking, their petitions are ascending to heaven, but then this arrangement does not support a priesthood.

earth, assume the spiritual character, and convert the temple of God, the shrine of meekness, lowliness, and grace, into a stronghold of frightful despotism, and hence our Saviour makes the sacred record to bear the strongest testimony against this heaven-defying, earth-desolating, and soul-destroying passion.

But the Romish doctrines, at once the most absurd and deadening to the conscience, are those which relate to the relative position assumed by the Church. They are framed upon a purely *mercantile* type. She is, it seems, a huge banking establishment, in which the *unlimited* amount of our blessed Saviour and the saints' merit is deposited. Sin is a debt, and one which can be liquidated only by suffering, or by the treasury in the Church's hands. But, by the way, if the spiritual treasure is *unlimited*, and if it is all stored up in the vaults of the grand bank of Christendom, how is it that any sin stands on record against any individual among her members; or against any departed spirit once joined to her? saving, indeed, those who may have committed, what the Church calls deadly sin. Were the Bank of England to be entrusted with an *unlimited* amount of specie, wholly for the feeding of the poor, and were there still instances occurring of starvation among the people, the result would be the condemnation of the directors of the institution; and richly provided as she is, does not sin lie at the door of the *Catholic* Church, when she permits the spirit of a single *Catholic* to pass hence without an unchallengeable passport to heaven; and yet the old heathen clumsy contrivance of a purgatory is still kept a-foot. Here is, at least, a seeming contradiction which Cardinal Wiseman, or our neighbour, Bishop Gillies, ought to explain. We press it home upon them. The question being, how is it, that *infinite merit* bestowed for the very purpose of covering sin, and placed wholly under the management of the Church, does not wholly efface *finite demerit*? These gentlemen will not say, that in every instance in which an orthodox soul is found in Purgatory, it must be owing to a shortening of the earthly gold to procure the needed amount of the spiritual; for we are told that one penny will rescue a soul from torment. Neither will they say, that this heavenly treasure of the Church does not lessen the necessity of purgatorial purification; for such a motion is incompatible with the practice of prayers and masses* for the dead; but it is flatly contradicted by the hideous doctrine, and the selling of *indulgences*—a doctrine and a practice calculated to break up every social bond of life, and to prepare the world for another deluge.

Let us see, however, what Indulgences really are. Our readers, most likely, know well how the sale of such ware proceeded about the time of the Reformation; how that *prospective* as well as *retrospective* indulgences were disposed of; how that the pardon of sins proceeded, according to a list of prices, founded upon their comparative aggravation. How that Tetzel and his friends secured a splendid feast for

* By the way, how easy it would be to settle the question as to the reality of transubstantiation in the mass. Let a few grains of arsenic be put into the wafer, before consecration, and then let the priest consecrate and swallow it. If the doctrine is true, the priest will have swallowed neither bread nor arsenic, but the actual body of Christ, and so will have nothing to fear.

themselves, by inducing the people to subscribe a sum for the relief of a soul that had called to him from the grave ! how that a Saxon gentleman bargained with that brutal vender of pardon, for a sin which he intended to commit : and then with his indulgence in his pocket, attacked the very vender of it on the highway, and seized his strong box with all its contents. How that it was said upon high authority that repentance was not necessary to render a purchased indulgence effective—that no sin could be too great for remission by an indulgence—that no sooner did the money clink in the box of the vender, than the suffering soul escaped to heaven. But let us do the Romanists justice. Such grossness it seems, in point of *form*, is not now to be met with in the indulgence exchange or market. In point of *form* we say ; for the more modern mode of dealing in the article is essentially as monstrous and blasphemous as the older, in use about the time of the Reformation. But we shall again put our readers into the hands of Mr. Seymour for more full information on the subject.

“The doctrine of Indulgences, practically considered, as now held in the Church of Rome, is as follows :—

“It is held that there are two kinds of punishments for sin, according as the sin is mortal or venial—repented, or not repented of. These two kinds of punishment are technically described as ‘the *eternal* punishment’ and ‘the *temporal* punishment.’ By the former is meant *Hell*. By the latter is chiefly meant Purgatory. I say ‘chiefly’ because the temporal punishment is also supposed to include fastings, penances, afflictions, scourgings, and all such sufferings, in this life, as may be supposed capable of satisfying, in any degree, the justice of God against the sinner. But as it is believed that few if any, beside the saints and martyrs, have suffered, in this life, all the temporal punishment due to their sins ; they are believed to undergo what remains of their prescribed punishment, in the sufferings of Purgatory. It is called *temporal* in opposition to *eternal*, not as merely belonging to this life ; but as being *temporary*, as having an end in Purgatory, in contrast to that punishment which has no end in hell.

“It is this temporal or temporary punishment in this life, and then in Purgatory, which is supposed to be mitigated by indulgences. An Indulgence is never supposed to forgive a sin ; but only to remit the punishment—the temporal, or rather the temporary punishment of the sin. It is never supposed to remit the eternal punishment—the punishment of hell. It has no reference to hell, and has no relation to such sins as are supposed punishable only in hell. An Indulgence is supposed only to affect the duration of the temporal or temporary punishment of this life, or of Purgatory, which it remits in part or in *whole* ; according as it is a *plenary* or a *partial* indulgence. A *plenary* indulgence remits at once and for ever, the *whole* punishment of Purgatory, and thus secures exemption from that infliction. A *partial* indulgence, that is, an indulgence for five, or ten, or an hundred years, is supposed to remit five, or ten, or an hundred years of the sufferings in Purgatory ; and thus to expedite the transit of the soul to Paradise.”

“While I was at Rome in the year 1844, the authorities formally sanctioned a work upon this subject. From the introduction to this work I extract the following :—

“Sin produces in the soul two most bitter fruits—*Guilt*, which deprives us of the favour and friendship of God ; and *punishment*, which prevents our enjoyment of Paradise. This punishment is of two kinds, one *eternal*, the other *temporary*.

"The guilt, together with the *eternal* punishment, is totally remitted through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, in the holy sacrament of penance, when we come to receive it, with devout dispositions. As respects the *temporary* punishment, so commonly, yet not always remitted altogether in that sacrament; it remains in a great degree to make satisfaction in this life; through means of good works and penance, or in the life to come through means of the fire of Purgatory.

"But who can penetrate the most lofty and secret decrees of God? Who can ever know how much the divine justice demands, in this present life, in payment of what we owe, or whether, through means of such satisfaction, the temporal punishment which is due has been remitted by God, either in whole or in part. And to whom will it not appear a tormenting payment, the making the full satisfaction in the fires of Purgatory. Ever blessed and praised be our most compassionate and merciful divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ. He has indeed conferred upon the holy Catholic Church from the time of its origin, the power of communicating to us, and of our participating in the treasure of the holy Indulgences, in the virtue of which we are enabled, with the least inconvenience to ourselves (*con leggierissimo nostro incommodo*) entirely to pay to divine justice whatever we owe for our sins; already remitted, both as respects the guilt and eternal punishment.

"This is a treasure which continues for ever in the presence of God; the treasure of merits and satisfactions of Jesus Christ, of the most blessed Virgin Mary and of the Saints,—that is, the value of the satisfactions of the Divine Redeemer, which were superabundant and infinite: and also of the Most Holy Mary, and of the Martyrs, and of the other Saints, which was not required for themselves for the expiation of their own gentlenesses. These Indulgences are called 'the heavenly treasure' by the Council of Trent.

"This doctrine, the Supreme Pontiff, of holy memory, Clement VI. taught, saying that Jesus Christ, together with his superabundant passion, left to the Church militant here on earth, an infinite treasure, not deposited in a measure of meal, nor buried in a field; but committed to the Church to be dispensed in a wholesome way to the faithful by the blessed Peter, who holds the keys of heaven, and by his successors, the vicars of Jesus Christ on earth. To the abundance of this treasure the merits of the blessed Mother of God assist as a help, and also the merits of the elect, from the first righteous one even to the last. Such treasures being infinite, have never been diminished, nor can be diminished,—being as a boundless ocean which cannot suffer diminution, by any quantity we can take from it.

"It is not however in the power of each individual Christian to apply this in his own mode, but only *when*, and *how*, and *in what amount*, greater or less, the Holy Church and the Supreme Pontiff of Rome may determine.

"By *plenary* Indulgences, or Indulgences in the form of Jubilee, which are the same in effect, only that in the plenary Indulgence in the form of jubilee, the confessors have the power of absolving from the more reserved cases, to dispense or commute simple vows, &c.—they remit the whole of the temporary punishment for which we stand indebted towards God, even though entirely pardoned; and this too in such a way, that after worthily receiving a plenary indulgence, if a person happens to die, the theologians affirm that they would depart directly to Paradise. They assert the same thing respecting the holy souls in Purgatory, when a plenary indulgence is applied to them by our prayers, '*sufragio noi*,' and is applicable if the Divine justice sees fit to apply it.

"From all this one may learn of how great a price are the Indulgences, of how great value and efficacy, and of what extensive spiritual advantage they may be to faithful Christians.

"Such are the doctrines respecting Indulgences, as now held and taught

in the Church of Rome. It will at once be perceived that they apply not to the guilt of sin, but to that which is practically of more importance,—namely, the punishment of sin. And it may also be perceived that it is a most important item in the matter, that an Indulgence of three hundred years must have reference to the punishment in Purgatory, and not merely to the temporary punishment in this life; inasmuch as the measure conceded, exceeds the possible space of human life, so that although such an Indulgence and all Indulgences may theoretically apply both to this world and to Purgatory, yet for all practical uses they mainly apply to Purgatory. And therefore dealing with the subject practically, an Indulgence may be regarded as the remission of the sufferings in Purgatory for the space of time which is specified, and consequent admission of the soul to heaven all the earlier according to the days and years accorded.

“It will at once be perceived that it is not a forgiveness of sins not yet committed, or a permission to commit a sin contemplated. The real doctrine is sufficiently objectionable, not to stand in need of any exaggeration. It is *practically* the assertion of a power in the Church of Rome, to lessen the years of suffering in Purgatory; and so to expedite the soul in its passage from that imaginary region to the glories of Paradise.

“And now to illustrate the practice.

“It is scarcely possible to form a just conception of the numbers and extent of Indulgences, the mode in which they are applied, or the facility with which they are obtained, without a visit to the Churches, the stations, the convents, and holy places of Rome. There is scarcely a church or a station, a convent or a holy place, there is scarcely a service or a ceremony, a profession, or other act of religion, which has not its own special and peculiar Indulgences; and these are so numerous and so easily obtained, that Indulgences for some hundreds of years may easily be secured by the religious exercises of a single day. It is a certain fact that *the religious efforts of a man, supposing him to possess the required dispositions, continued for one day, may easily secure indulgences for several hundred years!* A visit to certain churches that are privileged, offering a prescribed prayer at each; a visit to certain crosses, and images, and pictures, repeating some appointed prayer, or performing some prescribed homage, as kissing them, kneeling before them, &c; a visit to some stations, with the usual ceremony, entitle the person to Indulgences that extend through centuries.”

Most of our readers, we dare say, have heard of the *Holy Stairs* which are said to have belonged to the palace of Pontius Pilate. It is true that in a church in Germany they claim the possession of these same stairs, and denounce as a base imposture all pretence to the possession of the true and real *Santa scala* at Rome. The holy Leo the IV. conceded nine years Indulgences for each of the twenty-eight steps of the said *Holy Stairs*, to whosoever ascends them kneeling and praying; the devotee thus obtains an Indulgence of nine years for each step, and as there are twenty-eight steps, he may secure, by one complete performance, an Indulgence of two-hundred and fifty-two years.

The Coliseum affords another illustration of this system. At one end of it there is the representation of a cross, with the following inscription. “Whoever kisses the holy cross, acquires an Indulgence of *one year and forty days.*” In the centre of the arena there is a wooden cross, affixed to which is this notice, “Whoever kisses the holy cross, acquires an Indulgence of two hundred days.” Leo the XII. conceded

for ever; an Indulgence of forty years, and one thousand six hundred days, applicable also to the dead, for every time that they visit, during Lent, the Churches where there are stations in the manner prescribed. Furthermore, he conceded to all who have made such visits three times in three distinct days, a plenary Indulgence. In the index referred to, there are the days, the Churches, the Stations and Indulgences, carefully arranged thus.

"On Jan. 1, the circumcision of our Lord Jesus Christ, a Station at S. Marie in Transtevere, an Indulgence of thirty years and twelve hundred days.

"On Ash Wednesday, at S. Tabina, &c., an Indulgence of fifteen years and six hundred days.

"On the following Thursday at S. Giorgio in Velabro, &c., an Indulgence of ten years and four hundred days.

"On the fourth Sunday in Lent, at Santa Croce, an Indulgence of fifteen years and six hundred days.

"On Palm Sunday, at S. Giovanni in the Laterano, an Indulgence of twenty five years and one thousand days.

"On holy Thursday at S. Giovanni, a plenary Indulgence.

"On holy Friday, at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, an Indulgence of thirty years and twelve hundred days.

"On Easter Sunday, at S. Marie Maggiore, a plenary Indulgence.

"On Easter Monday, at S. Pietro in Vaticano, an Indulgence of thirty years and twelve hundred days.

"On Thursday, Ascension-day, at S. Pietro in Vaticano, a plenary Indulgence.

"On Saturday, the Vigil of Whitsunday, an indulgence of ten years and four hundred days.

"On Wednesday at Pietro Vaticano, an Indulgence of thirty years and twelve hundred days.

"Thus much will be sufficient to illustrate the system. There is scarcely a day in the year in which these Indulgences are not attached to some one or more churches."

There may be no royal road to learning, but here is, at all events, a primrose path to paradise. Here is a religion fit for a gentleman as Charles the Second used to say; one exactly suited to the Sir John Falstaffs of their day. Here is free trade, great bargains in spiritual things—Heaven secured at the price of old rags—a plenary Indulgence for kissing a cross! nothing can go beyond that. We should like to see a "Pilgrim's Progress" got up in this style by a holy friar or a learned Cardinal. Christian's path, in place of being an inconveniently narrow one, would be so broad as to admit a "banner'd host" to pass "in loose array;" and he himself would be a merry mad-cap, well filled with the spirit which is *not* from above; or would prowling about with not the most virtuous intention—taking care, however, to confess to his priest, and replenish his pockets with the Church's treasures, that he may be always able to clear off old scores.

But from the exhibition here given of the facilities afforded for eluding Purgatory, we do not believe that there is, after all the fuss made about masses, and prayers for the dead, a single one to be found within its bounds. But supposing that there are numerous sufferers there,

what a hideous idea, that the Pope and his Cardinals should be enjoying themselves over their delicious wines, whilst all these poor wretches are suffering, not that heaven so wills or desires it, but mainly for the purpose of giving importance to the offices of the Church. How can their spirits repent and improve under such circumstances? Their sole feeling must be boiling indignation against their unfeeling jailors. If Pio Nono could remit one hundred years of suffering, he of course could remit suffering for all time to come. There is no evading this conclusion.

Our author treats also of the following subjects—Relics, Inscriptions in Churches, the use of Holy water, the use of pictures, the use of images.

T H E S N O W - D R O P .

Emblem of purity ! I hail
 Thy silent coming here,
 When moans departing Winter's gale,
 Through hedge and forest sere.
 When clouds are dark—when things are dead
 On mountain-side and plain,
 Lo ! suddenly appears thy head
 To bid us hope again.
 To me, pale visitant ! thou'rt worth
 A thousand gayer flowers,
 That take their nourishment and birth
 From Summer's sunnier hours.
 The smiling friends of smiling years
 To memory these recall:
 With thee, pale bloom ! a friend appears
 Who well were worth them all.
 The friend who shares our Winter's woe,
 When fled our Summer bliss—
 Sweet snow-drop ! when I see thee blow,
 Thou bring'st me back to this—
 Go ! let the heart that never bled,
 With laughing daisies play,
 Or wreath a crown of roses red,
 Bright with the beams of May :
 And let the mind, by man's deceit
 Untaught to doubt or grieve,
 Pluck the gay primrose at its feet,
 And the green myrtle weave.
 Ah ! many a sad yet soothing dream
 The pensive snow-drop yields,
 To them that seek, by grove and stream,
 And in the silent fields,
 For emblems of the life they lead—
 Types of the ills they bear—
 Unheeded wrongs by which they bleed—
 Neglect—with none to share.
 Pale Innocence—forlorn—opprest—
 Yet pure amid the storm—
 Lays, kindly, in her sister-breast
 The snow-drop's fragile form.

The unconfessing Grief, that hies,
 Yet fain would shed its tear,
 In winter's houseless child confides,
 And, fearless, drops it here ;
 For oh ! 'tis like a breathed prayer,
 When outcast from our kind,
 With humblest things our pain to share,
 And ease the burdened mind.
 Hope fighting up a mourner's cheek—
 Faith rising o'er the tomb—
 Their own bright images may seek
 In thy impressive bloom.
 Thus, snow-drop ! thou art still to me
 Dearer than any flower,
 That haunts the shade, or paints the lea—
 That drinks the sun or shower ;
 For other flow'rets call to mind
 Past happiness or grief,
 Whilst thou, by nature, art designed
 To indicate relief—
 To tell the stricken and oppressed—
 The thousand sons of woe—
 " Amid the winter of the breast
 The holiest blossoms blow."
 Mute Preacher ! thou hast chosen well
 An undivided hour :
 All hearts are then accessible—
 No rival shares thy power.
 When leafless woods forget to praise
 The hand that clothes them still—
 When hangs no cowslip from the braes,
 No wild rose o'er the rill.
 Lo ! like a spirit from the bier,
 Bursting the frozen clod,
 We hail thy sacred presence here,
 Lone messenger of God !
 Whispering to the wintry wind
 That o'er thy bosom sweeps—
 " I come obedient to a Mind
 That slumbers not nor sleeps."
 Emblem of Purity ! I hail
 Thy silent coming here,
 When moans departing Winter's gale
 Through hedge and forest sere.

—PETER LELY.

THE RIVER .

It sprung from the green mountain's side,
 In a quiet shady nook,
 Where, drop by drop, its crystal tide
 Swell'd to a tiny brook.
 And often by its mossy brink
 The timid fawn would pause to drink—

And wand'ring birds would stoop to lave
 Their bright wings in its mimic wave—
 So placid in the summer ray,
 So like a sleeping babe it lay.
 On gently flowed the silver stream
 Upon its pleasant way,
 Murm'ring like music in a dream
 Its everlasting lay.
 Now rippling with the gurgling sound
 Of joy that hath no utterance found ;
 Now dashing petulantly on,
 Impatient of th' impeding stone—
 Like childhood in life's lovely spring,
 A wayward, bright, and gladsome thing.
 Swift and more swift in gathering might,
 Its waters swept along,
 'Midst laughing gardens of delight,
 And groves of sweetest song.
 Now with a wild impetuous force
 It rush'd a torrent in its course ;
 Now sparkling where the sunbeams glanc'd,
 In merry glee its waters danc'd ;
 Now dreamily it glided bye,
 Like youth in love's sweet reverie.
 With power increas'd for good or ill,
 It speeded on and on,
 Where smiling hamlets crown'd the hill,
 And golden harvests shone.
 Here it would aid the peasant's skill,
 And cheer'ly turn the village mill ;
 There bursting o'er the accustom'd bound,
 It carried ruin all around,—
 Like op'ning manhood's fitful day
 Of virtue's effort—passion's sway.
 And now in full majestic pride
 It roll'd a mighty flood,
 Where nobly rising by its side,
 A regal city stood.
 Fair to the sight from shore to shore,
 Ten thousand argosies it bore,
 While hid beneath its glitt'ring wave,
 Love, hope, and joy had found a grave ;
 Like the brave front bold manhood wears,
 Above his sorrows, toils, and cares.
 Again, beyond the city's roar
 It held its lonely way,
 Where radiant landscapes cheer'd no more,
 But arid deserts lay.
 Solemn and sad its dreary surge
 Moan'd like some wretch's fun'ral dirge,
 And sullied since it left its source
 By all 't had gather'd in its course—
 It sunk into the boundless sea
 As man to dark eternity.

Sidneyfield.

AGNES SMITH.

MACPHER'S EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXIII.

APRIL, 1851.

PROGRESS OF MECHANICAL SCIENCE,

BEING THE CONCLUDING ARTICLE ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Having tarried so long in the physical and geological departments, our visits to the remaining sections must be very brief. We next introduce our readers to section G, devoted to mechanical science. This has hitherto proved a very unmanageable section; and the reason is very obvious. In this utilitarian age, when science is regarded, not as the handmaid of a lofty devotion, but of selfish interest, it cannot be wondered at that a "gross utilitarianism," to use Chalmers' favourite phrase, should rear its head within the very precincts of the temple of science. The mechanical section affords greater facilities for utilitarian practice than any of the others. As it embraces all those mechanical arts which minister at the altar of Mammon, it is but natural that the votaries of Mammon should be glad to seize the opportunity of giving publicity to their wares. A widely-reported discussion on the merits of any mechanical contrivance supplies a cheap and effectual mode of advertisement. Advertising seems almost to be a science of itself, and its recent advances have been very remarkable. The very dog has been impressed into its service, so that he is to be seen gravely walking the streets of London with placards upon his back. Recently, the metropolis was also astonished by a shower of handbills descending from the clouds. When the passenger hastened to pick up the celestial scroll, he was not at all prepared for its treating of such sublunary matters—as tea gardens or magic strops. Advertising has attained such a pitch of refinement, that it is almost altogether independent of any real entity as a substratum; or to use the jargon of transubstantiation, the species may exist without the substance. It has been averred by competent authority, that for a man possessed of a thousand pounds of capital, with somewhat of the genius of George Robins, and with a conscience not inconveniently tender,

there is not a better mode of investment than advertisements. He has only to work up the scraps of his breakfast table into bread pills, or make an innocuous decoction from the weeds of his garden, and then get them duly advertised as cures for all the diseases that afflict humanity. While nine out of ten smile at such quack advertisements, if the tenth man is a believer, the speculation will pay if it be on a broad enough basis. Some scores of honest and respectable people are ready to swear to the efficacy of the remedies; and as their grateful testimonies crowd in upon the astute apostle of Hygieine, he is almost compelled to be a believer himself. It is sad to think of men making a traffic of the frailties of humanity, and a frailty, too, that leans to virtue's side, viz. faith; but the worshipper of Mammon will always, when he has an opportunity, laugh to scorn our "Divine humanity." This unclean spirit was so intrusive, that it was felt to be a difficult matter to expel it from section G, and thus purge the temple of science. It was no easy task to draw the boundary line between pure science and the many patent stoves, cisterns, cranes, &c., which crowded in upon the section, to reap the benefit of this medium of advertisement. Still the expulsion of Mammon was, on the whole, satisfactorily accomplished at the last meeting.

The chair was worthily occupied by the Rev. Dr. Robinson of Armagh, who was President of the Association the previous year. Dr. Robinson has gained his distinction chiefly in the field of astronomy. He has been long known as one of the most eminent practical astronomers of the present day. When we add the names of Lord Rosse, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Cowper, it must be acknowledged that Ireland furnishes a brilliant quota to the galaxy of astronomical names. The attention of Dr. Robinson has not, however, been confined to astronomy. His genius has ranged over the wide field of mechanical science. Indeed, practical astronomy implies a complete mastery over this department of science. To fulfil its mission, it must be ever in a state of progression; but its advance is limited by the progress of mechanics, so that an astronomer, to see his way to higher achievements, must first ascertain what the mechanical arts can do for him. Hence we generally find that a good astronomer is a man of consummate mechanical skill. No tradesman ever handled tools with such skill as Sir Isaac Newton. Sir William Herschel executed all the finer parts of his instruments with his own hands. And Sir John has inherited the skill of his father. He thought nothing of taking out the speculum of his large telescope at the Cape, and repolishing it every now and then to keep it up to the same degree of brilliancy—a feat from which an ordinary astronomer would shrink with fear and trembling, lest he should do irreparable damage to his instrument.

We have, in the case of Lord Rosse's achievements, the most striking illustration of the drafts of astronomy upon mechanical science. All the apparatus exhibits triumphs of mechanical skill; but more especially the wonderful machinery by which enormous specula may be ground and polished, with the greatest accuracy, to the true parabolic figure. This machine far outstrips the accuracy of the human hand. It is the rarest of mechanical accomplishments to polish a speculum

so perfectly that nothing more can be desired. It is said that there is only one man in the metropolis who comes at all near perfection, and that only in the case of small specula. Strange, this man is blind, but nature's compensation has been so complete, that the delicacy of two senses has been concentrated in one, viz. touch. But even this abnormal delicacy of the human hand cannot match the machinery of Lord Rosse. His grinding and polishing apparatus is capable of finishing a six foot speculum in six hours, and that with the utmost precision. We can appreciate the prodigious delicacy required when, in a mass of metal as large as a mill-stone, and six tons in weight, the thickness of a sixpence from the true figure is total destruction, and the pressure of the hand may completely distort the figure, though one would naturally suppose that no such pressure could change the figure of a disc of metal six inches thick. The mechanism is, however, so complete, that perfect reliance can be placed upon it down to the most infinitesimal quantities; and unless this mechanical feat was accomplished, the discoveries of astronomy in the remoter regions of space would be at a stand-still. Upon the delicate polishing of a piece of metal depended the discovery of those stupendous firmaments, whose strange spiral forms bewilder the mind, and baffle the most ingenious speculator in his attempts to adapt them to his hypothesis. We have singled out astronomy to illustrate the dependence of science upon the skill of the mechanician; but any department of science would serve almost equally well to illustrate the same point. Every new advance in science requires more refined methods and more delicate instruments for the measurement of those minute residual quantities on which the progress of science so much depends.

Among the distinguished names belonging to this section, Mr. Lassells of Liverpool deserves a prominent place. His history in connection with the study of astronomy is a most instructive one. It shows what may be done by gathering up the fragments of time that are so frequently lost, even in circumstances apparently the most unfavourable. He is a Liverpool merchant who, some years ago, began to devote some of his spare time to the study of astronomy, and the construction of telescopes. He probably started without the slightest idea that his labours would be of any service to science—no doubt feeling that he would have an abundant reward in his own personal gratification. Indeed, it is this love of science for its own sake, that constitutes the essential element of all true greatness in science. He who woos science not from a generous impulse of the heart, nor to satisfy a want in his soul, but from the prospect of mere conventional distinction in the world, seldom rises to any marked eminence. Mr. Lassells seems to have been embued with the spirit of a true lover of science, and has unconsciously wrought out for himself a proud distinction in the ranks of science. Although he has never attempted specula so large as the monster one of Lord Rosse, he has polished some of surprising excellence in regard to defining power. He has also adapted an equatorial motion to his large telescopes, which works with great smoothness and accuracy. It has always been a great desideratum to adapt such

motion to large telescopes, but the attempts before Mr. Lassells' time were by no means very successful. In a telescope with a common stand, the observer, in following a star, must give two motions to the telescope—one to the right or left, and the other up or down. This is found very inconvenient when delicate measurements are to be effected, and the object kept for some time in the field of view. The equatorial movement is designed to obviate this inconvenience. The axis of the stand is so inclined, that only one motion is required, and this can be communicated by a clock which moves the telescope at the rate of the star—so that when the object is once brought into the field of view, it may be kept for any time without touching the instrument. Of course, in a large instrument great difficulty is found in poising it, so that it can be moved smoothly, and with ease. Mr. Lassells seems to have been very successful in overcoming the difficulty—though his chief merit lies in the casting and grinding of specula. Perhaps there is no branch of mechanics which tempts so many amateurs as the grinding of specula. And what is more remarkable, the amateur usually beats the professional worker hollow. At least all the most distinguished makers of specula have been amateurs—men who turned aside from some pursuit altogether alien to specula and telescopes. The famous Short, though he afterwards devoted himself to telescope-making, as a profession, was at first destined for the Scotch Church. Sir William Herschel commenced his career as a humble votary of music, having come over to this country, as drummer in the Hanoverian regiment of Guards, and afterwards officiated for some time as leader of the band in the Pump Room of Bath. Mr. Ramage of Aberdeen, who made some of the largest telescopes ever executed, was, if we remember well, also a mere amateur. Mr. Morton of Kilmarnock, to whose enthusiasm and delicate manipulation we can bear testimony, plied the shuttle as a profession, while he polished specula as a recreation, and, lastly, we have the two most distinguished names of the present day—Lord Rosse and Mr. Lassells, both of whom took to the grinding of specula as an amusement. They have not only gained the personal gratification which they sought, but the one has decked the peerage with a new laurel, and the other has added a new dignity to the counting-house. Science has thus from sources the most unlikely gained the most valuable acquisitions at the present day.

Mr. Lassells made only one communication, though he occasionally joined in the conversation. The subject of his paper was, "A new method for supporting a large speculum, free from sensible flexure in all positions." He illustrated the subject by a model, and in the opinion of the President of the section, who is, perhaps, the best authority on the subject, the plan is admirably calculated to remedy a defect very much felt in large telescopes. We have already stated, that the very pressure of the hand is sufficient to disturb the delicate figure of a mirror, and consequently, we must expect that the same result should be produced by its own weight. When the six foot speculum of Lord Rosse is set up on edge, so that it rests on one point, the pressure on that point is six tons—a pressure quite sufficient to produce the most serious distortion. The ingenuity of the practical astronomer has been

exhausted in applying remedies for this defect ; but the success hitherto has not been such as could be wished, and the evil is all the greater, that the defect increases rapidly with the power of the instrument. The great object to be accomplished, is the distribution of the pressure equally so that there may be no tendency to distortion. The matter may be very well illustrated by the case of a floating body. When a ship floats, she is supported equally at every point in the water, so that there is no tendency to flexure—but if when the tide ebbs, she rests upon two rocks, the one at the stem and the other at the stern, there is a dangerous tendency to sink down in the middle, and though there be no fracture, yet there must be some amount of downward flexure ; and this is the very thing to be obviated in heavy specula. The hydrostatic bed of Dr. Arnott, to whom humanity owes a deep debt of gratitude, also affords a similar illustration. The body of the invalid in a common bed rests more on certain parts than others—the pressure not being equally distributed, and the consequence is, that mortification and sloughing often ensue. This is obviated by making the patient float upon water, so that every part of the body shares in the support. A water-proof fabric is placed between the patient and the water, but so loosely, that it does not interfere with the action of the hydrostatic principle. If the speculum was made in like manner to float in mercury, the support would be perfect, and there would be no tendency to flexure. But the floating position would suit only objects in the zenith. In practice, the speculum must be tilted up in every position, from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and the difficulty lies in contriving a system of support which will suit these varying positions. In practice, numerous springs are frequently employed to distribute the pressure. Sir John Herschel has employed a bed of woolen cloth with success, as the fibres act as springs ; and Lord Rosse employs a system of balls and levers. In Mr. Lassells' plan, there are eighteen levers, on the ends of which the speculum hangs, as on so many pegs, so that there is a pretty equal distribution of the pressure. The levers are so adjusted, that they exert their power in proportion to the varying inclination of the speculum.

Very often a mania for specula grinding exists without a corresponding enthusiasm for practical astronomy. This, however, is not the case with Mr. Lassells. He makes good use of the instruments he has constructed, and his enthusiasm has been rewarded by some important astronomical discoveries. He has discovered a satellite of Neptune, and a certain appearance about the primary, that has led to the suspicion of its being a ring. He also claims the honour of discovering Hyperion, the eighth in the order of discovery of the satellites of Saturn. This discovery affords one of the most singular coincidences in the whole range of physical science. This minute body was first revealed to human vision, at the same instant, to two observers, between whom the wide Atlantic rolled. Mr. Lassells, in Liverpool, and Professor Bond, in Cambridge, United States, chanced to direct their telescopes to Saturn, on the night of September 19, 1848, and instantly the stranger was detected by both of them. This circumstance is much more remarkable than the almost simultaneous indication of

the position of Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier, for in this last case there was a general belief previously in the existence of an unknown planet, and the scent was pretty strong for tracking it to its cover. It is matter of less surprise, therefore, that two astronomical Nimrods should start the game almost at the same instant. In the case of the satellite of Saturn, there were no previous indications calculated to invite special scrutiny, and consequently the coincidence is all the more wonderful. If, in addition to this, we take into account a still more recent discovery, a pretty strong case might be made out for a mesmeric rapport between Lassells and Bond. This last discovery refers to an additional ring round Saturn. Mr. Bond was the first to discover it, but Mr. Lassells had detected it before the American discovery was announced. It is fair, however, to state, that Mr. Bond has the undoubted claim of having his name always associated with the ring as the discoverer of it. Mr. Lassells, when he discovered it, did not pronounce it a ring. He thought it was only a portion of the outer ring, of a darker shade. He compared the new ring to a portion of the outer one, covered with crape. Mr. Bond first declared it to be an independent ring, and his courage, in making the legitimate deduction from the appearance presented to him, entitles him to the distinction of discoverer. It is on the same ground that the honour of the discovery of the composition of water is due to Watt. Cavendish had the very same facts before him, and so had Priestley, but Watt alone had the courage to pronounce the word "compound." He had strength of mind to burst the shackles of the Past, and boldly to declare, that one of the ancient elements was a compound of two gases. The merit of a discovery more frequently lies in the logical deduction than in the revelation of the objective fact.

The next name that claims our notice in this section, is that of Mr. Nasmyth, the Manchester engineer. He too, is an enthusiast in specula and telescope stands. He acknowledged that he caught the infection from Lassells, or to use his own expression, that he was bit by him. In his difficulties, Mr. Lassells had recourse to Mr. Nasmyth, as being familiar with castings on a large scale; and no doubt, the enthusiastic merchant derived many a valuable hint from the practical engineer. Indeed, one of the most valuable parts of the process of casting adopted by Mr. Lassells, is due to Mr. Nasmyth, viz. the feeding and inclination of the mould. One of the most fatal difficulties in casting specula consisted in the air bubbles which were entangled in the bottom of the casting. After innumerable trials, Lord Rosse obviated the difficulty, by forming the bottom of the mould of iron hoops packed close together, so as to allow the air to escape, and yet keep in the molten metal. Indeed, this is claimed as the greatest merit of his mode of casting. Mr. Nasmyth however asserts, that he finds an ordinary mould serves equally well, if at first it be somewhat inclined and allowed as it fills to regain the horizontal position.

Mr. Nasmyth was probably the most popular man that figured at the last meeting of the Association. Whenever he spoke he was received with applause. He is an Edinburgh man, and no doubt the metropolis was proud to acknowledge the distinction of one of her sons. But

his popularity had a more solid basis than this. He had a bluff, hearty, outspoken manner about him, which took exceedingly well as a relief from the stiffness and formality of the regular *savant*. He had nothing of the air, and not much of the pretensions of the *savant*. He looked rather like a live Cyclops fresh caught from his forge. His illustrations were all taken from the foundry, and as he manipulated with the demonstrating wand, representing the shaft of a steam engine, you could fancy that you heard the ringing of the tilt hammer, and the wheezing of the puddling furnace. He is well-known to all practical mechanics by the invention of his tilt hammer, and his more recent improvements in the forging of iron. These improvements are characterised by extreme simplicity; and when he explained the process, one felt it surprising that it was never hit upon before—but this feeling is the best tribute to true genius. Steam-boat shafts frequently give way, on account of imperfections in the welding. By the ordinary process, the fibres of the iron are loose and rotten in the centre, so that the thickness is no indication of the strength. By the ordinary process, the shaft, in forging, is laid upon a *plane* anvil, and then receives a blow from the hammer. The effect of this is to flatten and squeeze out *from* the centre, instead of consolidating the iron *towards* the centre. The same process is continued as the shaft is turned round, so that the texture at the centre is fibrous and unconsolidated. This is obviated in a very simple way. The shaft is laid not upon a flat anvil, but on one in the form of a hollow wedge, or Y, so that it rests upon two points, and when struck, there are three forces directed to the centre. Our unprofessional readers may regard this as a very common-place matter, but some swarthy Cyclopean forms that sat near us, and who had their attention rivetted evidently by professional interest, could not restrain the expression of their delight. The climax of their admiration was that “it beat the tilt hammer hollow.” Mr. Nasmyth’s most valuable communication was one in reference to a new telescope stand. The delicate yet massive castings in our great foundries have produced a revolution in astronomical instruments. The locomotive engine is, perhaps, the most wonderful achievement of mechanical art, as it must possess prodigious strength, while all its fittings must be as nice as those of a watch. Astronomy has not been slow to avail itself of these improvements. The immense unwieldy stands which were the greatest vexation and impediment to the astronomer will now give way to stands, which while they possess the requisite steadiness, may be moved with comparative ease. Mr. Nasmyth’s stand is similar to the turntable used at railway stations, for changing carriages from one line of rails to another, and by means of a winch, the observer can turn the whole round without leaving his seat. His greatest, at least most novel improvement, has reference to the telescope itself. In the common form of the telescope, the observer, to whatever end he applies his eye, must follow all the motions of the telescope. For example, in Lord Rosse’s telescope, if he observes a star in the horizon, he stands on the ground. If he is to observe one in the zenith, he must mount aloft to the dizzy height of 60 feet. Even in a small telescope, an observer must often place his head in very constrained positions, unfavourable to the eye.

avourable to satisfactory and delicate observation. Mr. Nasmyth obviates all this, by placing the eye-glass in a part of the telescope which never shifts its position relatively to himself. This, of course, must be in the axis in which the telescope turns. The subject will be easily understood by reference to the manner in which a great gun is hung upon its carriage, which the telescope exactly resembles. In the ordinary forms of the telescope, the observer applies his eye either to the breech or the muzzle, but in Mr. Nasmyth's the eye is applied to the arm or trunnion on which it is hung. While the gun is raised or lowered, the trunnions always retain the same elevation, so that the observer has not to change his position, in whatever way the telescope may be pointed. The axis or trunnion is of course hollow, and there is a mirror placed in the tube of the telescope, so as to cast the image through the hollow arm to the eye. The observer, with his hand on the winch, and his eye applied to the axis, may view every part of the heavens without leaving his seat. The great drawback is, that an additional mirror is required, and as some light is lost in every reflection, a considerable disadvantage is felt in the dimness of the image. The question resolves itself into a balance of advantages and disadvantages, but we have no doubt, that for popular observation, at least, Mr. Nasmyth's form of telescope will come much into use.

Mr. Nasmyth exhibited a model of the moon's surface, and gave his theory of the disruptive and volcanic agencies apparent upon its surface. His speculations are by no means novel, but his illustrations were so fresh and striking, that an old theory assumed a new aspect. His familiarity with all forms of molten masses did him good service. He spoke as familiarly of the central heat and lava floods as if he had served an apprenticeship to Vulcan, under Mount *Ætna*, and had been admitted to the secrets of all nature's subterraneous processes. He reduced world-making to the operations of a foundry, and regarded planets as castings on a large scale. It was in this point of view that he dealt with the appearances of the moon's surface. The moon is regarded as a globular casting, divested of its mould. When it began to cool, the surface would be first consolidated. The molten centre would thus be enclosed in a rigid shell or crust. But the crust cooling faster, would contract more rapidly than the molten nucleus, so that the moon would be "hide bound,"—its skin being too tight for it. The crust would give way at the weakest point, and the cracks would radiate from this point as in the remarkable case of the great crater *Tycho*. He illustrated this point by filling a glass globe with warm water, and suddenly plunging it into cold water. The glass contracting more rapidly than the contained water, was cracked at a weak part, and all the cracks radiated from this centre. In the case of the moon, the molten lava would burst out at the central point, and also ooze out at all the cracks. Now it is found, that those rays that proceed from *Tycho*, are not streams of lava, pouring over the boiling caldron. They are actual cracks in the moon's crust, with the lava pressed up from beneath. This point is clearly established by observation. The hide-binding process would be more remarkable in the moon than in the earth, as the cooling surface would be greater in proportion to the molten mass.

This depends on the mathematical principle, that the surface of a sphere does not diminish so rapidly as the solidity. The volcanic action in the moon would therefore be more intense, and we do find, in looking through a telescope, that the great proportion of its surface is pitted with circular cavities, which are evidently extinct volcanos. These volcanic craters are, however, immensely larger than any found on the surface of the earth. Tycho, for example, is fifty miles across, and 17,000 feet deep, the bottom of the crater being far below the general level of the moon's surface. The evidence of prodigious disruptive power may be accounted for by the circumstance, that a given force would produce results far more extensive in the moon's surface than on the surface of the earth, and this is accounted for by the smaller mass of the moon. The heaviest stones upon the earth's surface would, if transported to the moon, be lighter than cork, so that we can hardly be surprised that the internal explosive force should at once blow out from the crust masses of rock, measuring some hundred cubic miles. The more rapid contraction of the crust than the molten globe within constitutes the first period. As the refrigeration went on after the consolidation of the crust, the molten mass would contract more rapidly, and would have a tendency to leave an empty space between its surface and the under surface of the crust. This would cause the crust, in accommodating itself to the retreating mass below, to wrinkle, just as the too capacious skin of an apple wrinkles when the apple begins to shrink. These wrinkles on the moon's surface constitute mountain chains. This is the theory of Mr. Nasmyth, which was made very attractive in the delivery, by his rough eloquence, and his graphic illustrations. His description of the splashing and sputtering of the liquid lava was quite exciting, and was exceedingly relished, especially by the ladies at the promenade in the Music Hall, where he kindly consented to deliver the lecture a second time. At this meeting we were very much struck with the delight communicated to a popular, or indeed, any audience, by some unexpected proof of design in nature flashing on the mind. The lecturer spoke of the final cause of the moon in reference to the earth, and alluded to its sanitary influence. The figure he used was somewhat grotesque, but it had quite an electric effect. He compared the moon to a mighty scavenger, with the tides for a broom, sweeping away the pestilential filth of our cities, and clearing our atmosphere. This novel illustration of design was received with a loud burst of applause.

The above theory is nearly the same as that of M. Elie de Beaumont, who has gained an illustrious name in science by his researches in the cosmical departments of geology. He has recently pushed his theory further in reference to the earth, and has endeavoured to prove that it has consolidated into a regular geometrical figure, bounded by planes marked off by the great mountain ranges. That there is a remarkable degree of symmetry and regularity in these mountain chains has long been remarked, but we suspect that it will require a good deal of straining to accommodate them to the new hypothesis. There is however a good deal of plausibility in the theory. When the wet clay of a dried-up pool is exposed to the influence of the sun, it cracks in va-

rious directions; but a considerable amount of symmetry is observed. The figures evidently affect an hexagonal form, and it can readily be shown why this figure should be assumed. Basaltic columns, which are regarded as refrigerated masses of lava, also assume the same form. And if we regard the earth as a great globe of lava in the process of cooling, we would from analogy be led to expect a similar symmetry in the great lines of dislocation. If this hypothesis should prove to have some basis to rest upon, it will be hailed by the followers of Oken as another proof of his inspiration. Some of his wild guesses at truth have been strangely fulfilled; and it is well known that in his philosophy the earth is regarded as a great crystal. Mr. Hopkins, who has applied a refined analysis to the internal constitution of the earth, dissents from the views of Nasmyth and De Beaumont. But it would lead us to too wide a digression to pursue the subject further. We would only remark in leaving this topic, that the study of the moon's surface is likely to throw much light on geological questions. There is no doubt a vast difference in the aspects of the two bodies; but it is this difference that is so instructive. It exhibits to us a phase of our own planet's former condition that would have for ever remained a secret had we not the mirror of the moon to reflect it back to us from the depths of past time.

An animated discussion took place in this section on the subject of tubular bridges. It originated in a note, which Sir David Brewster communicated from M. Jules Guyot, claiming the priority of invention. This, of course, at once opened up the great controversy between Stephenson and Fairbairn, in reference to their relative merits in the construction of the great Menai Bridge. This is a subject which has excited a very general interest; and men of science have ranged themselves in opposite sides with the spirit of keen partizanship. As is usually the case, the greater number have ranged themselves on the side of the party who has proclaimed himself aggrieved and injured. Besides the benevolent sympathy that this manifests, there is often another feeling at work. No doubt a secret pleasure is sometimes felt in clipping the wings of a too lofty aspirant. In the mechanical section, it was plain that the tide of feeling was against Stephenson and in favour of Fairbairn. Sir David and Dr. Robinson were both keenly opposed to the claims of the former, and the tone of the remarks was evidently not such as suited a calm scientific enquiry. We were glad to find that there was one bold enough to stand up in defence of Stephenson. The champion who took up the gauntlet was Sir Charles Pasley; and no one, from his official situation in connexion with railways, was better fitted to give a sound opinion. Sir Charles is a much older man than we imagined him to be; but notwithstanding his years, he showed that he has plenty of good fight in him. The discussion soon waxed very keen and animated, and the audience, catching the spirit of the controversy, were much disposed to form a circle round the combatants. The astronomer royal, who dropped in with specimens in his hands illustrative of the pivots of his new transit circle, saw that things were proceeding too far for the credit of the Association, and interposed with the view of putting an end to the discussion. He held, and we

think with much truth, that controversies involving so much personal feeling should be excluded from the discussions of the Association. But the two knights militant were not to be thus kept in leash, and they set to with redoubled vigour. Dr. Robinson at last was constrained to put his hand on Sir David's shoulder, and with gentle force at last induced him to suspend the warfare. Sir David, however, before sitting down, contrived to discharge the last random shot. The audience were evidently much disappointed. They relished the fight exceedingly, and by no means sympathized with the prudential interference of the Astronomer Royal. It was, however, unreasonable to look for such savage entertainment within the sacred halls of science.

But to return to the merits of the case, we do think that in all fairness Mr. Stephenson must ever rank as the inventor of the tubular bridge, and that any share of the merit Mr. Fairbairn can claim, must be very subordinate to that of Mr. Stephenson. There is nothing in the world more difficult than to draw a clear logical line of demarcation between what is due to a man's own originality, and what is due to the researches of others who have either preceded him, or aided him in his investigations. Take even Newton for instance, and a most plausible case might be made out to rob him of the glory of gravitation. Men who have a keen scent for the new in what is old, will have no difficulty in discovering gravitation in Plutarch and Ovid. Of course, if we come down to the time of Newton, it will be easy to make out the strongest case against his originality. It can be maintained that Hooke was quite explicit on the subject, and that his statement of gravitation hardly differs from that of Newton. But the maxim of Voltaire, which, however, is usually ascribed to Paley, comes in aid of the defender of Newton—"He is the true discoverer who proves" and by parity of reason, He is the true inventor who executes. Take the most brilliant and useful invention in the history of mechanical science, and you may cavil in the most plausible manner at its originality. Little ingenuity will be necessary to show that something very similar in principle has been invented long ago. The steam engine will be found to have existed in embryo in Hero's machine. The electric telegraph may be identified without much straining with the singular conception of Strada, two centuries ago. But who would ever think of robbing Wheatstone of his laurels, because such a conceit happened to pass through the brain of a learned Jesuit, when inditing some wild fiction of the imagination. The conception of Strada was a mere fiction—the invention of Wheatstone is a great fact; and this makes all the difference in the world. This, indeed, is the ground on which such disputed matters must be decided.

It would be folly to maintain that the tubular bridge is not a new and great fact in the progress of mechanical science. It forms one of the most prominent features in this age of mechanical inventions; and it would be the height of perversity to deny that it is a giant stride in the victory of mind over matter. Of course there is abundant room for ingenious cavilling about the exclusive originality of the idea. It may be shown that the same principle was employed before, though

not in the same way. It is maintained that bridges in America, on a small scale, have been constructed with trellised sides, very similar to the tubular bridge; and that trussed girders have been employed on the Continent, and that the principle is the same in both. Why not go back to the dawn of creation at once, and show that the invention is as old as Adam himself; for his very bones were formed after the model of the tubular bridge? The problem of creative skill was to combine lightness with strength in the structure of his skeleton, and, therefore, the bones were made in the form of tubes. Mr. Stephenson had the very same problem to solve, and he solved it in the very same manner. Instead of making a solid beam of iron, he formed a tube of iron plate. He would at first copy nature too slavishly by making the tube cylindrical, or nearly so, but he found this would not do. Not that the human skeleton is defective in mechanical structure, but, in the one case, the strain was to be only in one direction—downwards—in the other, provision was to be made for strains in all possible directions. The tube, in order most effectually to resist the downward pressure, required to be rectangular. The bones of the human skeleton require to be in general cylindrical, as it is necessary that they resist strains in every direction. Now, we say that a far stronger case might be made out against Mr. Stephenson as a plagiarist from nature, than as a plagiarist from Jules Guyot, or any transatlantic engineer. But who would ever disparage the claims of Mr. Stephenson merely because he took a hint from nature. Why, it only enhances the wonder that a principle in nature, patent to all the world, should be so turned to account only after a lapse of six thousand years.

Sir Charles Pasley said that Mr. Stephenson claimed the invention of iron girders, great or small, and that it was upon this ground that the originality of the tubular bridge rested. We doubt much whether Mr. Stephenson himself would rest his claims on such grounds. No doubt the ultimate principle of the tube and girder may be the same, but it is the tubular modification which stands before the world as a lofty achievement. He can safely renounce the girder, and yet consistently claim the tubular bridge as his own. It was alleged that at some iron works small distances were occasionally spanned by hollow beams or girders, on which barrows were wheeled; but such a fact cannot invalidate his claims. It was, indeed, argued by Sir David Brewster that size did not alter the matter—just as a telescope one foot long was as much a telescope as Lord Rosse's monster tube. But this by no means follows. The very problem in question may be a matter of magnitude altogether. A machine often works beautifully as a model, which turns out a complete failure when expanded to its useful dimensions. Nay, take the very case of the telescope, and it will afford a very good illustration of the point. It may be said that the first reflecting telescope executed by Sir Isaac Newton, nine inches in length, is the very same as Lord Rosse's; but do we not find that his Lordship has gained an independent fame merely by his triumphs over magnitude. The monstrosity has not been accomplished by the mere expenditure of brute force, but by brilliant

mechanical genius, which the specialties of the case brought into requisition. So, in the case of the Menai Bridge, the very magnitude of the undertaking is that which makes it a triumph of engineering skill.

The above remarks, however, do not dispose of the claims of Mr. Fairbairn. He is as anxious as Mr. Stephenson can be to claim for the tubular bridge the merit of novelty, but he would wish to have the lion's share of the honour to himself. We do think that in this matter there is a littleness of feeling displayed by Mr. Fairbairn altogether unbecoming the great undertaking in which his services were so amply and honourably acknowledged. It is rarely that such an abstruse subject is brought so prominently and intelligibly before the public at large. Such disputes are most frequently confined to professional men. But Sir Francis Head took up the matter for Mr. Stephenson, and with his characteristic happy knack upon such subjects, but with no very profound knowledge of the subject, put the case before the public in a taking and sufficiently intelligible form, first in the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards in a separate publication. Many who would never think of dipping into the elaborate works of Mr. Clarke, or Mr. Fairbairn, had the subject sufficiently brought before them to take up a position on the one side or the other. The question is one very suitable for prolonged and angry discussion, as it possesses an indeterminate character which no logic, however precise, will ever succeed in clearly defining. The whole merits of the case are very well summed up in a pamphlet by Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, a relative of the engineer in question, entitled "Truths and Tubes," in answer to Sir Francis Head's, entitled "Highways and Dry Ways." It is a formal defence of Mr. Fairbairn's claims; but we think that even upon its partial evidence, an impartial enquirer would come to the conclusion, that the original idea of the tubular bridge is wholly due to Mr. Stephenson, but that the precise form is due to the investigations conducted chiefly by Mr. Fairbairn. No one can read his examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, long previous to his calling in the aid of Mr. Fairbairn, without being convinced that his mind was fully made up as to the adequacy of the tubular bridge, to meet the required conditions. The unwavering faith with which he replied to all the queries calculated to shake his confidence, is exceedingly characteristic of true genius. No doubt much at this period was left unsettled in his mind. The one idea on which he stood firm as rock, was that a tubular bridge of iron was possible; but among the various possible forms, he had not made up his mind as to the most suitable. This could only be determined by experiment, and for this purpose he called in the aid of Mr. Hodgkinson and Mr. Fairbairn. The former was distinguished for his scientific investigations on the strength of materials; the latter was well known as a practical engineer, who largely worked in iron. The experiments of these gentlemen soon determined the most suitable form. Instead of a circular or oval tube, at first proposed by Mr. Stephenson, it was found that a rectangular one was strongest. As a result of these experiments, it was also determined to have a double roof and floor, with the space between divided into cells, running the whole length of the tube; just as in the ceiling of a room, there is an

open space between the plaster and the floor above, which is divided into longitudinal cells by the joists. The increased strength gained in this way rendered the suspension of the tube by chains unnecessary, as it could rest on both ends like a plank laid across a stream.

It is plain, then, that the services of Mr. Fairbairn were very valuable; but the question is, Do these services entitle him to put himself forward as the rival of Mr. Stephenson, or do they merely amount to that species of merit which belongs to a subordinate agent, acting under a presiding mind. Our own decided opinion is, that it is to the latter category his merits are to be referred. We assign to Wellington the glory of the Peninsular campaigns, as it was his genius that planned and presided, at the same time that we fully recognise the brilliant services of his various generals. The case of Stephenson and his scientific coadjutors is precisely similar. It was his genius that first planned and afterwards presided, though the working out of the details was committed to other hands. The honour of the most brilliant mechanical invention might be thus frittered away if the merit of each subordinate agent was to be subtracted from the genius of the presiding mind. We believe that the adoption of the present form of the tube was quite inevitable, though Mr. Fairbairn had never been called in. The experiments necessarily indicated that form; and any man of ordinary attainments, under the direction of Stephenson, would undoubtedly feel little difficulty in appreciating that indication. The clamour which has been raised in behalf of Mr. Fairbairn has had the effect of unfairly obscuring the merits of Mr. Hodgkinson, who brought to the undertaking the aids of a refined science and extensive research. Were he so disposed, we have no doubt that he could raise as well founded a clamour as that of his chagrined colleague. Mr. E. Clarke, too, deserves honourable mention, though he is contented with the share of honour which properly falls to the lot of an assistant. It was he that devised the hydrostatic contrivance by which the tubes were raised to their level. It was at first proposed to have them built *in situ*, but the idea was abandoned as soon as it was found that they could be so conveniently raised upon their pillars. The idea struck Mr. Clarke when he was one day waiting for a train at some station. He observed some work people raising a large heavy stone cistern to its permanent level, and saw that the procedure employed by them might be adopted in the case of the tubular bridge. A screw was employed to raise the cistern a small way, and then it was built under so that it might have a rest when the screw was removed. The screw was then applied a second time, and so on, the building being renewed at every application of the screw. Having obtained this hint, he soon satisfied Mr. Stephenson with the feasibility of his plan. The only difference in the plan adopted for raising the tubes was, that hydrostatic pressure was employed instead of the screw. We must close the subject of the Britannia Bridge, by declaring our belief that an impartial posterity will never hesitate to award to Stephenson the honour of achieving this great triumph of our age, at the same time that, in the history of the invention, honourable mention will be made of the names of Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, and Clarke, as associates in the undertaking.

We have seen, that while we fully acknowledge the originality of an invention, we may often experience great difficulty in defending its originality, on strictly logical grounds, so that the most brilliant invention may be open to ingenious and puzzling cavils. But, perhaps, the best mode of illustrating the essential difference between an original invention, and the reproduction of what is old, will be by giving an example of the latter to contrast with the tubular bridge. The mechanical section furnished several such examples, and just as no cavils, however ingenious, will be sufficient to convince a candid mind that Stephenson is not the inventor of the tubular bridge, so no argument can be so convincing as to put the stamp of originality on those contrivances to which we allude. The first case we shall specify is a communication from Mr. Smythe, Professor of Astronomy in Edinburgh College, on the subject of telescope stands. We have seen that one great difficulty in the construction of large telescopes is the moving of enormous masses with such ease and smoothness as delicate astronomical operations require. For example, in Lord Rosse's telescope, the mass to be moved consists of a speculum six tons weight, and a tube of Memel timber 56 feet long, and seven feet in diameter, and the difficulty of moving this enormous weight, as the exigencies of the case require, is apparent from the circumstance, that generally speaking the gentleness and smoothness of the motion must be proportioned to the size of the instrument—the larger the instrument, the greater the power, and consequently, the greater the disturbance caused by any inequality or shaking. When we remember too, that for the most interesting investigations of astronomy, the telescope requires to be moved by the delicate machinery of a clock, we can easily understand what a desideratum it must be to get rid of the necessity of moving such masses. Great inconvenience is also felt, by the observer having so frequently to shift his position with the moving of the telescope. Mr. Nasmyth's contrivance is designed to remedy one evil, viz. to make the observer stationary while the telescope moves. The triumph would be complete if both the telescope and the observer were rendered stationary, so that a moving star might be observed with as much ease as an object under the microscope. This was the object of Mr. Smythe's communication. He proposed that the tube should be permanently fixed in one position, and that a plain mirror turning on a universal joint, might be employed to throw the reflection of the star into the tube. Instead of moving the tube it would be only necessary to turn the plain mirror on its pivot. The principle is precisely the same as that by which a person may view all the objects in a room without moving his head, by merely turning round the mirror in which he is looking. This, however, is an old suggestion of Sir David Brewster, who carried the idea much farther. He proposed to dispense with the tube altogether, and to substitute a conduit in the ground, which would be free from the varieties of temperature so hurtful to accurate observation. But in getting rid of one difficulty the plan involved a much greater. Besides the additional reflection and consequent loss of light it would be necessary to grind a large plane mirror perfectly correct; but the difficulty of accomplishing this, is so great, that Mr. Lassells

declared, that the project was totally impracticable even with the aid of the very refined means which are at the command of mechanics at the present day.

Mr. Smythe also furnished another illustration of the unconscious reproduction of former inventions. We allude to his paper "On a mode of cooling the air of rooms in tropical climates." The plan is very simple, and the principle easily understood. When air is compressed so as to occupy less bulk, it gives out heat, and before lucifer matches were invented, an apparatus on this principle used sometimes to be employed for striking a light. Now the air from which the heat is thus expelled, when allowed to expand, absorbs heat, or in other words, produces cold. The air, in its natural state, may be compared to a sponge filled with water,—the water representing heat. When we squeeze the air into less bulk, the heat is squeezed out. When we withdraw the pressure it absorbs heat again. Now to apply this principle to cooling purposes, all that we have to do, is to pump air into some receiver, say a steam boiler, from which it may be allowed to issue by a stop-cock, when required. In the process of pumping in, the compressed air gives out its heat to the sides of the receiver, which is soon cooled down to the temperature of the surrounding air. But the imprisoned air is ready the moment it can burst its bonds to extract from any object, it may come in contact with, as much heat as it has been robbed of. Let the cock be turned, and if the hand be applied to the jet of air, it will feel as if plunged among snow. Let the jet play in water, and it is soon converted into ice, or let it issue into a room, and the air of the room is at once cooled down. Now this plan is by no means new: Dr. John Gorrie of Florida, about two years ago, constructed a machine on this principle, for the production of ice, and full details were given at the time in the American journals. Sir John Herschel having seen these accounts wished to establish a claim of priority of conception. He did not wish to deprive Dr. Gorrie of the honour of the invention, for he was clearly entitled to it by priority of publication. He wished merely to establish the fact, that the same idea occurred independently to himself, and for this purpose he sent to the *Athenæum* a letter from his friend, Mr. May, stating, that he remembered Sir John some time previously explaining to him the project in question. It is true, that Dr. Gorrie and Sir John Herschel only proposed to apply the principle to the cooling or freezing of water, whereas Mr. Smythe proposes to apply it to the cooling of air, but we are sure that he would never think of resting a claim to originality on a ground so trivial. It is obvious that the merit of the invention lies in the *mode* of cooling, and not in the thing to be cooled. We have given the above two projects of Mr. Smythe, specially for the purpose of contrasting them with the invention of the tubular bridge. In either case, a man with ordinary candour and common sense, would have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion, notwithstanding the mystifications of ingenious casuistry. In the one case he would not hesitate to affix the stamp of originality, and on the other he could not but recognize the reproduction of former inventions. Of course, the natural and obvious explanation in the case of Mr. Smythe, is that he was not aware

of what was previously done by others, or if he heard of them, that they afterwards escaped his memory. This, indeed, is an every-day occurrence, and it is not to be wondered at, that projectors should often stumble on the many thousand inventions of their predecessors.

Our space will allow us only to glance at the chemical section; but this is the less to be regretted, as the proceedings did not possess their usual interest. Besides, there were few distinguished names to attract special interest. The absence of Faraday was felt to be a great blank, but we believe, that it was not in his power to attend, though willing. There was also no distinguished chemist from the Continent, so that, on the whole, this section was rather a failure. The most distinguished name was that of Dr. Daubeny, Sherardian Professor of Botany and Agriculture at Oxford. He gave a report of the experiments made at the expense of the Association, on plants growing in an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid gas. It was conceived that the presence of carbonic acid in greater quantities than in the atmosphere would account for the luxuriance of certain forms of vegetable life, at former periods of the world's history. To test this, ferns were made to grow in an atmosphere charged with more than the natural proportion of carbonic acid. The experiments have not been by any means decisive. All that has been made out is, that they thrive very well in this artificial atmosphere.

Professor Voelcker read a paper "On the percentage of nitrogen, as an index to the nutritive value of food." The purport of the communication was to show that it was a very uncertain test. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in a paper on the relative values of different kinds of food, also came to very much the same conclusion. Liebig has done much to raise agriculture to the position of a science, but a too great love of theory has led him to hasty generalizations, so that practical chemistry is very much occupied in disproving some of his positions. His theory regarding the relative value of various kinds of food, has gained general circulation, but more recent research shows, that we are very much in the dark on this subject; we must indeed expect, that where the vital force comes into play, the quantitative analysis of the chemist will be much at fault.

Mr. Robert Hunt, Keeper of the Mining Records in connection with the Museum of Practical Geology, read a report on the chemical action of light. Mr. Hunt merits a place side by side with Mr. Lassells. He has gained a distinguished place after struggling long against the adversities of fortune. He laboured under great disadvantages in early life, as to education, some of which can be traced in his writings, and the best years of his life were spent in the drudgery of a druggist shop. He however found time to woo science, and where there is true love, there will be time and opportunity. He loved too, with a dash of romance, perhaps with too much of this for the staid votary of physical science. He has written a work entitled, "The poetry of science," exceedingly interesting, but we think it would be more so, if he gave the science without the poetry. Science is of itself sufficiently poetical, without any strained attempt to extract poetry from it. He has not only dealt with the romance of science but he has written a scientific romance, en-

titled, "*Panthea, or the Spirit of Nature*," which, from the commendation of the orthodox President of the Association, we should hope, is not tinged with Pantheism, which the romanticists in science too much affect at the present day. Sir Henry La Beche, who is at the head of the Museum of Practical Geology, recognised his merit, and extended his patronage to him, by appointing him to the important and comfortable situation which he now holds. He has devoted his energies specially to the chemical properties of light, and he has succeeded in making some rather important contributions to the art of photography.

We must entirely pass over the natural history section, which appeared to be the least popular, and which seemed to drag out a drooping existence, notwithstanding the accession to its ranks of the learned professor of natural history recently appointed to the Civil History Chair of St. Andrews, Dr. M'Donald, who read a paper on the vertebral homologies of the bassi-cranium.

Physiology and ethnology were formerly included in the natural history section, but these departments of inquiry have assumed such importance, that they have been formed into sub-sections. In the physiological sub-section, the most distinguished name was that of Dr. Carpenter. His works have long been before the public, and they have gained a standard importance. We expected to see a much older man, from the amount of his labours, and the high position which he has so long held; he appears to have hardly yet reached the prime of life. Physiology derives much of its interest, from the circumstance that it forms the closest point of contact between mind and matter. The physiologist is the first to hail his metaphysical brother across the dark stream that separates the two territories. There is, however, a great tendency in the physiologist to ignore the boundary line altogether, and to make mind only one of the manifestations of matter. Though we do not charge Dr. Carpenter with materialism, yet there was an evident tendency to confound mere co-relation of action with identity of essence. The recent theological discussions on the subject of the development hypothesis have given additional interest to the phenomena connected with the growth of the human foetus. The development theory requires that the human foetus should pass through stages corresponding with the inferior grades of animal life, and the subject brought before the section by Dr. Simpson, will no doubt be hailed as an additional proof of the theory. We allude to the reproduction of limbs, after amputation, which sometimes occurs in the womb. Now it is a well known characteristic of the lower forms of animated being, that they have an inherent power of producing new limbs when they suffer loss by accident, and no doubt it will be averred that this is a point of analogy which tells in favour of the development theory. But we rather think, that in the estimate of all philosophic enquirers, it will afford only an example of these fanciful analogies which can never avail in proving identity.

The ethnological section was one of the most popular. One would think that the dead men's bones and skulls which were exhibited, would frighten away the more timid sex, but it was, on the contrary, a favourite resort, so that it was no easy matter sometimes to gain admission.

Ethnology is a young science, and it has all the freshness and vigour of youth. Bunsen holds that it is the apex of natural science—man being the mystery and key to natural science. Ethnology presents two aspects,—a physiological and a philological one. The one deals with the physical, the other more with the intellectual department of man's nature. In both aspects, ethnological science presents a study of vital importance to the theologian. The unity of the species has been assailed on physiological grounds, but we are glad to say, that the most distinguished names, such as Pritchard and Owen are on the side of Revelation, and the progress of ethnological science is adding new proofs daily. The theory of centres of dispersion has introduced a new mode of attack, and we regret to find, that such a man as Agassiz should lend the influence of his name to such hasty conclusions. The theory in question is, that the species is one, but that different pairs were created in different centres of dispersion. This mode of attack requires a different mode of defence from that which the theory of distinct species requires; but we are glad to find, that the highest authority on the subject of centres of dispersion, viz. Professor E. Forbes, is quite sound as to the unity of source as well as to the unity of species. Philology, the other department of ethnology, comes in to aid the Christian physiologist, Glottology, or comparative philology, clearly points to a common centre from which all the languages of the human race emanated. The researches of Mr. Layard promise to throw much valuable light on the subject, and to harmonize still more Scripture chronology with scientific research.

The physiological department of the ethnological section was wanting in great names, but this was compensated in the philological by the great attraction of Major Rawlinson, who has done so much in deciphering these cuneiform characters which have baffled all former enquirers. He gave a very interesting account of the simple manner in which the key was furnished to the interpretation of these characters—simple enough to those who could use it like Major Rawlinson. It was, however, the following announcement, in reference to the discoveries of Mr. Layard, that caused the greatest sensation:—"Mr. Layard, in excavating beneath the great pyramid at Nimroud, had penetrated a mass of masonry, within which he had discovered the tomb and statue of Sardanapalus, accompanied by full annals of the monarch's reign engraved upon the walls. He had also found tablets of all sorts, all of them being historical; but the crowning discovery he had yet to describe. The palace at Nineveh had evidently been destroyed by fire, but one portion of the building seemed to have escaped its influence; and Mr. Layard, in excavating in this part of the palace, had found a large room, filled with what appeared to be archives of the empire, ranged in successive tablets of terra cotta, the writings being as perfect as when the tablets were first stamped. They were piled in huge heaps from the floor to the ceiling, and he wrote to him (Major Rawlinson) stating that he had already filled five large cases for despatch for England, but had cleared but one corner of the apartment. From the progress already made in reading the inscriptions, he believed we should be able pretty well to understand the contents of these tablets at all events we should ascertain their general purport, and thus gain

much valuable information. A passage might be remembered in the book of Ezra, where the Jews, having been disturbed in building the temple, prayed that search might be made in the house of records for the edict of Cyrus permitting them to return to Jerusalem. The chamber recently found might be presumed to be the house of records of the Assyrian kings, where copies of the royal edicts were duly deposited. When these tablets had been examined and deciphered, he believed that we should have a better acquaintance with the history, the religion, the philosophy, and the jurisprudence of Assyria, 1500 years before the Christian era, than we had of Greece and Rome during the period of their respective histories.”*

Among the distinguished philologists who adorned this section, we must not omit to mention the name of Dr. Robert Lee, the erudite Professor of Biblical Criticism in the college of Edinburgh. He was one of the committee that managed the business of the section, and he occasionally occupied the chair during the discussions. Few members were better qualified, by subtle logic and profound Oriental lore, to throw light on the many dark subjects that came under discussion. We can easily conceive how the philological heart of the Professor must have been delighted with Major Rawlinson's description of the acres of inscribed pavement over which Mr. Loftus trod at Senkerch and Ur of the Chaldees, and we can envy his emotion when he first gazes on the terra cotta tablets and their mystic arrow heads, with all the devotion of a follower of Joseph Smith reading the golden plates of the sacred book of Mormon.

The last section is the statistical one. Statistics has been raised only very recently to the position of a science; and it must be admitted that, as a science, it has as yet made little progress. We do not, however, despair of seeing social dynamics yet brought within the pale of exact science. It would be unreasonable, however, to expect, with M. Comte, that sociology should have its laws defined and its facts predicted with as much precision as in the case of the physical sciences. Wherever the variable factor of the human will is involved, the problem will always have an indeterminate character. The most important communication in this section was that of Mr. Porter, in reference to the self-imposed taxation of the working classes. The revelations he made were truly appalling. It would appear from his statistics, that in the three articles, spirits, beer, and tobacco, the people of the united kingdom, and these chiefly the working classes, spend fifty-seven millions, a sum greater than the average revenue of the kingdom. There must be a screw loose somewhere in the machinery of civilization, when such an appalling state of things should co-exist with the greatest material prosperity and intellectual refinement in the higher classes of society. It is to be feared that in this materialistic age we have too much lost sight of the spiritual element in man's nature, and the spiritual agency by which that element may have a dynamical effect on human progress.

* Since writing the above, Major, now Colonel Rawlinson, has announced to the Asiatic Society the startling discovery, that Nebuchadnezzar and other Eastern potentates had anticipated the modern system of banking—the smaller tablets recently imported being evidently promissory notes.

Professor Robertson, in his philanthropic exertions in behalf of the Endowment Scheme, and in his thrilling appeals to the public, has made the right use of Mr. Porter's melancholy statistics; and we trust that he will at last succeed in convincing the country that the spiritual potency of the gospel can alone reconcile the fearful antagonisms of modern civilization.

The promenades in the evening and the excursions to the country in the morning, form points of attraction at all the meetings of the Association. The *Times* Newspaper was for a long time unwearied in discharging its shafts of ridicule at this feature of the Association, as inconsistent with the dignity of science. But this line of argument is unfair. The meeting of the Association is confessedly a scientific holiday; and the assembled Savans, coming often from great distances, have a right to make the best of their time and opportunities; we plead at least for the rural excursions, which are highly exhilarating, and serve to bring the members into closer contact. Mr. Robert Chambers volunteered his services to conduct a party to the Corstorphine hills to inspect the marks of glacial action on the morning of the day set apart for the discussion of scratches in the geological section. Mr. Chambers won for himself golden opinions from the large party that put themselves under his care. He provided a long string of carriages, and packed the members in with all the gentleness and care of a fond father, seeing his children all right before starting to the country for a regular day's enjoyment. We confess our conscience smote us as we thought of the hard things we had indited against him as the supposed author of the "*Natural History of the Vestiges of Creation*." At last we found relief in the thought that he could not be the author of that work. We had pictured to ourselves a hard-featured repulsive sceptic, but instead of this we found mild innocence and child-like faith beaming in every feature and trembling on every accent of his voice. We first visited Craigleith quarry, where he showed us a large stone considerably scratched. The faith with which he looked upon these scratches, as the proof of a very improbable state of things at a previous part of the world's history, was very instructive, and confirmed our convictions as to the authorship. The party next visited a farm-stead in the vicinity, where the rock was exposed; and as Mr. Chambers stood in the midst of a somewhat doubting multitude, and pointed to the scratches once more, he appeared to us to be the very apostle of Faith in the midst of an unbelieving generation. An amusing bye-scene occurred at this stage of the proceedings. One of the ploughmen being attracted by the crowd, and having listened outside the circle till he gathered the gist of Mr. Chambers' remarks, uttered a growl of incredulity. This immediately attracted a little knot of sceptical inquirers around him, showing how easy it is to start theories and form parties in the world. His theory was, that the ploughs, and harrows, and other agricultural implements being frequently drawn across the spot produced the scratches in question. One of the listening Savans, evidently born within the sound of Bow bells, was at much pains to penetrate the theory through the guise of the broad Scotch accent; and when he discovered what it was, he treasured it up with apparently much complacency, though we had no

thought that he meditated piracy. This, however, turned out to be the case, as was shown when we next visited the top of a bare hill which was never invaded by a ploughshare. When Mr. Chambers had finished his usual demonstration with his compass and walking-stick, the metropolitan geologist stepped forward, and with the air of a hardened sceptic said, "Pray, Mr. Chambers, don't you think these scratches might have been produced by the plough instead of a glacier or an iceberg." The answer was very obvious, that Scotland, though poor in soil, was not so hard pushed as to plough the bare rock. The piratical sceptic was obliged to slink back abashed. This triumph of Mr. Chambers was, however, abated by an occurrence soon after. He came to a deep groove in the rock, and as his theory imperatively demanded that it should be quite smooth, he put forth his strength in showing its perfect smoothness—the absence of anything like angles; but while proceeding with his demonstration, M. Martin, the distinguished French geologist, was turning up the thin turf with his hammer, which exposed, somewhat inopportunistically for the theory, another portion of the groove, where the angles were as fresh as from the tool of the sculptor. Mr. Nasmyth was of the party, and he proved a most valuable accession. He was minutely acquainted with every inch of ground, having frequently visited the spot in his youth with Sir James Hall, who was the first to draw attention to the geological phenomena of the district. Mr. Nasmyth, however, did not agree with Mr. Chambers. He argued for hot instead of cold applications. He would bring in the blast furnace, while Mr. Chambers made his drafts upon the glacier—especially when explaining the convex surfaces of the trap. All the party were in the highest spirits, and when separating, a loud burst of grateful and well merited applause resounded through the woods in honour of Mr. Chambers.

We were personally gratified in finding a new argument for the continuance of that incognito which has proved so lucrative, and which has been so skilfully worked in reference to the "Vestiges." It could not be, we argued, that one with so child-like a faith should pen the sceptical passages of the "Vestiges." We have since been confirmed in this conviction by the circumstance, that Mr. Chambers has become, if we may judge from his Journal, an enthusiastic convert to mesmerism, and mesmerism, too, in its higher developments, which necessarily implies very large faith. He believes that he can, by the invisible ligament of his own will, work the faculties and limbs of the mesmerized subject just as he would with a wire work the figures in a puppet show. He believes that a mesmerized subject, though not a Major Rawlinson, might read, with the pit of his stomach, the bricks of Babylon, and decipher their cuneiform characters. Nay, we have little doubt, that if Mr. Anderson, Professor of Magic, were to swallow knives and forks, and eight-day clocks in his presence, he would firmly believe in the reality of the feats, though the professor honestly protested that it was all sleight of hand. It will be remembered that some few years ago a great noise was made in books of travels, and in Reviews, about a magician in Egypt, who performed wonderful feats of clairvoyance, by means of a drop of ink in the palm of the hand. All the resources of art and science were exhausted in vain endeavours to explain the matter. The

wonder loving were left in undisputed possession of this well-attested case of modern miracle. The magician, however, suddenly lost his art of painting home-scenes to the wondering Englishmen, and this was soon explained by the fact, that the innocent looking Turkish Ciceroni had died. But with his death there came a full revelation of the mystery. It was found, that the Turkish guide was nothing else than a canny Scotchman, a native, we think of Strathbungo, or some such town in the West, who had found it convenient to adopt the Mussulman creed and garb. It would appear, that there was a great deal of Scotch humour as well as deceit under the turban, if we may guess, from the nature of the practical and lucrative jokes, which he played off upon his countrymen, in concert with the Egyptian, who was only a man of straw. When the hoax was thus exploded, all the parties taken in, of course, put it off with a hearty laugh, and forgot the matter. Not so Mr. Chambers; he believes, as appears from a late number of his Journal, that the feats were real cases of clairvoyance, nay, that the Mussulman-Scot is still alive and well, and that he is plying his magical vocation with the same success as formerly. Such a case of implicit child-like faith is exceedingly refreshing in these days of scepticism and rationalism. Is it possible then, that one whose whole nature is so steeped in the element of faith should be the author of the "*Vestiges*?" The draft which Moses makes upon our faith by the miracle of creation, is not for a moment to be compared to the exorbitant demands in the above cases, so that it is hardly credible that the same person should refuse the former and grant the latter. We must then be allowed still to doubt, notwithstanding the cogent evidence to the contrary, whether Mr. Chambers is the author—or we must be driven on the alternative, which some may prefer, that human nature is a strange compound, and that it sometimes presents inexplicable contradictions.

We have now conducted our readers through the various sections, and given them a view, through necessarily, a very imperfect one, of the most advanced frontier of science; but we cannot conclude, without expressing our hearty acknowledgment of the benefits conferred by the British Association. We do not indeed think, that the direct benefit to science, in the way of extending its boundaries, is very important. As a working society in this point of view, it can never be of much service, and this is pretty obvious from the fact, that almost every paper of importance brought before the Association, was either communicated previously, or has been communicated since to some other society, where the merits might be maturely weighed. Its importance lies very much, we apprehend, in forming a link between the learned societies and the educated classes at large. We have already spoken of its importance, regarded as a reunion of scientific men; but it fulfils a still more important mission, in bringing science, as represented by her priesthood, in contact with the people. An acknowledgment is thus made, that while the priest ministers at the altar of science, it is for the benefit of mankind at large. We anticipate the best results from the arrangement by which scientific men take into their own hands the instruction of the people. Till recently, popular instruction in science was left very much to the mere literary compiler, or the itinerant show-

man ; but now the highest names in science do not think it derogatory to their position to stoop to the level of the people, and instruct them by popular treatise and lecture. Even the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy, lately condescended to deliver a course of lectures to a popular institute at Ipswich, and this condescension will justly raise him in the estimation of all who can appreciate his eminence as an astronomer. We have then a full and gratifying acknowledgment from the scientific priesthood, that they look upon their mission as one of zealous co-operation with the minister of religion, in elevating the moral and religious character of the people. This ought to be regarded as a matter of rejoicing to all who are interested in the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and ought to allay the fears of those who habitually look with trembling to the progress of science, as if it were an enemy to be jealously guarded against. The interests of truth are undoubtedly much safer in the hands of the true sons of science than with the scientific charlatan. It is almost exclusively from the latter, that the flippant infidelity, and the insidious pantheism so widely pervading the popular science of the present day proceed ; and on the other hand, the loftiest names of science, with rare exceptions, have thrown the weight of their authority into the scale of Christianity. We hope that the British Association will prove the means of cementing a still closer and more friendly alliance between religion and science, and with this hope we close a pleasant but a somewhat protracted task.

DR. CUMMING AND SHERIDAN KNOWLES ON CARDINAL WISEMAN.

1. *Cardinal Wiseman. A Lecture.* By the Rev. J. CUMMING, D.D.
2. *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest. An Answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Transubstantiation.* By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Author of *Virginus*, and other Dramas.

We believe that the voice of Providence spoke to Britain as once the chief champion of the principles of the Reformation, when the public mind was lately aroused by an indication of the purposes cherished and the hopes entertained on the part of that power which for many centuries arrogated and possessed uncontrolled dominion over the Christian world. The present Pontiff had hardly by the aid of French bayonets, and at the expense of no small spilling of Italian blood, been re-seated on his throne, than his advisers prompted him to issue the Bull which partitioned England into Papal dioceses ; an act involving the assertion of superiority over the people of a free enlightened country, an unjustifiable interference with the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and an attempt to gain additional proselytes from amongst the weak and wavering, the dissatisfied and ambitious, of the Anglican clergy. But the boldness of the attempt has retarded the accom-

plishment of the hopes that gave it birth. Our Government, indeed, had acted unworthily and inconsistently. The spirit of liberalism had for years in Ireland and the Colonies refused to acknowledge the existence of distinction between truth and error. It was contented, or even solicitous to ignore as weak and driveling folly the supposition that Romanism was unworthy of countenance and support. Romish priests were invited to Dublin Castle, and fawned upon by Viceroy. Romish cupidity was sought to be tempted by dazzling bribes. Catholic Bishops were paid in Canada and elsewhere out of the State treasury. It was not, then, so wonderful that the Pontiff and his advisers thought of hazarding a step in advance, allured by the exaggerated accounts that might have reached the Vatican of Oxford Catholicism as spreading in many quarters of the land, as symptomatic of returning fondness for the creed of bigotry and the convenient faith which holds out allurements alike for the ascetic and the sensualist, for the sentimental and the depressed; which, unless Scripture has laid down wrong marks to guide and guard the members of Christ's body, is the power that resisteth the ordinances of heaven, the "mother of abominations," the cruel and deceitful adversary of godliness, which is destined to be at last consumed, and from fellowship with which, all who have minds to understand, and consciences to be impressed, are commanded to "come out and be separate, lest they should be made partakers of her plagues."

We do not know that the advisers of the Pontiff counted on anything like the storm of opposition which has lately been raised in this country by the audacious act to which allusion has been made; but we believe that the next hope entertained will be that of a deep lull after the burst of indignation has died away, and after perhaps some inefficient legislative measure has been enacted. The Romanists will embrace the period of repose to dig their mines and lay their trains; their energies seem evidently directed, their plans laid, and their contributions unstintedly given for the purpose of proselytizing in the British Islands.

To be forewarned, however, is to be forearmed; and that the mind of the general public may understand what sort of adversary is to be dreaded—the nature and extent of Romish pretensions, the opposition of that system to Scripture, its derogation from the merits of the Saviour, and the bondage under which it lays its vassals—a multitude of publications, of course of varied merit, have issued from the press. We are concerned at present with only two of these, both of ability in their lines, and one of them more particularly assuming the form of a close, elaborate argument on the subject of transubstantiation,—in which the ambitious Cardinal, whose honours are so recent—the wily apologist who claims with a species of mock humility the purlieux of Westminster as the chosen scene of his exertions, and as his daily walk, is utterly put *hors de combat*, by no less a personage than the talented author of "Virginus" and the "Hunchback." Mr. Knowles has gone into the field of controversy strong in a good cause. His blows are dealt with rapidity and force; there is a freshness in his mode of treating the subject, and a hearty earnestness that give in-

terest to his argument, which rises occasionally towards the conclusion of the volume into passages of very considerable eloquence and power. We can promise Mr. Knowles, should the Romish see gain the object of its wishes, a close and thorough *examination* before the Ecclesiastical Court of "Nicholas, by divine permission, and the grace of his Holiness, Metropolitan of all England;" while Dr. Cumming will be viewed in his present pamphlet as having only added another to his many previous sins against the Holy Office.

Dr. Cumming affords specimens of one or two choice flowers from the paradisaical region to which Archbishop Wiseman would lure us. The *ci-divant* Bishop of Melipotamos, now the owner of the *hat*, who would fain persuade us in his wily document and his other specious discourses that no harm is meant,—that no change is meditated—no dire intentions are entertained, must have been startled if he was made aware that those who have paid some attention to the Romish controversy can produce evidence from authenticated works of recent date, that the persecuting spirit of Popery has not abated one jot of its rigour. The following passage, accordingly, is worthy of notice on the part of all who have felt inclined to believe that the wolf has been changed into the lamb, that Rome is now so very liberal that she seeks to gain converts merely by argument and persuasion. Dr. Cumming thus handles the subject of the *Oath against Heretics*.

"Let me presume, that when the Cardinal was made an Archbishop, he received the *pallium*, a robe woven from the fleece of certain sheep, tended, I believe, by certain nuns; ceremoniously spun, ceremoniously woven, and ceremoniously put upon the Archbishop. When he received the *pallium*, he repeated a solemn oath, which will be found in the *Pontificale Romanum*. I have the book, and have carefully examined all that he must say; it is the edition of Clement VIII., Antwerp edition. 1627. One clause of the oath is as follows—

"Hereticos, schismaticos, et rebelles, Domino Nostro, vel successoribus prædictis, PRO POSSE, PERSEQUI ET IMPUGNABO." That is, he solemnly swore, on his solemn oath (I wish thus to prepare you for his reception)—

"All HERETICS [that is Protestants] SCHISMATICS [that is, members of the Greek Church that separated, as they say, from Rome], and rebels against our Lord, or aforesaid successors. I will PERSECUTE and ATTACK to the utmost of my power."—the correct translation, I believe, of *pro posse*.

Cardinal Wiseman believes, no doubt, what Cardinal Bellarmine teaches, 'If the heretics are stronger than we, and if there is danger that if we ATTACK them (the words of the oath) in war, more of us may fall than of them, we are to keep quiet.' I wish to impress upon you that you have here a man who will not come into collision with principles merely, but with persons; he does not say, 'I will attack *schism* and persecute *heresy*,' which he might lawfully do; but 'I will attack *schismatics* and persecute *heretics*.' But in looking over the *Pontificale Romanum*, in order to find out if there were any canonical weapons in that arsenal which the Cardinal might probably use in case he should get the upper hand in Westminster (and if he get the upper hand there, he will soon get it elsewhere), I noticed one remarkable weapon which he will no doubt forthwith employ; I know there are others, but the following caught my eye. It seems that while the true Church is distinguished for blessing, the Cardinal's Church has an amazing taste for, and sympathy with, cursing. I find

that if the daughter of any parent in this assembly should fancy that she has what is called 'a religious inclination,' a 'mission,' and were to go into a nunnery, and were her parent to try to rescue her, the following curse would be pronounced upon him, and also upon any one who should take the property of the monasteries or of the nunneries—and many in our country actually hold such property in their possession just now—

"Auctoritate omnipotentis Dei et beatorum Petri Pauli apostolorum ejus, firmiter et sub interminatione anathematis inhibemus, ne quis præsentes virgines seu sanctionales a divino servitio, cui sub vexillo castitatis subjectæ sunt, abducat, nullus earum bona surripiat, sed ea cum quieto possideant. Si quis autem hoc a tentare præsumpserit, maledictus sit in domo et extra domum; maledictus in civitate, et in agro; maledictus vigilando et dormiendo; maledictus manducando et bibendo; maledictus ambulando et sedendo; maledicta sint cara ejus et ossa, et a planta pedis usque ad verticem non habeat sanitatem. Veniat super illum maledictio hominis quam per Moysen in lege filiis iniquitatis Dominus permisit. Deleatur nomen ejus de libro viventium, et cum justis non scribatur. Fiat pars et hereditas ejus cum Cain fratricida cum Dathan et Abiron cum Anania et Saphira cum Simone Mago et Juda proditore et cum eis, qui dixerunt Deo, Recede a nobis, somitum viarum tuarum nolumus. Pereat in die judicii, devoret eum ignis perpetuus cum diabolo, et angelus ejus, nisi restituerit et ad emendationem venerit. Fiat. Fiat." [Pont. Rom. Clement VIII. p. 160. Antv. 1627.]

"By the authority of the omnipotent God, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, his apostles, we firmly, and under the threat of anathema, enjoin that no one carry off these virgins or religious persons here present from divine service, to which, under the standard of chastity, they have been dedicated, that no one plunder their property, but that they enjoy it in quiet. If any one shall have presumed to attempt this, may he be cursed in his home and out of his home; may he be cursed in the state (or city), and in the field, cursed in watching and cursed in sleeping, cursed in eating and drinking, cursed in walking and sitting; may his flesh and his bones be cursed, and from the sole of his foot to the crown his head may he enjoy no health. May there light upon him the curse which the Lord sent in the law, by Moses, on the sons of iniquity. May his name be erased from the book of the living, and not be recorded with the righteous. May his portion and his heritage be with Cain the fratricide, with Dathan and Abiram, with Ananias and Saphira, with Simon Magus and with Judas the traitor, and with those who said to God, 'Depart from us, we will not follow thy ways.' May Eternal fire devour him with the devil and his angels, unless he make restitution, and come to amendment. So be it. So be it.

Such is the cursing subscribed to by Cardinal Wiseman, as pronounced in his own document, and which, when he has the *pro posse*, according to his oath, he will pronounce with all the proper accompaniments."

We have left ourselves little space to notice Mr. Knowles' volume. As the contribution of a layman, and especially as written by a man of genius, it is well worthy of perusal. It abounds with vigorous statement and manly reasoning; and the name it bears will render it not unlikely to find admission into quarters where a work on the topic by a regular theologian would not have found entrance. While the main

subject of the treatise is the doctrine of transubstantiation, the author sometimes diverges to deal most formidable strokes at other dogmas of Popery, fastening on his antagonist with formidable tenacity, driving him from every refuge, and routing him completely from the field.

We give the following passage as a specimen of the method in which Mr. Knowles handles the Cardinal, and the dogmas of that Church to which Dr. Wiseman belongs. He is speaking of the Romish practice of *Communion in one kind*.

"But why does your church withhold the cup? Because the cup denounces her dogma. If the water, as well as the cup, be changed into the body, blood, soul and divinity of Christ, what need of the cup? It is superfluous!—though Christ thought otherwise. And why did Christ think otherwise? Because his view of the cup bore no affinity, whatsoever, to that which your church inculcates. But this is not all. If twenty laymen communicate at *your* Supper, each receives into himself an entire Christ: whereas, were the same number to partake of the cup, a twentieth part of Christ is all that would fall to the lot of each! Thus does your dogma perish by the outrageous contradiction and absurdity which it manifestly involves; and hence it is, and not from any apprehension that the contents might be spilled, or that 'profanation and other evils' might attend the exhibiting of them; that the church of the twelfth century withheld the cup from the laity; and that the Council of Constance, after the lapse of three hundred years, discovered the expediency of establishing the practice by a formal confirmation. But the Supper of your church is, in every respect, a departure from that of the Lord. He took bread and brake it; your church breaks no bread in administering to the laity!—A whole wafer is not broken bread, any more than a whole loaf. Christ blessed the bread before he broke it, and then handed the fragments to his disciples; your church blesses the wafers, which correspond with the fragments; and not the lump of dough out of which she makes them. The apostles participated; your communicants receive entire. The apostles partook of bread and wine as types of the separated body and blood of the Lord; your communicants receive the body and blood of Christ *united*. In the Lord's Supper the Apostles contemplated a type of the Lord, extended upon the cross, when, the blood having streamed from His hands, and feet, and side, He gave up the ghost; your communicants recognise the re-union of His body and blood, together with His spirit. You teach your communicants to believe, that in celebrating the Lord's Supper they adopt the only means of enjoying eternal life; Christ taught His apostles to understand that His object in founding the rite, was, simply, to supply them with an occasion of remembering Him. Your church's Supper is no more the Lord's Supper than Mahomet is Christ, or than the god of the nether world, is the God of Heaven!"

We may likewise subjoin the following eloquent and nervous passage.

"To glance at certain adjuncts of your passive deity, permit me to inquire where it was that your church first lit up her altar and her priest, for no such priest or altar is to be met with in the records of the Second Dispensation? Where, I ask, did she light upon them? There, where she found her image,—in the temple of the heathen? Through lust she envied the heathen priest; and through lust she coveted the heathen altar. She saw that the latter was rich—the repository of various offerings, ranging from the most humble to the most sumptuous—not contributed for the

relief of suffering flesh and blood, but lavished upon wood and stone; and she saw that the former stood like a god, with crowds of worshippers upon their knees before him. Nor did it content her to offer up the spiritual incense of supplication, thanksgiving and praise. Her fleshly eye and nostril longed for the censer and its cloud of perfume! She fondly persuaded herself that she might render good service to Christ, not by achieving a victory over Jupiter, but by robbing him; and accordingly, she made a compromise with heathenism, by grafting its worship on that of the Living God—seducing, not converting—giving, it is true, the outlines of a more rational belief, but filling them up with the lights and shadows, and colouring of superstition! And she prospered, after the imagination of her own carnal heart!—prospered, till she became a wonder to herself—till, in the intoxication of self-idolatry, she claimed equality with Christ—superseeded Christ—cast almost wholly off the law of His Word, and stood irresponsible upon the code of her own! That was the day of her consummate glory, was it not, when she first proclaimed to her subjects, “*The church declareth this and this*”—not God, but the church! “*The Church decrees it!*” No reference!—no appeal! The authority of the Trinity, a blank, in comparison with that of the church—the ground and pillar, not of faith, like the spiritual building which Christ and his apostles raised—but of falsehood, fraud, and infidelity! How paramount in magnificence of holy achievement stood then your church, when the sovereigns of the earth did butrish implicit homage to her; when Sigismund broke his pledge to quench her thirst for the blood of John Huss; and when a British king, at her mandate, descended from his throne to perform a slavish act of penance at the shrine of a pestilent priest!—when, in compelled or beguiled preference for her ‘tender mercies,’ mankind forewent ‘the sure mercies of David;’ and, instead of receiving into their hearts and minds the promised Spirit of God, threw them wide open, to the entrance of whatever spirit it pleased her to breathe into them; consenting, through her seductions or threats, to crawl, her abject slaves, instead of standing erect, at the proclamation of the apostle, ‘the freemen of the Lord!’

“But Christendom is of your church’s making! Ah what, through a lapse of centuries have we contemplated in Christendom? the fruit of Christianity, peace, forgiveness of injuries, brotherly love? Or war, revenge, and hatred? True, the Redeemer said, ‘I came, not to send peace, but a sword;’ but it ill befitted a church that calls itself His, to have become the instrument of fulfilling the prophecy. Do I, Sir, overstate the case, to the amount of a jot, when I assert that your church has improved on the Jewish adage, ‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth?’ Professing to honour Christ, what has she taken up? Her cross, as He commanded? No, Sir, but an *image of His*! No, Sir, but the sword!—no image, but an unsightly, dread, adhorred, reality! “Touch me and perish! is the compendium of the Gospel, which she has preached to mankind in the name of God! ‘Measureless retribution!’ has constituted her vital creed, inculcated by her own example. “Yes, Sir; the hand that claims to hold the miraculous cup, has more than once flourished the sword; and the lips which have countless times received the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus, have more than once given the signal for slaughter; or proclaimed a *Te Deum* to celebrate its consummation! History, well authenticated history, gives your church credit for expertness and zeal in the use of the carnal weapon, and among its victims numbers the brethren and sisters—men, women and children—of churches which could boast, as well as she could, a direct apostolical descent; though they did not emulate, as she has done, the merit of departing from, or corrupting the apostolic faith—in whose unpretending houses of prayer neither altar nor image

was to be found ; whose ceremony recognised no second mediator in Mary, no subordinate intercessors in the saints ; whose ministers were pastors, not priests ; whose creed gave no sanction to the dogma of transubstantiation, or of purgatory ; whose discipline was a stranger to auricular confession—that instrument of reciprocal contamination ; whose sole trust for salvation was that which Scripture told them it ought to be, ‘The faith as it is in Jesus ;’ and who for such fidelity, in the sight of God—but heresy in the regards of your church—were committed, by her holy ordination or sanction, to the correction of the sword, and its concomitants—rapine, pollution, conflagration, and slaughter ! Merciful God ! what a heresy to call for extirpation ! adherence to thy sacred laws, and disregard of dogmas, rank with the craft and lusts of unregenerate, designing, truthless, and worthless men.

“But the sword did not content your church. Hell offered her the Inquisition,* and she snatched at the gift of hell. Within, the dungeon, the rack, with every engine of torture which fertile, quick invention could suggest ; and, without, the gibbet and the stake were placed at her acceptance—and she blessed them ! Tell me not, Sir, that the murders which ensued in thousands of thousands, were the work of the secular arm ; when it is proved by documents, the truth of which defy all questioning, that the heart which animated that arm, and kept it in full employment, had its seat in the bosom of your Church ! Then was the epoch of her most holy triumph, when the charities of our common nature stood nerveless upon the earth, and looked helplessly on !—when, from the palace to the cottage, the door was implicitly flung open at the summons of the HOLY OFFICE, and the hearth or the bed surrendered—without daring to offer expostulation or entreaty—the father or the mother, the daughter or the son, to abide the pleasure of the secret, ghostly tribunal, and the handling of its savage officials !—when the court of trial was the place of execution—‘a hell upon earth’ !—a hell, the consigners to which were the guilty, and the consigned the innocent !—a human hell, where fiends presided in the shapes of men, and urged the throes and the writhing of convulsive, maddening agony ; feasting on the victim, and listening to his groans, as the glutton does to the music that accompanies a banquet, on which he gloats ; and from which he never rises till he is gorged !”

In the paragraph which we subjoin, the present vicar of St. Peter is belaboured as roughly as his darling child the Cardinal.

“A masquerading sceptred priest, who, but the other day, as it were, fled, in a borrowed livery, from his own convulsed dominions !—fled to the first arm, under which he could skulk for shelter ; and squatted there, though it dripped with the blood of recent, merciless slaughter !—with Roman Catholic blood !—the blood of a neighbouring portion of ‘the beloved children’ !—the blood of a groaning people, goaded and maddened into insurrection, by a tyrant, before whose whose gust the binding oaths of treaties had given way, like rotten packthread, in the knotting ! It was a day of rejoicing to your Church, was it not—a day never to be forgotten by her—when, as we were told, the royal runaway priest, and the royal butcher, partook, in concert, of the ‘blessed Eucharist’ !—a rite of which the former never once omitted to partake while the bombardment of the holy city was going on ! And still he partakes of it, glance

* In spite of the most valid and numerous doctrines to the contrary, ‘the church’ is now so ashamed of the Inquisition, that she does not blush to characterise it as a purely political institution.

ing, with thankful eye, from the cup, which, as he says, contains his God, to the bayonets that allow him to lift it to his lips in safety ! The fidelity of his immediate 'beloved children' is not to be trusted ; the temples and shrines, with their images, in duplicates upon duplicates, of Mary and the saints, environing him, are not to be trusted ; the Holy Spirit, with which he declares himself to be anointed, is not to be trusted ; the God, by whose appointment he fills the apocryphal chair of Peter, is not to be trusted. He can put faith in nothing but the arm of flesh, and that a foreign one !

ORCADIAN SKETCHES,

No. III.

By DAVID VEDDER.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;—

but never one more resplendent than that of the 14th July, 18—, when the magnificent loch of Stennis was seen, for the first time, glowing with the reflected radiance of the newly risen sun, like a miniature ocean of molten gold, gently chaffing against an emerald margin, purling, and murmuring, and singing through the contracted channel at the bridge of Broigar, like the music of a fairy procession, and alive with countless aquatic birds, of all tribes and colours, skimming the surface in quest of prey, or disporting in ten thousand intricate evolutions on the wing. I am aware that certain captious and frivolous objections may be made to the unrivalled beauty of the scene by some matter-of-fact person, who, born and bred among forest scenery, rashly concludes that the landscape must be defective which is destitute of trees—tame, spiritless, unanimated ; but dost thou not know, O, querulous caviller, that—

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,”

and that the sketcher, who looks to the land of his nativity through a retrospect of more years than I care to enumerate, is apt to invest it with all the beauties that truth will admit of ; and if there is an approximation to exaggeration, he may, at least, hope for lenient censure.

On the banks of this magnificent sheet of water are to be found the far-famed Druidical circles, known all over the insular province as the “standin' stanes o' Stennis,” and, with the exception of Stonehenge, the largest in her Majesty's wide dominions. Regarding them history is silent, nor does the palsied tongue of tradition mutter aught in relation to them ; conjecture itself is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity, or bewildered amidst conflicting opinions and antagonistic systems. The Norwegian Sagas, so minute in detailing the pagan rites

of the early Northmen—the elder and younger Eddas—the Mythological Lexicon—all are mute as the voices of the rude and remote generation who elevated these vast blocks to their vertical position.

In order to lay before my readers the most exact and correct account of these interesting relics of antiquity that ever was published, I must have recourse to a work,* now out of print, published in 1822, by my late friend, Alex. Peterkin, Esq., Sheriff-substitute of Orkney, whose antiquarian knowledge, research, and accuracy have seldom been exceeded.

“From Stromness I went to the Stones Stennis, or Stenhouse, about four or five miles on the road to Kirkwall. These are very singular monuments of antiquity. They cannot, however, be compared to Stonehenge; and whether they be Druidical or Scandinavian, it is impossible to survey these relics of ancient devotion or superstition, in their present state of neglect, without regret. They consist of two clusters; one of these is a complete circle, sixty fathoms in diameter, including the wide ditch which surrounds the circle of stones, many of which are now thrown down. This circle stands conspicuously on a peninsula, gently elevated on the north side of the Loch of Stennis, and dividing that sheet of water nearly into two equal parts, of five or six miles in extent each. On the southern side of the lake, (which is connected with the opposite promontory by a low mound of stones, having openings for the tide to pass,) there are now only three pillars remaining of what seems to have been another circle, or part of a circle of larger dimensions, and one detached stone at the south end of the bridge of Broigar. Each of the remaining pillars is about eighteen feet above ground: one was lately thrown down, but has not been broken; three were in the month of December, 1814, torn from the spot on which they had stood for ages, and were shivered to pieces. A similar detached pillar, with a hole cut through it, was likewise destroyed at the same time; it stood on the east side of the larger stones, and seems to have been the rude altar to which the victims for sacrifice were bound.”

In later times it was a consecrated spot for the meeting of lovers; and when they had joined hands through the stone, the pledge of love and troth thus given was held as sacred as the solemn vow of marriage, and rarely, indeed, if ever, was it violated by the romantic visionaries who resorted to this shrine.

This unfortunate act of destruction was thoughtlessly perpetrated by the tenant of the adjacent farm, for the purpose of building “cow-houses!” The whole would have shared the same fate, had not the historian of Scotland interposed, in conjunction with two other gentlemen, who formally made application to the Sheriff Court of the county to arrest the hand of the spoiler, and stay the work of destruction. For the honour of our hyperborean region, be it said, that this same defacer was not a native thereof; he had been recently imported, for the purpose, no doubt, of civilizing the aborigines, and introducing an improved system—not certainly of taste and the love of virtue, but of husbandry. Did it never occur to this worthy that he was doing an

* Notes on Orkney and Zetland.

† Malcolm Laing, Esq.

irreparable injury, not only to this, but to all succeeding generations,—that he was removing beacons in the ocean of time—mile-stones in the high-way to eternity—links in the chains of our theories relative to the past—the nucleus, around which some future profound thinker might rear a moral pharos to illumine that which had previously been enwrapt in darkness?

“It is not my purpose,” says the writer above quoted, “to engage in a controversy, whether these stones at Stennis be Druidical or Scandinavian. But it is quite obvious that some of the arguments which have been employed to show that they could not be Druidical, are quite inconclusive; and, on the other hand, it is not improbable that they were used as places of assemblage for administering the rude laws and still ruder orgies of the Scandinavians.”

There remains not a doubt on my mind but that these remarkable relics of some remote age were formed into a greater and less circle, and elevated into their vertical position in honour of the sun and moon, by a Druidical race, every vestige of whom have disappeared from the face of the earth:

“Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after their primeval race was run;”

and that the skin-clothed barbarians, whom Harald Haarfager and his Vikings found roaming the Orcadian morasses, were as ignorant of the precise era of their erection and consecration as we are.

To a certainty, however, the Pagan flamens of the North would at once see the propriety of adapting these primitive circular temples to their own gory* ritual. The rude perforated altar—the fosse, wide, deep, and situate in the vicinity of an inexhaustible lake—the large, prestrate or horizontal slab in the middle of the original semicircle, all tell of “deeds without a name,”—an impure priesthood, an unhallowed ritual, and the immolation of human victims, previous to the introduction of Christianity among the Scandinavian nations; in seasons of imminent danger or distress, the blood of animals was deemed an insufficient price, and that of human beings was substituted. Captives and slaves were first selected; but to render the offering more acceptable, fathers did not spare their children, nor kings their subjects. Aun, a prince of Sweden, immolated nine of his sons to obtain extreme old age. Hakon, Jarl of Norway, perpetrated the same cruelty to obtain a victory over his enemy, Harald Graenske; and Olaf Frætelia, a petty chief of Wermeland, was burnt to appease Odin, and put an end to a severe famine. The early northern Chronicles teem with such harrowing narratives; but the fulness of time came—the word went forth with irresistible power and majesty—the idols were thrown to the moles and to the bats—the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings: debased and brutalized humanity was emancipated from worse than Egyptian thralldom, and the ferocious savage

* “At Lethra, says Dithmar, bishop of Merseburg, in the eleventh century, every nine years in the month of January, the Danes flock together in crowds, and offer to their gods 99 men, as many horses, dogs, and cocks, with the certain hope of appeasing them by their victims.”

resumed the image of Him who created him, and received that liberty wherewith Christ makes his disciples free ; a liberty—

“ Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away ;
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
’Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token ; it is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By th’ unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp ; that speaks them his,
And are august ; but this transcends them all.”

A few miles southward of these wondrous fragments of an unknown age, and within the precincts of the aforesaid parish of Stennis, is the valley of Summerdale, or Bigswell, a place of high local celebrity, in consequence of a sanguinary battle having been fought there, on the 18th May, 1529, between John, Earl of Caithness, and Sir James St. Clair, a left-handed scion of the same family tree, and governor of the castle of Kirkwall. Ever since the insular earldom had been received in pledge from Christian I. of Denmark, by James III. of Scotland, as a security for the due payment of his bride’s dowry in 1468,—a dowry, by the way, which was never paid ;—until the death of that monarch in 1488—it was leased to the bishops, whose avaricious conduct and “gripping” propensities float on the breath of tradition to this day. On the accession of James IV. to the throne of his ancestors, this high-spirited monarch, who was more attached to the sword than the mitre, and had more faith in the efficacy of a *plump* of Scottish spears, than in all the ghostly artillery of Rome, granted a lease of the earldom to Henry Lord Sinclair, who subsequently went with his master to Flodden, where they both perished. Lady Margaret, the widow of the heroic Lord Henry Sinclair, continued to enjoy her husband’s lease in Orkney after he fell on the fatal field of Flodden, and in 1520, it was renewed and prolonged to her for 19 years more ; but the cupidity of the Caithness Earl was aroused, and, aided by Lady Margaret’s unfilial son, Lord Sinclair, the earl’s retainers were embarked,—landed at Howton, marched over the heathy hills of Orphir in great glee, in the hopes of easily wresting the country from the feeble hands of a female feudatory, and returning in triumph to their own territory with additional military glory, and the possession of a second earldom.

But the Earl for once reckoned without his host : he was met in the valley of Summerdale by Sir James Sinclair, above alluded to, who, with a band of hardy insular adherents, in whose stalwart bodies the heroic spirit of the old Northmen still lingered—the hostile parties at once closed—the battle was long, obstinate, and bloody—they fought hand to hand for hours. The Earl, and five hundred of his followers fell, and Lord Sinclair, together with the surviving wreck of the invaders, were taken prisoners. Some accounts state that all the Caith-

ness men were cut off: be this as it may, it is stated by Sir Robert Gordon that the rout and slaughter were complete. The scene of conflict bears evident marks of it to this day. The prevailing heath colour is diversified with faint green spots, and the level of the surface by little grassy mounds pointing in various directions; the "poor inhabitants" being earthed as they fell amidst the tumult of the deadly strife. The heath-clad hills throw their shadows over the gloomy moss of Bigswell,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his *shallow* cell for ever laid,
The *rude retainers* of a *despot* sleep.

The hero of Summerdale was rewarded by his sovereign for this piece of good service by a grant of the islands of Sanda and Eday; but his majesty's topographical knowledge had been somewhat imperfect; this deficiency was more than suspected; and the story goes that a deceit was practised on the poet-king, which in the end produced a melancholy catastrophe.

Sir James, it was said, represented to his liege lord that the two islands above mentioned were mere petty holms or islets, fit only for the grazing of a few black cattle and a score or two of sheep, whereas, in truth, they are two of the most important islands in the whole Orcadian group. Alas! the imposture was discovered—the royal vengeance began to fulminate—terror seized on the deceiver—and in his delirium, he threw himself from a precipitous rock, and perished in the sea.

Imperishable honour to the memory of the "Gudeman o' Ballan-geich," "king o' the commons," and "Lord of the Gaberlunzies"—the immortal "Makker," James the V., whose inimitable ballads, after more than three hundred years have rolled away, appear as fresh, vigorous, and graphic to the present generation as they did to the revellers of Hallirude, or the wassailers of Falkland in the early part of the 16th century. As Johnson said of Shakspeare—"he assumes the dignity of an ancient, and claims the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration;" his characters are grouped with all the artistic skill of Wilkie or Teniers;—

"And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch."

Not content with repressing the manifold tyrannies of his nobles in various parts of his kingdom—not satisfied with his far-famed expedition through the border counties, when earldoms were forfeited and earls incarcerated, barons and lairds committed to ward—chiefs of septs and clans publicly executed, and poor Johnie Armstrang, together with thirty-six of his "chyvalrie," hanged upon "growing trees,"—the ardent and adventurous spirit by which he was eminently distinguished, and his intense love of justice prompted him to brave dangers far greater than those of Chyribdis and Sylla, and risk his royal person and life on a visit to the outskirts of his dominions. The troubles of Orkney had not escaped his penetrating eye, and the cries of the op-

pressed had reached his ear; he therefore planned the romantic project of a tour of inspection to his hyperborean territories, including the Hebrides. Accordingly, in the spring of 1535, he put his council on the wrong scent, by inducing the members thereof to suppose that he intended to visit France on a nuptial speculation. But though he loved to dally with the myrtle, it was of far higher importance to him to wield the sword of justice; for this purpose a royal squadron set out, consisting of five vessels, the élite of the Scottish fleet, under the superintendence of Lindsay, one of the ablest navigators of his day. Having reached the insular capital in safety, and moored in its capacious bay, the silver cross of St. Andrew floated proudly over the royal squadron; and amidst the thunders of artillery, the harmonies of St. Magnus' bells, and the loyal shouts of a dense population, the majesty of Scotland landed; literally and emphatically a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to those who did well. The glorious old cathedral bells had not emitted their sonorous peals into royal ears since they saluted Hakon of Norway, after his disastrous expedition to the west of Scotland in 1263, a period of 272 years; and, without doubt, a jubilee would be held by the loyal and well-disposed portion of the lieges. The episcopal palace gates flew open to receive the august visitor, and Bishop Edward Stewart, himself a scion of royalty, who should have been made a Cardinal for his princely generosity* and regal magnificence, received his sovereign in a manner befitting his high rank and dignity. The banquets were such as had never been seen in these northern regions, and the richest wines flowed freely to all comers of mark or note. Of the Latin orations which may have been pronounced I have heard little or nothing. James loved his own vernacular too well to encourage the use of a dead language; such tomfoolery was reserved for his grandson, "the wisest fool in Christendom." His levees were attended by the insular magnates, from whom he received homage; the "leal and loyal" portion of them were treated with kingly courtesy, but the turbulent and dangerous were carried off to the seat of justice. He ordered hydrographical surveys to be made among the intricacies of the surrounding friths; and by this important operation no doubt learned that Sanda and Eday were not two insignificant islets, as had been represented by Sir James Sinclair, whose melancholy end has been already mentioned. This unfortunate monarch, as all the world knows, died in his palace of Falkland of a broken heart, at the early age of 32—a heavy loss to the great bulk of the inhabitants of a kingdom torn by intestine dissensions, and crushed by the tyrannies of an all-grasping and irresponsible nobility. He balanced the scales of justice so equally, and held her sword so firmly, that—

The rush-buss held the widow's cow,
The latch the orphan's door;
And the peasant's hut was a fortalice
As strong as the noble's tower.

* This prelate built the pillars and pointed arches at the east end of the cathedral at his own expense.

The cathedral Church of Kirkwall has been characterised as one of the architectural glories of the middle ages, and as a startling type of the power of the Church of Rome, to dazzle the eyes of the nations, by erecting such a gorgeous temple amidst a group of remote isles, situate in a watery waste on the confines of the arctic circle. The geographical position of the kingdom, on the outskirts of which this sacred fane was built, was remote, small, and secluded; and the inhabitants thereof illiterate and semi-barbarous. It yielded no material for building such a magnificent fabric except stones, and these had to be transported in open boats—no doubt of a very primitive construction—over rapid tides and dangerous friths, from the red head of Eday, to the bay of Kirkwall, a distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles. But indomitable perseverance, the indulgences of the Church, and doubtless, promises of ample rewards in the world which is to come, stimulated the hardy islanders to superhuman exertions, until the great work was accomplished. Artizans of every description had to be imported from the Continent, together with brass, bronze, marble, glass, iron and timber,—the most skilful architect and operative masons would be in requisition, and consequently the expense would be enormous; but when the capital of the founder waxed small, the treasury of holy mother Church would come to the rescue; and thus the great work was brought to a successful termination; the cluster of mud hovels, inhabited for the most part by fishermen, became a cathedral city; the power, the wealth, and the learning of the earldom resorted to the island metropolis; and thither the sovereigns and the admirals of the parent state repaired, previous to, or returning from their warlike expeditions; and where the great ones of the earth do congregate, there will wealth accumulate; the friable materials of the clay cottage gave place to the solid mansion of stone, constructed for the combined purpose of residence and defence; the walls of many of these antique abodes, to this day, being of unusual strength and thickness. Soon after the annexation of these islands to the Scottish monarchy, King James the Third granted a charter to the inhabitants of Kirkwall, erecting it into a royal burgh and city, with extensive jurisdiction, property, and privileges. The cathedral is the property of "the provost, bailies, council, and inhabitants of the burgh," to whom it was gifted by the above mentioned charter, confirmed by a new charter from James the Fifth, and a third by Charles the Second, ratifying the former two. I am indebted to my accurate and antiquarian friend, the late Sheriff Peterkin, for the *dimensions* of this magnificent temple, and to the erudite author of the *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland* for its description; an article which none but an individual deeply versed in the science of architecture could possibly have written. "The whole length of the cathedral," says Peterkin, "from east to west, is 226 feet, its breadth, 56, the arms of the cross, or transept, are each 28 feet beyond the side walls, and 28 feet in breadth. From the floor to the ridge of the roof the height is 71 feet, and to the summit of the spire, on the central tower, about 135 or 140." "After having stood for nearly seven hundred years," says the editor of the elaborate work above mentioned, "this cathedral remains pre-eminent,

both in dignity and beauty, over all the architectural productions which the progress of civilization and science has reared around it. And even the traveller from the central districts of the mighty empire, to which the fair isle of Pomona is now attached, looking with admiring wonder on its lofty tiers of strong and symmetrical arches, and its richly mullioned windows, admits that old St. Magnus' is matched but by a very few of the ecclesiastical edifices of our great cities, and those few are also ancient. Even as when it first reared its head among the fishermen's huts, it still frowns broad and dark over the surrounding houses of the old burgh of Kirkwall. . . . Along with St. Mungo's in Glasgow, the cathedral of St. Magnus boasts of being a complete cross church, with all its essential parts entire; and unfortunately there are no other cathedral edifices in Scotland to which the like description applies.

"There are aisles along the nave and choir, and regular transepts, with three tiers of Norman-shaped windows. A square tower springs from the centre of the cross, terminated by a low spire, or rather a pyramidal roof, of comparatively modern structure. The nave,—the great proportion of which was built by the founder —, is of the sternest and most massive style of that architecture, which is usually called Norman, and which, spreading over a considerable part of Europe, was in this instance exemplified by a part of that race from whom the Norinans had their origin. Including the triforium and the clerestory, the nave thus exhibits on either side, three solemn, massive, semicircular headed arcades. The pillars are round, and the arches have no richer moulding than a succession of truncated angles; the toothed and zigzag ornaments, which confer a grotesque richness on the later period of Norman gothic, not presenting themselves, at least in the main departments.

"The choir, though chiefly Norman in its character, is more richly moulded and clustered, presenting, independently of its pointed window belonging to a much later age, some features of transition."

Trusting to the effect of his pictorial representation, the accomplished editor of the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, has omitted a description of the "shafted oriel," which erst showered down its variegated light on the high altar, and shed a halo of glory over the tomb of St. Magnus. It is a rich gothic window of four pointed arches, separated by three shafts. Above the points of these arches there is a circle divided into twelve compartments; the height of the whole being thirty-six feet by twelve feet wide. On the south arm of the cross there is a circular window, much inferior, however, in beauty and symmetry to the oriel,—provincially called the *rose window*;—there are thirty-two pillars, four of which are eight feet in diameter—the others vary from five to six;—one hundred and three windows light the venerable pile, a chime of three large bells, most solemn, most musical,—with an harmonious accord,—such as I have never heard elsewhere,—call the lieges to their devotions:—

Why lies thy shadow on my memory yet,
Like that of Karuac on the desert sands?

Thou that so many an age and storm hast met—
Imperishable work of perished hands !
There was a time when pilgrims from far lands
Throng'd to thine altars, and through nave and aisle
Roll'd the deep organ's chant, and choral bands
Fill'd with old harmonies thy stately pile.

While shields and banners shook o'er knightly tombs the while !

Yet notwithstanding the regrets of the archaologist, the whine of the mere sentimentalist, or the sneers of lettered infidelity, we live in happier times, and in more auspicious circumstances. I hold, that the melodious thunders of the organ,—the choral harmonies of the chantry,—the dense clouds of incense,—the white robes of the humbler officials,—the gorgeous costume of prelate and arch-prelate, and all the brilliant blazonry of departed chivalry, are as dust in the balance, aye, less than nothing and vanity, when compared with the voice of psalms, the prayer of faith, and the gospel of Christ preached in its purity and simplicity to perishing sinners, adding "this man and that man" to the ranks of the Captain of our salvation. But to return.

The patron saint of this stupendous pile was no pious ascetic, from the sunny plains of Italy,—no pilgrim to the shrines of the Holy Land ; he had no pretensions to superior sanctity—he saw no visions, dreamed no dreams, laid claim to no supernatural agency ; but contrariwise, the saintly legends admit, that in early youth he had been somewhat dissolute, and could handle the boarding spear, or flourish a war-axe like his compeers ; but he had seen the error of his ways,—consorted with ecclesiastics, became a man of peace, and obtained a reputation for learning and piety, such as it was in the middle of the eleventh century. When Thorfin, Jarl of Orkney, "shuffled off his mortal coil," he bequeathed his dominions to his two sons, Paul and Erland, who, strange to say, lived in peace and concord, as brethren should ; this, however, was the exception and not the rule ; and such conduct could not be expected to last above one generation. Accordingly, Hacon, the son of Paul, became a great warrior, while Magnus, his cousin, herded with priests, and had converted the battle-axe into the crosier. The former lusted for the *whole* of the terraqueous earldom, but after several attempts to win it by the sword, agreed to refer the whole matter to mutual arbitration ; the diet was to be held in the small island of Eaglesay. Magnus brought only as many of his retainers as manned two war-galleys ; but Hacon brought seven or eight filled with his own fierce warriors. Magnus at once divined the murderous intention of his kinsman, and fled to the church for refuge, but Hacon pursued him thither, and slew him in presence of the priest, who was at that time officiating at the altar. Thus the combination of sacrilege and murder elevated the grandson of Jarl Thorfin to the status of a saint and martyr, whose relics healed diseases, and whose name can never die ; relics to be enshrined in silver and gold, and a name to be invoked in prayer ! His mother, after much entreaty, having obtained possession of his body, conveyed it to the church of Birsá, and there interred it ; the odour of sanctity, however, was only beginning to exhale.

The fratricidal ruffian having accomplished his nefarious purpose, and become the sole lord of the earldom, he seemed to say, "Soul take thine ease;" but the hand of death arrested his further progress in crime, and his son, who inherited a thorny coronet, along with a divided earldom, had to defend both against the just claim and the forces of Ronald, a sister's son of the assassinated Magnus, who waged a desultory war against him with varied success. Having concentrated all his naval and military strength, and on the eve of making one grand effort for the recovery of his dominions, he was recommended to invoke the aid of his martyred uncle, who had been recently canonized. The hint was adopted, and a solemn vow made, that in the event of victory, he would raise a temple over the relics of the saint, which should eclipse all the splendour of the ecclesiastical buildings in the north, and that he would endow it with a revenue suitable to its grandeur and magnificence. The hostile spears commingled, the conflict was long, bloody, and doubtful; victory however, at length declared for Lord Ronald, and, in consequence of divisions among his rival's army, he ultimately became possessed of the whole earldom. The vow was fulfilled to the letter, and the foundation stone of the cathedral church of Kirkwall was laid in the year 1138. Such is a brief outline of the history of one of the most extraordinary ecclesiastical structures ever reared by human hands; if we consider the remote locality, the insular position, the barbarous age, and the poverty of a group of islands barely known to the inhabitants of southern Europe as a refuge for a horde of pirates and sea-rovers. Thirty-four years after the murder of St. Magnus, his bones were transferred from Birsá to the new cathedral. His day on the calendar, corresponding with that of his martyrdom, is the 16th April. He became the patron saint of Orkney, and it is said "The Orkney men had such an opinion of Magnus's sanctity, that when any difficulty arose, they sometimes threw dice, whether they should pay their devotions at Rome or at the shrine of St. Magnus;"* and Ronald himself not only became Lord of the country, but was declared to be a saint by the Roman Pontiff, on account of his pious work. It must have been an honorary sort of title, however, something akin to a Nova Scotia baronetage, inasmuch as I have been unable to learn that any very remarkable miracle was ever performed at his shrine. With regard to the erection of this famous pile, multifarious are the traditions and legends which have floated down the stream of time, from generation to generation; legends so irrational and absurd,—so at variance with reason, and contrary to all that we know of physics, that it is more than surprising such incongruities could be for a moment entertained, even by a rude and unlettered peasantry. We should remember, however, that a people skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians—among other irrationalities,—believed that the city of Thebes was built by the mellifluous cadences of Amphion's lyre. Cadwallo, a Welsh bard, could "hush the stormy main," and Madrid's magic song—

"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head."

* Hutton's MS. Adv. Lib.

I offer these trite observations in order to *balance* the preposterous fables current with the Orcadian peasantry, and among others, the belief, that "St. Manse's kirk was a biggit i' ae nicht by the Pechts!"

Taking advantage of a splendid summer breeze from S.S.W., and a new-made tide, I left the insular metropolis, and steered my tiny craft over rapid currents, and whirling eddies, through the intricacies of the northern islands, and in about four hours, arrived in safety, and moored my shallop at the jetty of Pierowall, a beautiful basin, completely landlocked; situate at the north-east angle of the Island of Westray. A few hundred yards above high-water mark stands the most northerly building in Britain, of architectural interest; and regarding which guide-books are dumb, and itineraries silent. Every robber's nest on the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube, has been visited by the migratory tribes, who spend their time and substance everywhere, except among the interesting localities of their native land, but few, save the local antiquary, or the tempest-tost mariner, have ever seen or heard of the CASTLE OF NOLTLAND.

Nevertheless, this massive castellated pile, hoary with age, and subjected to the arctic blast, as it has been, seems to set the tooth of time at defiance, and to stand forth as a Scandinavian relic, which, if possible, would rival the great pyramid. "The central portion is an oblong parallelogram, and its lower story, (strongly vaulted with one continuous semicircular arch,) was devoted to the great hall and kitchen. To two opposing angles of this main figure, other buildings are attached—that on the left contains the great stair-case, and on the right appears to consist of dungeons below, and the private apartments of the Baron above. Detached walls, and an arched gateway are the remains of additional edifices, forming a courtyard; but these do not belong to the original fortress. The fact is evident, from their inclosing the external ranges of embrasures, or *port-holes*, if we may so call them.

These are plentiful upon the portions of the castle represented, but the opposite side is so redundant of them, tier above tier, that we can compare it to nothing but the "rows of teeth" in a man-of-war's battery, and the general hulk appearance almost justifies us in attributing the design to a sailor-architect. Whoever he was, tradition reports his remains to be immured within the walls of the staircase, and a large stone on the exterior is pointed out as his coffin lid.* Massive construction in the basement, is, however, well relieved by the fanciful design of the upper floors. Here are windows, large, richly ornamented with mouldings, and the continuation of a string-course around the windows, as labels, is peculiarly effective. Nor must we omit calling attention to the ornamental turns of this string-course at the angles of the building. Much irregularity consists in the masonry, for sometimes the layers of rough stone-work are alternately massive or very thin. In nearly all the first class, the effect is peculiar, from the angular

* One tradition affirms, that the grave contains the ashes of a youth who was slain by his own father, in consequence of an ill-assorted match which the said youth had made, and that as a penance, the hoary murderer had him buried in his chamber, to keep his son ever in remembrance.

direction of the joints, which should be vertical. This has doubtless arisen from the rhomboidal of the beds in the stone quarry.

Of the principal stair-case, a good notion of its dimensions may be formed, from the fact of the central column or newell being nearly one yard in diameter. The destruction of its pyramidal terminal is much to be regretted, for this stair-case is perfectly unique, especially the guard-room at its summit; here, supposing an enemy to have gained possession of the stairs, and about entering the rooms in fancied safety, he would have to encounter the aim of hidden foes, whose fire would be directed from the shot-hole behind the central column.* This astonishing structure (wonderful, if we consider its era and locality,) was begun by Thomas de Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, and governor of the Earldom, under Eric of Denmark, about forty-six years before the islands were annexed to the Crown of Scotland, namely, in 1422. His initials, with the kneeling figure of a Bishop, ornament the capital of the pillar supporting the great stair-case. This prelate was a person of great munificence and elegant taste. He erected and beautified that part of St. Magnus' Cathedral, where his venerable remains were lately discovered. About the end of the 15th century, Noltland Castle was stormed and seized by Sir William Sinclair of Warsetter; who was, however, compelled by royal authority to restore it to Bishop Edward Stewart.

Its last episcopal possessor was the well-known Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who gifted it over to his brother-in-law, Sir Gilbert Balfour, Master of Queen Mary's household, Sheriff of Orkney, and Captain of Kirkwall Castle. It is thus that the confusion of Balfour's connections with *Bishop* Bothwell and *Earl* Bothwell has arisen, and been repeated by one writer after another, until it actually came to be believed, that Sir Gilbert built Noltland castle, as a refuge for the husband of the unfortunate Mary, the infamous Duke of Orkney!

That he had his royal mistress's commands to prepare it for her reception on her escape from Lochleven Castle, there is no reason to doubt, and Balfour paid the penalty for his loyalty, by forfeiture and exile. The castle, however, was restored to his son, who gave it to his kinsman, Michael Balfour, of Munquhanny and Westray. This gentleman, by opposing the tyranny of the infamous Earl Patrick Stewart, drew down upon himself the vengeance of that bold bad man, who, after a long siege, took Noltland by assault, and carried the inmates prisoners to Kirkwall. The last survivors of the officers of the defeated army of Montrose found refuge in this fortalice, and fine and exile again fell upon its owner, Patrick Balfour. Its next owner, George, had six-and-thirty children, and stood six feet seven inches in his stockings; but, alas! this sample of a northern giant was not over-gifted with mental powers; his head, like his own attics, was very poorly furnished; not a particle of prudence was in his composition, rioting and extravagance were his prevailing vices, feasting and wassailing, after the old Scandinavian manner was the delight of his heart. As an illustration

* Baronial Antiquities of Scotland.

of his management of his affairs, it is said, that at the marriage of one of his daughters, he kept open house to all comers for a period of four months; and his guests only departed on the unwelcome announcement that the contents of the larder had dwindled to the last joint of the last beast, and that beast was the Bull !*

Like castles of higher celebrity, Noltland had also its Brownie, and a more pains-taking and industrious drudge never wielded flail or sickle, spade or pitch-fork. He could even construct and repair bridges—was a very M'Adam at road-making, hauled up boats above high-water mark during storms, and procured instantaneous medical assistance to the lady of the castle; in short, he was as superior to his cousin of Bodsbeck, as a paradise pear to a rotten pippin, but all would not do; the thoughtless Laird went on from bad to worse, and after a life of wasteful extravagance, worthy of the Lords of Castle Rackrent, his necessities drove him to seek an humbler home, and soon a narrow one.

For one short generation, Noltland struggled against time and decay; but it has now for a century been left to the undisputed possession of the Brownie, who, by way of keeping his hand in a little employment, suited to his great age, celebrates the births and marriages of the Balfours, by a kind of spectral illumination. This piece of superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiae*, is of Norwegian derivation; and I confess I am somewhat disappointed that the unshapely drudge should not have illumined his unearthly cresset on the death of the members of this distinguished family also. The tomb-fires of the north are again and again alluded to in the *Norse Sagas*. William Lord St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, and as many more titles as would weary the patience of a Spaniard, founded the superb chapel of Roslin, not only as place of public worship, but as a sanctified receptacle for his remains and those of his descendents. This beautiful fiction was imported from Orkney along with its prince; and the mighty "Makker" of the North, has not been slow in seizing on the incident; the beautiful Rosabelle, the rose of Roslin, perished in crossing the Forth, and

O'er Roslin, all that dreary night,

A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam :

'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,

And redder than the bright noon beam.

* As some extenuation of Laird George's extravagance, be it known to the younger portion of my readers, that "wilfu' wastrie," on particular occasions, was the order of the day among all who laid claim to family antiquity, or, as it was called, "gentle blude." Cooped up in an island, "far amidst the melancholy main," and somewhat more than four hundred miles distant from that centre of civilization, the "hie gate o' Embro," is it to be wondered at, that this Orcaian magnate carried on wassail to an undue limit? As the representative of Sward, filz Osulf, filz Siward, he was bound to do "the thing handsomely." But what are we to think of the Corinthian capitals of the metropolis? In the year 1704, Sir James Stewart's marriage with President Dalrymple's second daughter brought together a number of people related to both families. At the signing of the eldest Miss Dalrymple's contract, the preceding year, there was an entire hog'shead of wine drank that night, and the number of people at Sir James Stewart's was little less. The marriage was in the President's house, with as many of the relations as it would hold. The bride's favours were all sewed on her gown, from top to bottom. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her, and pulled off the favours. The competition for the bride's garter would have done honour to a wigwam of Mohawks. The company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening. The feasting continued till they had gone through all the friends of the family with a ball every night!

Seem'd all on fire, that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie ;
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altars pale ;
 Shone every pillar, foliage bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

To supply the omission, however, on the death of a Balfour, their "Bocky-hound," who has followed the fortunes of the family for centuries, emits such unearthly howlings from his cadaverous jaws as only Mrs. Radcliff could have *imagined*, not *described* !

Female Education : its Importance, Design, and Nature Considered. By a Labourer's Daughter, Authoress of "The Pearl of Days." London : Partridge and Oakey. 1851.

Every one has heard of the "Pearl of Days," and of its unparalleled success. Indeed, so many copies of the essay have been sold, that we had almost said that everybody in the kingdom must have read it. Her Majesty the Queen did : and gave a pension instead of a criticism. It were absurd to ascribe its vast circulation to its intrinsic merits. *A priori*, we might safely declare, that neither man nor woman will produce a religious treatise, the excellence of which, when compared with the best religious treatises published in the same age, shall deserve to be circulated by *thousands* for their circulation by *hundreds*. It is plain that, among Christian authors, the rank of the writer of the "Pearl of Days" cannot be settled by a reference to booksellers' accounts, otherwise she is greater far than all the men of sanctified genius who ever lived. Let such a law of comparison be established, and she is about twenty times the magnitude of Dr. Chalmers !

Nor can the reading public be chargeable, in this case, with folly or infatuation. They bought and read the book eagerly : but their terms of praise were sober and sensible. No such phrases as "remarkable genius" were ever used even by those who are very loose in their notions of genius. No members of the Sabbath Alliance declared that their "Labourer's Daughter" had an arm which would stop railway trains from running on the Lord's day. The performance was acknowledged to be an extraordinary one, when the writer described herself to be a "labourer's daughter" with few advantages of education ; still the performance, *in itself*, though very good, was not at all remarkable. Many men, at the head of whom are Robert Burns and Hugh Miller, have, with a meagre elementary education, and in spite of a most uncongenial lot, risen to the highest literary rank ; and their works have an intrinsic value and interest, even when contemplated apart from the unfavourable circumstances in which they were produced. The noble-

man would receive the same honour if he could write the songs of the inspired ploughman or the scientific and literary pieces of the distinguished mason. They are the true great men, who, after they have risen above an unpropitious and ill-starred lot, are the superiors of those who never needed to struggle and climb. Of them it can be said, not only that they have written a book which is wonderful considering their original circumstances and training, but that they have written a book which is wonderful *in itself*, and which would have been a grand achievement for any man, however thoroughly educated and favourably placed from earliest youth.

The authoress of the "Pearl of Days" does not belong to such a class of self-educators. None of her compositions are, in point either of matter or manner, above the level of the thousand letters by intelligent ladies, which are every day passing through the Post Office. She, a peasant, has simply acquired such a power of thinking, and such a facility of expressing herself, as are quite common with those of her own sex in the middle ranks of life. She has risen above her own class—but, unlike Burns and Miller, she has not in the least distinguished herself in the class which she has joined. If she were to produce works equal to those of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Browning, Miss Martineau—and a whole cloud of ladies who have shone in poetry, fiction, biography, and essay writing, then—but not till then will she—as a woman, be entitled to a similar glory with that which encircles Robert Burns. She cannot be regarded as anything of a prodigy. Still she is notable, as perhaps the first woman in this country who in her rank of life, has trained herself and aspired to authorship. So far as those of her station in Scotland are concerned, hers is certainly a singular case, though we do not know why it should be so. There is no reason why female peasants should not do what male peasants have often done, especially since, in general, women can and do receive education and polish more rapidly than men. Yet authorship on the part of peasant girls, it must be confessed, has many ludicrous associations. No one is disposed to laugh at the idea of a ploughman or a shepherd seeking inspiration all the day, and pouring it forth in an evening song. Robert Burns and James Hogg wear the poetic mantle with as little incongruity as do Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott. But let a girl of the same rank of life as was adorned by the immortal peasant of Ayrshire, profess to be a daughter of the Muses, and how universal and keen is the sense of the ludicrous! Imagine her scrubbing at the door steps, and at the same time looking up to the sky, "her eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Then see her with clean face and tidy dress, sitting down as scribe of her fancies, at the table, to be occasionally interrupted by a summons upstairs—that she may receive a message—not quite celestial, or by a visit, which she cannot celebrate in the next stanza. Now, wherefore, in this case, should there be universally a strong and uncontrollable feeling of the ludicrous? Why should the female equals of Burns and Hogg be interdicted, by ridicule, from literary pursuits, whilst the female equals of Byron and Scott are abundantly encouraged? America, however,

sees nothing ludicrous in females of the very lowest social occupations devolving their energies in the opportunities found in their leisure moments to the pursuits of literature. In Lowell (in the State of Massachusetts) there is a periodical carried on exclusively by girls working twelve hours a day at the factories: and both in matter and style that periodical is more than equal to the "Drawing-Room Scrap Books" and "Annuals" produced by literary ladies in England, belonging to the aristocracy. Miss Martineau, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. Knight agree in declaring this "Lowell Offering" to be highly respectable for its literature. If the authoress of the "Pearl of Days" were there, she would not, we honestly think, rank above the majority of these factory girls. The tales, sketches, essays, and poems, which Mr. Knight, in one of his Shilling Volumes has re-published from the "Lowell Offering" indicate the possession both of better powers of mind, and better training than are shown in the "Pearl of Days," "Real Religion," or "Female Education." Hear what Mr. Charles Knight says of some of the Lowell contributors. "*Tabitha*, from whose pen we have given four papers, is a simple, unpretending narrative of old scenes and customs. *Ella*, from whom we select three papers, is one of the imaginative spirits who dwell in high thoughts of the past, and reveries of the future—one who has been an earnest thinker as well as a reader. *Jemima* prettily describes two home scenes. *Susanna*, who, to our mind, exhibits natural powers and feelings that by cultivation might enable her to become as interesting an historian of the old times of America, in the days before the Revolution, as an Irving or a Cooper, furnishes us with two papers. Though there are somethings which are tedious, and some purile, we think it would be difficult on the whole, for a large body of contributors, writing under great indulgence, to produce so much matter with so little of bad taste. Of pedantry there is literally none. The writers are familiar with good models of composition; they know something of ancient and modern history; the literature of England has reached them, and given a character and direction to their thoughts. But there is never an attempt to parade what they know; and we see that they have been readers, only as we discover the same thing in the best educated persons, not in a display of their reading, but in a general tone, which shows that cultivation has made them wiser and better." Now, we simply ask if a literary man, of such high standing as Mr. Charles Knight (not to refer to the still more enthusiastic praises bestowed on the productions of the Lowell factory girls by Mr. Charles Dickens and Miss Harriet Martineau) will venture to bestow such commendation upon the books of the authoress of the "Pearl of Days"? He has not yet been found doing so, is all that we shall at present say. Nor should it in candour be forgotten, that the circumstances of the Lowell factory girls were far more unpropitious to literary cultivation than those in which the Scotch female was reared and placed. Still both in the American and Scotch case, it is decidedly wrong and pernicious for the public to be *excessively patronizing*. The true question to be put is, not whether it be wonderful that books should be written by

persons in such unfavourable circumstances, but whether the books are wonderful in themselves? It is melancholy to think how many works of the highest department of literature, in philosophy, science, and theology, have been neglected, whilst thirty or forty thousand of the "Pearl of Days" have been bought, and—we suppose, read.

The foregoing remarks are made in no spirit of detraction. We honour the writer, and think very highly of her work on "Female Education." In an exemplary modest preface, when announcing that she will probably publish no more books, she bashfully hints that she is now a wife, and that family duties and cares may prevent her from attending to literary projects; and we are sure that the public will wish her all domestic happiness, and applaud her for sinking the authorship in the wife. We believe (and the fact is somewhat *apropos* to the theme of her present volume; that her husband is a teacher who, some months back, conducted a Free Church school. On the Sabbath after marriage he appeared with his literary bride in the Free Church; and the inordinately gratified minister took occasion, in his public services that day, to mention the high honour thus done to himself and congregation. Two Sabbaths after, both husband and wife had left the communion of the Free Church, doubtless to the intense mortification of the minister.

We don't generally criticise the titles of books. But the writer, certainly, has put, in this case, the words last which ought to have been first. She has, "Education; *its importance, design, and nature considered.*" None but a woman would have made such an arrangement; a man would have exactly reversed the words, and said, "Its nature, design, and importance."

The first chapter is upon "Female Influence," which we are disposed to think Mrs. Farquhar overrates. The following statement is grossly exaggerated:—"Woman is the real teacher and guide of man—the potent moulder of human destiny. The fate of nations is in her hand. It depends on her whether peace and truth shall guide to prosperous reform; or reckless revolution stamp, with its bloody characters, the annals of the next generation. Woman is ever moulding the future man. However undesignedly she may exert it, her influence is around him and upon him. He comes in contact with it on all hands; nature renders its withdrawal impossible. The expression of the mother's countenance, the tones of her voice, whether addressing her child or those around; her feelings and ideas have given a stamp, before infancy is past, to his character, which after years may deepen, but seldom if ever obliterate. This influence does not lose its power; the boy and the youth are moulded by it. The mother, the sister, and even the servant maid will sympathise with the sorrows of boyhood, and listen to the day-dreams of youth, when man would disdain to lend an ear. Nor is her influence less potent when youth is past. She is with man in the hour of man's weakness; to her he flies for assistance and sympathy in the season of suffering, and her sentiments become part of his nature."

Now, history and biography do not confirm such a view ; and most certainly, if they did, no philosophy could explain it. So far as the moulding of character is concerned, woman, in the relation of mother, may have much to do ; yet how often, even generally, does the boy, on leaving his mother, obliterate in a few months that character, as if it had been marked on sand to be swept over by the next tide, and return with a new one, which no woman has had any part in forming ! As for woman's share in bringing about grand national events, we suppose that the true agent of the Reformation—Luther (whatever its superficial agent—Henry the Eighth—might be)—was not prompted by woman. The battle of Waterloo, and the downfall of Napoleon Buonaparte, were not, in any sense, the results of feminine artillery. The feminine is not, and never can be, the royal—the governing mind of the world. Homes are homes ; but they are not the spheres of the world's grand activities ; the home-influence enters into these very faintly, and woman's sweetness is but the oil which makes the machinery play more easily for good or evil.

But though we take a soberer view of female influence than Mrs. Farquhar, we concur with her in all her remarks upon the necessity and importance of female education. Woman, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of man—with whom she is, or is to be most closely connected—is solemnly bound to build up her moral, intellectual and spiritual being, just as she is bound to attend to the health and vigour of her physical frame, though she may have no husband to praise the freshness of her cheek and the lustre of her eye. Yet the mental growth of woman, even in the middle ranks of life, appears to cease when she is leaving girlhood. At the age of forty, she is, in this important respect, much like what she was at the age of twenty. It is of little consequence that she has lost some small external accomplishments, such as talking bad French, and beating and scolding a piano ; but it is deplorable that her powers of intellect have not been expanded and strengthened, or her knowledge increased. She has got through more dresses than books, and has more children than thoughts.

In defining the proper sphere of women's duties, our authoress hints that *perhaps*, if they were disposed, they could rival men in secular, literary and scientific pursuits. Her creed obviously is the most erroneous one of *intellectual* equality between the sexes. As well might she contend for equality in physical size and strength. Indeed, the physical is, on this point, typical of the mental. The form of woman is more beautiful, but less stately and strong than that of man ; and so is it with the mind. No amount of training would give an equal power of muscle and nerve to the physical frame of woman ; and no education would give to her mind the development of man's. It is true that many a woman has a much stronger and loftier mind than many a man—just as many a fishwife has a sturdier physical frame than many a delicate and sickly fop behind a counter ; but such instances are but the few exceptions to a universal rule.

Mrs. Farquhar does not enter upon such a discussion, but only—when she draws a very modest circle in which women are to move—takes occasion to hint that they *might* break through it, and rushing into the grander masculine sphere, startle and surpass the proud “lords of creation.” The education which she lays down for females in their proper circle is full and suitable, and she very eloquently descants on its value and necessity. Perhaps she puts too much stress on the advantages of *medical knowledge* to all of her sex. We do not see the propriety of young girls being versant in *anatomy*. They might learn the evils of tight-lacing without studying in the dissecting-room. Besides, doctors are now as numerous as soldiers, though, by the way, a great deal more expensive to society. Our authoress may be correct when she insists on the utility of ladies—immediately after their marriage—studying medical science: and we remember of our once meeting a bridegroom carrying home from a bookseller’s shop a very large volume, which, in our ignorance, we imagined to be a Family Bible, but which he told us was a Medical Dictionary, which he and his intended were about carefully and thoroughly to master. But, really, we don’t see the necessity of medical science being taught, as Mrs. Farquhar proposes, to girls at school. Yet, in this chapter, there are some good specimens of pleasant writing, one of which we must extract, to give our readers an idea of Mrs. Farquhar’s style:—

“Turn to another case, where ignorance, (of medical science) although not so gross as in the before-cited instance, has led to similar bad results. The young mother has just seen what was lately the pride of her heart and the glory of her home—her blooming and beautiful child—laid in the coffin. The lid has just been screwed down; he is hid from her sight for ever. A few days ago, his little arm encircled her neck; she felt his warm breath on her cheek, while his tiny hand was stroking her brow, and the tones of his joyous voice were sounding sweeter in her ear than the music of an angel’s harp. In this hour of anguish, she feels that she could have laid herself on the altar in the room of her child; yet she has herself been its destroyer. In the joy of her heart, as the evening hour drew on when she expected the father of her boy to return from his day’s labour, she stood in the doorway, waiting his approach with her son in her arms, heedless of the current of cold damp air which was chilling the blood of her beloved one. Thus was the disease brought on that has terminated the child’s life.”

One chapter has a strange and conceited misnomer—“The Philosophy of Mind.” The authoress means that a mother should know the dispositions and tendencies of her children; but she uses such phraseology as would involve the duty of each woman being a most profound metaphysician.

The chapter on the “Education of Females in the Humble ranks of Life” is very meagre and unsatisfactory. Mrs. Farquhar, writing from experience on this important point, ought to have given both a more comprehensive and minute sketch of the state of mental and moral education among her former equals. Yet it is as vague as if Mrs. Ellis had drawn it.

OUGHT PURELY SECULAR MEETINGS TO BE OPENED WITH PRAYER?

We recollect Archbishop Tillotson, when discoursing on the apostolic commission, "Preach the gospel to every creature," observed with some humour that he supposed it was this text which led a saint of the Romish calendar to preach the gospel to the fishes, a proof that, notwithstanding the gifts and graces ascribed to him in the legends, he was manifestly wanting in *common sense*. The inference was very correct certainly; but we apprehend there is another command, "In every thing by prayer and supplication," &c., which is liable to considerable abuse in our day. In former times, as now, the Romish Church obtruded its services everywhere, and few instances of common business but might be brought within the scope of its wide and pliant comprehension. This subtle accommodating system appeared, if we may use a homely expression, at "Church and market." Its ministers were always before the people with one sort of service or another—whether in dealing out charms against sorcery, blessing the beast of the farmer, or sprinkling holy water in this, that, or the other place of resort. In certain cases, secular actions were appropriately connected with devotion, as, for example, in matrimony, usually held by the jurists to be a mere civil transaction, of which voluntary consent was the essence. Again, devotion was degraded by its being brought out in certain acts of worship, in affairs mean, trivial, or altogether beside its proper objects. Our Protestant forefathers would appear to have combined the act of prayer with some of the more important forms of business. And hence, in the "*Drake of Lammermoor*," Sir Walter Scott represents the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Bide the bent, as being present and offering up a prayer at the ill-starred contract of marriage betwixt Lucy Ashton and her future husband. Neither the symbolical books of the Church of England nor of Scotland would appear to give much countenance to formal prayer, as a concomitant of secular business and action. In the former case, the Church was habitually kept open that the people might pray with the minister; in the other, although the Church was probably not so frequently attended, the minister, in his visits from "house to house," most properly made social prayer a main part of his pastoral work. And we know, besides, that at funerals ministers are usually expected to pray for support to the bereaved and afflicted, and to supplicate the throne of grace, that the visitation which has called away the living from their earthly home may be sanctified to survivors. Schools and seminaries of learning, whose system was based on religion, were also opened, day by day, with prayer for the Divine blessing on the work of training up the youthful mind to the knowledge of Divine truth, and the reception of necessary instruction in the lower but necessary branches of study. Other instances might also be adduced of a becoming connection of prayer with events in common life.

We need not here explain that by prayer we mean the formal audible offering up of supplication and thanksgiving to Almighty God. The spirit of prayer, which is that of piety, ought to be present in all cases where man acts his part in life, however lowly or exalted that part may be. But devotion, in the former sense, is not always befitting or decorous; in certain cases it is quite the contrary. Prayer is a good thing, but its perversion may be very bad. And considering the solemnity and dignity of the duty, it is of consequence to be careful that it be confined to its proper sphere, and practised only under suitable circumstances. It holds that a man may not only "ask amiss," but choose an improper occasion for the expression of his sentiments of devotion.

The present age is one of immense absorbing secular activity. Eternity had scarcely ever, in the annals of our race, so slender a chance of making a due impression on men. There is, therefore, need for using means to counteract tendencies so fatal and so unworthy. And it may be thought by some that the connection of such exercises as prayer with matters purely secular, and otherwise trivial, would operate in a beneficial way—giving a sort of sacredness to the current affairs of time. But this view of the matter may be carried out into practical forms, subversive of the sanctities to which it does homage. If in ethics the perfection of conduct is held to consist, not alone in rectitude of intention, but in exact external propriety of action, the rule derives a greater force in religion. And something like this appears to be the mind of the Spirit in that admirable injunction, "*Let not your good be evil spoken of.*" There is here, certainly, no deference to the prejudices of the weak, much more any regard to the revilings and cavils of the wicked; but we are instructed that what we consider good; nay, what may be good under some circumstances, must be avoided in other cases where obvious appropriateness is wanting. We are inclined to think that a pious poor man might pray that providence should preserve the solitary horse or cow on whose existence the support of his family mainly depended, while we should protest against the meetings of the Cattle Assurance Company being opened with what Jeremy Taylor calls, "special litanies against pleura nomania."

It might be laid down as a general rule, that no meetings should be opened with prayer, but such as require for the right prosecution of their aims, a special measure of the divine favour on the one hand, and of the religious spirit on the other—rather, and by way of explanation, where religious feeling ought in abstract propriety to be the main characteristic of the agents. Tried in this way, we are not quite sure if a chaplain be a necessary officer of the House of Commons, —no such official is attached to the Privy Council or the Cabinet. To find orthodox evangelical prayers said, at least in form, before an assembly composed of Churchmen, Romanists, Socinians, Nothingarians, and mayhap, Jews, is scarcely seemly and congruous. We humbly think too, that our local Town Council might make a shift to get on without drawing upon the services of one of our city ministers.

Prayers preceding discussions about their clerk's salary—the drainage of the streets, or the affairs of the new slaughter houses, do not realize exact propriety. Other public bodies, as the Police Commission—the Parochial Board—the Prison Board—and the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor, though in some cases dealing with matters more closely connected with the interests of classes of the community, do not draw upon the devotional services of clergyman or lay brethren at their sederunts. Nor, as we consider, ought they. Yet there would be a propriety in the Committees of the Schemes of the Church commencing their labours with invocation of the Author of every good and perfect gift. In order just to show how rifely indiscriminate public, vocal, formal prayer has become in secular cases, let us just adduce one or two cases, and these probably not the worst which might be supplied. A short time back, a meeting was held at Edinburgh, to procure the privilege of bleaching and drying clothes in the Queen's Park—the royal property, and of course under the *surveillance* of that so-so department of State, the “Woods and Forests.” This was a very proper step, and that the grounds belong to the Crown ought to have given hopefulness to the appeal. “A king's face should give grace,” as Richie Monoplies says, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. The concession too, would have proved a boon to the poor, too often but scantily provided with such physical advantages. But we are far from satisfied that it was necessary and proper to open the meeting with prayer, as was done. Cleanliness is next to godliness—but it is not godliness itself. And although the public baths are subsidiary to cleanliness, and that again conducive to health, we should decidedly object to commencing operations of a morning with social prayer, although this would be quite appropriate in the case of a Bible School. Again, a lecture on chemistry was recently delivered to the apprentice scholars and their friends. The lecture was delivered by a respectable physician in Edinburgh, who well understood his subject. It was opened with prayer, and Dr. ——— then announced, that his theme was a “Bottle of Beer.” Professor Faraday, he remarked, had lectured for an hour and a half on a penny candle. And certainly, we allow, that the humble beverage, with its glass depository and cork, suggested many instructive remarks. Yet as there is not a very close affinity betwixt the science of chemistry and devotion, we consider that the prayer might have been postponed till the young people be assembled for religious counsel and exhortation, which, we trust, will soon be done. The lecture over, the meeting was dismissed with the “apostolic benediction.” Were people accountable always for our associations, we might not so readily confess, that something about the incongruity of sending away the operatives of a brewery to their several duties after due admonition as to the various processes of liquor-making for the day, with the same form, did cross our mind. But savage and sage will allow that strange ideas are often linked together in our mental economy. We might also adduce the case of a fashionable *soirée* as one in point here. This is usually a hotch-potch or *pottage à la gypsey* affair, mingling numerous elements of the intellectual *cuisine* in its composition.

Mr. Brisk, a fellow of infinite jest and humour, expects to make young and old laugh outright and outrageously, about the eccentricities of little boys, and girls, and old grannies, and quadrupeds, and so forth. Mr. Dismal expects to horrify, by what he has seen in the police office, in bridewell, and in the closes and wynds, of our city population. Mr. Wiseman is to stimulate the young idea into scholastic ardour, by an account of the steam engine progress of the school he is happily connected with. Mr. Bright is to exhibit the dark lantern with its slides full of pictured giants, ghosts, furies, fiends, pantomime heroes and heroines, with Punch and Judy engaged in matrimonial conflict. And a musical party are to sing glees and catches, with songs, such as rouse the night owl at convivial meetings. And all that Mr. Brisk and Mr. Bright does, and all the work of the musical family and the accordion-player, the nice genteel lad, seated near by his adult brethren, the vocalists, is well enough in its way, and although not of juvenile years, we enjoy the magic lantern like mere children. But we are really not sure, that a scene of this kind is opportunely opened and closed with solemn addresses to the Divine Majesty. If the accompaniment be right, it would be a pity to miss it—if wrong it is a thousand pities it should be realized in any case whatever.

In all seriousness, we address these considerations to men of reason and religion. Nor let us take shelter in such weak, unmanly evasions as that, if there be error here, it is on the *safe* side. Practices which we all, as Protestants, deplore and condemn, had their origin in religious feeling, and took the form of devotional acts. We cannot, in a case so grave as that under discussion, diverge from right reason, and scriptural wisdom, without hazard of some kind. And the solemn demand "who has required this at your hands?" was occasioned by a forwardness which had its outgoings in the most solemn offices of piety. We have sufficiently guarded ourselves against misconstruction in this paper, and can only wish that it may be allowed to suggest inquiry, and to lead to a proper and becoming course of conduct. The "honest—the lovely, and what is of good report," have a high place in the ethics of the New Testament.

THE SABBATH-BELL.

"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

AMERICA.

STRANGER.

Hark ! to the deep—the solemn knell
Booming o'er forest-head and fell—
O'er river and savannah vast,
Where, free and fearless as the blast,
The kings of Nature, unsubdued,
Inherit boundless solitude !

5

'Tis louder than the vesper-hymn
 Chaunted by boatmen as they skim
 The waters, where the "Thousand Isles"
 Break the old ocean into smiles,
 To see his billows stray
 By craggy creek and meadow green,
 Where bounding antelope is seen,
 And bird, of plumage gay,
 Perch, blossom-like, amid the bloom
 Of trees that breathe a soft perfume
 Through the long hours of day,
 And far into the dewy night,
 O'er which the planets, mildly-bright,
 Shed their voluptuous ray.

'Tis fainter than the sullen roar
 That rends the air, and stuns the shore,
 Where Niagara's fountains pour
 Eternal thunders down :—
 Old man ! what sad—what solemn sound
 Booms far and near and all around ?
 Comes it from yonder rising ground
 Encircled by a sombre crown
 Of venerable trees.
 Where something like a gilded spire,
 Tipt by the dying sunset's fire,
 Is seen, whene'er the breeze
 The dark and heavy drapery stirs
 Enveloping yon aged firs ?

OLD MAN.

Hark ! stranger ! to that solemn knell !
 There is no sadness there.
 Hark ! 'tis the Sabbath vesper-bell
 Pealing the hour of prayer.
 Stranger ! 'tis God's mysterious voice
 Bidding the mourning soul rejoice—
 The heavy-laden come
 To rivers of celestial bliss,
 Far purer in their waves than this
 Upon whose banks we roam—
 To scenes of more enchanting rest
 Than those fair Islands of the West—
 Scenes lighted by a clearer day
 That knows no setting sun—
 Unvisited by sad decay—
 The dwelling-place of One
 Whose hand is power—whose breath is love—
 Whose boundless pity vies,
 In height, with aught that shines above ;
 In depth, with aught that lies
 Beneath the Atlantic wave that pours
 Dread music to our native shores.

Hark ! pealing through the listening air,
God calls his family to prayer.

STRANGER.

Years have elapsed since last I trod,
Thoughtless of heart, my native sod ;
And, were it not for this broad stream,
I'd hold my former life a dream.
These waters flow as then they flowed—
The sunset glows as then it glowed ;
But other scenes, so full of change,
Rise on mine eyes where'er they range,
That I might think some other place
Claimed the last scion of my race.

OLD MAN.

White are my locks as winter's snow,
Once dark as raven's wing—
Feeble the hand could deal a blow
That bade the forest ring,
Or sped the arrowy canoe,
Like to a living thing,
Where deep and smooth the waters flow,
Or the rude rapids fling
On rock and stone—on bush and flower
The sparkling, elemental shower.

Such is the change through which I track
The course of sixty summers back ;
But other change this breast hath felt—
On other change these eyes have dwelt—
A change that gives not back again,
The arm its nerve, the eye its light ;
As summer clothes the wintry plain
With robes of green, and blossoms bright—
'Tis holier in its fruits than these,
As many a soul this hour can tell,
Beating, beneath yon aged trees,
Obedient to the Sabbath-bell.

Nay ! smile not so :—I tell thee true :—
Fair is the coming of the spring,
With dewy leaves and skies of blue,
When the last rush of winter's wing
Is heard, departing for the pole
Where crashing ice-bergs plunge and roll.
But sweeter, fairer far than this—
Deeper and holier in its bliss—
The moral spring-time that renews
The dead—the cold—benighted mind,
Making it young with heaven's own dews,
And shedding, like an odorous wind,
The balmy breath of richer flowers
Than bloom in this dark word of ours.

The snow-drop, bursting from the ground,
 When all is chill and bleak around—
 The frozen brook, from silence long
 Exulting into life and song—
 The first bright star that leaves the dark
 To guide the sleepless sailor's bark—
 Faint emblems these—nor half express
 The change—the life—the blessedness—
 Of that long, long-remembered hour
 When the first drop of heaven's bright shower,
 When the first ray of heaven's pure light
 Fell on the bleak, chaotic night
 Of this old breast, that envies not
 The livelier pulse of younger days,
 Ere faith had hallowed every spot—
 Reared on each field a fane of praise—
 And read, on every leaf and clod,
 The Goodness and the Power of God.

Look on these grassy fields—and guess
 Here stretched a homeless wilderness :
 There graze the herd—there bleat the flock,
 Where lately frowned the herbless rock :
 Yonder the pastoral homes of men,
 Where the fierce panther sought his den,
 Or fiercer chief, intent on war,
 Bared the remorseless scimitar :
 These streets, that echo to the tramp
 Of hurrying feet—there breathed a swamp,
 O'ergrown with slimy ooze, and weeds
 On which the loathly reptile feeds—
 That stately square, enriched by art,
 Where Commerce holds her bustling mart—
 There sprung, exulting to the breeze,
 The leafy limbs of giant trees,—
 This arm, now powerless for the blow,
 Laid the first forest-monarch low ;
 And other eyes than mine, may see
 There rise again the branching tree—
 There spread the marsh—there wave the flower :—
 Nature and man each have their hour ;
 And vice and madness may undo
 What virtue cannot twice renew :
 Immortal Truth ! thou sit'st alone,
 Unchanged—unshaken—on thy throne.

Stranger ! a better change hath swept
 O'er scenes where midnight error slept.
 Wafted by heaven's propitious breeze,
 From a free country 'mid the seas,
 A richer freight, fair bark, is thine
 Than ever gleamed in Indian mine :
 Nor Ophir's gold—nor Persia's bloom,
 Whose breath exhales in rare perfume—
 Nor spice from Araby the blest—

Nor snowy gems from ocean's breast—
Can match the richness of a dower,
That takes the gall from sorrow's hour,
The darkness from the tomb—
That scatters o'er the bleakest wild
The roses that in Eden smiled,
Ere, cold and cutting, came the breath
From the envenomed lips of Death.

Stranger! the "Word" of love and might
That called from gloom the happy "light;"
This was the treasure wafted o'er
From a green Isle to this dark shore—
This the kind Power that came to bless,
With fountains clear, a wilderness—
To plant the "fig and myrtle" mild
Where "thorn and thistle" wanted wild—
To hang in air the Sabbath-bell,
Whose voice falls, like a holy spell,
On all who water, with a tear,
The drooping flowers of Sorrow here.

Soon will the narrow chamber close
O'er all my joys—o'er all my woes;
But I have lived to read and hear
The words that renovate and cheer;
Nor other boon could please so well,
As a last sleep beneath the shade
By yonder aged fir-trees made—
My dirge the Sabbath-bell—
The dead man's history o'er by bier—
"Ye seek in vain—he rests not here."

Stranger! farewell! I haste to share
God's mercy in the House of Prayer.

STRANGER.

Father! right glad I'll go with thee—
In that green Isle far o'er the sea,
My fortune bade me dwell:
In every glen and village there
Rises the hallowed house of Prayer,
Where peals the Sabbath-bell,
Calling the weary to the brink
Of that pure fount where all may drink
New strength—new joy—to cheer and bless
'Mid Life's besetting wilderness;
That trial borne—that journey o'er,
Friends meet with friends to part no more,
To celebrate, with Saints above,
A Sabbath of eternal love.

—P. LELY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Social Reform. No. I. Christianity and Drunkenness. By WILLIAM STEVENSON, D.D., Leith.

This is the first of a series of papers to be issued under the auspices of the Scottish Association, for the Suppression of Drunkenness.

This Association was formed at a meeting held in Edinburgh last year, during the sitting of the Assembly; and from the spirit in which it was started, and its subsequent operations, we have good ground for hoping that it will grapple successfully with the monster vice of our country. It furnishes a ground for united action to all who cannot conscientiously support total abstinence societies. It indeed aims at the same great object, but it exacts no pledge of abstinence from its members. While it allows abstinence societies to pursue their own course, it feels that there is a wide enough sphere of action without trenching on their peculiar ground. There are two modes of dealing with drunkenness, as with almost every social evil. By one mode man is regarded as a creature of circumstances, and action is taken against those externalities which mould and determine his character. To this mode belong the licensing and regulation of spirit-shops. The other mode is one which deals with the subjective aspect of the question, and applies moral remedies to the disease within. The Association wisely intends to adopt both methods in dealing with drunkenness—it neither defies nor ignores external circumstances, but allows a just weight to them when balancing the question between the inner and outer sphere of man's life. Nothing is more common than to hear one party say, What use is there in shutting public houses when the craving for drink is still the same? for when there is a wish there will be a way. Remove this craving, elevate the moral tone of the lower classes, and the public houses will go down for want of custom. Another party—advocates of material reform—maintain that there is no use in attempting a moral reform while the tyranny of circumstances is strong. They will listen to nothing but the shutting of public houses, the filling of the belly, and the building of comfortable and well-ventilated houses. The one party declare that the gospel is the only remedy; the other party put their trust in food and raiment, stone and lime, and the suppression of whisky shops. Now, there is truth in both sides, but it is overlooked that each theory, though a good half, forms but a bad whole. The two modes of action must be united before we can produce the maximum effect, or at least a satisfactory result. It is this consideration that leads us to look so hopefully upon the operations of the Scottish Association, as its object is to address itself to both sides of humanity. A one-sided view of man's social condition has led some sanguine philanthropists to imagine, that education is all that is wanted to cure the evils of society; but statistics will not bend to such a theory. In 1848, the number of commitments for crime in Scotland was 3530, and of these only 696 were uneducated, showing that the educated were to the uneducated in the proportion of 4 to 1. Such statistics do not prove, indeed, that education is useless, or worse than useless, in checking crime, but they clearly show that the salutary influence of education may be masked or reversed by social evils, that interfere with its operations; and undoubtedly one of the greatest countervailing evils is drunkenness. The line of action indicated by this state of things, is not merely extended education, but a simultaneous onset upon the crying vice of our country—drunkenness.

We congratulate the Society on securing for the first paper of the series one so admirably qualified to strike the proper key for such a series of tracts addressed to the masses. It is abundantly apparent that the author is one who can think deeply, and feel intensely. He has shown that tracts intended for the million may be striking and effective, without being superficial or childish, as such effusions too frequently are. The multitude

can understand, better than is generally supposed, manly appeals and logical reasoning, if we but condescend to throw off the pedantry of the schools, and address them in the natural and easy language of every day life.

The subject of Dr. Stevenson's paper is the antagonism between Christianity and drunkenness. He first portrays the Christian's character, and then contrasts it with the character of the drunkard. The wretched career of the drunkard is vividly drawn in the following passage:—

"The fit of intoxication, while it lasts, releases his lower nature from every check. Whatever is selfish, and whatever is savage, in his affections, is then left to the freedom of its own wild, impetuous will, and the man, with all his distinguishing dignity and godlike capacities, becomes the helpless, unresisting plaything of fitful impulse or tempestuous passion. 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.' In such a city no order is kept, and no watch is set. The enemy may enter without opposition. The human ruffian or the ravenous beast may prowl there at pleasure. So the drunkard purposely divests himself of all self-rule. He casts from him the defences of vigilance, of religious fear, of social restraint. He invites the blast from the wilderness, and the fire from the cloud, and the demon from the deep. He is a conjuror, who draws the magic circle around him, not that he may keep the devil out, but that he may bring a whole legion of devils in; and what power of hell shall rule him for the hour, he leaves to be determined by the lottery of chance. And thus, in a path which, at the best, is both dark and perilous; the human spirit rushes madly on without curb or care, floating on the breath of wanton folly, or careering on the storm of passion. Everything that distinguishes the Christian is gone—the gentle sadness of his habitual temperament, the deeper penetential emotions of his occasional or periodical self-searchings, the prudence in shunning temptation, and the firmness in withstanding it, which are his modes and means of warfare. Nor these alone are banished from the soul of the drunkard. The clean hands and the pure heart—seek them wheresoever we may—are never looked for in the haunts of dissipation. Buoyancy of devotion, the life with God, the spirit lying down in green pastures beside the still waters—these are not to be expected where drunkards meet. No, alas! no; selfishness in all its Protean forms, fantastically vain, arrogantly proud, weakly sensitive, absurdly irritable, recklessly cruel, brutally savage, atheistically profane, abominably lustful—such is what we may anticipate, and what we will be sure to find there. Indeed, this selfishness is the religion and the rule of the place—self-glorification, the most despicable of vices, and self-worship, the most degrading kind of idolatry,—for the drunkard resorts to his cup because it elevates him, in his deluded imagination, above men and angels, and "all that is called God." And then the chair of the scorner shall be set, and the coward who trembles at his own horrid thoughts in the midnight solitude, will fill it and make it eloquent with his blasphemies; and the excited revellers will issue thence to frighten the silent city with their bacchanalian mirth, or to arouse the guardians of its peace by their riotous brawls; and thus poor forlorn souls that have cast off the restraints of grace and of heaven will go, jubilant and singing, or through cursings and blows, on, on to death and darkness, by one of the broad, beaten, highways of destruction."

Dr. Stevenson can look upon the dark side of humanity with the eye of a painter, as well as feel with the heart of a philanthropist. Both powers are indeed necessary—the first to arrange the lights and shadows, so as to bring out the true moral perspective—the other to infuse life into the sad picture, so that it may speak to our hearts with a power which the reality even may not possess. The following reminds us of some of the well-defined and life-like pictures of Crabbe:—

"Painful as the task is, we must attempt partially, and for an ins"

to withdraw the veil and look into the interior of the drunkard's home. The wife and mother is left there to an anxious solitude by him who had vowed to cherish her person and be the guardian of her peace; and there she weeps and pines away in the bitterness of unrequited affection, her heart meanwhile

. "More desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine.'

Perhaps, though that be a rare case, she sinks into a sullen and moody indifference; perhaps she struggles patiently against sadness and privation, still, in her agony, true to her duty and faithful to her God; or, worst of all, exasperated and cursing, she has recourse, herself also, to the fatal oblivion of intoxication. And if, among the so-called heroic virtues that earn the canonization of Rome, there be nothing but tricks and theatrical illusions, as compared with the meek faith, the enduring, uncomplaining, ever-toiling, ever-praying, and ever-hoping love of the drunkard's *Christian* wife, shall we wonder that she, whose young affections had been beguiled and cheated by one who afterwards transformed himself into a sot or a savage, should fall before the seductions of disappointment and contagion? He comes to her now, not the ardent youth, with his deceitful whispers of fondness, but a drowsed and senseless mass, or a blaspheming, violent, and dangerous monster. Night after night her heart aches under its weary burden of woes; night after night her body aches in consequence of his brutal cruelties; and she becomes, either a saintly sufferer, or another lost creature.

"And the drunkard's children,—under circumstances of what frightful aggravation does their native depravity begin to develop its strength? On the most favourable supposition, they obtain the benefits of an education which is religious, so far as religion can be communicated at school; and, in the mean time, they are perpetually exposed to the contaminating and counteracting influence of example at home. Familiarity with the worst language, the fiercest passions, and the most degrading habits, is a wretched provision for meeting the duties and temptations of life withal; yet this is the inheritance which most drunkards entail upon their offspring—an inheritance of which it is impossible to decline the succession, and which infallibly blunts the religious sensibilities even where it may happily fail to induce a servile imitation. But far oftener the children of dissolute parents are left to grow up without instruction of any kind, except that which the vices prevailing around them obtrude on the facile or eager acceptance of their naturally corrupt dispositions. The means which ought to provide for their various wants, bodily and mental, are most righteously drained off by industry and trustworthy character to other quarters, remote from the abodes of intemperance; or, after having been laboriously earned, they are lavishly spent for the gratification of an all-absorbing lust. It is from such abodes that those young creatures come forth, who may be seen lurking like foxes in street corners and closes by day, and in the dim twilight prowling like scavenger-birds before the police cart; mostly furnished with a bag or piece of abominable canvass, containing, or at least betokening many things; and all distinguished by looks of worst omen, truly wolfish eyes, at once scared and rapacious. Viewing them as responsible beings, rags, filth, hunger, and the lean shrivelled features of premature age, are as nothing in the estimate which every Christian must form of their hapless lot. Still, they live and grow up, ignorant as savages of all that is pure or of saving import, adepts in all the cunning and all the accomplished baseness of a perverted civilization. Their moral condition is pointedly the opposite of that which Paul prescribed to his Roman converts—'I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil.' Such as they are, wisdom and simplicity both are there; but they are both in

precisely the wrong places. And the fable of the jackal is verified in the drunkard's children, who must often be *his* providers as well as their own. Driven forth when the world awakes to shift for themselves,—their only morning meal consisting in curses and blows, and their only morning lesson in the lie that promises to be most serviceable for the day,—they move stealthily about, searching every obscure corner for something that may be pilfered or devoured; or they go whining lamentably from door to door, telling over and over again the same tale of domestic distress, for which all that can be said is, that the reality, though after another fashion, is far worse and more tragical than the fabulous report. Though they had gone out empty, in every sense of the word, they are expected to return full; and if they do not—; but who shall depict the atrocities of which the drunkard is capable in the madness of his disappointment? That they soon learn to regard the honest part of mankind as their inveterate enemies; that police, and magistrates, and courts of justice become the ghouls, and vampires, and giant's castles of their deluded fancy; that conscience is confounded, and that moral distinctions are lost to their clouded apprehensions,—these are matters, of course, the natural result of circumstances so utterly deplorable. And yet, than even this, there is a lower depth of degradation still. At length the police-office and the jail cease to be formidable to such as they are; or, if, with their vagrant habits, restraint be irksome by day, the pallet of a prison-cell in a wintry night is a bed of down for those whose *best* dormitory had been a filthy corner, with or without its bundle of odious rags; whose evening fretfulness had been subdued by stripes, instead of being soothed with caresses; whose young eyelids had habitually drooped amid revolting oaths, instead of whispered and loving prayers; and who had shivered through the dark hours, only to resume with the day-light their hateful trade of mendicancy, theft, and lies."

We trust the great ability of Dr. Stevenson's paper will secure for it a wide circulation. We can hardly conceive anything better calculated to interest the well-disposed in the temperance movement, and to arrest the drunkard in his downward career of vice.

Popery, the Enemy of God and Man, and the Alliance of Popery and Antichristian Liberalism foredoomed of God. Two Discourses. By the Rev. JAMES COCHRANE, A.M. Cuper-Fife: John Gibson.

Mr. Cochrane, to whom our theological literature is so much indebted, has here presented us with another little work admirably suited to the times. The sermons were delivered at evening meetings of his own congregation, and they are now published at the general request of those who heard them. We are glad that he has consented to give them to the public, as few men are better qualified, from a profound study of the subject, to do justice to the all-engrossing position of Popery at the present day. He is an ardent student of prophecy, and seeing, in contemporary events, the fulfilment of God's word, he infuses into his subject an unction of earnestness, and invests it with a solemnity which the mere political aspect of Popery could not communicate. In the first discourse, he draws the portraiture of Popery, dividing his subject into heads—Dogmas, Discipline, and domination. This division has a better recommendation than its alliterative elegance. In the hands of the author it brings out the distinctive features of Popery in a very vivid and striking manner. The close of the discourse is occupied with the duty incumbent on Protestants in the present crisis. We extract the following passage, in which he insists on union among Protestants. We must, however, first remark, that far too much weight is usually assigned to the taunts of Popery, in reference to the disunion among Protestants. No doubt this is a weak point in Protestantism, but it is well to see precisely where the weakness lies. The weakness consists not in the *existence* of sects, but in the *sectarianism* of so

While we cannot conceive Protestantism from its very nature, assuming an organic union, we can easily perceive how, amidst all its diversity of sects, it shall exhibit a union far more real and vital than Popery can boast of. But we must hasten to present to our readers the glowing periods of our author.

"Once more, the necessities of the times demand a common understanding and union amongst all Protestant Christians, and to check every Popish encroachment, and effectually to put it down. Again, I repeat the saying, Popery is no sort of Christianity, it is the Antichrist of the New Testament. There may be Christians, yea many sincere and earnest Christians, within the jurisdiction of the Papacy, but they are captives in Babylon, in slavish bondage to the Man of Sin. Popery, I say, is no Christian sect, but the Antichrist of the New Testament. It is the horrible power foretold in the book of prophecy, as destined to rise to tyrannize over, and to murder the saints of God. To treat with it is folly; to feed and pamper it is madness; to resist it with all the Christian armoury is a most sacred duty. No peace with Rome is the Protestant's motto. War against the Man of Sin is our calling,—war, uncompromising and eternal until Christ himself descend to destroy the monster-iniquity by the Spirit of his mouth, and the brightness of his coming. But how are Protestants effectually to wage this holy warfare, unless united? What chance of making head against the common foe, when the soldiers of the cross are at variance amongst themselves, about matters which, in the light of eternity, are no better than dust and rubbish, and on account of which they are not ashamed 'to hate with a pure heart fervently.' Is it for reasonable men to quarrel about straws, when the rafters of the house are burning? Is it ought else than insanity or something like judicial blindness to copy the example of those crazy Jews who were slaughtering one another on the streets of Jerusalem, at the very moment when the eagles of Titus were hovering around their walls, and his battering engines were thundering at their gates? We may rest assured, that the strongest, I had almost said the only support worth naming, which Papal Rome possesses in this country, arises from the sects and sectarianism of Protestant churches. Never would Popish conclave have ventured upon the present or any such aggressions had they not been encouraged by the senseless feuds and animosities of their hereditary opponents. 'Divide, and so you will secure imperial sway,' was the maxim of old republican Rome; and when one looks abroad upon the divisions and fermentations of this Protestant community; and sees how cordially sects and churches desert one another, one can scarcely help remarking, that the devil is still acting on the same principle, and has been doing the very work that Rome ecclesiastical would desire to see accomplished, in order that her end may be served. Methinks, my friends, that the time has far more than come for Protestant churches and Protestant individuals considering the question, whether it be not an incumbent duty to lay aside every thing in speech and behaviour which they know offends and vexes their neighbours.

"Might it not be expedient to try for a few years—say for one generation—the Apostle's more excellent way of charity, which beareth and believeth all things; which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil? Is there not enough in the stealthy and insidious machinations of advancing Popery, and in the rising tide of infidel democracy, to occupy all Protestant and Christian patriots, that we can afford to bite and devour one another about nothing? We hear of an Evangelical Alliance, and have read some of the speeches which have been delivered at their meetings. If such an institution is to be any thing else than a gigantic hypocrisy, let its members be consistent in exemplifying elsewhere, and in the actual business of life, the graces they extol so highly. Moreover, let them go to do some work. They may now have the opportunity. If Popery session, let them show that Protestantism can be aggression too. If

Popes and Propaganda colleges can send forth their missionaries of Satanic delusion, what should hinder our Protestant churches, through the organization of their Evangelical Alliance, or any other more suitable way, to send forth their missionaries of Christ's Gospel, armed with the open Bible of God's most holy truth? The question is worthy of being entertained and discussed, whether this country could be engaged in a holier enterprise than in breaking the yoke of Continental Popery? If the Pope has thought fit to send a mission to us, why should not we reciprocate the favour by despatching a Protestant mission to him? If he has thought fit to intrude upon Protestant England, and professes to stand aghast because we resist the intrusion, surely we may expect, that without any opposition from him, Popish Spain, and priest-ridden Italy will be opened up to the heralds of the Protestant faith? Could such an arrangement be effected, I would not care, though for thirteen bishops we were favoured with the visit of thirteen hundred. But well do I know that Popery will be intolerant to the last, and they will shut the door against the Bible and the expounder of Bible truth to the very last. At any rate, however, the conjuncture seems to be most favourable for mooted the question, whether an assault can be made or no, on the strongholds of Continental superstition. Such an attack from Protestant England would be by far the most terrible danger with which the Papacy has ever been threatened. May God grant that the day may speedily draw nigh, when that hoary and blood-stained apostacy shall be destroyed by the Spirit of the Lord's mouth, and by the brightness of his coming."

The second discourse possesses even greater interest than the first, as it treats of the grand characteristic feature, of Popery, in modern times, viz. its alliance with liberalism. We extract the following—

"And, brethren, let me ask you, who are the chief supporters and apologists of recent Popish aggressions? Who but the Atheistic Liberals of the day? You will find them either boldly maintaining the right of the Pope to do what he has done, or coldly standing aloof, or it may be, using the occasion to attack, with slander and malignant vituperation, the Established churches of the country, whilst they are so zealously,—aye, and let me add, with the angels of God in heaven, emitting their testimony against Babylon the Great, the mother of abominations. And I do not wonder at their conduct. I see its explanation in the words of my text, where the beast of Atheistic Liberalism is described as making the inhabitants of the world to worship the former Popish beast, whose deadly wound was healed. I do not wonder at their conduct, but I deeply bewail it, at least, in so far as it has been indicated by many individuals, and even communities, whom, as a Christian man, I am ready to love, and even to reverence. I can only pray, that they may be speedily delivered from this sad delusion; but it is my duty, at the same time, to warn all within the reach of my voice and influence, that we have not merely to fear the aggression of Popery, but these very aggressions stimulated and encouraged by the no less dangerous and insidious spirit of Atheistic Liberalism.

"I would call upon you, therefore, my brethren, to be aware of the forces and influences which are extant and operating around you, and to be prepared to meet them. Popery is putting forth all its strength, and biding fair, unless God, in his mercy, prevent, not only to lift the head, but to acquire authority once more in our Protestant country. And its great strength lies in the Atheism of the age—its Atheistic indifference—its Atheistic Liberalism—its worse than Atheistic feuds and jealousies amongst Christian men and Christian ministers, who ought to be at one. Of these things, I beseech you, beware, and shrink from the influence as you would from contact with hell-fire. On every proper occasion, protest against Popery, as being, in very deed, Babylon the Great, the foredoomed

enemy of God and man. Care not though men call you illiberal. Be faithful to God, and let your reputation for liberality shift for itself. Are you better than the redeemed in glory—the martyred multitudes of the saints in bliss, and does not this book tell you, that over the smoke of Babylon, burning, they raise the loud halleluiahs of praise? Hold fast, I say, this your Protestant testimony, and be not ashamed of it. In the name of God proclaim and wage eternal war with Rome. Be not deluded and misled into the dream, that there is any thing else of equal moment which can or ought to intervene between you and this duty. O! it pains me to the heart, and fills me with astonishment and wonder, when I see, as I have been repeatedly compelled to do, the shibboleth of a wretched and time-serving voluntarism thrust forward, and that too by Christian and Protestant men, with no other effect than to deaden their Protestant testimony, and deprive it of all its force. And more, especially, have I had to notice, the bitter and malignant assaults of these pretended Protestants on the Church of England. The madmen and fools! At this moment, I hesitate not to say, the Church of England, with all its faults, is the bulwark of Protestantism—the mighty breakwater raised up, in the good Providence of God, against the rising deluge of Popish impiety and superstition. Well does the Pope know that fact: well do his Cardinals and Councillors know it: well do the shrewd and politic men who are so busily at work in diffusing, both within and without its pale, their Popish influences, know it. Let that Church be subverted, and the way is open to Popish supremacy. It is the only enemy which Popery deems worth the fearing—and indeed from whom Popery has any thing to fear. Let that Church be subverted, and Popery will make short work of all other opponents whatsoever. Sectaries and Nonconformists, and all the varieties and hues of dissent she will speedily trample down in this country, as she has done elsewhere, like the mire of the streets. I may be mistaken; God grant I may; but it is possible that some of us may live to see another illustration of the ancient adage—‘Whom God seeks to destroy he first drives demented.’

We cordially recommend these discourses of Mr. Cochrane, as admirably calculated to awaken the Christian Church to the present alarming aspects of Popery.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Earl of Zetland has presented the Rev. Archibald Fairlie, Preacher of the Gospel, to the Church and Parish of South Ronaldshay, in the Presbytery of Kirkwall and Synod of Orkney, void by the death of the Rev. John Gerard, A.M., late minister thereof.

Clerical Presentation.—The Rev. Mr. Dewar, son of Principal Dewar, of Aberdeen, has received a Crown presentation, as helper and successor to the Rev. Mr. Nelson, of Auchtergaven.

Induction at Panbride.—On Thursday the 27th February, the Presbytery of Arbroath met in the Parish Church of Panbride, and proceeded with the settlement of the Rev. James Caesar, as minister of that Church and Parish.

Dundee.—At a meeting of the congregation of the Cross Church, on Monday night, the 3d March, the Rev. Peter Grant, Edinburgh, was unanimously elected to suc-

ceed the Rev. Mr. Caesar, translated to Panbride.

Ardrossan New Church.—On Wednesday last, the 5th March, this church, with a portion of the old parish of Ardrossan, was erected by a decree of the Court of Teinds, into a new parish, to be called the New Parish of Ardrossan. The presentation has already been given to the Rev. James Mackay, A.M., who, having received a unanimous call from the people, has been officiating among them, for some time past, with eminent success.

Whitehall, March 8.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Grigor Stewart to the church at Keawloch-Luichart, in the parish of Contin, in the Presbytery of Dingwall, and shire of Ross, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Duncan Simon Mackenzie, late minister there, to the Church and Parish of Gairloch.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXIV.

MAY 1851.

COMMENTARIES ON THE CONFLICT.

PART III.

1. *The Ten Years Conflict ; being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland.* By ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. Blackie & Son.
2. *"Ten Years of the Church" of Scotland, from 1833 till 1843, with Historical Retrospect from 1560.* By JAMES BRYCE, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

WE have omitted till the final moment, any reference to the legacy which the retiring party left on the Table of the Assembly. Their "Protest" may be compared to another '*billet*' of incendiary purpose ; at least it was not the fault perhaps of those who left it, certainly not that of their historian, if it should not, like Althea's brand, fire the house over the head of the residuary legatees. That we have survived the fate of Meleager, and are left alive after an attempt so fitted to do execution, seems to excite the historian's special wonder.

It seems the Protest was "never yet answered," from which we are invited to the logical conclusion, that this was because it admitted of none, or because they with whom it was left were helplessly conscience-struck. "The Establishment have thus practically confessed," says our accurate reasoner, "that the Protest is unanswerable. This is a fact which intelligent on-lookers have already noted, and to which an impartial posterity will not fail to point, as the virtual admission of the Establishment itself, that it is not the true Church of Scotland." We do not remark on the wisdom of answering the Protest of men who were, or shortly were to be, no more to the Church of Scotland than the Society of Moravians. In the warmth of its courtesy, and in the tender hour of

its regrets, the Assembly undertook, perhaps very unnecessarily, to treat this document as they would the protests of brethren still within the Church. That hour passed away; perhaps that courteous warmth had somewhat abated for certain sufficient reasons, before the intention could be fulfilled. The alleged necessity of "greater care and fuller leisure," complimented at once the importance of the subject, and excused the imperfect labours of a breathless Committee that had sat down to their attempt in heat and hurry; and by the time the August Commission sat, the preparations (whatever they were) of the protest-answering Committee were utterly lost to any remaining end of interest or utility. The brethren who had first loosed themselves, were long ago formally released, and were lost to all ties and all responsibility that the Assembly could controul; and it would have been much the same, in the circumstances, to respond to a call from a new or foreign denomination of Christians, "to answer for itself" to them, on the disputed points of regimen and discipline. If this does not satisfy our friends that another motive than incapacity, or strickenness of conscience, might be found for the neglect of their Protest, and the failure of a quorum-commission, when its answers were prepared, Dr. Bryce will give them another, which we reckon a sufficiently good one, that this Protest contained matter which ought to warn off the lovers of peace within the Church, from renewing their own differences, or from treading on the insidious embers of extinguished fires. In other "conflicts" we believe it is not usual to send any needless flourish of warlike intonation after those who have left the field, or to give them the pleasure in their turn, of seeing their conquerors falling together by the ears, on the head of the taunts that they have shouted behind them in their retreat. If it be inferred from this view of the case, that some inches might be wanting, within the Establishment, of common ground on which all its members could meet to answer such matters as are contained in the Protest, it is, we believe, very true, and perfectly natural. That many were left in the Church, with whom we do not deem it necessary to signify our agreement at all points, who think of patronage in some sort as a grievance, who reckon the "Scotch Benefices Act" a measure of relief in so far as it ascertains the Church's power to protect the people, but would like a still more popular settlement; who do not reckon the "Independence principle" to have received such an exponent in the course of the judicial transactions in which the Church was implicated, as they hold infallible; who will neither take their notions of the Headship from Dr. Bryce, nor the exposition of their principles from his Book—is to admit a distinction of position which they are perfectly entitled to occupy. And in answering the Free Church Protest, what they would admit, and what they would oppose, might tend to some debate with their other brethren. But what is this, but to own the breadth of that 'vantage-ground which the Protestors in their folly have circumduced to a sectarian pin-fold? They are of the precious liberties of the Church, to be in circumstances to seek her constitutional reformation, hand in hand with those who are bound to protect her, and to prosecute any just plea, with all the aids that even the wishes and necessities of the people may contribute,—wishes and

necessities that cannot lodge any well-founded appeal with authority, and be for ever unanswered. The detestable maxims of Erastus touch not in one point that can be proven, or will be conceded, the liberties of the Church Established in Scotland. Her discipline has never been interfered with, where her encroachment beyond known limits did not create the fiction of an offence. The orders of the Church have been left at her own disposal, except where the civil law has first been violated to afford the *sole* pretext for withholding them. If these be not exceptions of strictly civil quality, at least the magistrate has had the decency, in every instance, to found his interference on their being so. We should like to know where Erastian power has ever qualified its pretensions so modestly. We should be unwilling to suspect the Free Church leaders of utter unacquaintance with that system; but we must leave them their choice, either of not knowing it, or of grossly misapplying their knowledge of it. The design of Erastus was to supplant the Pope by the Magistrate, to whose custody *all* the keys were to be transferred, and the use of them lent to Church-officers at his will. The relation of the Church of Scotland and her ministry to the magistrate is exactly the reverse; the keys of doctrine, discipline, and regimen, are theirs absolutely; and the magistrate's duty is only to take order that they use them for their appointed spiritual purpose, and within the spiritual limit, and no other. This is for substance the definition of his duty in the Confession of Faith, and all the contentings of the Westminster Divines with the Parliament were confined to this single issue. The imputation of Erastianism to the present Established Church is disgraceful, chiefly to the effrontery, or want of research, of its broachers. How thankful the Westminster Divines would have been for the liberty which our brethren have so contemptuously spurned, may appear, *inter alia*, from this little clause in one of the latest of their "humble advices" to the Houses: "That no man shall be ordained a minister of a particular congregation, if they can shew any just cause of exception against him."

The decision of the Auchterarder case, by the House of Lords, preceded by about two weeks the sitting of the General Assembly in May 1839. The Church was prepared, as Dr. Buchanan calls it, for this emergency, that is, as a nation may be said to be prepared for war, that has left itself no alternative but to fight, or to eat its own words of defiance. It had, indeed, not rested in words, for the first collision had been struck during the pendency of the Appeal, by certain proceedings of the Presbytery of Dunkeld, which were consummated about this time, and exposed that reverend body to the penalties of a contempt of the Court of Session, though their conduct received the full countenance of the Ecclesiastical Authorities. It was at this memorable Assembly that a shade of distinction began to discriminate parties within the Church, that had till now formed two general divisions, separated apparently by a very bold and obvious line. Dr. Muir was the first to give a distinct expression to a view of the controversy which appeared to indicate a power in the Church, by simply resuming its rights of collation, to give substantial effect to the popular will. This was by taking into account

the presentee's fitness for the particular charge, and bringing the people's feelings to bear on that fitness, on expression being given to them. There was some degree of refinement in this view of the matter; but as it of course implied a formal surrender of the popular veto, it in the meantime proposed to save the courtesies of deference to statute. How long the substitution of a veto by the Church, for the veto by the people, would have kept parties out of the civil courts and spared a new collision, might be a question; but the form of non-resistance or of obedience to the now indubitable law of the land was something, and might be expected to conciliate favour for a declaratory act of the Legislature in terms of the mover's views. But anything between his own magisterium of the veto, and the obnoxious judgment of the Lords, was indignantly suppressed into silence by the fulminating voice of Chalmers, who rent the very heavens with his cry of oppression, and his commination against the troublers of Israel. It was under the stun of this peal of recusant thunder, that the astonished young nobleman, who came with the olive branch of certain pacific purposes, fled bodily from the house, with the memorable sentence which intimated "the ringing out of the Church of Scotland's knell." The Church stood fully and inextricably committed by the vote of that day to the carrying out, in act, of all her pretensions; with the single exception of the title to the benefice, which she affected to regard as the only question that the law had disposed of.

The same remarkable occasion which drew out Dr. Muir from his reticency in the business of church-courts, unsealed the lips of another still more renowned mover of ecclesiastical measures. It happened, singularly enough, that the gentleman who became the organ of the views which ultimately prevailed with the Government, in its intercourse with the Establishment, should have been singled out immediately by the future Gracchus of the movement for his especial match in the conflict. New elements were infused into the politics of both sides by the coincident emergence of Dr. Muir and Dr. Candlish from the comparative retirement of their position. It is quite certain, that the leavening process, which made the Church what it became, and the secession what it is, was introduced at this time by these men, who modified the influence, hitherto paramount, of Dr. Cook on the one hand, and of Dr. Chalmers on the other.

But to return to the state of matters at the rising of the Assembly in 1839. It was now ruled, that the Church should give up that part of her contest which regarded the temporalities, and keep the ground she had taken in every other respect. There was, we think, some affectation, as we hinted before, in this conduct. The giving of her endowments to the winds (a phrase of much currency at the time and since,) might have seemed a brave and self-denying renouncement, but it was part of the magistrate's duty not to let them "go" where it was never intended they should. They were not meant to go to the winds. They were not meant to go to presentees denuded of their licence; to ministers stripped of their ordination; to excommunicated outcasts; to the forisfamiliarated from Christ's house.

It might suit the views of some men to put patrons and presentees into

the odious position of mere devourers of the substance of the Church ; while the actual cure was served by the meek and much-enduring substitute who should be separated to his work on the call of the people. Such scandals of misrule could not long be tolerated ; and the hope apparently was, that the authorities might soon find themselves shut up to all the Church demanded, in order to put an end to them. The magistrate took, however, another and a very distinct view of his duty.

It was, " to take order " that Parishes should neither remain unsettled in virtue of the Church's claim of independence, nor be abandoned to the precarious labours of a portionless ministry. He held in trust two things, the Church's temporal portion for her use, and the charge of taking order, in connection with that provision, that all her ordinances should be " settled, administered, and observed." Over her spiritual functions he had indeed no authority ; but it fell as expressly within his province as any of his duties, to take care that those functions were not declined on pretences that did not apply to her own jurisdiction. The magistrate within whose department it fell to order the sacred Ark to its appointed place in Zion, claimed no share in the peculiar duties of the Priesthood that carried the solemnities of the occasion into effect. But what would be said of the forth-putting of spiritual independence on the part of that Priesthood, for declining the exercise of their functions in such a case ?

We come now to the application of the principles on which the Church had taken her ground.

The presentee to the parish of Lethendy (a poor creature, no doubt, as he is called in one of the histories,) had put himself into the courts of law ; while, in the meantime, the Church judicatories were consummating the settlement of a rival or substitute presentee. Mr Clark, " triumphing " (like another Hugh Peters,) in the times that had opened to the persecuted, retaliated the pains and penalties with which he was threatened by the Ecclesiastical authorities, for daring to appeal to the Civil Court for his rights, in the face of a clause in the famous declaration of Independence, by serving the Presbytery of Dunkeld with an interdict on the ordination of his rival. That interdict was disobeyed, and the Presbytery, who resisted it, were *rebuked* at the bar of the Court of Session. What other or milder visitation the legal offence could have received, if it were noticed at all, does not occur to us. Clark's conduct was petulant enough ; but a scavenger, when his rights are declared, comes out (as this man claimed to do,) in the full-blown privileges of a British subject ; and if he hurries to his remedy with a precipitate indecency, it cannot be helped. The majority of the Presbytery behaved, no doubt, with great dignity and great spirit ; but it was as men whose motives are pure, and whose cause is legally infirm, are often called upon to shew spirit and resolution. We observe, by the way, that the minority, some years thereafter, shewed their spirit and their resolution, no less, though more wisely ; for they readily undertook the trials of the presentee, which soon merged in a trial for immorality and total unfitness for the holy ministry, thus rendering him, at all points, the justice due to a " British subject." It must be observed, before we dismiss this first case of actual collision, (for it was on occasion of the

interdict which the Presbytery saw fit to violate in this instance, that the authorities came to hostilities,) that the discipline proposed to be administered to presentees, who should press their claims in the Civil Courts, assumed a principle of the most debateable description; to-wit, that obedience was due to Church Courts by their licentiates, though the very grounds of refusing it might be that these courts had travelled out of their own legitimate bounds. If the civil courts could be charged with begging one question, the spiritual courts might be equally charged with begging another; and the unlucky preacher was in the very dilemma of the tragic heroine,

" My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you."

But filial duty had come into collision with another, in which character, and right, and feeling, were too deeply concerned, to admit of implicit deference to the authority which, long undivided, had, as such, claimed unqualified acknowledgment.

Seriously, it was altogether too harsh to prosecute as for crime this species of treason, as Dr. Buchanan scruples not to call it, surely by a very new application of the term. "To be killed a little," is no one's choice; yet what sworn arbiters found to be *wrongs*, requiring damages and indemnification, were expected by dominant churchmen to be submitted to with indefinite patience, on pain of deprivation of license, or excommunication itself. We freely admit that irritation could not but be at work, both on one side and the other, in this most unhappy juncture of affairs; and that its effect was to meet the pitching of authority too high, by pushing opposition too fast. Much perplexity of church affairs no doubt followed; and we regret, with all our hearts, without venturing to pronounce which party did best, or whether either did well, to be so angry, that they should between them have driven matters to such dire extremity, that very soon no peacemaker, not even propitious legislation itself, could strike in with any hope of avail. If the Church had but had a moiety of the patience that she sought to exact from poor presentees, or from Presbyteries that she placed in a strait between two, her distress might have been very temporary, and that of her congregations very limited; and we should probably have been spared the narration of a melancholy tale. If she had stood uncommitted to hostilities before a declaration of war was called for, she might have stood—not as Troy—but as Mount Ida. As it was, she was on the broad highway of resistance, as we have seen, before the umpire had yet done with balancing her claims.

The decision of the Lords forced on the Church that application of her own principles which she was so reluctant to foresee. She found herself shut up to the assertion of her independence with the relinquishment of her temporalities. And she found herself thrust off her vantage-ground as an establishment. When she awoke to this conviction, it was with a very painful rubbing of the eyes; and her warfare became such a conflict between the shame of qualifying her pretensions, and the im-

possibility of reconciling them with her actual circumstances, as led to perplexities more whimsical, if not more serious, than can be easily paralleled in all church history.

A more important emergency succeeded the insignificant case of Le-theudy, if that can be called insignificant, on which hostile parties actually broke ground in "conflict."

The Presbytery of Strathbogie, within whose bounds a presentee of respectable character had incurred the veto, was also a suitor for justice about this time to the civil jurisdiction. The events to which we have been referring, happened, be it remembered, in this order:—the Lords had decided on appeal, May 2d; the Assembly sat on the 16th; the Presbytery of Dunkeld appeared at the bar of the Court of Session, June 14th; and in the same month of June, of the same memorable year (1839,) the presentee to Marnoch obtained a decree, holding the Presbytery of Strathbogie still bound, all decisions of church courts to the contrary notwithstanding, to take him on trials.

In this significant concatenation of events, a majority of the Presbytery found a call to resolve that points of law, on which there was no longer any pretence of doubt, fell to be acted upon. What they began they carried out with resolute and unflinching determination. They submitted to, or rather incurred, (for submit they did not to,) suspension, deposition, and menaced excommunication; certainly without yielding a hair's-breadth of their position. The conduct of these men has been subjected to a great variety of criticism. There can now be little doubt, we think, saving our respect for Dr. Bryce, and his positive opinion to the contrary, that they transgressed, as they trode their doubtful way, certain ecclesiastical forms; that they treated with less than ceremonious respect the ecclesiastical authority to which they ought to have deferred to the very *outrance* of permissible obeisance, and that they were somewhat precipitate, to borrow the facetious imagery of the gallant Captain Christie, in withdrawing themselves from the risks incident to picquets in front of the main body—a position which (much against their will no doubt,) circumstances had assigned them in this Church and State warfare.

But to what avail are these minutiae of criticism? After all forms had been exhausted, and all patience worn out, to the same complexion matters must have come at last. The Strathbogie majority occupied a firm constitutional footing; so it appeared to them, and so it has proved; and their petty irregularities (for which an easy remedy might have been found in the ordinary rules of ecclesiastical procedure,) were moonshine in water, to the substantial rectitude and consistent magnanimity of their conduct.

The negotiations of the Church with successive statesmen and governments, were prosecuted under some disadvantages, of which the chief, no doubt, arose from her going red-hand and flagrant from her own intemperate discipline, to seek relief from her embarrassments. At the very outset of her diplomacy, the luckless *contretemps* of the Le-theudy collision had occurred—the Marnoch case was in progress—and while one limed twig after another was set to catch such members of her

courts, or holders of her license, as might be tempted to stray beyond the still asserted precincts of her jurisdiction, such precautions served but the more to expose the contrast of her impotence with her pretensions. While some prejudice accrued to her struggles for legislative relief, through committees and deputations, from these causes, nothing perhaps affected her interests so critically as that celebrated letter to the Chancellor, which the avowed determination to disregard the authority of the Judges drew from the pen of the Dean of Faculty. That performance, overloaded, as it might be, with superfluous matter, and open, as it certainly was, to certain literary objections, was far too powerful in the character of its pleadings, and too incontrovertible in the truth of its representations, not to make an impression, never yet, and never to be, effaced from the minds of all qualified judges of such a controversy. The legal argument, it is true, could have little done for it in the way of addition ; but it failed not to gather somewhat from the researches of industry so untiring, and from the application of a mind so long intent on the subject as the learned Dean's. But his immediate object was less to defend the views which had been lately stereotyped in statute law, than to represent the tendency of the Church's acting in her present position ; and to expose the species of despotism which she was pursuing in mockery of the law, and even of her own suppliant attitude. His case was very easily established ; and, no doubt, had a great share in awakening the doubts and jealousies, of which very distinct traces might be immediately discovered on the part of statesmen in their intercourse with church deputations. At the first meeting of the Commission which followed the embassy sent by the Assembly of 1839 to the Government, it had been reported in form, that the Crown patronage was to be administered in *terms of the veto act*. This measure of relief was too partial and invidious—besides its objectionable character otherwise—not to tempt severe criticism. After all, it was probably a blunder in emphasis, more than in meaning. The intention was certainly not to put the Government stamp of currency on the veto law,—and explanations were afterwards given that seemed to resolve the pledge into a sort of engagement, to give effect to the wishes and petitions of the people in the appointment of Crown presentees. Sufficient cause had been given, however, to arouse attention to the nature of the diplomacy that was in progress ; and the letter to the Chancellor was well fitted to cover it with the suspicion of a trafficking and one-sided procedure. An arrest was very suddenly, it seemed, put on the disposition of the Government to move further for the present. Such a powerful exposure had been just made of the opposition in which the Church was engaged to the law of the land, as justified or required a solemn pause on her affairs, and indeed would have made it indecent to lend her proceedings any express countenance from the Crown. Yet the Magistrate, after a little while, shewed the merciful inclination of the controller of the winds and waves, neither to exasperate, nor to visit with the arm of power, these wrathful excitements or their promoters.

“ Quos ego—sed motos preestat componere fluctus.”

A series of legislation was attempted, of which, as we have only to record the failure, a slight sketch will suffice. The government of Lord Melbourne, though evidently not indisposed to the views of the popular party in the Church, was in its waning moon; and at length declined legislative interference—partly, perhaps, on account of its weakness, partly, no doubt, on account of the difficulties of the subject—and it may be suspected, partly from the failure of a sort of touchstone that had been rashly enough applied to the feelings of an important Scottish constituency,* which resulted in anything but the hope of working the veto with political effect. However, as all parties were, we believe, anxious to bring matters to some settlement if possible, encouragement was given to the Earl of Aberdeen to volunteer his services in the preparation of a Bill—the first that passes by his name. This measure proposed to give the effect of a declaratory law to the Presbyterial veto, founded on all stated objections whatever, such as might be decisive of the judicial deliverance. At first this seemed to give satisfaction. But the omission of the popular will as an element, seemed to qualify the *liberum arbitrium*, which was thought at first to be conceded; and when it was explained that the opposition of the people could not be acted upon, without reasons in supplement, the negotiation was at an end. What the Church meant by her share in this transaction, was plainly to be permitted to hold the veto, as trustees hold property—for the purpose of being re-conveyed entire by her hands to the lawful heirs or owners. But the veto, founded on the simple will of objectors, was quite as inadmissible under a *deed of trust* as its former shape—and the whole affair fell under the obvious suspicion of a design of “canny conveyance.” It was in vain that the good Earl gave the *liberum arbitrium* its full range over all but the world of *pure imagination*; condescending on the *material* objection of “red hair” as not alone admissible into the judicial balance, but of avail to weigh it down. No! reasons, though of the most elementary quality, were still as formidable, as if the dumb inspiration of idiocy claimed, within a Christian Church, all but oriental reverence. With regard to the ludicrous exemplification of objections by which the author of the Bill chose to illustrate the wide scope of his measure, this may be said on its behalf, that to shut up a people to the necessity of stating even such reasons, and church courts to the necessity of judging them, would be a salutary guard—since folly itself is one thing when it is an avowed motive, and another, and far more perilous, when it is a secret spring of action. The responsibility of all parties becomes mightily different.

The next measure of relief contemplated, was the Duke of Argyll's Bill. That it was framed and introduced from the purest motives of patriotism, cannot be doubted. But the simplicity that dictated such a measure at such a time may be imagined, when it is stated, that it proposed to enact, not the old veto, but the veto by a majority of adult communicants, subject to the exception of our former acquaintance, the *groundless prejudices* of faction and malice; that it entered its appeal with the Legislature, after the cruel discipline prepared for the Strath-

* This alludes to Mr. Dunlop's raid on Perthshire.

bogie ministers was about to reach projection in their actual deposition ; and that it underwent the discussion of the Assembly the very day before that outrage was perpetrated ! It is almost needless to add, that though all the tumult of a general election raged almost immediately thereafter, the popular blood could not be stirred to agitate for it ; nor did parties deem it worth their further forth-putting as an election bribe—so unfit was it felt to reward the despotism of the Church with a grant, while she was prosecuting her claims with a hand so high and masterful.

We cannot, perhaps, submit a more luminous account of the next expedient of relief, than that which occurs in the running title of one of Dr. Buchanan's own sections :—"Sir George Sinclair volunteers his services as a negociator—his qualifications for the office. Brings together the Dean of Faculty and Dr. Candlish—the famous clause, a chameleon—its history—the Committee urged to give an opinion of it, and declined to do so—communication authorized to be made to the Committee regarding it by Sir James Grahame—the Committee's reply—*it comes to nothing.*" The Tacitus-like brevity of these heads tells a whole history, and tells it well. We no sooner see the names, than, like certain algebraic signs, they prepare us for the result of their collocation, in—nothing. Sir George's clause was a contrivance so ingenious as at once to render Lord Aberdeen's Bill in that nobleman's opinion "illusory ;" to relieve the Dean of his fears of the possibility of a negative on the ground of the dissent of the people ; and to satisfy Dr. Candlish, that however well he might think of it, on a first look, by itself, yet when reduced to writing, he found, as he suspected, an essential difference between its principles and his own. Well done, Sir George ! And what, then, was this inextricable problem that no wisdom could solve—this insuperable difficulty that no conciliation could reach ? Our readers are weary, and we will name it in a word, "we insist that the church courts must, *at the very least*, have liberty, in every instance, to reject exclusively on the dissent of the people." This is the language of the most advanced month in 1841 ; and verily the promise of "Retract ? No, not a hair's-breadth !" survives, in all its emphasis, to do honour to the peaceful labours of a dozen committees, working at accommodation ever since the memorable 1834 !

'Twas in truth "idlesse all," to dream of ever coming to terms with such a spirit. We have been preluding reluctantly in a strain which we must now exchange for a sadder and a deeper note. A spirited but unavailing demonstration for the expiring veto in the House of Commons, under the conduct of Campbell of Monzie, served, like the setting glories of the Pretender's arms at Falkirk, to shed a gleam of gallantry on the "Conflict" in its last hopeless stage of resistance.

It was the fate of every failure to fall into coincidence with the sittings of the Assembly. Mr. Campbell's Bill, which, so far as he was concerned, might have had the honours of war, since the ministry wished simply that he should give place, by a small delay, to some proposals of their own, had the indignity of a rejection thrust upon it by the activity of two or three patriots, who insisted on a division. Fretful then, and dis-

appointed as usual, down sat, within a few days, the Assembly of 1842, to console itself by strong language for diminished influence and hope. Her baffled deputations—her paper waste of correspondence—her retreating Forty—her gathering interdicts—her collisions with all grades of authority from the Crown down to the sheriff-officer—all tended to infuse more than wonted bitterness into the Church's present temper. She began her work in the Assembly by declaring without ceremony against patronage, and voting its total abolition. She proceeded next to her Claim of Rights, the comparison of which to the Solemn League and Covenant is, no doubt, founded on a wonderful parallelism of circumstances—in which patronage is the sister grievance of Laudean Episcopacy—the Court of Session of the High Commission—the necessity of assigning reasons for the rejection of presentees, of the constraint put upon men's consciences by an interpolated Service-book, and a hierarchy and priesthood, the shameless spawn of supremacy, insubordinate to any discipline for their morals, or to any standard for their doctrine. Right or wrong, the Solemn League and Covenant warred with things, by name and description as distinct from any grievances within the Church of Scotland in the nineteenth century, as the opinions of the Marrow are from the Arian heresy. Why, during some of the earlier stages of these modern discussions that inflated the bellows of the claim of rights—did not the great missionary of the Church * cry shame on us for our differences about trifles, while we were neglecting the catholic object for which he, and such as he, were spending all their strength ; and did he not tell us indignantly of

“ Ocean into tempest turned,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly ! ”

No doubt the Claim of Rights contained many noble sentiments, and we are very far from blaming the zeal of many who, in supporting it, thought, no doubt, that they were in the main but giving strong and cordial expression to their resolve to uphold the Crown rights of the Redeemer. We only hold those responsible for the fallacy of the application, who thought it proper to do what they afterwards did, in taking a step out of a territory where those sacred rights were in point of fact in no danger, and not so much as called in question. Wherein is the assertion of the Headship in this celebrated document peculiar?—Is it peculiar in that it claims for the glorious Redeemer the undivided supremacy over his own members, and his own house ? No ; but it is peculiar in that it will only allow that supremacy to *co-exist* with the people being allowed their own free-will—in point of fact, for it goes this length expressly, their own free election, in whatsoever concerns the pastoral relation—and that church-officers shall have *their* free-will also, when it suits them, to sustain their own commission, as acting within their vocation. It is rather, we think, according to every rule of Logic, that a *human* claim of right to be thus absolute and irresponsible, is as hostile to the Crown rights in question in one party as in another ; and that modesty should teach men to forbear their talk “ of discrowning,” who would fain wanton in such licensed power of their own.

* Speech of Dr. Duff on Missions, 1837, p. 54.

It was not to be expected that the Claim of Rights should tend to any settlement of difficulties. Indeed, so plainly did it avow hostility to the whole system of Patronage, as to make it quite plain at length that the conflict was, on one side, a wilful aggression on the rights of patrons, and a bold attempt to reduce their power to a nullity. The language in which the decisions of the law courts were characterised amounted to disrespect or defiance; and except where the very words of the "Confession," or of the "Covenant," were adopted, the functions of the magistrate were so boldly blanked and circumduced, that it was not very surprising that some little difficulty seemed to have occurred in permitting such a document to reach the foot of the throne, or in returning to it the usual ceremonious acknowledgment. In truth, the horizon was hopelessly darkened; and it may be doubtful whether it had not already become the policy of the popular leaders, to commit their party so entirely to extremities, as to leave no choice between the surrender at discretion of the Government to their demands, and of opposing churchmen to their discipline, and the breaking up of the Church by a secession. The arrogance of this position was, probably, never exceeded. Two or three legal gentlemen, in moderate practice in their own proper courts, and half a dozen clergymen, including one man of genius, and certain dextrous debaters of the second order, assumed the whole responsibility of taking the pledges of a majority, created in part by their own encroachments, and consisting of persons who were led, step by step, to extremes which at first were but distantly hinted, and at length, by a mere habit of deference to these counsellors, regarded as constitutional, either to bring the magistrate, the judges, and their own reclaiming brethren, to absolute submission, or to destroy the peace and unity of the Church, by a violent and disorderly outbreak from her gates, and from the post assigned to them within them. And now that pride was receiving every check that it so richly deserved and had so long wrought for, it seemed as if the very frenzy of disappointment was breaking loose. Parishes were over-run with pastors not their own; the Church was actually handed over to a Commission, of which five (or three, we forget which,) might be a quorum, empowered either to provide a ministry, or supplant it, at their choice; and some of the ablest members of the ecclesiastical opposition were turned out of their own church courts, for helping gentlemen who were ministers according to law,—while their all-licensed brethren might break interdicts, and run whithersoever they would, to *correct* the ministerial deficiencies of the stated teachers. Never was vineyard so disordered, or the state of a religious community so abnormal, as was the Church of Scotland and her position, during the year which celebrated its Assembly by the Claim of Rights, and one of its last months by the—Convocation.

What passed at that celebrated conclave,—for never did a college of cardinals better deserve the name or its character (the ruling influence of certain individuals there convened and dictating considered),—will not be generally known, we fear, till some yet unopened strong box shall reveal the secret and true history of this convention. As for Dr. Bryce, nothing wider than the key-hole could be expected to admit such a

witness ; and for his brother-historian, he writes as generally on the subject, and retains all that is worth knowing as carefully, as the newspaper recorder of a masonic meeting. What a small bird has whispered to us concerning these mysteries it is needless to declare, for he is a singular witness, and we are without a name ; so we shall for the present reserve our materials. It is universally known that the result of this regular and most constitutional Assembly,—called by a precision of summons and a jealousy of latitude of sentiment, without precedent, except in the General Council of Trent,—was to engage a large number of ministers to inevitable Secession, in the event of the Church failing to see the *rebellious State* (for this was actually her language,) unconditionally at her feet.

The Assembly was yet at a little distance, and the interval was improved, certainly not in setting the house in order, but in rendering it as unfit as it could be made for comfortable habitation. With the preparation of an unexampled strife of passions ; of an overflow of irruptive sallies into every corner where there chanced to be peace ; of damage-boding interdicts, and clanging defiance ; of marshalled hosts striving which should storm the citadel of the superior court of double elections and blank returns, this famous Assembly at length “fulfilled its week.”

We are moderately versed, we apprehend, in the taste in which the history of that Assembly's memorable first day, being the last of a united Establishment, ought to be written. The imagery that we should least have thought of using in the delineation, from the honest fear of hurting the feelings of dear old friends, would seem to be that which they reckon most appropriate and complimentary. If we were to talk “of the winding up of a magnificent drama,” it might be thought that we were maliciously hinting at the getting up of a scene, or the action of a play. And with our really grave and serious feelings on the subject, we would that there had been less dwelling with unction on the little picturesque circumstances with which accident or contrivance concurred to deck the consummation of the Free Church sacrifice,—as, the omen in the Commissioner's drawing-room, the intoning thunder, the departing clouds, and the brilliant sunshine arising just in time to shed a glory on the New Assembly. There is, we think, some spiritual application in the special notice of “the garlands” with which the Priest of Jupiter would fain have honoured the Apostolic twain whom he wished to idolize with sacrifices. We take it, that the Martyrs of better times proceeded to their glory with a studious contempt of all that could give eclat to such occasions. They sought no ovation, and wore no coronal save that which was wove by angel hands, the invisible circlet whose honours “no man taketh to himself.” We shall therefore, in the very face of its own historian's example, give not a single descriptive sentence to the Disruption, from the unfeigned fear of profaning its real and mournful solemnity. We recognise in it, from the bottom of our hearts, one of the saddest of all occasions,—the obsequies of a social and spiritual compact, that we trusted would have been as perpetual, as hitherto it was matchless, perhaps in all the earth, for the dispensation of the holy cha-

rities that are twice blessed,—blessing, more than all others together, the givers and the receivers.

And yet, while we see this parting procession, and renew over its remembrance some of those honest tears which we felt to be due to its awful and sorrowful nature at the time, we forbear not to linger on the last footsteps of the vanishing brethren, and to expend on their character a few of those descriptive touches which we have thought it in no way worth while to bestow on the more theatrical circumstances of their emergence from the “Bond Assembly.”

Of some of the honoured chiefs of this little army, we have already taken a sort of ceremonious leave, in recording their names and characters in connection with those earlier exertions, which gave them a foremost station in the conflict. We recognise their crests towering in the procession; but we shall let them pass on, and take a note or two of certain of their associates, who may be reckoned next in order to their place and fame. The pageant is headed by a man of fine intellect and evangelical simplicity, whose gentle spirit ought perhaps to have spared itself the billowy agitations of a sea in which it was never fit to live. We owe our old friends a personal grudge (if we may speak of such a thing here), for nothing so much as for thrusting Dr. Welsh into the hottest of their battle. His temper was a little ardent, we believe, and in discussion he was too nervous to be very powerful, so that he might well have been left, whether within or without the Establishment, to indulge his classic vein of disquisition, and to illustrate the union of elegant research and spiritual unction, without the risk of having his strength shivered, as we fear it was, in the clash of these unhappy contentings.—We see near him another noble and single-minded “master in Israel,” who, it seemed to us, was not always the uncatholicized partisan that we fear the conflict made him. We love Dr. Gordon, and shall never forget a speech, worth any ten of his fuming orations (if he spake so many), kindled at the wild-fire of non-intrusion, in which, attacking the Emancipation Bill, he vindicated against Popery, the Covenant rights, and indefeasible authority of the civil magistrate. Not one man alive, we believe, had not his high spirit caught fire from circumstances, would have been qualified to draw a truer line between Erastianism and the duties of the magistrate, than the individual, whose study of the “commonwealth of Israel” yielded the most powerful illustrations we have ever heard, of the sacred importance of Church and State alliance.—But we see, nigh, or not very far from him, that small but motioning crest, that bespeaks the presence of the very “master of the motion,” of the politician, whose wit, it seems, made all these wise masters surrender their own to its discretion. Dr. Candlish is, beyond all question, a man of rich and various powers; honest, too, we believe, on evidence beyond that of simple charity, for he has certainly not always studied his ease or his interest where both might have gone together; but he has the very disease of superpolity upon him, and is nothing, if not making or marring. Such men are never well or safely met—but by what, most strangely, it would seem, never could resist his encounters, the wisdom of experience; for, to spirits like his, whole ages

preach in vain. Nothing is worth stirring in, but some new world, and he has got it; got it to his own almost boundless flexure. But Loyolas and Xaviers have been seen long since; nor have their best motives created results much less flitting, or less smiled on by a prospering providence, than the mighty murders of the Alexanders and Napoleons. And it remains to be seen what sort of benefactor this active spirit is to prove to his country and his kind; or how far the eloquence that laid the foundation of Secession in the unforgettten deed of the Strathbogie suspension, and set up (and opened) the gates thereof in the resolutions of the Convocation, is to be a name and a praise in the generations following.—In the meantime, shall we make a sudden digression, but there is meaning in it, too, to another counsellor of the Elders, a far smaller oracle, no doubt, and yet treading so close on the heels of his leader (we do not speak of the procession,) as to “gall his kibe,” if not to threaten to “catch his heel”? We have seen James Begg early, eager to fight, and bold to leap. It is impossible to limit the effect of mettlesome example in stirring times. We believe a degree of impetus was given to the non-intrusion ball, that was little contemplated by graver men, by the young blood of this gentleman and a few others in the outset; and that, in later stages, their anti-patronage activity reduced their own natural leaders to that despair of uniting their party, in measures of any moderate quality, which raised their demands on Government to such a height, as made it impossible to treat with them. Begg was, and is, the very Drances of the “Conflict;” ever the loudest talker, and the foremost to take the word out of the mouths of his seniors,—

“*Larga quidem, Drance, tibi semper copia fandi,
Tunc cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque vocatis
Primus ades.*”

For the next of the worthies who rises on the soul in this spiritual migration, we have much late-contracted reverence. The mature mind has chastened the drollery, and perhaps some exercising trial of body and spirit has re-directed the fine powers of Guthrie, who, instead of revolting men’s saddened thoughts with the mistimed merriment of misery and humiliation, is now chiefly employed in labours worthy of him—emancipating the ragged from ignorance, and the spell-bound drinker from perdition. God bless and prosper and reward him!—We need not be musing desiderial thoughts over the loved recollection of Grey and Bruce and Abercromby,—men not of the conflict, and we believe not of the procession, and who judged the former, most likely, not by its merits, but by the friends with whom it associated them.

But who shall long overlook the Saul of this procession—him whose goodly stature might seem to mark him out a chief, without his doughty deeds? But in what high debate was his voice not heard the highest; in what agitated corner was his clamour not the loudest still for war? Honest enthusiast! for never sure was enthusiasm more honest, or honesty more enthusiastic than thine, good Rankeillour!—But we must not pause longer on the heels of the marshalled host, nor spare even a single Homeric epithet for the many worthies of whom their historian would fain persuade us, that not to know by their worth is to be in

darkness. That among them there was much excellence of heart, and intellect, and piety, and worth, we admit and know; and by that day's transaction that lost them to us, our Zion was shorn of many of her locks of strength—locks that will be long of growing where they did in all their glory and luxuriance. And yet we must not defer so far to these regrets, as for one moment longer to refrain a rebuke to the insolence that dictated the colouring of the *Bond Assembly*. Grant us patience! And where is there, in all the licence allowed to man, the right to offer such a contrast as this hideous picture presents to view? Was that Assembly a very "Egypt" of darkness and bondage, in which Macfarlane had only taken the Chair of Welsh—in which the pastoral fidelity and strong scriptural attachments of Muir—in which the deep and orthodox erudition of Mearns, to say nothing of his profound reading in the laws of the Church, and his logical precision in their application—in which the well-pondered judgments of Cook—in which the constitutional and most Presbyterian antiquarianism of Lee—in which the refining, yet surely liberal and candid subtilty of Robertson—in which the evangelical meekness of Hunter—in which the holiness of Tait—in which the Christian patriotism of Macleod, and we might add fifty names, and as many good qualities to each of them—in which we say, all this wealth was as yet residuary. If this were Egypt, what, indeed, must Jerusalem be! A something not found on earth, we fear; and assuredly not in that Church which rejoices in her contrast of the Free with the Bond.

TESTS, OR NO TESTS.

LORD MELGUND is again busy. His godless bill is again thrust upon the notice of the country; and unless met by the righteous indignation of those whose sacred Institutions he is thus rashly attempting to demolish, he will be encouraged by the apathy of some, and by the malice which others bear to the Church, to persist in his evil course. For himself, the question is a lucky windfall for getting himself pushed into political importance; and to a sucking politician, this is sometimes of more concern than any principle, however sacred, or any consequences, however solemn. The young man seems quite unconscious of the tremendous importance of the subject which he has undertaken to expound. He has leaped with fatal rashness into the arms of a powerful section of the community, whose immediate aim is to humble and cast down the Establishment. He has identified himself with men, who, when they succeed, with the suicidal help of such lords as himself, to cripple the Church, will next proceed to introduce a political Elysium for which they pant, but in which no room will be found for the order to which Lord Melgund belongs. They accept, however, his services in the meantime. They regard him personally, with ill-disguised merriment, as a raw unpractised youth, helping them, yeomanly, to loosen the props and founda-

tions of his own castellated mansion. For should the Church be weakened and cast down, the shock would instantly cause a breach in the ancient walls of aristocracy, through which "the people" would rush, like the roaring and trampling waves of old Ocean, after their dear and idolised idea, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Personally inconsiderable, however, though he be, his family and political relations make him an acquisition to the men of revolution and change, and a fit tool to be wielded in urging on their grand scheme of social progress and reform.

Tests or No Tests! Such is simply the alternative which the civil magistrate is now seriously asked to deal with. Various modifications are doubtless proposed of existing tests, and many wise things uttered by the zealous innovators in favour of the projected change; but the party who act thus are made up from that class of men who, in all times of innovation, are found occupying a middle ground between the real combatants,—urged thither by the unwelcome pressure from without, but arrested where they stand by conscientious scruples against further concession, or apprehensions of the evils which would then and thereby result to themselves. There may be in some of their proposals such extensive modification mooted as to amount virtually to the abrogation of Tests, inasmuch as it may abolish the special religious qualification which the word implies; but such parties, though fighting under the acknowledged colours of the one party, and using their watchword when occasion serves, are yet in reality the champions and favoured auxiliaries of the other. Amidst the confusion and dust, however, of the animated educational conflict, there is no difficulty in seeing that the one grand question at issue is—Tests or No Tests.

Never before, in the history of our country, has this question been submitted for public arbitration; and never before has a question been discussed on which more momentous contingencies were suspended. We do not mean to affirm that the point at issue had never formerly been raised, and that the negative term of the alternative has not been pled for in times past; for indeed numerous instances occur to memory, wherein, in one shape or other, the religious element in public instruction has been reprobated, and its expulsion craved, both on the ground of policy and equity. But these efforts were made, either by small and despised parties of religionists, or by isolated thinkers, who, being understood to hold loose views upon the subject of religion, were not deferred to upon any matter by which its sacred interests were affected. As for the latter class, their opinions in times past were contemptuously repelled; and very naturally, for it was well enough known that they bore religion a grudge for interfering with certain fashionable vices to which they had discovered an early partiality, and that they divorced her from their presence, their hearth and board, with every mark of irreconcilable hate. When, therefore, they loudly demanded that education should be conducted upon a liberal basis, entirely exempt from sectarian restriction, and free to all, it was shrewdly suspected that, under their thin veil of liberality, they nursed their ancient feud with religion, and sought in this way to fetch her a serious and subtle wound. The public refused to homologate their grudge; but, on the contrary,

gave them to understand—and not always in the most civil terms—that their crafty devices were seen through, their enmity to religion detected, and their innovating educational schemes highly disapproved. And thus, till a very recent period, the educational controversy never assumed such a shape as to demand the wise consideration of the higher estates of the realm.

Times change, says some unknown sage, and we change in them. The very same ground marked out by the atheistic thinkers, above noted, and shunned in former times as a field of doom, is now crowded with men who glory in their position as a step in advance of bygone bigotry, and tending towards the intellectual and spiritual freedom for which the whole world is athirst. Even some, who, not many years since, would have mourned over the liberty now coveted and gloried in, as the licentious excesses into which Christian nations, in their period of decay, are prone to fall, are now zealous "*progress*" men, applauding the No Test system vehemently, and denouncing the existing plan with edifying horror. Times change, and we change in them; else, how account for the contradictory facts which the seasons, as they roll, are rapidly accumulating? The black of 1838, for example, is the white of 1850, and the black of 1850 the white of 1838. The mere lapse of years cannot effect this miraculous transformation. There must be a subtle change going on in the men as well as the times; and the revolution of two lustra is quite sufficient now-a-days, when men live fast and go a-head, to make ordinary men not merely *say* that black is white, but swear it. An unchanging constancy is quite out of date, and as unsuited to the times as the pyramids of Egypt, or the excavated monuments of Nineveh. There must be adaptation to the age in every thing,—a ready facility of faith and flexibility of principle; or else you are like to hang

"Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail,
In monumental mockery."

Hence the new views on education attained to by some Free brethren, who, if they use forcible terms in expounding them, must be excused on the ground that their new associates naturally expect a proof of their sincerity; and what more grateful proof can be offered, than to denounce the system which they can no longer control, and the old brethren from whom they have violently broken loose?

Serious enough is the change, and remarkable the progress which the last year or two have brought about. All the churches in the realm are agog upon the question of education; and all parties in the State are roused to eager attention. Our parish schools are the splendid prize upon which a multitude of glittering eyes are bent, and around which a multitude of stealthy footsteps are traceable in a rapidly narrowing circle. The present constitution and state of our schools have been found to contain abuses so various, complex, and wicked, that, so far from wondering at the tumult which has suddenly burst about our ears, we can only wonder that it has been suspended so long. The cause of all the hubbub was not a mote in the sun;—it was large enough to be seen across a continent, and glaring enough to stir the wrath of the most

patient witnesses. All interested in the system as it was, and still is, have therefore better cause to be thankful for the long leasehold they have run in quietness already, than shocked that their longer tenure should now be so unexpectedly and roughly challenged.

But the conflict is not confined to the Ecclesiastical arena alone. There are controversies which vex and irritate to the uttermost the feelings of religious partisanship, and stir to fury the stormy elements of Ecclesiastical strife; and yet they fail to elicit a single spark of interest beyond the boundary-line of the Church, and within the busy precincts of the State. The tempest never reaches the dignified eminence of our Legislative halls, and never disturbs the serene calmness which reigns there through every recess, and through every chamber. If heard at all, it is as the wailing wind is heard by yourself, gentle reader, from within the favourite snuggery of your compact and well-secured habitation, or as the roaring waves of the sea are heard from the top of some adjacent rock:—With this important difference, however, that he who gazes down from his rocky perch upon the Great Deep, and listens to the melancholy everlasting moan of the Ocean giant, can scarcely fail to be awed into a sentiment of high solemnity; whereas our law-framers are provoked to levity by the religious strivings of the Queen's lieges, and the stormy developments of religious life. The immortal pantings of the great heart of the world after truth, and freedom, and life, are nothing to them;—and nothing to them the spiritual groans which the unquenchable spirit of life within us utters forth. The high prize of glory, honour, and immortality, is coolly relinquished along with all such spiritual forecastings;—*they* see a much higher prize in the St. Leger Stakes. "Priests' quarrels!" exclaimed a legislator, concerning a controversy which is affecting the faith of thousands, the stability and character of revered institutions, the future destiny of the nation, and the peace of immortal beings. "Priests' quarrels!" and, with supreme complacency, resumed cigar-sucking, as if he had assigned sufficient reason for thinking no more about it; or as if he had uttered a sentiment wise and weighty enough to quash the matter for ever. "Priests' quarrels!" then why expect one so gently nurtured to intromit with such vulgar contentings? But it is not thus with our educational controversy. It has burst beyond the earnest arena of Church Courts, and beyond the uttermost boundary line of all Churches; and is now seriously agitating the British Senate, from the venerated woollack of the upper house, to the remotest cross-bench of the lower. It has become a great national question, eagerly seized by the raw youth ambitious of senatorial status, but approached with much delicacy and reserve by the wary old statesman, who, aware of the deceitfulness of the sea into which the gallant vessel is steering, keeps a sharp look-out for the breakers ahead. Still thitherward the vessel is steering,—not, it may be, with the press of sail which some of the more eager urge, and with a more frequent use of the sounding line than they approve,—still sensibly, steadily, and all the more surely, because with so much caution she is making way. In one thing all our statesmen, of every age and party, seem cordially agreed,—that there is a loud and imperative demand for educational reform.

Now, to judge from the tone of many of the speakers, it would appear that the only barrier, in their estimation, to a perfect educational elysium is the Test ; and our poor Church is hardly dealt by, in strenuously seeking to uphold it. Some smile sarcastically at so weak a thing standing up against the voice of a whole nation, and incline to adopt very summary modes of putting down the feeble resistance. Some, whose imaginations are too hide-bound to invent a simile of their own, use the well known one of Sydney Smith, and compare her resistance of the educational movement to the attempt of the excellent Dame Partington, " who lived upon the beach, and who, when the tide was rising to an incredible height, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean." Indeed, all her enemies are inclined to be witty and satirical at her expense ; and even her friends, in whom she trusted, have scarcely proved themselves as faithful as she expects, and as all her friends now need to be.

The former discussion in the House of Commons, raised by Lord Melgund's bill, forcibly admonishes the Church of danger—not, however, so much by the closeness of the division, as by the nature of the defence. The Church, in 1849, deemed it a weighty plea that the Act of Security and Treaty of Union has guaranteed the perpetuation of her connection with the School ; and in her Protest, Declaration, and Testimony, she gave forcible utterance to her views on this head. In the House of Commons, however, the plea was passed over in silence, without being honoured with note or comment from friend or foe. The Church did expect that some Scottish member, sufficiently versed in his country's story, and animated with the old national spirit, would tell the House that the Institute upon which they were rudely laying hands may not be touched with impunity—that it is guarded and fenced about with the sacred sanction of an honourable nation's oath—and that a preliminary step to all discussion must be, to determine the respect due to the solemn contract to which the Church appeals. The progress of the Union of the two Kingdoms was arrested by the jealousy of our forefathers for the religious and sacred interests of their country : and it was not till the Act of Security was proffered them, that their hostility was disarmed and their jealousy laid to sleep. Good easy men, they not only ceased to oppose, but rejoiced and gave thanks that He who had watched over their Church, in the most dark and stormy passages of the past, forsook her not at that crisis of her fortunes ; but brought the stronger treating power to guarantee the security of the weaker, by the most sacred pledges that ever any country put faith in. Not a step could be gained, nor a solitary inch of progress made, till the Act was passed, securing the Church of Scotland in the exercise of her Presbyterian government, and the possession of all her rights and privileges unalterably through all succeeding times. " So," says Burnet, "*this Act was carried, so far as human law could go, for their security. For by this they had not only all the security which their own Parliament could give them, but they were to have the faith and authority of the Parliament of England, it being in the stipulation made an essential condi-*

tion of the Union." The Church, poor lady, was quieted by this joint and solemn security—this sacred national troth-plight—and merged all her jealousies in the unsuspected purity of a great nation's honour. And now when, apprehensive of a serious overshadowing evil, she flees for refuge to the stipulated guardianship of her ally, she is like to find that a promise, though ratified by all that men deem binding, may yet lack performance, and that the flattering tongue in the hour of hope and prosperity, is not the surest warranty of the helping hand in the hour of distress and danger. The Church may now make what use she pleases of the ancient contract which she once gloried in, either preserving it in memory of her former rights and her latter wrongs, or committing it, like other antiquated and unserviceable parchment, to the flames. Of what use any longer to point to the blazoned characters of a solemn National Covenant and the august insignia of England's plighted word? The honourable guardians of her honour are pleased to ignore the bond, or are able to burst away from it, as Samson did from his green withes.

Possibly in these days of enlightenment and progress, however, it may be reckoned a remnant of the antiquated bigotry of our country to insist upon such a plea as this. It may only provoke laughter to resuscitate old bonds, and to brush the dust from old parchments, in the hope of staying the mighty march of a great nation in their onward-pressing career of improvement and civil freedom. We feel the delicacy of our position, and the awkwardness of avowing principles which are long out of date. We are thereby in jeopardy of incurring the like witty and irritating comment, as he would whose partialities should forcibly cleave to the odd and old-fashioned raiment of Queen Anne's time. We are really ashamed to be as simple as our confiding forefathers were, in attaching so much credit to a contract, and supposing the parties bound to implement its stipulations so long as the contract shall exist. They, it is true, never suspected bad faith in others, as they were incapable of bad faith themselves; and so, a long perspective opened before them, in which, with characteristic simplicity, they beheld their beloved country, with her consecrated Institutes entire, advancing in a noble career of civilisation and progress. They beheld her no longer straining her force to hold her own against the giant strength of her southern neighbour, but earnestly developing—and that even under the friendly and protecting shadow of England—the great ideas of her own stormy Reformation. They saw the stronger sovereignty generously nursing the weaker, and warding off the rude touch of a foe much more tenderly than she would have guarded her own greatness. Such expectations were characteristic of the men, and not altogether uncharacteristic of the times; and consequently it was natural enough for *them* to speak and think as they did. But that we should be guilty of cherishing the same simple trust after the lapse of a busy and instructive interval, and the advent of a new and hopeful era for our country, is unaccountable, and doubtless very absurd. Have we been living all this while without noting the activities of the working mind of the world, and the world's impatience of all effete outworn antiquities? Ancient Institutes, if they are to live on—if they are not to be trodden under the mighty step of a

people thirsting for what is great and true—must accommodate themselves to the spirit of the age and the wants of the country. There must be adaptation—flexibility—expansiveness. If not, there will be universal discredit, and irresistible overthrow.

Apologising for the awkward scrupulousness of our ideas—which, however, we have no wish to divorce—we do submit to our zealous educational reformers the simple and homely interrogatory,—“How are they to deal with the Act of Security?” They may have the best reasons in the world for severing the tie between the Church and School in spite of the Act, but then it is not a very unreasonable, nor is it a very unnatural request, that their reasons be plainly set forth. To sever the bond without cause or warrant shewn, can scarcely be expected to satisfy the party whose rights are thereby violently wrested away. To maintain a dignified silence, is generally esteemed only in the sufferer, not the doer of the wrong. To put the defrauded party off with a light jest or disdainful laugh, is adding insult to injury, and leaving us no other conclusion to rest in, than that no good and valid reason can be found.—Gentlemen of England, we possess a deed of immense importance to us, guaranteeing to our Church the preservation of all her rights and privileges intact as long as the Union of the kingdoms lasts—a deed to which the great seal of the empire has been set, and the sign-manual of Majesty appended—a deed accepted in good faith and trustfulness, and which had efficacy enough, when obtained, so to still the tempestuous and impracticable sea of Scottish opposition, that immediately there was a great calm. By disjoining our parish schools from our Scottish Church, you practically annul the deed, and do deadly mischief to the highest interests of our Church. Your reasons, gentlemen?

“*Circumstances are altered.*” Do you mean to affirm that the change of circumstances affects the binding nature of a contract, so as to exempt one of the parties from all obligation to meet his engagement? This were a doctrine somewhat perilous to yourselves, if reduced to practice by those who owe you more or less of the mammon of this world. If their obligation to pay their debts were contingent upon the continued identity of the circumstances under which the obligation was contracted, your debts would remain outstanding till the crack of doom. Circumstances are always changing; and, were your doctrine just, an hour after the contract were signed, sealed, and sworn to, the moral obligation to implement its terms had ceased and determined. Public faith would thus be cruelly sapped; social confidence ruined; and men would cease to transact affairs with their fellow-men, since no solemnities could bind those whose moral obligation was understood to change with circumstances, or rather to cease when circumstances changed.

It is obvious, however, that they speak loosely who so clamorously plead the change of circumstances as a reason for annulling the contract referred to, and they mean to affirm that a *very great* change of circumstances calls for such a step. Well, *how* great must the change be which warrants the dissolution of a compact, in defiance of the earnest protest of the suffering party? Who shall judge when the sufficient amount of change has taken place, or where the point is at which the moral obliga-

tion becomes null and void? Is there any acknowledged and authoritative standard whereby the parties interested in the stipulation may anticipate the fatal juncture at which the bound party may turn the tables in his own favour, and coolly walk off at the other's cost? Really, gentlemen, we are shocked at you, and can scarcely believe you Britons, who talk and act after so slippery a sort. The windings and crafty fetches of the creature that is more subtle than any beast of the field, are not suitable to the honest men who breathe the free and invigorating air of our northern clime. To seek to shirk a fair bargain may consist with southern finesse and suppleness, where the sun that enervates the human race breeds and nurses to a huge excess every creeping thing that crespeth upon the earth; but a bargain is wont to be deemed a very sacred thing in the eyes of John Bull, whose sturdy principle, it is thought, impels him forward to execute *his* part of it, and if need be, through a sea of difficulties, and even to his own hurt. To veer with the shifting breeze, and to evade by indirect ways a contract on which hands have once been struck, is—we will use a word which is often used in the House of Commons, and always with prodigious effect—a word which confounds an opponent like a clap of thunder, and elevates the speaker, and all who think with him, to an easy and unassailable predominance in the debate—a word that has been used lately at meetings of railway shareholders to put down the impertinent meddler who would propose to ruffle certain snug and furtive facilities, by investigating the conduct of Directors—a word of such august pretensions we need, and our only wish is, that its magical potency may not evaporate as it passes along through our quill to the ink-stains on our paper—gentlemen, it is *un-English!*

But is the fact true, on which you would found a procedure so serious? Circumstances are certainly greatly altered since the Act of Security was passed; but they are altered in the way apprehended, and it was just this very apprehension which led to the passing of the Act. Had circumstances continued as they were, unchanged and unchangeable, what need, pray, for any Act of Security at all? But the friends of the Church of Scotland were naturally apprehensive that circumstances might alter to her disadvantage, when the vastly preponderating influence which the Union would secure for England in the Legislature, might put the prosperity, the rights and privileges, the very existence of the Church in jeopardy. Hence the honour of England was engaged on her side, and the Act of Security raised up—a mighty moral barrier against the contingent perils which the future might possibly unmask. Now that the danger looms threateningly towards the Church, the very circumstance has happened against which the Act was meant to provide; and the very time has come for the fulfilment of the stipulated work of shielding her from the overhanging evil, and her sacred enclosure from the illegal invasion of her noisy assailants. The conclusion which your own premises warrant is therefore directly the reverse of that which you have founded on them; and your reason for wresting our schools from us is, consequently, not immoral merely, but, what some may deem a more serious charge, is illogical.—Any other reason?

"The people call for a change." When the people call you to do a base act, resistance is a duty, compliance a sin.

*"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida."*

So thought, and so wrote an unbaptised heathen, who never heard the name of the Saviour, and never beheld the illuminated revelations of the sacred page. It were shame to our kings, and our princes, and our conscript fathers, calling themselves Christian, and bearing rule in a Christian country, with all the light and guidance which the Bible gives, and the high standard of divine truth before their eyes, and the sublime motives of Christianity to stimulate and nerve to noble deeds—it were shame to them to assume ground which a heathen would not tolerate, and to avow motives which a heathen would despise. The people may call for a change, but if they bid you effect the change at the sacrifice of your plighted engagement, what is it but bidding you dishonour yourselves, and shock public virtue? Tell them that you could not do it though you would, and that you would not though you could—that there are great principles at stake, and momentous moral issues suspended upon that small point—that however lightly they may think of the bond between the Church and the School, the severance of that feeble tie by the hands that are pledged to guard it, would loosen the magnificent foundations of our ancient British faith, and send a vibration like a moral earthquake to the very basis of British society. The violation of public faith cannot be a light thing in the eyes of all lovers of truth; nor can it be palliated by pleading the pressure from without. It is not the will of the people that should rule the conduct of public men, though, alas! now-a-days there are few who boldly and professedly defer to a higher standard. Our senators seem to think it the grand qualification for their high place, to be apt interpreters of the popular will, and supple benders to the people's sovereignty—to abnegate personal independence of thinking, and become the mere talking and acting instruments of others—to shift and wheel and waver, like the index on the painted face of a weather-glass, which is designed to express every change of the subtle and inconstant element diffused on every side. This ready flexure of the joints, and fitting in with the popular humour, is practised, it would sometimes seem, after such sort as if the loss of place were a more serious evil than the loss of character. Some little portion of the firmness and antique hardihood of the old Roman were surely better; but, best of all, the heroic constancy of Christian faith, the brave servitude to truth, whose yoke is the only one which it is an honour for men to bear, and most discreditable to cast off. If we heard less about fidelity to the interests of the people, and more of fidelity to the interests of truth and honour, the character of some of our representatives would stand fully higher than at present, and the people be better served. The hasty plaudits of momentary impulse would doubtless be sacrificed, but they would meet a nobler recompence of reward in all good men's grateful respect and admiration, which is not noisy and clamorous, but flows

silently on like a deep stream. Place and power might possibly be relinquished, but a very distinct place they would command, and a mighty moral power they would wield, nevertheless, and men would look back soon with admiration at those who *could not*, at the cost of good faith, humour the popular desire for change, but stood bravely up against it, as a rock endures unmoved the lashing of the angry surge.

"*The people demand the change.*" Well, even if they do, you are not, as we have thus seen, free to grant it. But we take upon ourselves to doubt the justice of your statement; and if you have succeeded to convince yourselves that the people are seeking the change you advocate, you may probably learn a somewhat different lesson by a franker exposition of your views. Tell them in plain terms that your "change" amounts to neither more nor less than the expulsion of the Bible from the school, and see how "the people" will take it. Divesting the argument of all specious cant about equality of rights and justice to Dissenters, tell the people plainly that the origin and object of the Test was to protect our pure Protestant doctrine from being insidiously undermined in the school—to insure, as far as possible, that our teachers of youth shall teach nothing inconsistent with sound doctrine—to guarantee for the Holy Bible a central place in the school, and a right Protestant interpretation of its sacred pages. Tell them that you mean to "*un-sectarianise*" the parish schools, by banishing religion from them, and getting schoolmasters installed in office, who are either fortunate enough to have no religion at all, or are willing to pocket all they happen to have, during school-hours—that your school, in justice to Dissenters, and on the equal-rights ground, will be purged carefully of the very savour of religion, all homage to the Saviour being expressly guarded against, lest the religious feelings of *Arians and Unitarians* be hurt; and all acknowledgment of the Supreme Being suppressed, lest the interests and rights of *Atheists* be violated; and all recognition of the sole exclusive authority of the Bible being abolished, lest you impinge upon the tender rights of *Roman Catholics and Latter-Day Saints*; and all instruction anent the sacredness of family relationships being withheld, lest the *Socialists* should have cause to complain. The equality-of-rights principle must, if carried out, conduct to such extravagancies; and can it be believed that the people of Protestant Scotland call for such a change, or can even contemplate it without the utmost horror? Base and recreant would they be, did they let slip the distinctive inheritance of their country, and no longer feel her sacred traditional glories kindling an answerable flame, and spurring them on to the highest and holiest efforts. In the olden day, our fathers understood not that there was any sphere into which the Bible could not with propriety be introduced. On the contrary, they deemed the Bible fit for every sphere, as the directing light to the feet, the consecrating element in every enterprise, and the divinely-fashioned standard for all men to obey and honour, and to try their hearts by. It was regarded as the only true and precious chart and compass of those who are "sailing o'er life's solemn main;" and they would have judged it the highest crime against the best interests of men, to put it under lock and key, at the risk of

losing them their course, and causing shipwreck of all the solemn faith and high hopes wherewith the Bible has gladdened our earthly habitation. They knew not of times and seasons when it could possibly be of use to vail up the compass from open view, and the unrestrained use of all who had occasion to examine it; but, on the contrary, considered that, like the glorious light of day, or the pure reviving air of heaven, the freer the better for all men—for the plump fair frame of tender infancy, as well as for the buoyant vigour of manhood, or the tottering feebleness of age—for the poorest denizen of Rag-fair, as well as for those who wear purple, and fare sumptuously every day. And the innovating reformation-mongers of our days will find the people of Scotland, so soon as they see whither the innovating courses point, will turn away from them with horror, and enquire for the good old paths, that they may walk therein and find rest.

“Tests no longer answer the end for which they were instituted—they do not keep bad men out.” This objection is so frequently urged, and uttered with such a self-satisfied emphasis of manner, as if it were felt by the speaker to be, of itself, and unaided by all argument, fatal to the longer duration of tests. But really a more glaring *non sequitur* it has never been our hap hitherto to see thrust upon the attention of a generation of thinking men. If tests do not succeed to shut bad men out, will the want of them achieve your object? If the dikes of the Low Countries are not so efficient but that here and there the floods ooze through, to spoil the fair promise of some Dutchman's wheaten fields, will any man in his senses propose to pull the dikes down altogether? If your water-tanks and fire-brigades cannot so far predominate over the ruinous element guarded against, as to prevent a house here and there from being, in spite of every effort, burnt down, is it the right course to dry up your tanks, and to dissolve your fire-brigades? We trow not. The premises warrant and call for a different conclusion. The Dutchman's course would be to search out the unwarranted apertures through which the flood enters, and the vermin that made them; to stop up the one, and exterminate the other; and by closing up every crevice tightly, insure the future exclusion of the destroying flood. In like manner, when a fire breaks out in the wynds of Auld Reekie, and turns its devouring course towards the Parliament House—or in the busy thoroughfares of Glasgow, and in frightful proximity to the piled-up wares of the merchant—the lawyer, though from a yearning apprehension for the safety of unnumbered deeds and parchments, his very wig trembles with horror, and the merchant, though uttering piteous ejaculations for warehouse and wine-cellar, think it the advisable course not to disband the fire-men, but to increase their efficiency and numbers. If tests have no longer sufficient virtue to keep bad men out, the simple and obvious expedient is to restore them the virtue which they want. By all means keep bad men out; but you will scarcely succeed to do this by letting all men in. Your syllogism runs thus:—“Tests were meant to keep bad schoolmasters out; but bad schoolmasters are in; therefore tests cannot keep bad schoolmasters out.” “A stable-door lock was meant to prevent your steed being stolen; but your steed is

stolen; therefore a stable-door lock cannot prevent your steed being stolen." The fat, witty friar of Cologne, who boasted possessing a syllogism which could keep a true Catholic conscience pure, and at the same time admit a surprising measure of excellent good cheer in Lent, could not have possessed a more flexible and easy-going syllogism than the above. And of what use are syllogisms that won't move as you wish, and, like the testudo of the Roman soldier, cover your advance, and ward off the sharp darts aimed at your heads from the beleaguered city? And if the sovereign people are content to accept your syllogism as sound and good, who can blame you for fooling them to the top of their bent? Blame you! Why, you merit the highest rewards of patriotic virtue; for by syllogisms level to the popular capacity, you are leading the sovereign people on to a noble career of civil and religious freedom; and what could the most resistless logic do more?

If, however, you had not vitiated the taste of the people, syllogisms of another stamp might have been offered for acceptance, better suited to healthy appetites, as well as to the cause of truth. Granted that tests were meant to keep bad men out, it does not follow that they are ineffectual to secure this end, though bad men find their way in. It follows from this, simply, that in so far as a bad man is admitted, the intention of the test is not realized. The bad man's admission does not necessarily prove the inefficacy of the test; it may, on the contrary, indirectly prove its efficacy, by proving the unfaithfulness of its administrators. Neither is it a proof of his admissibility; since it was not as a bad man, or notwithstanding his bad character, that he found admission. No; he enters under the guise of the character, which in the trial he is found unfortunately to lack; and this of itself is surely complimentary to the test, and an additional plea for upholding it. If, therefore, you are really in earnest in seeking to keep bad men out, do not facilitate their admission. Rather facilitate their dismissal—the expulsion of the bad, and the honoured retirement of those who have spent their strength in the work.

It was gravely affirmed, not long ago, at a meeting in Edinburgh, that *tests had a most demoralising tendency, inasmuch as they only availed to keep honest men out, and to let the bad in, with hypocrisy and deceit added to their former shortcomings.* This argument elicited loud cries of "hear, hear;" and one portly citizen, whose nose was in a state to shame Bacchus for ever from his blackguard calling, turned to another seated near him, and nodded fiercely. Now we are quite ready to admit the superiority of Modern Athens; its towering pre-eminence above all other cities in the world, in intellect, in literary taste, in refinement of manners, in society, in art, elegance and beauty, in everything elevated and great. We admit that the citizens of Edinburgh inherit a larger head than any other body, a finer form, a more classic taste, and a nobler nature; that the atmosphere of this chiefest of cities breathes of learning; that her very leather and prunella smells of books. We are proud to admit that Edinburgh possesses the best provost, the best university, the best academies, the best ministers, and the best fishwives in the world. Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, we will not be

deemed wanting in respect for "mine own romantic town," if we gently whisper in her ear Paul's hint to Corinth, that "she suffers fools gladly." For the above objection against tests is but a fool's prattle after all; and yet the cheers of his audience and the fierce assent of the red-nosed denizen on his right, made our speaker wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.

Tell us though, O thou sage and sapient philosopher, how it comes that tests should be commendable safeguards in our churches, and yet pernicious and shameful stumbling-blocks in our schools? For what but *Tests* are Confessions of Faith, and Testimonies, and Articles, and such like? and what but Tests are the ordinary Terms of Communion? Yet it has never been deemed hurtful to the character of any Church, that her Tests are brought to bear upon all who crave admission within her pale; nor are her members thought the less of, because, in seeking to obtain her privileges, they have consented to her terms. Yet in spite of the strictest terms that can be laid down, or enforced, unworthy names are placed on Communion-rolls; and not the least onerous duty which the staid and solemn guardians of Church purity are called to perform, is the periodic purgation of their communion, of the corrupt admixtures which are found ever and anon mingling up with it. But with all due deference to our philosopher, we cannot believe that these terms or tests deteriorate the character of Church-membership. On the contrary, were they to fall into disuse in any religious community, there would be, according to our way of thinking, no breakwater against the influx of alien and unsound opinions and practices, until all denominational excellencies should be swept entirely away. Nor is it deemed a right thing, because unworthy members have occasionally found admission, to abolish terms altogether, and thus throw open the sanctuary to be trodden under foot of men. How, then, comes it to pass, that what is good in the ordinary service of religion, becomes an evil and malignant thing in the service of education?—that what protects the character of ministers and communicants, deteriorates the character of our schoolmasters? There must be some cross and perverse grain in a schoolmaster's nature, since it turns sweet and pleasant things to bitterness, and extracts evil from what is meant solely for good. From the manner in which our philosopher delivered himself of his dogmatical sentiment, and from the fierce delight that shone in the countenance and glistened in the nose of his friend, it is evident that they considered the application of Tests to schoolmasters like catching eels by the tail.

Now, we do really think that schoolmasters are not the slippery ware that our rhetorical philosopher deems them. We admit that they are fond of argument,—that they can battle it, when down, with as much ease as others can standing,—that they can challenge your most self-evident truths, walk through your axioms, deny your propositions, premises, postulates, and corollaries; and, in short, that, take what ground you may, they can face you with an opposition as difficult to be got at as Hamlet's ghost. They are unquestionably most sinewy combatants; and, when a few meet together of an evening, they make enough of learned dust fly to darken a province. Still, in all matters in which the

honourable impulses of our nature are appealed to, we are not aware that they come behind the very chiefest of our honourable men. To throw among them the question of Tests as a theme for dialectic display, would be like throwing a foot-ball among a group of light-heeled Highlanders on St. Fillan's green: but when they consent to subscribe a test as a fair confession of principle, they do not seek to evade its obligation by pleading conscience or change of circumstances, and such other fetches as dishonest, malignant, and selfish natures take refuge in. In a body so numerous, however, exceptions may be looked for; and indeed the Church has had her own ado with these exceptional specimens of the order. In 1843, certain schoolmasters, forgetting the test altogether, or putting a false and unfair construction upon it, became the members and servants of the Free Church, and yet sought to retain their status and privileges as parish schoolmasters. These we admit were too slippery for our tests, too insensible of the sacred character of a vow, and altogether too dead to the impulses of "honour bright," to be worthy to fill the high office of schoolmaster in any Church or in any Community whatsoever. At any rate they were not the men for us,—not the men by whose instructions, character, &c. an honourable and truthful generation could be raised,—not the men by whom the Church's lofty idea could be realized, of forming our youth to habits of thrift, industry, and intelligence, as well as of faith toward God, and obedience to His law. But why should tests be blamed for the lubricity and tortuosities of characters which nothing honourable or sacred can bind? The Church did what she could. Finding that she had unluckily admitted men, who proved themselves undeserving by acting in the face of their solemnly plighted word, she repaired the evil as far as could be, by driving them out to seek a sphere more congenial to their natures somewhere else.

Thus, then, although it were granted that our schoolmasters were the degenerate class that some declaimers affirm they are, it is not just to charge their degeneracy upon the tests. But indeed we declare ourselves of the number, who give no credit whatever to the oft-reiterated charge of inefficiency which every platform orator finds it so easy to make, but, as we humbly affirm, somewhat difficult to substantiate. It is a shrewd circumstance, that the very parties who are now publishing the inefficiency of our parish schools from the house-tops, did in former times applaud their excellence to the echo. Let any one collate the agitation speeches of the recent movement with the testimony of the same parties before 1843, and he will be astonished how changeable a thing man is, and how easy his opinions are made to bend to his position. How is it possible that a system which, before that era, was worthy to be spoken of in the biggest superlatives of praise, came thereafter to suffer a sudden blight and transformation, though worked by the same men? The simple truth is, that the relative position of the parties was changed by the suicide of the witnesses in that year. The suicide of course severed their former relation to the schools, and they lost their temper,—a casualty not infrequent when men miss their aim. Unfortunately the temper which they lost in 1843 has not yet been found. Every thing, therefore, belonging to the institution which they abandoned, must be

denounced and put under ban. If every thing could be made to go by the board, and leave the old ship a helpless log on the waters, it would be serving right "*the nuisance which ought to be swept away*,"—"that *effete thing, and moral nullity, which has no power either for good or evil*." If the school system could be new-modelled, and its connection with the Church dis severed for ever, it would be a skilful move, a move that would weaken and greatly discourage the Church. Hence the agitation for educational reform; the lamentations for the uneducated masses; and the lachrymose wail over the increase of crime and pauperism. A few tears might pave the way to subvert the Church, to weaken her influence, and reduce her limits. By all means let the Church be cast down from her high estate. If power cannot, let policy be called to aid. Any means are lawful to bring so noxious a thing to shame: *et hinc illae lachrymae*.

Save a few parishes in some districts of the Highlands, whose superstitious and bedarkened aboriginals are no great credit to any, even the remotest corner of the Queen's empire, our parish schools are in a more flourishing condition at the present time than at any former period in their history. The statistics furnished by direction of the General Assembly prove this true, notwithstanding the cavils of Dr. Candlish and other interested parties. We do not say that our schools are what we wish them to be, or that their condition calls for no reformative measures. To elevate the status of the schoolmaster, to facilitate his retirement when superannuated, to provide a readier means of removing the immoral or inefficient: these, and others such, are points of reform of whose importance all parties concerned have long been sensible. But these were desiderata in times when Dr. Candlish and his friends bore sway, and we are not aware that they ever exerted themselves very strenuously to bring about their accomplishment. Notwithstanding all such drawbacks, our parochial schools were in former times not only a benefit to the country, but its highest honour (our enemies themselves being judges); and we cannot admit it as self-evident that they have become inefficient, merely because these drawbacks still exist. Neither can we admit that they have become inefficient merely because "the excellent men" who now constitute the Free Church have left us. We shrewdly suspect that it is here the shoe pinches; and "the excellent men" are so sensible of their own excellency, that they have been complacently dreaming of engrossing the whole article to the exclusion of others, but especially to the exclusion of the Church. Hence, when statistics were laid before our venerable Assembly, in proof that our parochial schools were had in some measure of regard by the country, Dr. Candlish arose in great wrath, and challenged the accuracy of the facts on which the honoured Convener of our Committee founded. Subsequent investigation bore out the facts founded on; and has convinced everybody, save the Reverend Doctor aforesaid, who refuses most doggedly to be convinced, that our parochial schools, take them all in all, were never more numerously attended than they happen to be at present. Yes; Dr. Candlish rose in his wrath, and shaking his little fist with tremulous energy, gave the lie direct to the framers of the Report to which the Assembly had set

the seal of its sanction. Not very polite this ; but—what is more notable, seeing other things might have been predicated of Dr. Candlish—it was as rash as it was unpolite, or in other words, it was as rash as rash could be. Politeness, or a considerate regard for the feelings of others, it would be foolish to exact of Dr. Candlish. It is an element of his greatness and high place, that he can shew a noble disdain of this quality—that his ardent loyalty to truth lifts him above all petty refinement—that the intensity of his emotional states, when pleading a favourite cause, hurries him out into violent antagonism, and all what not. Well, we generously pardon his lack of courtesy, but we cannot so readily his lack of caution. *Tact* is the very pith and marrow of his greatness : the delicate apprehension of times, place, and circumstance, and the wary self-control by which he is able to advance, retreat, shift, and dodge aside, never taking up an original or antagonistic position without securing, should it become disreputable or unpleasant, a pretty, plausible loophole of retreat. In this instance, he forgot his wonted wariness, and making a valorous thrust, his lance has struck the hard corselet of his opponent's facts, shivered in fragments, and left his arm tingling up to the acromion from the stung and distressed finger-points. Still “none so blind as they that will not see,” for drawing himself up, with inimitable disdain of all statistics, he complacently addresses, with a knowing and patronising familiarity, the Marquess of Lansdowne, in such a strain as if the parochial schools were in a state of acknowledged and undeniable impotency. The impudence, however, is really so accomplished and so exquisitely toned, that nobody can take offence. All that we need say, therefore, is—

“The Doctor's wrong ; yet well he faces it,
Waving opponents all aside so charmingly,
That Morton's valued life is danger'd solely
By FACE—NOT FACTS.”

An objection, urged in the earlier stages of the controversy, but which is less heard of now, deserves a passing notice. It was said that *the schoolmasters themselves, though submitting from necessity, yet felt the tests to be a sore grievance, and ardently desired their abolition*. What gave a plausible colour to this objection, was the reserve maintained by the schoolmasters as a body when the contest began, and for a considerable space of time subsequently. The ideas which were then afloat among the teachers of youth, as to the propriety and possibility of making the educational, like the ecclesiastical body, a separate and independent estate, seemed to exert, for a time, some little influence upon their movements. The Educational Institute was devised mainly with a view to discard Church influence, and to procure for schoolmasters an independent standing in the community. The parochial teachers were perhaps afraid whereunto this new thing might grow ; and deemed it prudent at first to observe the course of events, lest a too hasty testimony in favour of the existing connection between the Church and the School might stand in the way of their ulterior interest, especially if any Government should judge the so-called Institute a convenient organisation for making trial of a national system. Some of them, too, might for a moment be

tempted to give heed to the seducing doctrine of independency, and persuade themselves that Presbyterial supervision was an irksome and irritating yoke, which there seemed some fair chance of now at once and for ever getting rid of. There might thus have been a state of feeling, if not of opinion, which, by endangering unanimity or decision of tone, induced the leaders to defer a declaration till it could be made with fuller moral effect. Those who cherished Utopian hopes of independency were astonished to find, as the various schemes which the educational theorists proposed to substitute for the present came into view, that the independent status for which the schoolmasters were thought to be longing, found neither place nor pleader among them all. They all agreed in condemning, and proposed to do away, the control of the Presbytery, but they proposed to substitute a local board with extensive powers of inspection and control. None of the theorists proposed to leave the schoolmasters with independent and self-regulating powers. None of them advocated the discontinuance of the hated inspectorship. On the contrary, the most liberal propounder of new schemes wooed the popular ear, by proposing to subject the schoolmasters to a rigid surveillance, and to empower "the people" to control, direct, and dismiss teachers with a facility somewhat alarming. The schoolmasters rightly judged that a supervision, conducted by gentlemen and men of education, was greatly to be preferred to the vulgar intermeddlings of a local board.

Sad it is to contemplate the silent but rapid changes which take place in men's feelings and in men's opinions. Sadder still to see how frequently opinion borrows its hue from feeling, and how seldom Truth can get champions to buckle on their armour for her own dear sake alone. Oh, sad, sad! that even the lovers of Truth are wounding her fine sensibilities—her universal aspect—the amenities of her large-hearted and wide embrace, by giving her the look of a special pleader, and overscrawling her bright, lustrous, heaven-wove robe with the uncouth and crooked characters of party. Oh Truth, how beautiful, when viewed in thy native simplicity! When seated on thy white throne of power, how awful! When thou speakest to men in thy own true voice, all true hearts leap up responsive, as they ever do to all the great harmonies of nature, and thrill like the Æolian harp when the winds of heaven sweep across its chords. But oh ill-used Truth, when men force thee down to their own little measures, and dress thee up in the uniform of a class! Who can see thee flaunting it in the gay apparel of the Episcopalian, or stepping demurely in the sober drab of the Quaker, or footing it primly in the strait-laced boddice of Dissent, or swaggering along in the loose robes of the Free Church—who can see thee thus without commiserating thy wrongs? Bad it is when men do represent thee arrayed in close-fitting petticoats, which constrain thy noble freedom, and rob thy figure of its gracefulness and airy buoyancy! Worse, when thy sweet, fair face, that shines like heaven to all weary souls who gaze into thy starry eyes, is represented as disfigured with passion! Worst, when thou art represented as unsaying thy high and solemn utterances of other days!

Surely the mighty are fallen, when those who, in other days, spake

fervidly in favour of the religious element in schools, now eat in their former testimony, and betray a readiness to make common cause with the secularists. The scheme, recently published by the Managing Council of the Free Church, is a great step in advance of former testimonies. They would now seem desirous to quit the lateral sphere which, with the help of the Committee of Council, they have heretofore sought zealously to occupy, and to generalize the Test after the Irish fashion, so as to expel all denominational truths, and preserve the name without the reality of religion. It is quite obvious, moreover, what from a wish to humble the Establishment, and a craving restlessness for precedence, they are prepared to bid a still higher price for the popular favour. The document we refer to is glaringly not the expression of deep-seated conviction; it is a trimming of the sails to the popular breeze. Avowedly so indeed; for the authors openly affirm that it is not what they would propose, were they to speak from sincere conviction, but what they propose as suited to circumstances. And rest assured, oh reader, that the same reasons which led them to abandon a denominational for a more general arena, are weighty enough to seduce them onward and downward to the ground of a merely nominal Test, or of no Test at all. They cannot find a place of defence where they have taken their present stand. For it would be difficult to shew cause why the Legislature should, if they are to tamper with the Tests at all, alter them only so far as to throw the schools open to the Free party. Equality of rights, if such be the plea for interference, would lead further than the Free Church pleaders choose at present to allow. For if the Shorter Catechism were chosen as the Test, would not the Free Church be exposed to the bitter taunts of a no inconsiderable section of the community who would still be excluded. "You denounced loudly enough the injustice and partiality of the former Test, by which *you* happened to be excluded; but now that you have got it so modified that you can creep in yourselves, you deliberately practise the same injustice against *us*, and leave us to shift about the best way we can. The principle is the same as ever; and, if bad before, you have made it no better." It is clear, therefore, that the argument founded upon equality of rights cannot sink in abeyance, though the arms of the Test are made long enough to embrace the Free Church. If any are excluded, the injustice still remains; and even though the numbers were so small that their protest might safely be despised and passed over *sub silentio*, still the injustice is there, and with aggravation. There is no tenable space between the high religious ground assumed by the Church, and the utter exclusion of religion pleaded for by the secularists. Dr. Begg, Dr. Guthrie, and a few others, feeling this, have already passed over to the secular camp. The whole staff of Free Church leaders will eventually, under the able tactics of their generalissimo, be guided in the same direction, unmindful alike of their own past witness-bearing, and the future fruits of a once religious educational system—now desecrated and secularised. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

Well and nobly have the Presbytery of Edinburgh acquitted themselves of their trust at this crisis; and we would fain hope that, if the

T

ruling powers have condescended to listen to their earnest and eloquent testimony, a final stop will now be put to the rash and perilous course of innovation upon which Lord Melgund is so ambitious to enter. The tone of the debate was lofty, dignified, and earnest. The arguments urged by the various speakers were relevant, forcible, and convincing. And from the opening to the close of the discussion, there was a sustained eloquence and vigour adequate to the occasion, and worthy the character and position of our Metropolitan labourers, who are called in this, as in other questions of moment, to bear the burden and heat of the day. If the protest of the Church is destined to be overborne, which God avert ! it is still a great consolation to know that she has not been wanting to herself, nor untrue to her trust and sacred interests ; but, on the contrary, has risen with the emergency to an attitude of earnestness and power, which even her enemies are constrained to respect.

Dr. Candlish has disdainfully challenged Lord Melgund's capacity to deal with the educational question. He has contemptuously spurned his Lordship's self-assumed leadership, and has warned him authoritatively to stand out of the way. His Lordship, thus repudiated by the Free Church, will now find himself but a tool in the hands of a keen and fiery political faction, whose hatred to all ecclesiastical influence in education, is a much stronger principle of action than their love to the cause of education itself. For wherein have they ever testified their love to the cause, with the palpable and easily understood testimony of facts ? How have they shewn their zeal for the education of the people ? By building and endowing schools ? No ; but simply by venomous abuse of the schools which *the Church* has planted and endowed. The Church has actually educated their children for them, and her only reward is foul and slanderous reproach. Nay, they are reaching forth violent hands to rob her of her schools altogether ; and when they have done this, they will next rob her of her pulpits. Of this faction, Lord Melgund has constituted himself the chief. He is using his influence to organise and direct their resources. He is injuring the Church by seeking to remove her hallowed and trusty bulwarks, and expose her sanctuary to her foes. He is injuring the people, by shifting off from his own shoulders to theirs, the expenses of his projected school scheme. But worse than all, he is injuring—deeply, and were his project carried into practice, irreparably injuring—the religion of our country, by banishing the Bible from the school ; and he is injuring himself, even jeopardising his honour and safety, by thus touching with unhallowed hands the sacred ark of our Scottish Constitution.

Theory of Human Progression ; and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice. London : Johnstone and Hunter. 1850.

W^e notice this book, not because we have formed either a very high or a very low estimate of its principles and execution—but because, in

the first place, it is plainly the work of a writer of considerable talent and varied information; because, also, it treats of questions which have at all times, and more especially during recent times, a deep interest for both speculative and practical men; and lastly, because we are convinced that, along with something that is good and valuable in its leading principles and views, there is mingled also a tendency on the part of the author to carry these principles to an extreme length, and, as we think, to give them, in their ultimate range, a perverted direction.

We never consider ourselves entitled to pronounce summary condemnation on a book, and least of all, on a book that is in a great measure speculative and theoretical, simply because, on many of the topics discussed in the progress of that book, we may have formed opinions not exactly coincident with those which the author seems anxious to establish; nor because his phraseology, or his mode of dividing his topics, may not seem to us to be in the very highest degree marked by elegance or by clearness; nor even because his general theory, or favourite idea, to a belief of which it is evidently his object to subdue the minds of his readers, may not be in perfect accordance with what we consider the true mode of solving the phenomena in question. What we chiefly want in a book is, that its pervading tone and tendency be liberal—that it be fitted to suggest interesting trains of thought, or striking topics of discussion, to the reader—and that it be thus fitted to exercise a healthful and consoling influence over the general tone of his thoughts, to give excitement to his powers of observation or peculiar habits of discussion, and to prepare him for doing for himself, in perhaps a better style, but at any rate in a way of his own, what the author had accomplished with, it may be, inferior success, but yet with a most laudable suggestion of all the materials that were chiefly necessary for the due accomplishment of the work.

We think the work before us is fairly entitled to at least a considerable portion of the merits at which we have now been alluding. It may be divided into three great portions or accumulations of materials, not altogether separate from each other, but intermingled, though distinct, and alternately recurring, with sometimes startling effect, from the commencement to the end of the volume. There are, in the first place, some distinct enough speculations and arrangements respecting the order in which the different branches of merely speculative science have hitherto evolved themselves, and consequently in which they may safely be expected to continue their expanding progress through all subsequent periods of the world's history. There are, in the second place, some not uninteresting disquisitions respecting the erroneous modes of legislation that have hitherto been current in the world—respecting the better views of the social and political relations of men, that have recently begun to be in favour—and respecting the application of these new and more enlightened principles to most of the topics that have chiefly exercised the sagacity, or wakened the curiosity, or called forth the debating or exploring faculties of public men during the eventful years that have recently been revolving. And there are, in the last place, the usual amount of prospective views, and, it may be, doubtful theories, respect-

ing what the author styles a reign of justice, that is to say, a millennium, or rather congeries of millennia, towards which the human race is supposed to be advancing, and in the full manifestation of which, every man, woman, and child, over the wide face of the earth, are to sit "each under their vine and fig-tree, with none to make them afraid."

Innumerable treatises have been written, both in ancient and in modern times, on the same general subject, viz. the theory of human progression, and "the probability of a final reign on earth of perfect justice." Plato began this series of works; Sir Thomas More, and other authors of similar habits of thought, continued to prosecute the inquiry; and, especially since the commencement of the great heavings of political society in modern Europe, thousands of Continental writers have exercised their ingenuity, and sublimated their own fancies and those of their readers, by disquisitions, all aiming at the solution of the same great problem. We do not see evidence, however, in the work before us, that the author has been much, or at all, conversant with the most remarkable of the treatises to which we have now alluded; we at once give him the credit of having thought for himself upon the subject, or at most with such helps as the ephemeral discussions of Parliamentary reports, or fugitive theological publications, have brought under his notice; though we have little doubt that, if his reading had been of a more extensive and better kind, he would have seen reason to modify most of his ultimate conclusions, and probably to have constructed a theory very different from that which, in this massy volume, and by the help of so many dissimilar materials, he has, no doubt with great good intention, endeavoured to recommend to the acceptance of his readers.

The best parts of the book, and those which will be read with most interest and profit, are undoubtedly those in which the author lays open the defective and erroneous views, which have entered so largely into most of the great topics that have recently engaged the attention of public speculators and official politicians. Of a work so multifarious, however, it is quite impossible that we can give any thing like a fair abstract or summary, consistently with the prescribed limits of such an article as the present; all that we can do is to select some topics or passages, which may serve to show the reader what are the kind of subjects which the author discusses—what is the general style of disquisition which he adopts, and what are the leading conclusions at which he seeks to arrive.

We may remark at the outset, however, that the author occasionally uses words or phrases, which cannot fail to strike the reader as not only quite novel and uncouth, but altogether uncalled for, as their place could easily have been supplied by other modes of expression far more elegant and accordant with the genius of the English language, and which have received the sanction of all our best writers, and are familiar to the minds of all English readers. Thus, instead of saying, we lay down such or such "a position," the author says, oddly enough, "*we posit*;" he also uses the curt and lisping word "concept," instead of the far better-word "conception;" and, worst of all, instead of saying how a principle or movement may "operate," he tells us or inquires how it may

"function," thus using a word which is always a noun, in the sense and with the startling emphasis of a verb.

The word "*credence*" is a great favourite with him, and, indeed, in the sense in which he uses it, lies the very germ or core of his whole theory; it seems, in his use of it, to denote three things all bundled up into one, viz. knowledge, belief, and that knowledge and belief transferred into habitual action; and with this preliminary notice of his meaning of the word, we now proceed to state his theory of human progression, shortly and comprehensively, in his own words, as given in his dedication of the book to the great and justly celebrated French philosopher Cousin.

"The truth I endeavour to inculcate is—That *credence rules the world*—that credence determines the condition and fixes the destiny of nations—that *true credence* must ever entail with it a correct and beneficial system of society, while false credence must ever be accompanied by despotism, anarchy, and wrong—that before a nation can change its *condition* it must change its credence; that change of credence will of necessity be accompanied sooner or later by change of condition: and consequently, that true credence, or in other words *knowledge*, is the only means by which man can work out his well-being and ameliorate his condition on the globe."

"The question is often asked, What is the *use* of philosophy?—nor is the answer difficult. Next to religion, philosophy is, of all known causes, the element that most powerfully tends to determine the condition of a country. It is a *power*—a power so vast that we are scarcely likely to over-estimate its effects; and, though it must ever be unable to solve the great questions in which our race is involved, it may, by uprooting political superstitions and false religions, exercise an influence that no calculation can compute. The theories of one generation become the habitual credence of the next; and that habitual credence, transformed into a rule of action, is ere long realized as a palpable fact in the outward condition of society. And thus it may be truly said—As the philosophy of a country *is*, so its condition *will be*.

We have hesitated for some time to insert the next passage of which we mean to avail ourselves, as illustrative of the Author's general style of disquisition, because we have no wish to add the slightest drop of bitterness to that cup which is already overflowing with similar contents. Yet the passage struck us in reading over the book, as one that might be quoted as a specimen of the author's general views, and peculiar modes of illustration, and therefore, with the preliminary caution we have already given, we venture here to produce it.

"The combination of knowledge and reason is the great moving power destined to emancipate the world. It is the only ground of hope for the unprivileged classes, but, at the same time, it is a sure ground of hope; and the more rapidly knowledge increases, the more rapidly will its all-powerful influence be made apparent to the world.

"The first great condition of true knowledge is *the Bible*. Without this, man knows nothing. He neither knows what he is, nor what is his destiny; and though he may guess at some of the important truths in which the race is involved, he gropes in obscurity as to the most essential. Without the Bible, superstition and infidelity reign universally. But God never made man to be either superstitious or an infidel; and as soon as either of those

forms is stamped upon a nation, every kind of error is let loose, and the erroneous credence in the matter of religion extends to the temporal affairs of the state. There is but one *truth*; and if men go wrong in the most important item, we cannot wonder that they should err as to the moral principles by which they should be guided in their actions towards each other. If they know not their duties to their Creator, how can it be expected that they should fulfil their duties to their fellows?

"Independently of all considerations of *la hereafter*, the Bible has an eminent effect in regulating the conditions of men in this world. Religious superstition is essentially *tyrannical*. It interferes with men's thoughts and actions in almost every country of the globe, and freedom appears to be scarcely possible wherever it has a decided hold on the community. Superstition is the basis of bigotry, and bigotry is the basis of persecution. Destroy the superstition, and both bigotry and persecution will soon fall to the ground.

"The Bible strikes at the root of persecution, by removing the false credence on which it is based; and wherever the Bible gains an ascendancy over the priestcraft of a superstition, we may be certain that, sooner or later, all persecution will disappear, and liberty of thought be established. The Bible sanctions no persecution, but teaches men that they are made of one flesh, and that they are personally responsible to their Creator.

"Next to the Bible is the knowledge of material nature. An endless variety of phenomena are constantly occurring around us, and these, by a law of our mental constitution, are referred to *causes*.

"These *causes* have ever played a most prominent part in the history of mankind, and the fancy has ever thrown around them that mysterious mantle of the imagination by which they were clothed with personality. From necessary forms of rational thought, they became transfigured, each and all of them, into conscious existences, that willed and acted for themselves, and produced the multifarious phenomena of nature. The child asks us, not "What?" but "Why?" And infant nations, who never belie the great principles of our nature, whether moral, intellectual, or sensual, whether good or evil, rushed from the exhibition of the phenomenon to the cause creator that produced it—endowed that cause with all the attributes of mind, and filled the world with half material spirits, demons, and demigods, and all the vague mythologies of mysterious influences that spring from the unhallowed heart of man, which, naked and shamed, has sought refuge in the dark caverns of superstition. As *man* was, so were the *causes*:—hence warrior-deities with the warlike nations—emblems of thought, "sitting on a lotus leaf, immersed in the contemplation of their own divinity," among the mystic speculators of the sunlit lands—demons of carnage, figured in the tiger fetish of the oppressed progeny of Ham—Molochs, Baals, or Saturns—fates, furies, or destinies;—while the classic poesy of Greece and Rome deified the sentiments of the human mind, and pictured them as beings presiding over nature, though steeped in all the vices of mankind.

"Still, wherever there was intellect there was *beauty*. False as were the credences, we cannot now turn to them without recognising the glorious attributes of reason with which mankind has been endowed. Nor can we wonder at the spell of fascination, when we find the mere abstractions of our thought presented in the forms of a Hebe, a Venus, or Minerva. Dark as were the times of ancient paganism, there was a beauty of imagination that speaks home to the intellect of man, and leaves a sad regret. Let us not forget, however, that we behold, not as actors in the scene, but as the spectators at those gladiatorial shows where the contest of man with death was the absorbing drama for the onlooker, while the victims in the arena poured forth their blood and perished.

"It was reserved for the corruption of Christianity to throw the *darkest* shade. It is said that "the shadow is nowhere so dark as immediately under the lamp;" and the true light of Heaven was converted, not into the lamp that lightens, but into the lamp that casts a shade. Piety died away, and theology took her place. Creeds and confessions were substituted for living virtue. Christians forgot to fix their eyes on Heaven, and deified the symbols of religion.

"The wisdom that is from above is *not* a creed, but a *principle of life imbued with truth*; and when the Church forgot the life, the truth vanished from the symbol, and left the dead remains of unspiritual knowledge. The shadows were dark before, but now night shrouded in a veil.

"Now was the night of degradation. Now was man seen, not in the energies of his pride, not in the brilliant colours of his fancy, not in the heroism of a noble heart, that had framed its country for its God, and rushed to death self-sacrificed—but in the drivelling wretchedness of priestcraft, and in the sensuality of worse than pagan Rome. Now indeed was darkness. Truth had few worshippers—tradition had her hosts. Virtue was gone, and man was content with ceremony. Causes were no longer deities; and all that had remained of beauty was drowned in the senseless legend of the monkish tale.

"Causes now were demons and demi-demons. The atmosphere of earth was filled with spirits of malignity. Demons and devils stared from out the ordinary phenomena of nature. Tempests had their witches, winds had their wizards, and *saints* were prayed to for protection. Now was death triumphant. Death of all that was noble, death of all that was true, death of all that was brave. Now was the reign of ignorance, and now was the priest man's deity. Now was "the heel bruised," and now was truth transformed into a *lie*. Lies in the life, lies in the heart, lies on the tongue, lies in the creed, lies in the ceremony, lies in the vow, lies in the church, lies at the altar, and lies to the lips of the last expiring agonies of man. O, mystery of iniquity!

"But the *causes* did not fall alone. As the *causes* fell, so fell man. Man and his deities are linked by a chain that nothing severs but death; for as the object of our worship is, so shall we be, more and more nearly.

"While we look to the night of intellect and virtue that followed the teaching of the priest, let us also look to one incident that shows the depth of human degradation. Man had anciently deified the *cause*, and created, according to a necessary law of our nature, a something that should afford an explanation of phenomena. The priest now creates not a cause, but a *phenomenon*.

"So long as man takes the *fact* in nature, and seeks to assign a *cause*, he follows the true path; and that path is abstractly correct, however absurd may be the fancied explanation. The priest, however, who turned *every thing* into a lie, forsook even this great principle of our intellect, and took a *cause* and worked a *miracle*. He sought no longer to personify, but to *simulate*. And the vulgar miracles of the Papal heresy were *simulated facts*, wrought for the purposes of deception. His bleeding idols and moving pictures, and all the other stock-in-trade of lying priestcraft, were imitations of phenomena; while wooden Virgin Marys and human saints were supposed to preside over the operations of the elements.

"To suppose that any thing else than vice, abomination, and *tyranny*, could exist with such a system, is out of the question. All the history of man teaches us, that where there is a corrupt priesthood, there is a corrupt people. And if the people are corrupt, if from the king on the throne to the peasant who tills the field, lies and superstition form the sum and substance of theological credence, where in all the world can *liberty* be expected

to come from? Does liberty grow out of lies? or out of *truth*? Out of ignorance and vice; or out of knowledge and virtue? And if it *does* grow out of Truth, there is but *ONE TRUTH*; and that truth is the condition of man's welfare, and the only price at which true freedom can be purchased!

"It may be supposed that we dwell too strongly and too long on the superstitions of the Roman heresy. Not so. These superstitions have more political influence for the destruction of freedom, than all the other causes that act on the states of central and southern Europe. Read the history of *any* country where Romanism has been the prevailing superstition; read the best accounts of the present condition of *any* Roman Catholic countries—and then say if you can find any thing whatever that can be called even an approach to *liberty*, to an *equitable* condition of society. Take France before the Revolution (and even forget the ameliorating influence of time in softening down the asperities—an influence that makes us look with almost calm indifference at deeds however dark, provided they are far enough removed), and ask what Romanism had done for France? See brute carnality pursued *intentionally*, see despotism not even arrested at the *outrages*, see a peasantry taught lies by the priest, while the farmers of the taxes ground them into madness and desperation, the state corrupt in every function, the best and the most industrious part of the population expatriated or destroyed, and liberty of thought uprooted by the sabres of the soldiery. When at last (without the aid of what is called *Protestantism*) the very people, who from infancy had been taught to reverence the priest and his mysteries, could no longer believe his lies, what could be expected? When every thing had been so corrupted that France was rotten to the core, and there remained no single bond that could keep the nation together as a society; and when the very light of reason, that professed to teach *nothing*, destroyed the superstitions of the priest and unhinged the credence of the nation; when the priest was found a deceiver and the ruler a despot, and men's reason told them that it was so, even without the Bible; and when *all* religious credence was swept away in the reaction of the poisoned intellect—what could we expect? And can it be supposed that Russia and Austria have nothing of the kind in store? Will ignorance remain there for ever, and teach men that though they have a reason they must not exercise it, but be, like the beasts of the field, subject to their master? Some may think that "to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant."—"God forbid!" must be the prayer of every freeman.

"The degradation of the *causes* of natural phenomena entailed some of the most horrid cruelties that have stained the history of the world. God was dethroned from the realm of *nature* as well as from the realm of *religion*; and when virgins, saints, old bones, and bits of wood became the objects of men's *worship*, witches and sorcerers were the minor deities of nature, and the *causes* of phenomena. The priest, however, had the *power*, and, as he dealt in miracles himself, the witches trenching too closely on his domain, and he removed them by a process more frantically cruel than that by which he himself was afterwards removed by the few insane atheists of France. The terrible crimes that were committed, under the pretence of punishing witchcraft, show us that nature as well as religion was provided with an inquisition by the priest; and the multitudes of sorcerers who were immolated in the middle ages, were as much the victims of nature misinterpreted, as the martyr Christians were the victims of a false theology. Truth, in either case, would have prevented the commission of the crimes.

"Not only, however, does Popery destroy the elements of *freedom*, it uproots that most pure and most holy of all man's natural sentiments—patriotism. Some have come to speculate about the country that produces most food, most population, most machinery, and most &c. &c., as if *that* were

necessarily the *best* country. Granted, if man were to live for ever. But as threescore years and ten are the time of man's days upon earth, he who *has* a country has but *one*. All trade, all fairness, all peace, all good-will to all the nations in the world; but yet there is a country for which something else is reserved. It is not merely the country of our *birth*; that is an accident that goes for nothing in the case of birth *abroad*. It is the land of our fathers, the land of our hopes, the land of our language, the land of our affections, and the land of our heart. It is the land that we should stand with or fall with. Were there ten thousand Tamerlanes ravaging the earth, we might look on as spectators; it might, or it might not, be our duty to interfere. But *our* land is the land of our sanctuary, on which foeman's foot is the impress of pollution; and, so long as there beats a patriot's heart, there will be found the patriot's sword. Nothing in the history of the world ever struck patriotism dead, save the blasphemous doctrines of Rome. Search all history for a thousand years, read tales and legends, and records of all that has come down of Papal Roman history, and say if you can find one single Roman *patriot*. Ask if there be one man in all that city, and that state, whose heart has beat for Rome, and whose hand grasped a *patriot's* brand on the threshold of his fathers. Saxons and Franks, Northmen, Genoese, Pisans, Venetians, Sicilians, Burgundians, Flemings, Spaniards, Moors, Normans, Europeans, Africans, and Asiatics, all the races that ran to seek a country, or stayed to defend one, have left a name in the annals of the age. And where amidst them all is the *Roman*? Rome fought, but not with Romans. She who buys and sells souls, and purgatorial fires, and redemption with a bloodless sacrifice, bought and sold men, and hired the arms of hirelings.

"Rome taught men that they might fight here to-day, there to-morrow, and sell their swords for gold. Men fought because it was their *trade*, and worked for the employer that gave most wages—wretches without a country, fit emblems of their instructor. Patriotism was disbanded save with the peasant cultivators of the soil, who still could fight for their homes, like the tiger for his lair.

"Whatever may be said of the material benefits of countries, one thing is certain, a country where there is no patriotism is not safe for a day. Patriotism is a country's true strength; for where there is no patriotism there is no bond of union. When France was patriotic, and trusted her frontier to her peasantry, all the armies of Europe could set no foot upon her soil. But when men fought for the *Emperor*, and not for their country, France was humbled in the dust. Ten grains of true patriotism would have saved Spain, Italy, and Germany from Napoleon; but, alas! 'they had them not,' and, what is more, never will have, and never can have, till Roman priestcraft is destroyed.

"But time rolled on, and night was drawing to a close. Broken gleams of light flickered here and there, to give warning of the coming day. Day broke at last, and nature was emancipated from the mystic folds of superstition. The great turning point of modern times, was when the doctrine of *constant repetition of similar phenomena in similar conditions* was substituted for the dread of unseen, and too often malevolent, agency.

"Man learned at last to bend his eye on the phenomenon, accurately to observe the *conditions*, and accurately to measure the *change*. Physical truth was the result of this operation, so simple, now we know it, yet of such vast importance to the welfare of the world. Superstition here received its blow of death; and, just in proportion as the inductive philosophy (in physical science) was received and cultivated, so was man emancipated from the terrors of unseen agency, and the phenomena of nature were fixed on a stable basis that invited man constantly to further inquiry.

"But what had become of the *causes*? The immense revolution that had taken place in man's view of nature, was accompanied by another revolution that went far to destroy the priestcraft of Rome, and to bring man back to the spiritual worship of his Creator. The Bible had been resuscitated, and some at all events had learned to love the pure beauty of religion as taught by God, and to forsake the doctrine of devils as taught by man. Instead of stocks, and stones, and graven images, and the remnants of the human frame, men learned to bow the knee to Him who sitteth on the throne of righteousness, and to confide in the God of heaven, who had sent his Son for the redemption of the world."

It is a great truth, that the progress of knowledge, whether relating to physical arrangements, or to political constitutions, or to moral and religious subjects, has a direct and powerful, indeed an unavoidable tendency to improve the condition, to sweeten the social relation, and to give a more exalted and healthful direction to all the exertions, and hopes, and aspirations of men. Nor can we shut our eyes to the obvious fact, that there is a foundation laid by nature itself for a progressive improvement of the human condition by the gradual evolution of all her arrangements, physical, political, social, moral, and religious. All this is unquestionably true,—and it is the obvious truth of all this that at once gives so much encouragement to the zealous, united co-operation of men in search of more enlightened views on all kinds of subjects,—and, at the same time, throws such a pleasing glory over the coming ages of the world, in which, according to the sure word of prophecy, "many shall run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge shall be increased."

At the same time these true and pleasing ideas are extremely apt, under the usual operation of human fancy, to be carried to extravagance; and to generate theories, which, to say the least of them, are rarely worthy of serious refutation or discussion, because in fact they amount simply to identical propositions, and as such may indeed be perfectly innocent, but certainly are not fitted either for the serious acceptance or the earnest refutation of a philosophic and enlightened mind. They amount simply to this, that when all men are perfectly knowing, perfectly sincere, and perfectly under the guidance of their knowledge and faith, then there will be no more ignorance, nor error, nor injustice, nor violence, nor generally misery or vice in the world. That surely is a proposition, which, admitting the premises, no man is entitled to deny; but it is also one which no mind of enlightened or philosophic tendencies will be disposed very anxiously to appropriate, and to lay up in its treasury as a gem of rare and inestimable value.

We do not exactly accuse our author of going so far, though his language occasionally borders on such a statement,—more cautiously, he limits his anticipations to such a perfection of knowledge and of attainment as is accordant with the circumstances which essentially and permanently govern the condition of man as an inhabitant of this progressive but still fallen world.

It may be remarked, that the author has some favourite ideas, correct enough, we believe, respecting the order in which the different sciences, logically and chronologically, are disposed to evolve themselves; and it is upon this logical and chronological evolution, as it has actually taken

place during the past ages of the world's history, and as consequently it may be expected to proceed during the far longer ages that are yet to be evolved, that the author mainly founds his doctrine of the probability of a millennium, or rather of a variety and congeries of millennia, for he expects not merely a religious and moral millennium, but a mathematical, a mechanical, a physiological, a social, and a political millennium, and we know not how many more; but at least as many more as there are divisions and sub-divisions of science—say, phrenological, electro-biological, &c.

But let us now hear the author himself upon this subject, respecting the particulars of which we pledge ourselves to no definite opinion of our own:—

"Our argument then is, that '*there is a natural probability in favour of a millennium*;' and this natural probability is based—

"1st, On the division and classification of human knowledge.

"2d, On the fact that the chronological order of the *discovery* of the sciences is the same as the order of classification.

"3d, On the power of *correct credence* (knowledge) to produce *correct action*.

"Let us, in the first place, endeavour to settle definitely what we mean by a *millennium*.

"1st, We do not mean any particular portion of time.

"2d, We do not mean a miraculous condition of society, produced by the power of Almighty God working supernatural changes in the *nature* of man. It may be *true* that God, in his infinite goodness, shall, ere the world's end, so enlighten mankind by the divine spirit of grace and wisdom, that it may almost be no metaphor to say that man has become a new creature. This may be *true*; but this is not what we refer to.

"3d, We do not mean a personal reign of the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. On this subject we can offer no possible opinion. That the Lord Jesus Christ shall reign in *power*, and that his will shall be done on earth ere the earth's history closes, we believe with the most undoubted assurance. But that the Redeemer of mankind shall again appear *in person* before he cometh to judge the world, this is a question which we must leave unanswered.

"4th, By a millennium we mean a period of universal peace and prosperity, a reign of knowledge, justice, and benevolence—a period when the condition of man upon the globe shall be the best the circumstances of the earth permit of—when the systematic arrangements of society shall be in perfect accordance with the dictates of man's reason—and when societies shall act correctly, and thereby evolve the maximum of happiness possible on earth.

"A millennium, therefore, is for us a period when truth shall be discovered and carried into practical operation. This is the essence of human welfare,—*truth discovered and carried into practical operation*.

"Let it be remembered that the progress of mankind in the evolution of civilisation, is a progress from superstition and error towards knowledge. Superstition and error present themselves under the form of *diversity* of credence; knowledge presents itself under the form of *unity* of credence. Wherever there is knowledge, that knowledge is the same in all parts of the earth, and the same in substance whatever language it may use as the instrument of expression. The progress of mankind, therefore, is a progress from diversity of credence towards unity of credence. There is but *one* truth, *one* scheme of knowledge; and consequently, wherever knowledge is

really attained, diversity of credence is impossible. Where men differ in credence, they differ because one or all have *not* knowledge.

"We have then to ask, 'Into what branches is knowledge divided?' 'What is the *logical* order of those branches in a scheme of classification?' 'In what *chronological* order have the various branches been reduced to scientific ordination?' 'At which branch are the most advanced nations *now* in the nineteenth century?' and, 'What are the branches that yet remain to be reduced to scientific ordination; and in what *order* may we expect those future branches to be reduced to the form of *science*, which excludes diversity of credence?'

"The natural probability of a future *Reign of Justice* is based on the answers to these questions. If there be a scheme of knowledge, and if the past history of science proves that the sciences have been evolved one after the other in accordance with that scheme, we assert that there is nothing unreasonable in anticipating, that the future progress of discovery will continue to go on in the same direction. On the contrary, we maintain that such anticipation is a fair, legitimate, and impartial inference from the facts before us. We are well aware of the ridicule which practical politicians endeavour to throw on the anticipation of a political millennium, and too often with a levity which we cannot esteem other than unbecoming, when we know that the Creator of mankind has distinctly promised a period of peace and prosperity to our race. It may not be given to man to know the times and the seasons, but most certainly it is given to man to know *the fact*; and surely it would be as wise to speak of that fact with modest reverence, instead of associating it, or even a wrong anticipation of it, with the scoff, and the jeer, and the gibe of ridicule."

And again,—

"A millennium, then, is a condition of society in which man shall evolve the maximum of good by acting *correctly*. And man can *act* correctly only where he has acquired *knowledge*. If, then, we have a scheme, according to which knowledge must be acquired, we have the means of estimating the order in which the natural portions of the millennium must be successively unfolded.

"'Knowledge is power,' power to turn the earth to better and better account; and thereby continually to improve the condition of man upon the globe. The moment, then, we ascertain the *order* in which knowledge must be acquired, we learn the scheme of human improvement, and ascertain the general outline of his course, in his passage from ignorance, poverty, and depravity, towards knowledge, prosperity, and virtuous action.

"All that we have professed to do, was to point out the probability of a *political* millennium; that is, we have endeavoured to show, that if man progress in future, according to the scheme that has regulated his past progress, there will come a time when political truth shall be discovered, acknowledged, and reduced to practical operation.

"But to confine ourselves to this view alone, would be to take a very limited survey of the course and mechanism of human improvement.

"A political millennium will come, but it will come only because it forms a portion of the still greater scheme of human improvement,—of the more general millennium, that involves *all* human knowledge and all human operation.

"The natural millennium, whose probability we maintain to be within the reach of human computation, although more especially to be desired in the region of politics, extends equally to *all* the sciences, and to every department of man's systematic action. Nor could a political millennium take place without being preceded by certain knowledge and certain condi-

tions, independent it is true of political science, but necessarily anterior and preparatory to the complete evolution of a reign of justice.

"When we reflect that the essence of a millennium is, 'truth discovered and carried into practical operation,' we have generalized a term applied in Scripture to a period when *religious* truth should be discovered, acknowledged, and reduced to practical operation.

"Consequently, wherever we have *truth discovered and carried into practical operation*, we have a millennium in that department of knowledge.

"Therefore, the past history of human progress must supply us with the *beginnings of the natural millennium*; and these beginnings we must look for in the *sciences that have been already discovered and reduced to practice*.

"Let it never be forgotten that there is but *one truth*, and all truth is the expression of the divine wisdom, and the revelation of the divine character and will. All truth is in fact *divine*. There is not one Deity of Scripture, and another Deity of Nature. Nor can we for a moment coincide with that kind of separation, which some appear anxious to establish, between the revelation in words and the revelation in realities. *Both* are expressions of the divine intentions, *both* are revelations of our Creator, *both* are intended for our guidance and instruction, and *both* are capable of enlightening man, although not in the same department, nor to the same extent. Admitting all that scriptural theology can teach, there is still a revelation through nature, which we may neglect, it is true, but which we can only neglect to our own detriment, as it is the expression of divine wisdom, manifesting itself through actual works, and displaying before our eyes the *real* exemplification of the abstract *principles* which, by the same hand, had been impressed upon our *reason*.

"All science therefore is *divine*, and divine, not in the sense of pantheism, but in the sense of its being the correlative object created in harmony with the human reason. Science is the object of reason, and reality is the object of science; and both reason and reality are the productions of the divine Creator.

"Error and superstition are human; they belong to *fallen* humanity; they are not divine; they form no part of the original constitution of the earth; they are darkness, not light. But true knowledge is God's intention; for that purpose the intellect of man was made. Reason, on the one hand, and Reality on the other, are the correlatives of creation, and science is the middle term that unites them; reality giving the *matter* of science, and reason giving the form. Knowledge, therefore, is the divine intention; and all the sciences may be viewed, not as human acquisitions, but as fulfillments of the divine purpose in creating an intellect to comprehend, and an object to be comprehended. Religion in the individual may exist without a particle of science; but can it be maintained, for a moment, that the *race of man* can reach its highest condition, and achieve its highest destiny, without becoming acquainted with those natural truths in which practical consequences of the most important kind are necessarily implicated?

"Let us, then, conclude that all scientific truth is divine, (or, if that term appear too strong, let us say that all scientific truth is the natural intention of the Creator of our system,) that it is the intellect of the creature apprehending correctly the divine wisdom and power, as St. Paul himself teaches us,—'For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.'—*Epistle to Romans, 1st chapter*.

"Immediately, then, that we admit science to be not merely human,

science acquires a new character. It becomes the exponent of humanity, and points out the order of human progression. We have here a sure basis of operation, a foundation on which the reason may at last rest in constructing its philosophy of man. Science is stable. It shifts not with opinion, and changes not with lapse of ages. Were all knowledge obliterated, and man to begin to-morrow a new course of research, he could only come to the same truths and to the same sciences; and those sciences would evolve in a similar order, were the experiment to take place a hundred or a thousand times."

But whatever portion, either of substantial truth or of mere fancy, there may be in these remarks, there are other portions of the same general subject on which we find the author speaking with unquestionable sense, and where we think by far the greater number of our readers will be disposed more entirely to sympathize with him. We spoke already of a variety of millennia, to which the world is entitled to look forward, mathematical, mechanical, physiological, and so forth. Let us now make a few quotations upon these subjects, from what we think one of the best chapters of this multifarious volume:—

"Now, although the term may be new, and by some may be considered objectionable, we do not hesitate to speak of a *mathematical millennium*. A mathematical millennium takes place when mathematical truth is discovered, and reduced to practical operation. Mathematical science is the foundation of man's intellectual and practical progress, and the region of mathematics is the *first* region in which a natural millennium takes place. Without mathematics we have no astronomy, no geography, no measurement of time, and no systematic navigation, worthy of the name. That is, we have in those departments ignorance or superstition, instead of knowledge.

"Next to a mathematical millennium is a *mechanical millennium*. And here we leave the *knowledge*, and turn only to the *action*, and to the consequent *condition* of man. The mathematical sciences are absolutely essential to the evolution of mechanics, and mechanical knowledge is absolutely necessary to enable man to turn the earth to the best account. One of the first great spheres of mechanical operation is "locomotion." The mathematical sciences teach men how to navigate, in what direction to go, how to make maps and charts, how to determine the locality of towns, capes, reefs, ships, &c. &c. But the mathematical sciences do not teach how to make ships. They help, but they do not complete. The properties of matter are involved, and these must be ascertained by observation.

"The improvement of locomotion is one of the first essentials in the progression of mankind, and we might almost measure the relative advancement of nations by the condition of their means of locomotion. Advantages of the highest importance to man's intellectual and moral welfare are involved in facilitating locomotion, and every obstacle placed by governments in the way of perfectly free locomotion, is a barrier erected to defer the advance of civilisation. It is a clog placed by ignorant despotism on the emancipation of mankind, not merely from political thralldom, but also from natural ignorance and natural degradation. It is a crime, not merely against the individual, but against *humanity itself*. And whoever has the power, has the most undoubted right to break down every such barrier as a duty to his race. Political freedom, in this respect, however, is not the only essential; we must also have the mechanical facility.

"Let us consider that the earth, as constituted, permits only of locomotion under certain conditions. It is possible for man to have a *maximum* of locomotive facility. A certain speed will be found beyond which we lose

in safety, and below which we lose in celerity without gaining in safety. And this applies to all *systems* of locomotion. The problem, then, is to discover the best *system*; that which combines the maximum of celerity with the minimum of danger. And when we have made as near an approach to this as the circumstances of the earth permit of, we have a locomotive millennium.

"All engineering is nothing more than the application of mathematics and mechanics to the world of matter. Roads, bridges, canals, ships, harbours, docks, railroads, tunnels, steam engines, steam vessels, steam locomotives, &c. &c., are the products of mathematics and mechanics. Man, with these, is man armed with the powers of nature. He has vanquished his opponent, and enlisted her forces in his service. Matter is no longer the object that opposes him, but the arsenal from which he draws his weapons and his stores. Coal and water become concentrated forces, whose powers he may develop and control for the extension of his dominion over nature, and for the improvement of his terrestrial condition. One single steam-engine constructed by mankind, is of more real importance than all the powers of Rome, and one single printing-press than all the arts of Greece. They are *powers*, prodigious powers, placed at man's disposal. They are products of the reason; and just as reason learns to see further and further into the processes of nature, so does man acquire new power for extracting welfare from the earth.

"Again, man makes a few observations on the phenomena of light; these he geometrizes. He makes a few observations on the power of various substances to modify the phenomena; and what is the result? He produces the telescope, which extends his vision to a distance altogether inconceivable—and the microscope, which reveals the minute operations of organic nature.

"And if we turn to chemistry, shall we find the practical effects of science one atom less important, or one atom less remarkable? What are the *metals*, and where do they come from? What is gas? that great moralizer of modern cities, more powerful than all police could be. Mechanics and chemistry furnish us with an endless variety of substances, and an endless variety of productions, all tending to give man more power, more leisure, more comfort—to make him, in fact, more free, and to elevate his position on the globe. Instead of being the slave of physical nature, science will make man its master, as the Creator intended him to be when he gave him an earthly dominion.

"Electricity, again, has already achieved its wonders; and though we may expect many more practical effects, we have enough to prove that this science, which some years since was a plaything, is a mighty agent that endows man with power which, even a century since, would have been regarded as indubitably magical. The very circumstance that man can now communicate with man almost instantaneously, although separated by the breadth of a kingdom, ought to teach us that time and space, the former tyrants of mankind, may be overcome by means whose simplicity is, at least, as extraordinary as their power.

"Nor, if we turn to vegetable physiology, are the practical effects that the advance of knowledge entails for man's benefit one hair's-breadth less extraordinary. A few observations are made on the growth of plants, on the disposition of the soils, on the effect of moisture, and on the relation of surface water to the productions of the agriculturist. Certain reasonings are made, and certain experiments, to prove whether the reasonings are correct. The practical result at last, is a general system of drainage, which transforms wretched pastures into fertile corn-fields, and in many cases doubles, trebles, and quadruples the value of the produce. The countries

like England, Scotland, and Ireland, the practical importance of this draining system is immense. These countries have, within themselves, an almost indefinite power of creating agricultural wealth; and, so far from being in danger of a superabundant population, they could in ten years, with a tenth part of the annual expenditure of the kingdom on unnecessary armaments, so outrun the increase of the population, that it would be unnecessary to import one single grain of corn. Far more than this is within the limit of possibility, and it is only necessary to ascertain the progress made by Scotland within the memory of the present generation of agriculturists, to be convinced that the natural capabilities of the soil of Britain are abundantly sufficient for all its inhabitants; and that the true reason why the population increases more rapidly than the food, is to be found, not in the laws of God, but in the political laws which have made such a disposition of the soil as absolutely prevents it from being turned to account. Under the present system of land occupancy, combined with labour-taxation, want and starvation are the natural consequences. They may excite compassion, but they need excite no wonder. And until the present system is broken up, root and branch, and buried in oblivion, the labouring population of Britain and Ireland must reap the fruits of a system that first allocates all the soil to thirty or forty thousand proprietors, and then places the heaviest taxation in the world on the mass of the inhabitants. Let any man inquire of the Scottish agriculturists, the greatest landlord-worshippers in Europe, what is the reason that the improvement of the soil does not go on more rapidly and more generally. The answer, we have invariably found, attributes the evil to the political tenure of land. The agriculturists *could* produce more corn. Every one of them, except in a few small districts where the land is up to its pitch of production, will attest to this fact. They *could* make more food, more wheat, more oats, more turnips, heavier sheep, more and better wool, &c. &c. And they *would* do so, both for their own profit, and from a spirit of emulation generated by the rapid improvements already achieved. But they *cannot* do so; and the country, which allowed the Crown to alienate the soil, must be content to see it half cultivated, and to depend for supplies on distant lands. They *cannot* improve, because, although the improvements would pay, and pay abundantly, in the first place they have not the capital to execute the improvements at the commencement of their lease; and, in the second, it is absurd for them to make permanent improvements during the currency of a lease, the only effect of which would be (and, as a fact, often is), that at the end of the lease the legal landlord would let the land, *with its improvements*, by auction. *Their* improvements would be put up to auction, the only difference being, that the biddings are written instead of spoken. And, unless they will give more rent for their own improvements than any other person will give, they are turned out of the land, and, in many instances, carry their skill and capital to far distant countries. The difficulties are neither with the soil, nor the climate, nor the price of produce. They all hinge on the political arrangement that the law has made with regard to the soil and its tenure. And until this arrangement is destroyed, the soil never *can* produce its maximum. The evil is immensely aggravated, it is true, by the system of entail; but the radical evil, the grand masterpiece of mischief, that requires to be corrected, is the alienation of the soil from the nation, and the taxation of the labour of the country.

"With regard to draining the soil, however, a new scheme has recently been carried into execution. The government taxes the population, and lends the money to the landlords to drain the soil. The landlords are to pay a certain interest and quit-capital, which discharges the debt in twenty-two years. This per-centage the farmer finds to be *less* than the profit

likely to accrue from the improvement of the land, and he agrees to pay it to the landlord. The consequence is, that the country has been taxed for the purpose of presenting the landlords with the clear amount of improvement at the end of twenty-two years. Such is the wisdom and equity of British (landlord) legislation.

"Notwithstanding the political arrangements, however, the advantages of draining are of the highest character. The soil improves, the climate improves, the character and condition of the agriculturists improve, and the amount of food is vastly increased. And to what do we owe draining, with all its sterling advantages? To nothing more than the application of hygro-dynamics to vegetable physiology. This is its scientific character, its character as a product of human ingenuity, exercising itself on the physical world.

"It will scarcely be necessary to remark the power of man to modify the animal kingdom, and thereby to produce those animals that serve him better, and make his position more advantageous. The horses, cattle, sheep, &c., of Britain, are even now almost artificial races. The difference between those animals as they are, and animals of the same species as they would have been in a state of nature, is the product of human ingenuity. The Durham ox, or Leicester sheep, is in one sense a *machine*—a machine for the manufacture of beef, mutton, fat, and wool, out of grass, turnips, and oil-cakes. The improvement of the breed is exactly a similar occupation to the improvement of a cotton-mill, or the improvement of the soil. If man wants more corn than will grow naturally on the soil, he must improve the soil, drain it, manure it, lime it, irrigate it, &c. It is no longer the same soil; it is the same species, but a different variety from what it was originally. Even let it alone, and it will bear a different series of plants. The original plants die out, and their place is taken by others more useful to man. And when man sows seed of a certain requisite character, he reaps a much better and more abundant crop. And so it is with a sheep, or a bullock, or a fowl. Naturally he grows wild, rough, hardy, and takes far too much exercise to fatten. He is developed in those parts that man esteems the least, that do not *pay*. He is unmanageable, has his own way, runs, jumps, tears, flies, and does many things that no doubt amuse himself, but that do not recommend him—as an investment. The improved animal, on the contrary, is quiet, solemn, fattens well, appears to understand the end of his existence, and takes to it kindly; bears beef, and fat, and mutton, and wool, to the very best of his power, and seems pleased with his prosperity. He even learns to look down on his less cultivated companions, and seems thoroughly imbued with a quiet sense of his own superiority. He does as he is bid, and in all respects is a man-server. He does his work, and receives his wages."

We have but one other quotation to make, and we think ourselves bound to insert it, both on account of its own value, and because it shows, in favour of the author, that however much he may have indulged in far-looking speculations, he yet has in him the elements of a practical man, and can expound the difference between the theorist and the practical man, or rather their relative positions, and different points of view, with perfect discrimination and entire good sense. After describing what, in his theory of "Human Progression," he considers as the ultimatum to be achieved, he thus states his views respecting the different positions and habits of the theoretical and the practical man:—

"But while on the one hand we cast our eyes on the ultimate object to be obtained—on that which is *theoretically right*—it should never be forgotten

that two other questions nearer at hand claim as urgent an attention,—the questions, ‘Where are we at present in the line of progress?’ and, ‘What are the *next steps* that require to be taken to lead society towards its final destination?’ These are questions for the practical statesmen and for the present generation, who require to deliver themselves from the evils that have grown to a height, and whose real character has been apprehended by the nation. On these questions we shall only make a passing remark.

“Diversity of opinion may arise between two men who are both apparently in the right, if the attention of the one be directed to what is theoretically right, and the attention of the other to what is practically expedient,—expedient as the next step which the present balance of powers in the state renders possible. At every period there are some men in advance of their age, some suited to the requirements of their age, and others behind their age—the *gepidae* or *loiterers*, who remain in the rear. The latter class, for the most part, are composed of those whose interests are implicated in the present disposition of affairs, and who dread change of every description, perhaps from a vague apprehension that they may lose their powers, while the increase of those powers is an event not to be anticipated. This class is gradually losing its influence, gradually receding from the direction of the state, and submitting to a current that it can no longer control, but which it may to a certain extent impede. The other two classes are the real labourers; with them lies the motive of progression, and the judgment to determine in what particular direction change ought to be effected. For the *loiterers*, every change is bad; and the whole of their practical function is to retard, to contrive obstacles, to find impediments, and if possible to prevent investigation. But for the other two classes, not only is the impulse necessary, but on them lies the burden of devising new conditions, which shall be more beneficial than the present conditions, of exploring, pioneering, preparing the way, and finally of dragging onward the cumbrous car of state, held back as it is by those who inherit from darker ages the power of retardation. Between the two first classes, however, there must ever be diversity of opinion, so long as the one class is bent on *what is theoretically right*, and the other on what it deems to be *practically expedient*. The first regards the measures of the second as unsatisfactory, as half measures, as mere sops to allay the Cerberus of popular discontent. The second, on the contrary, regards the measures of the first as impracticable schemes, as *theoretic* measures, good enough perhaps in the abstract, (that is, measures that satisfy *the reason*,) but which, from some peculiarity in present circumstances, are quite incapable of application. The one professedly takes *reason* for his criterion, and rejects every measure that falls short of its requirements; the other extends his view no further than to the single point that enables him to take one step in advance. The one takes the unchangeable and imperishable element of man, the objective reason, crowns it with imperial authority, and demands that all should at once acknowledge its supremacy. The other takes the variable element of man—his subjective condition—and, rejecting every dogma that claims to be absolute, discourses only on the proximate possibility of improving that condition. The one sees the transparent image of truth divested of the garb of humanity; the other sees the outward raiment in its frailty and imperfection, and heeds not to draw aside the drapery that conceals the divinity of reason.

“Between these two parties, therefore, there is not so much a perpetual warfare, as a perpetual misunderstanding. Their point of view is different. They stand on different elevations, and have quite a different range of horizon. Granting that some of both parties (and who can doubt it?) have the honest and sincere desire to advance society in the right direction, there is between them an incompatibility both of conviction and of *feeling*, which forbids that they should co-operate as labourers in the same field, and for

the same ultimate object. The one views society as in a *state of transition*, and presses forward towards an ultimatum. The other views society as engaged in its ordinary labour, believes in no ultimatum, but acknowledges that certain changes are rendered necessary by a change of circumstances. The one views the revival of learning as the passage out of Egypt, and the present time as the journeying through the wilderness towards the promised land of rest. The other believes in no Egypt and no promised land, but feels that the daily labour must be done in the world of politics as well as in the world of matter. The one stands on the top of Pisgah, and beholds afar off the Canaan of his hopes, the land of long expectation, and the land for which the past journeyings of the race have been but the necessary preparations. The other, like Lot, beholds the plain of Jordan that it is well watered everywhere, and journeys eastward that he may find sustenance for his flock. The one is an intellectualist, who believes in the supremacy of reason, and attributes the systematic errors of society to erroneous propositions. The other is an empiric, who admits that the conditions of mankind may be gradually improved. The one fixes his eye on *truth*, and forgets the intermediate distance that separates man from its realization. The other fixes his eye on *man* as he appears at present, forgetting alike the history of his transformations and the probable goal that must form his destination.

"To a certain extent, both are necessary—both are workers in the great field of human improvement and of man's amelioration. Incomprehensible as they must be to each other (still the last final item of change shall bring both to an identity of purpose), they are fellow-labourers in the scheme of evolution. The one deviates afar off the general scheme of progress; the other carries the proximate measures of that scheme into practical operation. The one is the hydrographer who constructs the charts; the other, the mariner who navigates the ship, ignorant perhaps what may be its final destination.

"Between the man of theory and the man of practice, therefore, there is (at present) a perpetual though fluctuating difference. Seldom is it given to man in this world to understand aright his own position; and though he may labour, and labour well, it is rare that he can appreciate correctly the true *position* of his labours. And thus, in the field of politics, the theorist and the man of practice appear to misunderstand the bearings of their respective occupations. The theorist, too often trusting to his individual perceptions, forgets that propositions which appear to him of absolute certitude, can never be accepted by the world until they have received a far wider authentication than any one man could possibly bestow upon them. And though perchance he might evolve some propositions which should ultimately be able to stand their ground, experience will prove that the diffusion of truth is no less necessary than its discovery. Truth, like heaven, must pervade the mass before the requisite transformation is effected. On the other hand, the man of practice moves, for the most part, as he is impelled by the convictions of the multitude, and his object is not to theorize but to design the requisite changes, and to carry them into execution. The theories of to-day he regards with indifference or aversion; they are of no practical avail; he is pressed with the necessity of action, and act he must, or his place must be ceded to another. But he also forgets. He forgets that the very measures which he now reduces to practical operation were the *theories* of the past generation, and that he is only carrying into execution the schemes which the practical men of other times regarded in the same light as he regards the theories of this day; and the very theories (some of them at all events) which he regards with aversion, are destined to become the measures of some future man of practice, who bestows on the

theories of *his* day the same characteristic abhorrence. He forgets that he moved in *action* because the multitude have moved in *mind*; and that the multitude moved in mind because they had imbibed the theories of former speculators, and changed their credence under the influence of conviction. He forgets that change of credence comes from theoretic speculation. He forgets that if there were no theories there would be no change, and if no change, no necessity for him to execute it."

The concluding section of the book has some strange, and, to us, not very intelligible speculations respecting natural theology, moral theology, and other cognate topics, with any further account of which we do not mean to trouble the reader. Of course there is a pointed allusion to "the great Dr. Chalmers," and a passing fling at the reign of Moderatism in Scotland,—things which distinctly enough indicate the religious sect to which the author adheres, and which will no doubt have their effect in making his book a favourite with a pretty numerous and influential party;—but whether they will continue to form parts of the coming or new advancing religious millennium, we do not pretend to "*posit*," for they are above our "*concepts*," and we willingly leave them "*to function*" as they may.

Considering the vast and varied mass of materials contained in this volume, and the attempts at philosophical arrangement by which it is occasionally characterized, we at once admit that our review of it has been but cursory and superficial, because such a cursory glance was all that our limits, and indeed the very nature of the work itself, permitted us to take. But our review, though slight and superficial, has, we trust, been honest and candid, and even lenient to the author. We consider him to be a person of good intention, and probably of an amiable disposition, though we are disposed to suspect that his benevolence and good meaning have sometimes led him, as they have done many other persons so gifted, into a wrong tract of appreciation and of thought. We consider him to be a person so far at least imbued with a philosophical spirit, as to have traced the logical and chronological order of the different sciences with a very plausible appearance of accuracy and truth,—though we are far from thinking that philosophy is the prominent characteristic of his genius, or even that, so far as it characterizes him, it is of the purest and best kind. We think we have evidence that he is intimately acquainted with most of the practical questions that are most currently agitated by public men and politicians, though we cannot say that in all cases he has treated these questions in the most temperate and judicious manner; and, lastly, we believe him to be seriously religious,—though there may be things in his religious views, which an enlightened theologian, instead of sympathizing with, would be more disposed to pardon and to pass by.

We are further quite satisfied that all nature, physical, social, and moral, is formed on a principle of progression,—that most of the evils by which humanity has been afflicted have originated in ignorance and error,—that as more enlightened views of all human duty, and all social and political arguments, are obtained, the general condition of the race will exhibit a corresponding advancement,—that there is a logical and

chronological order in which science of all kinds is disposed to manifest and expand itself,—and that as the science of man and his relations is at the head of the whole host of arrangements, this science, considered in its widest extent, will probably be the last portion of the series that will undergo its destined evolution.

In all this we agree with our author—and on these principles we think ourselves both entitled to expect a glorious futurity for the race to which we belong, and to triumph with no common exultation in so delightful an anticipation. But when we have gone thus far with the tendencies of enlightened speculation, we perceive two extreme errors, into which, in the further and ultimate prosecution of the inquiry, we have found our guides, as explorers of the far distant evolutions of futurity, extremely apt to be betrayed, and against both of which we wish, with all submission, to guard our readers.

In the first place, proceeding on the idea of the essential tendencies of nature and life to progression, and on expanding knowledge as the chief instrument and necessary concomitant of this progress, some speculators spin out the thread of progress, till it becomes mere inanity or identical futility, and land in the wise result, that when all men are perfectly wise, and act according to this perfect wisdom, there will be no more ignorance, nor vice, nor misery, nor, it may be, death in the world ; but that perfection, in the widest sense of that term, will be the characteristic of the concluding scenes of even this terrestrial habitation of man.

Other speculators insist, that as all present misery, and vice, and misrule proceed from ignorance and error, the last result of the destined progression of our race will be, not merely a continuation of their progress with some sublimated and inconceivable absence of defect and exhibition of perfection, but a *reversal* of all that now characterises the condition of our world, and that gives to it its distinctive aspect as a varied but progressive manifestation of Divine wisdom and goodness,—that is to say, all distinctions are to be abolished—all notions of high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, energetic and slothful, wise and foolish, are to be done away, and a universal radicalism to characterise the face of our earth, and the conditions of its inhabitants, in the final evolution of their destinies.

The former of these two errors we consider to be mere simplicity and folly, and not worthy of a serious refutation, for it is in fact but an identical proposition ; the latter we consider to be at variance with every just interpretation of the actual appearances of nature and of life—to be calculated to lead the minds even of those who only speculatively adopt it, into altogether erroneous and delusive trains of thought ; and when attempted to be brought into actual operation, even on a very low scale, to be the certain forerunner of some of the greatest calamities and most hateful aspects which human society is capable of exhibiting.

“ If Society,” says our author, “ continue to progress on the same routine or plan that may be inferred from our observation of its past progress, and if sufficient time be allowed for the completion of the evolution, there must come a period when the equilibrium of equity shall be restored, and every

individual in the state shall be exactly equal in his primary political function."

And—"Absolute equality in the eye of the law, without the slightest distinction of individuals or classes, is therefore the ultimatum of political progression."

Against all such notions we seriously and earnestly caution our readers—for ourselves, we think them utterly untenable; but yet neither this portentous error, nor the childish and mawkish fancy that precedes it, have the least effect in lessening our belief, that the world is to go on in a glorious progress through ages which it is not given to us to number. We are sure of this—prophets have foretold it—great poets have sung of it—the heart of man exults in it—and nature, justly interpreted, sets her seal on the glorious and mighty truth. We love, occasionally, to let our minds out in the blessed anticipation of the many generations that are to come forth, to admire the same scenes that we have admired, to enjoy the same pleasures, and to carry forward, under better auspices than we have known, the great work which our race has been called into existence to accomplish. We think with rapture of the great cities that will yet arise—of the great deeds that will be done—of the gifted men that will put forth their powers—of the sciences that will be cultivated—of the beautiful specimens of art that will be exhibited—of the benevolent institutions that will be established—of the wider influence of moral and religious truth that will be displayed—of the savage nations that will be reclaimed—and of the celestial light that seems to our prophetic fancy to hover over this long and blissful evening of our beloved earth. But the subject is better fitted for poetry than philosophy, and it must be a dull mind indeed that does not rise into poetry when occupied with such anticipations.—Here, then, goes our Apostrophe—

TO THE UNBORN.

The womb of Nature teems with endless life,
Endless, and with progressive beauty graced;
More lovely and more perfect in its forms
Than all the myriads of the past have showed,
Or all the grandeur of the living breathed.

Ye slumbering forms, that wait the call to rise,
Unconscious of the high behest that waits
Your entrance upon life, and life's blest scenes!
How shall I count your multitudes, or how
Express the wonders of your fates and forms?

Earth has seen much of beautiful and good;
Shapes beauteous and beloved, that walked her groves
In maiden purity, and chastest love:
Forms high and noble, on whose foreheads shone
The wisdom and the power of godlike minds;
Breathing high thoughts, mid youths with music charmed,
And uttering words with heavenly music fraught;
These to the present times have left their names,
And ages yet to come will sound their praise.

But mightier far and lovelier shall arise,
To claim love's sigh, and wake ambition's flame,
Though known yet in their destinies and forms

To the Eternal Spirit that shall call
Their powers to life, each in his destined time,
And when the impulses of their powers shall find
The sphere ordained to forward the great plan
Which ages shall evolve.

What cities vast
With wisdom and with glorious art adorned,
Shall yet, in lands where savage life abounds,
And shadowy forests wave, usurp the place
On fame's bright roll, by Athens now maintained,
And by the grandeur of Eternal Rome?

Earth now has many fields and mountains famed
For high achievements which have there been done ;
Spots which the traveller delights to trace,
And people with the forms, that, once, in might
Roam'd o'er their surface, and in triumph shone.
But Earth's majestic mountains, rivers, plains,
Have but their destinies of fame commenced ;
And, in the lapse of ages yet to be,
Deeds shall be done, as far above the past,
As are the doings of the full-grown man,
Above the sports and vent'rous schemes of youth.

Ye unborn multitudes, whom now my thought
Marshals in fancied and in living ranks,
Come forth, each in your time, and in your place ;
Look on the rising sun, as we have looked,
And on the evening star with heart like ours.
Though brighter or more peaceful be your course,
And far more perfect Art's improving charms
Than opening Science yet has shew'd to us ;
Yet in your times successive ye must fall,
And be replaced by still improving minds ;
Ay,—when the scheme is finished, (as needs must,)
When all the mingled dust of ages gone
Retains no trace of its once living forms,
Still from the mass chaotic purer minds,
And brighter forms of excellence and worth
Than e'er have graced this green earth's living scenes,
Shall in progressive series be evolved,
To bear the stamp and feel the breath of heaven.

Roll on, ye ages of progressive good ;
And be my soul transported with the view,
Which, in prophetic vision, thus I trace.
What, though our day be short and full of care ?
What, though we cannot tell what things shall come
In time's long revolutions—to augment
The glory and the peace of our loved world ?
Oh ! my heart swells with rapture, not with grief,
Or envy of the happier times to be,
When I perceive, by faith's prophetic light,
Heaven's glorious scheme, still brightening in its course
And love and wisdom, which will none o'erlook,
Showering, on unborn ages, gifts of bliss,
Augmenting still as Time's long race proceeds.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons by the late REV. WILLIAM RAMSAY, Minister of Guthrie.
Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

THIS little volume is introduced to the reader's attention by a "prefatory note," brief and modestly written, which once more tells the melancholy tale of great youthful promise and corresponding expectations, prematurely extinguished by death. In the circles of domestic life such calamities are of perpetual recurrence; and, to the world, all separate memory of them is lost in that general sorrow whose inarticulate voice goes sighing, like the mournful night-winds of autumn, through the heart of humanity at large. But William Ramsay lived long enough to prove how well, had it pleased God to spare him, he might have fulfilled the fondest hopes of parental and private affection. He had become a Minister of the Church on earth, before his presence was claimed by the Church of the first-born in heaven. His public career, however, was destined to be short; and the bereavement sustained by his friends when he was removed, was participated in by the community to which he had attached himself. Indeed, we can remember no recent instance wherein the Ecclesiastical body to which he had dedicated his services, and which he was so well fitted to adorn, has had equal, or nearly equal, occasion to deplore a loss that, in the common course of nature, might have been supposed to be still far remote. Ordained at the early age of 22, his ministerial duties were interrupted by illness when he was no more than 26, and he was cut off by death in his 28th year.

It would be absurd to look for the results of extensive research or mature experience in the productions of so mere a youth. Still Mr. Ramsay may justly be said to have been an old student while but a very young man. Not only had he been diligent, and distinguished by brilliant capacity, from his boyhood; there had also been about him that earnest meditative, deeply reflecting thoughtfulness which digests the materials of education, converting them into a vital nutriment,—and without which, the greatest cleverness and the most protracted opportunities prove wholly unprofitable, so far as the chief ends of learning and of life are concerned. We have been furnished with no information whatever respecting the development of his character; none which sets him before us as the subject of divine grace in its saving and sanctifying efficacy. On these points the compositions that have been printed as a memorial of his name, contain all the evidence to which we have access. And that evidence is enough; for it displays a singularly clear and discriminating apprehension of evangelical truth, along with meek humility and ardent devotion. We could well have believed, therefore, had we not happened to know it otherwise, that he who wrote them was, in the words of his editor, "beloved by all who knew him well, for his unaffected piety, and his genuine amiability and kindness of disposition;" and that "he possessed, in a high degree, all the qualities which endear and give a charm to familiar intercourse."

This, we think, is a modest under-statement of the truth. Mr. Ramsay's society was indeed peculiarly attractive. Sterling good sense, an easy unobtrusive demeanour, varied accomplishments, combined with an agreeable figure, necessarily made it so. But besides, his frank cheerfulness seemed to us to be habitually subdued by the presence and activity of graver thought; and a low soft strain of perhaps unconscious sadness, ran through his gayest conversations, as if at intervals some deeper and tenderer chord had vibrated within him, tempering the natural vivacity of his mind. Our intimacy with him was too brief and interrupted to warrant our speaking with perfect confidence on this point;—we aim merely at the utterance of our own recollected impressions. And we have attempted to utter these at all, mainly because it appears to us that the Discourses now presented to the

public discover the same under-tone of gentle, chastened melancholy. We *feel* this as we read ; but it is so recondite and ethereal, that we continue unable to bring it up into open view. Yet we think it is not, as it might well be, a shadow projected by our own regret ; but a positive, though a dim reality, in the Sermons themselves. And as it lent a peculiar charm to the living converse of the author, so now, when he is gone, it secures, by an additional tie, a hold for his compositions on the attention and the heart of his reader. In other respects, the discourses faithfully reflect the character of the preacher,—his plain practical sense, his unaffected simplicity, his sweetness of temper, his charitable dispositions, his rectitude and candour, his habitual musing thoughtfulness, and his warmly affectionate piety.

The manuscripts from which the volume has been printed off, were not intended by the author for the press ; and no doubt, had he survived to bestow upon them such a revision as his refined taste would have demanded, they might have undergone great alterations, perhaps manifest and important improvements. But, except in the circumstance that one of the sermons is unfinished, few readers probably will detect in the volume any evidence of the disadvantages inseparable from posthumous publication. The specimens which we are about to transcribe will make it sufficiently plain, that, whatever they might have derived from further toil in the way of rhetorical adornment, Mr. Ramsay's pulpit preparations could scarcely have gained anything at all, in point either of perspicuity of thought, or precision and clearness of language. Exact conception, and accurate diction, legitimate yoke-fellows always, have seldom been more equally matched than in his pages, where nothing is vague, ambiguous, obscure, or redundant.

The first sermon in the volume has for its subject the "call to salvation." It is founded on the text, John vii. 37. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The following is the second division of the discourse, under which the author considers "who they are to whom our Saviour addresses this invitation."

"Is it to the righteous exclusively ? to men of correct deportment and moral lives, who walk blamelessly before God and man ? No ; if the invitation were restricted to such, if for the righteous only salvation was provided, such an invitation would be of no use ; for in the sight of God there is none righteous—there is none who, in himself, can deserve anything at the hands of God but wrath and punishment. Even the cradled infant is polluted by a deep stain of guilt, which nothing but the atoning merits of Jesus Christ could wash away. The holiest man, the most pious towards his Maker, the most charitable towards his neighbour, the most mortified in his sinful affections, the most heavenly in his desires—even he could not stand for a moment before the pure holiness and inflexible justice of God, were not the death of Christ interposed as a shield to protect him from the wrath of the Almighty, which shall hereafter be revealed from heaven to take vengeance on the breakers of His law. Even he cannot rightly build his hopes on any other foundation than simply on Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. Let none imagine that, by a well-spent life, or by his self-denial, or by the abundance of his good works, he has entitled himself in any measure to the favourable consideration of God. All evil in His sight is abominable ; nor can any degree of excellence, as men count excellence, atone for a single sin : it is only a perfect righteousness by which divine justice can be satisfied ; it is only by the perfect righteousness of Christ, imputed unto us, that we are delivered from the condemnation. All, in the sight of God, are alike unworthy ; and to every one, without respect to his greater or less unworthiness, the righteousness of Christ is freely imputed,

so soon as he becomes a believer. Fear not then, O sinner! if your iniquities appear to rise up in terrible array against you, and to shut you out from all hope of forgiveness. If your guilt be great, the salvation of God is greater; much as your sins may abound, His grace abounds much more. The more you feel your own ungodliness, the more confidently may you throw yourself, through Jesus Christ, upon the free grace of God, who, for His sake, justifies the ungodly.

"Is it to the wise and learned that the Saviour directs His invitation? to those who, by assiduous study and patient thought, were prepared for receiving his sublime doctrines? No. He publishes the glad tidings of salvation, not in the court of the elders, among the grave rulers of Israel—not among the Scribes and Pharisees, the searchers and expounders of the law—not among the Sadducees, the haughty worshippers of their own understandings, but among the whole mixed multitude that had come up to the feast, the true and the honourable, the young man and the ancient, the learned and the simple. The religion of Jesus Christ is peculiarly a religion for the common people; it takes little notice of any temporal distinction. The poor as well as the rich, the rude as well as the learned, all are freely invited to look unto Christ and be saved. 'That the soul be without knowledge it is not good;' yet it is wonderful with how little a share of the knowledge which man can impart, the soul may attain to that knowledge, without which all other knowledge is worthless. The great doctrines of religion are few and simple; their evidence is such as the simplest mind may readily comprehend, if it is considered in a humble and teachable spirit. However little else he may know, the sinner knows enough for the saving of his soul, if only he knows the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent; if he knows, understands, and practically believes that he is by nature and by practice sinful, and therefore liable to the wrath of God; and that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

"But perhaps it may be thought that the invitation is limited to the penitent, to those who are deeply humbled on account of transgression, who feel the weight of the wrath of God pressing with intolerable weight upon them, and who long for deliverance from guilt and sin as the hart panteth after the water-brooks! To such, doubtless, the call of the Saviour is addressed, and to them especially, but not to them alone. You are not to wait for repentance, that you may thereby be qualified to come to the Saviour; for if it were so, what would be the meaning of the statement, that he came to *give* repentance unto Israel? Repentance is not a qualification which Christ requires of us previously to our coming unto him, but a blessing which he bestows upon us when we do come. His invitation is made to every one who thirsteth—i. e. to every one who feels the want of salvation. And who is there that is here excluded? Who is there that does not feel the want of salvation? Who is there among the unconverted, or the half converted, that does not thirst for some deliverance? Who is there that is perfectly satisfied with his present condition, and desires nothing more? What is the meaning of all the noise and tumult, the restlessness and confusion, which shows itself everywhere? What is it but the outward expression of the inward cry of unregenerate humanity, Who will show us any good? When man fell, he lost communion with God, and thereby he lost happiness. All the ways—and they are many—which he has tried for supplying the want which he feels, have disappointed him; the cry still is, Who will show us any good? All the resources to which men flee for relief, however they may lighten the symptoms, aggravate the disease; they leave the craving of the soul unsatisfied. There is no peace, no comfort, no happiness which will bear reflection, until, by an unreserved

acceptance of the gospel, we have the light of God's countenance lifted up upon us, and come into the enjoyment of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The disease may be hidden, but it cannot otherwise be healed. The craving may be set at rest for a time, but it cannot otherwise be satisfied. There is no rest for an immortal spirit but in the bosom of God. There is no rest for a fallen spirit without reconciliation. The want of this rest is more often felt than it is acknowledged. All who are strangers to the security of the covenant,—all who are strangers to the peace of God,—all who are strangers to the new life which is in Christ Jesus, all are included in the invitation,—‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ In the day of prosperity, in the ardour of youth, amidst the abundance of the good things of this life, the sinner may for a while forget his misery; but when the means of enjoyment are taken from him, or when they fail, as fail they will, to give him pleasure, where is he to look for relief? Perhaps he will still go on to follow after vanity; but if he is wise, he will be satisfied with the experience which he already has of the emptiness of godless enjoyment, and will meekly obey the call of his Saviour,—‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.’ Such is the call of the Saviour to perishing sinners; and these words of his, simple as they are, are worth all the volumes of human philosophy and human divinity put together. He that, in his own soul, practically knows their meaning, knows enough to make him happy in time and for eternity. And to all, without distinction of character, the call is given. All who bear the name of man, however sinful, however degraded, however miserable; all who have part in that nature which the Son of God has taken upon himself,—the king upon his throne and the homeless beggar by the wayside, the student in his chamber, the ploughman in the field, the mechanic at his loom—to all the healing fountain of salvation is opened, that they may drink abundantly of the waters of blessing. From the kingdom of heaven none are shut out but those who will not come in. God commandeth all men everywhere to repent; and this is his eternal decree, which cannot be annulled or altered—the soul that chooseth life shall live, the soul that chooseth death shall die.”—(pp. 6-11.)

The length of this passage,—which we could not have curtailed without doing injustice both to the author and the subject,—warns us to be sparing in our further extracts. One, of considerable extent, we cannot persuade ourselves to withhold; with another, and a much shorter, we will conclude. Respecting “the proper evidences and expressions of a true love to the Saviour,” Mr. Ramsay's views are thus stated:—

“Let me warn you earnestly against the fatal delusion, that love to Christ consists in mere emotion, in rapturous feelings of tenderness and sympathy, when you think of Christ's sufferings, and ecstatic elevations of soul when you meditate on his glory. Such feelings are certainly not to be repressed,—they are rather to be cherished and encouraged; for although they are not in themselves the substance of divine love, they may tend to keep alive the languid flame, and fan it into higher brightness. But they are not to be relied on, as sufficient evidence in themselves, that we possess that love to Christ, without which, the name and outward calling of a Christian are less than nothing and very vanity. The love which our Saviour demands of us, is not so much a feeling as a principle, not a mere passionate sentiment or glow of emotion, but a living and practical affection, ruling the heart, bending the will, and regulating the whole life. Doubtless, where the principle exists, it will naturally give rise to lively feeling; but the degree in which

it does so, must depend in a great measure upon the varieties of natural constitution. It is possible for a man to have a true and living attachment to his Redeemer, without having experienced, in the whole course of his life, any feelings of passionate devotion, because such feelings may not be congenial to the frame of mind which God has given him; and it is unhappily quite possible—for experience has too often proved the possibility—that a man may speak of Christ with rapturous fluency, and even think of him with keen and pleasurable emotion, while, at the same time, although he yields Him his imagination, his heart is far from Him. We are not entitled to condemn our neighbour as a man who does not love Christ, we are not entitled indeed to condemn our neighbour at all,—but we are not entitled to regard our neighbour as a man who is not actuated by a sincere love to the Saviour, because his love does not show itself precisely in that particular way which, judging from ourselves, we should naturally be disposed to expect. Even in the Apostles themselves, who unquestionably possessed this great and indispensable principle in the very highest degree, the way in which the principle operated was far from being the same. In St. Peter it seems chiefly to have evinced itself in an earnest zeal for the cause of Christ; in St. Paul, in a deep feeling of gratitude to Him who had so wonderfully called him from darkness into light, and an untiring devotion to his service; in St. John, it appears in the form of a tender, but profoundly reverent attachment.

“But it may be asked, Are there then no marks by which I may know whether I really possess this principle? Surely there are; for our Saviour would not have put this question to Peter, if it had been one that did not admit of a satisfactory answer. One mark of love to Christ unquestionably is, a delight in meditating upon his grace and glory, and in holding spiritual communion with him. It is impossible to love any thing of which we do not like to think. The degree to which the love of the Saviour is productive of spiritual joy may, and must, be different in different persons; but this much at least is certain, that this holy affection cannot exist in any soul to which the thought of Christ, and the exercises of his religion, are distasteful, to which they are not a source of pleasure, and which does not feel the absence of them more keenly than the want of any earthly blessing. Consider what was the conduct of the friends of Jesus during his sojourn upon earth. They regarded his company as the chief pleasure, and his service as the great business, of their lives; in public and in private they were ever with him, and they looked upon even a brief exclusion from his presence as the most grievous of all privations. When the hour of his death drew near, their hearts were troubled within them; and after he was finally removed from among them, they were daily with one accord in the temple, cherishing the memory of their blessed Master, and the hope of a joyful restoration to his immediate presence in the kingdom of his Father. Could any one have believed their professions of attachment, if their conduct had been different? And can it be believed that that man loves his Saviour, who would rather think of any thing else than of him; who seldom reads, or reads without attending to it, the faithful record which we have received of his life and death; who forsakes the assemblies of his people, where he has promised to be in the midst of them, or frequents them from no better motive than because he has been taught and accustomed to do so; who cares not to lift up his spirit unto him in secret prayer and meditation; who pitches the tabernacle of his affections here, and hardly bestows a passing thought upon that holy and happy place, where the redeemed shall dwell for ever with the Lord?

“But the surest test of love to Christ is that which he himself has prescribed—a devout and cheerful obedience to his will. ‘He that hath my

commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.' Does a father believe that his child loves him, if he sees that he does not seek to obey him, and does not care whether he offends him or not? How, then, can you flatter yourselves that you love your Redeemer, unless you submit yourselves humbly and heartily to his will, as he has revealed it to you in his Word, and in his Providence? It is the language of every soul in which the love of Christ has been shed abroad, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'—'What wilt thou have me to do?' If you do indeed regard Christ as it is the duty of all to regard him, your love will not spend itself in empty professions, and vague feelings of attachment, but you will make it your meat and drink to do his will, even as he made it his meat and his drink to do the will of his Father; you will ever seek, in his strength, a nearer conformity to his image; and whatever you know to be displeasing to him, you will shun as the gates of death. When you stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, as we must all shortly stand before it, it will avail you nothing to say, 'Lord, I have loved thee much and tenderly, for my soul has often been stirred within me when I thought of thy grace and thy glory.' If you have no better evidence than this to prove the sincerity of your love, you can expect no other sentence than that which he pronounces on those who have enjoyed and exercised his gifts without accepting his grace, 'Depart from me, I never knew you, all ye that work iniquity.'—Pp. 150-154.

Our final extract is from the conclusion of a sermon on "Regeneration," and will give our readers an example of Mr. Ramsay's dehortatory style.

"We ask you, then, my brethren, as the most solemn and serious question which you can put to your own souls—we ask you individually, or rather we entreat you individually to ask yourselves—have you any reasonable ground for believing that you are a child of God, and an heir of his kingdom? Have you been called from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan to serve the living God? We do not ask you, it would serve no purpose to ask you, when and how you became a child of God. There must, indeed, have been a particular time when you were turned from sin to God, for every thing which is in time must have begun to be at some particular point of time; and in some cases, doubtless, perhaps in many, the effects of regeneration may be so sudden and decided as to leave no doubt as to the time when the old man was put off, and the new man put on. The three thousand men who were converted at once by the preaching of St. Peter, could have no difficulty in dating their conversion at the day of Pentecost. But this is not always the case, probably it is not generally the case. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, so the Spirit of God worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth, and the time and manner of his operation are often hidden from us. The spiritual life may sometimes seem, like the gourd of Jonah, to grow up in a night; though it cannot, like it, perish in a night, but endureth for ever: in other cases, it may appear like the seed which a man hath sown in his field, which 'springeth and groweth up, he knoweth not how.' We do not ask you, then, how or when you became a child of God, for that is a question which perhaps might only serve to perplex you; but we do ask you, Have you any reason to believe that you are a child of God at all? We do not ask you whether or not you sin, for there is no man living that sinneth not; but we ask you, whether sin reigns in your hearts? Do you give sin that willing obedience which a loyal subject yields to his sovereign? Do you allow yourself in sin? Have you any desire to be delivered from its power? When the prayer is offered up in your presence, that we may be enabled more and more to die unto sin and live unto righteousness, can you join heartily in the petition? When you fall into sin, do you sincerely repent of it, not

merely on account of its temporal consequences, but because it is an offence against God? And is it your wish and prayer that you may be strengthened to forsake it? Unless you can give a satisfactory answer to these questions, you cannot give a satisfactory answer to the question, Are you a child of God? for you have not the answer of a good conscience towards him; and the saving change, of which we have been speaking, has still to be wrought in you.

"Remember the awful words of St. Paul,—‘If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.’ And if you are not Christ’s, whose are you, and what is to become of you? The whole family of mankind is represented to us throughout the Bible, as divided into two great classes—those who serve the living God, and those who go after idols; those who are sanctified by the Spirit, and those who remain under bondage to sin and death. And as between these two classes of persons there is a broad though secret separation in this life, so there will be a broad and manifest separation between them in the life that is to come—even the great gulf spoken of by our Lord in the parable, which divides the regions of torment from the mansions of glory.”—(Pp. 116–118.)

Now, these are fair specimens, assuredly not more than so, of the teaching which their lamented author addressed to a small rural congregation. It is impossible to exaggerate the hopes which were justly founded on such compositions,—hopes that he who had begun thus, would in due time become, not perhaps an eminently popular, but what is far better, an eminently profitable and persuasive preacher of the holy gospel. They are not like juvenile productions,—not in the least like them,—in several respects extremely unlike them. There is no crudity of thought, no turgidity and rant, no confounding profusion of imagery, no mere unmeaning torrent of desperate vocables. Quiet, grave, and earnest, they everywhere remind us of grey hairs. Yet it is plain that, utterly unambitious as they are in point of style and execution, they nevertheless attain a mark which stands high beyond the reach of any mere ambition; for the gentle stream of simple and elegant language which runs through them, perfectly limpid in its clearness, is found to carry with it a rich freight of precious and well-considered truth. The writer applied himself with a direct, single-minded, and vigorous purpose to his subject, negligent and careless of all other effect, save that of communicating truth as he thought it in his heart. Let preachers, and especially young preachers, profit by the example. Waving all weightier objections to the rhapsodical, noisy, bombastic, Gerundo fashion which is apt to be adopted by them, we may be allowed to warn them fairly that it will not, and cannot succeed, for more than the dog’s one day. They may depend upon it that their most startling extravagances will always be outdone by the platform and the stage,—that their most convulsive vociferations will easily be outroared, both by the monarch of the forest and by far more ignoble beasts. We believe that our own aspirants are less, certainly they are not more, reprehensible in the matter we speak of, than others of our country; but even among them, we have enough and to spare of a mere sterile wind-and-word eloquence. Let us hope that they will carefully study Mr. Ramsay’s sermons, who, though he had but left their ranks when he died, may teach them how to combine elegance with simplicity, massive thought with clearness of expression, and persuasive effect with subdued propriety of manner.

MITCHISON'S Hand-Book of the Songs of Scotland. Glasgow, Mitchison and Co.

This is a collection of songs which were wont to be sung by the celebrated vocalist, John Wilson, in his popular concerts. A short memoir of that gentleman is prefixed, written by a friendly hand. We prefer the descriptive and historical notes to the pictorial illustrations, which do not reflect much credit upon the designers. The work otherwise is elegantly got up, and we doubt not will command a large sale. In a second edition, we would advise the publishers to omit the portrait of John Wilson, which is no likeness.

We quote the following interesting account of Wilson's Musical Education, from the Memoirs.

"His musical education seems to have been instigated by nature, and yet it must altogether be regarded as exhibiting a remarkable triumph over unfavourable circumstances; for his voice, so rich and mellow in after years, was, in his early youth, thin in quality, and husky in expression. He was, however, passionately fond of singing; indeed, his attachment to it was quite a singularity of character: he never tired of it, and seemed to find intense delight in the constant exercise of his voice. This peculiarity he preserved to the latest period of his career;—we have heard him estimate his practice at a thousand notes a-day; and to this natural bent of inclination much of his eminent vocal power may undoubtedly be traced. It is recorded that Mr. John Mather, leader and teacher of a musical association called 'The Edinburgh Institution,' and Mr. Benjamin Gleadhill, of the Tron Church Band, of both of whom Wilson received the early vocal lessons on which his taste was formed, whilst afterwards delighted and astonished at the display of his abilities, owned that they could never have predicted his excellence, and that they certainly never had discerned his capabilities. Such, however, are the results of enthusiasm, practice, and perseverance. These three gave new qualities to the originally thin and husky voice of Wilson, although the conscious genius of song must all along have been tugging at his heart; for long before his better powers were developed, would he essay a public appearance in some obscure precentor's desk; and when the Rev. Mr. Thomson of Duddingstone, the celebrated landscape painter, a perfect devotee to music, established a little band in his rural church at Duddingstone Loch, it was the delight of John Wilson to accompany the precentor from Edinburgh on the Sunday mornings to this romantic spot, and assist in the singing, or occasionally to officiate in his absence. By these incessant vocal efforts Wilson's voice began to be developed; and the accomplished minister of Duddingstone was amongst the earliest to discover its latent qualities, and urge its careful cultivation. Such encouragement incited a diligent application to his musical education; and at length he felt justified in becoming a candidate for the precentorship of Roxburgh Place Relief Church, an appointment which he obtained. The salary was seventeen guineas per annum. It was here that his beautiful tenor voice and admirable musical taste, becoming the subjects of town talk, attracted crowded audiences to the church in which he officiated. The congregation, in admiration of their precentor, bestowed upon him a piece of plate. After the lapse of several years, in 1826, his celebrity induced the Town Council of Edinburgh to select him out of a number of candidates, one of whom was Mr. Templeton, his rival in Scottish and operatic song, to fill the precentor's desk of the New Church of St. Mary's, where the Rev. Henry Grey was then in the height of his popularity. This was a decided step in advance for Wilson, whose modest and amiable demeanour not only procured him

access to the tables of many members of this the most fashionable congregation in Edinburgh, where he readily made himself welcome by the beautiful style in which he executed the melodies of Scotland, but even led to his employment in the vocal tuition of their children. Having quitted the employment of Mr. Ballantyne, chiefly on the strength of his employment as a teacher of singing, he now strove to perfect his attainments under the able instruction of Mr. Finlay Dun, to whom Mr. Wilson often warmly and gratefully acknowledged his professional obligations.

Revolution, and other Poems, by SUSANNA HARTHILL. Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co.

Miss Harthill cannot write poetry, and never will. The only respectable thing in this work is the name of the publishers.

Village Scenes; a Poem, in Two Parts. Edinburgh, Johnston and Hunter.

This is one of the many works which daily issue from the press at the author's expense, and from the sale of which he may probably expect to realize a handsome profit and a glorious reputation. It is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Guthrie by his permission. We shall take the liberty to bury it, in the words of our author:

"I charge thee with my dying breath,
To take me where my children (MSS.) sleep,
And lay me where the willows weep,
Where songs of birds e'er greet the ear,
And streams run murmuring sweet and clear;
Where mountain flower shall ever bloom
Upon my low unheeded tomb."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Ordination.—Parish of Cambusnethan.—The ordination of the Rev. Robert Shaw Hutton, A.M. (formerly of Newington Chapel, Edinburgh,) as Minister of the Church and Parish of Cambusnethan, in the Presbytery of Hamilton, took place on Thursday the 17th inst. The Rev. W. M. Watt of Shotts presided on the occasion. On the conclusion of the Services, Mr. Hutton received a most cordial welcome from his parishioners, a large number of whom were present. Mr. Hutton was introduced to his new sphere of labour on Sabbath the 20th, by the Rev. John Wilson of Forgandenny.

Ladyloan Church, Arbroath.—The

Rev. Mr. M' Dougall has been elected to this charge, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr. Buchanan to St. Thomas's Church, Leith.

Glasgow College.—We learn that Dr. T. T. Jackson, Professor of Theology in St. Andrews, has been appointed by the Crown, to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in Glasgow College, vacant by the death of the late Dr. Reid.

The Rev. James Cuthbert, who, for eighteen months past, has acted as assistant to the Rev. Mr. M'Laren of Larbert, has been unanimously appointed to succeed the Rev. Mr. Hutton in the charge of Newington Church, Edinburgh.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXV.

JUNE 1851.

The Bards of the Bible. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh:
James Hogg. 1851.

It is told of the famous Robert Hall, that when some student, in his presence, attempted summarily to show the superior merits and claims of the Bible, by asserting that God was its author, he replied, that that statement was nothing to the purpose, since God had also made the meanest reptile and the most tiny insect. This was most contemptible trifling on the part of the great preacher; and we wonder that the youth did not address him to the following effect:—True, Sir; God has made worms and flies, and will not these stand a rather favourable comparison with the worms and flies which man has attempted to create?—Yet not a greater contrast would there be between these, than between the book of God and all the books of men. Whatever God is the author of, whether it be an insect or a book, must be infinitely superior to whatever, in the same department, is the product of man. Nay, divine Thoughts have this grand difference even from divine Works, that whilst the latter may be and often are temporary and evanescent, the former are stereotyped for eternity, and shall ever be revelations shining upon the mysterious face of the Infinite. The breath of God, whether turned into souls or words, gives a sure immortality. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one word that God has spoken, nor a single soul of which He is the father.

On a first view, any criticism upon the literary merits of the Bible seems a grand impertinence, if not a gross profanity. Reviewing the Bible, or sketching the genius of the sacred writers, has a repulsive sound; and the critic's chair, with the holy volume on the table before it, is almost as unpleasant a sight as the chair of the scorner. It must also be confessed, that very much of the criticism expended upon the poetry of the Bible, has possessed such a trifling character as greatly to

aggravate the appearance of irreverence. It has shewn only a sense of petty conventional taste, pronouncing one grand oracle from heaven "elegant," another "beautiful," and a third "truly Homeric or Ossianic." It only alighted upon certain portions of the Bible, as if these alone were poetical, quite forgetting that, from the proper point of view, all inspired Scripture is essential poetry, just as, from the proper point of view, a mass of clay and water is a shining planet in the firmament. A Cockney, paying his compliments to the rising sun or to some lofty mountain, has a close alliance with the most of our critics on the Bards of the Bible.

Mr. Gilfillan was entitled to say of the criticism of his predecessors, "Rarely did it reach, in any of its altitudes of praise, a term higher than 'elegant,'—a term which, while accurately measuring Pope and Addison, looks, when connected with Moses and Isaiah, ludicrously inadequate. The age of which this was the superlative, could scarcely measure the poetry of that which saw and sung the highest beauty and the loftiest grandeur, embracing each other in the temple, under the shadow of

‘Jehovah thundering out of Zion, throned
Between the cherubim.’”

But when the criticism is of the proper range, kind, and spirit, it is not only unobjectionable, but most precious. We have full leave to speak of the beauty of God's works; and why not also of the beauty of his many authentic words? If to recite a passage of Scripture, and show the poetry which lies in and shines through it, be profane; then it is equally so to point upwards to the starry hosts, and utter a rhapsody of admiration. All philosophy, science, and literature, are really, though often indirectly, a set of criticisms on the manifestations of Deity; and why should a criticism on the grandeur and beauty of the verbal Revelation be deemed irreverent or blasphemous?

A glorious office it is to describe the poets and the poetry of the Bible. Mr. Gilfillan fills this office incomparably better than all who have hitherto attempted it; and we doubt much if any successor will be his equal. The volume exceeds our expectations, high as these were, and will remain, we venture to predict, the standard book on Hebrew Poetry. Wilson's criticisms upon Homer, are not more worthy of the theme than are those of Gilfillan upon the Bible.

The formidable difficulty which besets all criticism upon the poetry of the Bible, Mr. Gilfillan has not got rid of; and we believe no man ever will. That difficulty is the comparison which is always, whether consciously or unconsciously, made between human genius and divine inspiration. Whatever theory of inspiration be adopted, inspiration is still something essentially and utterly different from genius. Genius is human intuition; inspiration is intuition superhuman. The first indicates the highest natural mood of the soul; the second indicates a purely supernatural mood. No criticism can say any thing about the latter; for we know nothing of it either as a possession or an operation. Yet inspiration necessarily expresses itself through and by genius. Now, are the characteristics of the different sacred writers, the peculiarities arising from inspiration, or those arising from genius in their individual

minds? Any solution of this most pertinent question must leave insuperable obstacles in the way of a description of the idiosyncracies of the Bards of the Bible. What Mr. Gilfillan says of Isaiah, could, with equal force and propriety, be applied either to Jeremiah or Ezekiel. There are no such distinctions between the sacred writers as between Shakspeare and Milton, Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge and Wilson. They have not even the differences which mark the brethren of one family; for petty varieties of dialect are not worth the consideration of any but a pedantic grammarian, and the same writer might have used them all in succession, if living at different periods. With the exceptions of the author of the book of Job, and Paul, the sacred penmen have almost every quality of genius in common.

We shall briefly endeavour to give our readers some idea of the comprehensive plan of Mr. Gilfillan's book, along with one or two quotations, to show how admirably he builds upon his plan. Many admirers of his genius have hitherto doubted whether he possessed constructiveness; but the noble plan of the "*Bards of the Bible*," and the singular closeness with which he keeps to it, will remove all such doubts. For unity, it is a poem, rather than a series of essays upon the Bible.

The First Chapter is occupied with a discussion of the circumstances creating and modifying Old Testament poetry. These were, the creation of the world, the flood, the call of Abraham, the awful scene of Sinai—sufficient in itself "to create a volcanic stream of national imagination"—the peculiar economy of the Jews, the no less peculiar set of doctrines placed before them—such as the Divine Unity, the Divine Omnipresence, the coming Messiah, a millennium on the earth, and a future state. Amongst the minor circumstances are noted the climate and scenery of the country in which the Bards lived, and the characteristics of the language which they spoke.

The Second Chapter is on the general characteristics of Hebrew Poetry, its universal and tropical imagery, its simplicity, its boldness, and its high moral tone and constant religious reference,—for, as the author justly remarks, the Hebrew poet was nothing, if not sacred. "The grand theocracy around, ruled all the soul and all the song of the bard. Wherever he stood, under the silent starry canopy, or in the congregation of the faithful, musing in solitary places, or smiting, with high, hot, rebounding hand, the cymbal, his feeling was, 'How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the House of God, this is the gate of heaven.' In him, surrounded by sacred influences, haunted by sacred recollections, moving through a holy land, and overhung by a heavenly presence, religion became a passion, a patriotism, and a poetry. Hence, the sacred song of the Hebrews stands alone; and hence we may draw the deduction, that its equal we shall never see again, till again religion enshrine the earth with an atmosphere as it then enshrined Palestine—till poets are the organs not only of their personal belief, but of the general sentiment around them, and have become but the high priests in a vast sanctuary, when all shall be worshippers because all is felt to be divine."

The Third Chapter contains a critical discussion of the varieties of

Hebrew Poetry, as arranged and classified by Dr. Lowth, Dr. Ewald, and Herder. The following is Mr. Gilfillan's own division :

- " We have, first, Song—
 Exulting—in odes of triumph.
 Insulting—in strains of irony and invective.
 Mourning—over calamities.
 Worshipping God.
 Loving—in friendly or amatory songs.
 Reflecting—in gnomic or sententious strains.
 Interchanging—in the varied persons and parts of the simple drama.
 Wildly—luxuriating.
 Narrating—the past deeds of God to Israel—the simple epic.
 Predicting—the future history of the Church and the world.
- " We have, second, Poetical Statement, or Statement—
 1st, Of poetic facts (creation, &c.)
 2d, Of poetic doctrines (God's spirituality.)
 3d, Of poetic sentiments, with or without figurative language
 (golden rule, &c.)
 4th, Of poetic symbols (in Zechariah, Revelation, &c.)"

This division may be exhaustive, but we humbly think that it is exceedingly cumbrous. The whole of Hebrew poetry may well enough, verily, be contained in and defined by so many separate lines! The whole ground is covered with vessels, so that it is impossible for a single drop of Hebrew poetry to escape or be spilled.

The Fourth Chapter is on the Poetry of the Pentateuch. Mr. Gilfillan's description of Moses as "the Homer of his country," strikes us as singularly inappropriate; for the simplicity and sublimity which mark both, are of a totally different kind. We are inclined also to think that Mr. Gilfillan has overlooked some of the grandest peculiarities of the Pentateuch. For example; so strong and overpowering was the sacred writer's idea of the eternity of God, that creation passes quickly through its six brief days—each morning but a ray, each evening but a cloud,—whilst the biographies of the primitive men are opened and shut after a single glance, and histories the most important are despatched as ephemeral things; verily, God stood forth in that sacred writer's gaze to make all else diminutive and momentary. We wonder, too, that Mr. Gilfillan has failed to indicate, that the sacred historians had a gift as strange and supernatural as marked the sacred prophets. The past, which they read, was to all other men as much a blank as the future was. They looked back, often through thousands of unregistered and unstoried years, and witnessed, as with the eye of a contemporary, ancient men and events. Their "eyes behind" ran back to the creation of the world, the origin of the human race, and the deluge. They were helped by no records, no traditions, no monuments, no traces. Picture Moses—perhaps in the wilderness—composing, from ancient scenes divinely reproduced to him, the five books commonly ascribed to his pen. A higher and a nobler hill than Pisgah, from which he was permitted to gaze upon the promised land, must have been his seat—whence he could

descrie far-distant chaos, and remote paradise ! The historian, at mid-day, had to see and point out the stars of night which had long since disappeared ; and the prophet had to see and point out, at midnight, the ruler and the objects of the coming day. A seer's supernatural eye was equally needed for both.

A subsequent chapter on the Historical Books is full of the finest criticism, alternating with sublime pictures. Balaam—*minus* his ass—is a splendidly executed full-length portrait. Saul, the Witch of Endor, and the Ghost of Samuel, are most dramatically exhibited. Of the Book of Esther Mr. Gilfillan tersely remarks : “ In it, God dwells—as the heart in the human frame—not visible, hardly felt, and yet thrilling and burning in every artery and vein. No label proclaims his presence, but the life of the Book has been all derived from him.”

The chapter on the Book of Job is, perhaps, the one of most transcendent ability, though we think that the *minutiæ* of the moral are over ingenious. We take the Book of Job to be a drama of God's providence in the universe with the universe, manifold agencies all converging upon the lot of one man. There is a straight and beaten path between the Court of Heaven and the threshold of the patriarch—a path on which even Satan is allowed to enter, that he might aim his arrows at the good man—the arrows of death, disease, and worldly ruin ; and the worst arrows of all, a wife's sharp and poisonous tongue, and the numerous tongues of your “ good-natured friends.”

In Mr. Gilfillan's elaborate sketch of what he calls “ Reconciliation,” there is an incongruous mixture of the philosophic, the transcendently philosophic, and the evangelically bare and simple. After describing a sceptic of the Emersonian kind, he asks : “ Has he entertained doubts ? He drowns them in atoning blood ?”

David and Solomon, and their poems, are handled with amazing energy, subtilty, and sympathy.

Unquestionably, the noblest part of the volume is that occupied with the prophets. The following description of the seer is unrivalled in modern poetry and prose, and might have been written by the hand of Gehazi, who knew full well the power of a prophet !

“ The Hebrew prophet, in his highest form, was a solitary and savage man, residing with lions, when he was not waylaying kings, on whose brow the scorching sun of Syria had characterised its fierce and swarthy hue ; and whose dark eye swam with a fine insanity, gathered from solitary communings with the sand, the sea, the mountains, and the sky, as well as with the light of a divine afflatus. He had lain in the cockatrice's den ; he had put his hand on the hole of the asp ; he had spent the night on lion-surrounded trees, and slept and dreamed amid their hungry roar ; he had swam in the Dead Sea, or haunted, like a ghost, those dreary caves which lowered around it ; he had drank of the melted snow on the top of Lebanon ; at Sinai, he had traced and trod on the burning footprints of Jehovah ; he had heard messages at midnight, which made his hair to arise and his skin to creep ; he had been wet with the dews of the night, and girt by the demons of the wilderness ; he had been tossed up and down like a leaf upon the strong and veering storm of his inspiration. He was essentially a lonely man : cut off, by gulph upon gulph, from tender ties and human associations. He had no home ; a wife he might be permitted to marry, but—as in the case of Hosea

—the permission might only be to him a curse, and to his people an emblem; and when (as in the case of Ezekiel,) her death became necessary as a sign, she died, and left him in the same austere seclusion in which he had existed before. The power which came upon him cut, by its fierce coming, all the threads which bound him to his kind,—tore him from the plough or from the pastoral solitude, and hurried him to the desert, and thence to the foot of the throne, or to the wheel of the triumphal chariot. And how startling his coming, to crowned or conquering guilt! Wild from the wilderness, bearded like its lion-lord; the fury of God glaring in his eye; his mantle heaving to his heaving breast; his words stern, swelling, tinged on their edges with a terrible poetry; his attitude dignity; his gesture power;—how did he burst upon the astonished gaze! how swift and solemn his entrance; how short and spirit-like his stay; how dreamy, yet distinctly dreadful, the impression made by his words long after they had ceased to tingle on the ears; and how mysterious the solitude into which he seemed to melt away! Poet, nay, prophet, were a feeble name for such a being. He was a momentary incarnation—a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal.”

The second section of the volume is on the Poetry of the New Testament. Mr. Gilfillan justly views the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, and the facts and doctrines connected with the INCARNATION, as creating and modifying the poetry of the New Testament. Although the portraiture of the Divine Man has many of the finest touches, yet we are pained at the small idea given of Christ. Even when out of the manger of Bethlehem, and away from under the care of Joseph and Mary, Jesus is represented too much as a Child. The following simile, descriptive of Him “in whom was all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,” is extremely questionable:—“Divinity lay in him as the sun does in a dew-drop.”

The elaborate and lengthy illustration of Christ’s “unconsciousness” is equally questionable. *Unconsciousness* may be, and is, we believe, the characteristic of great human genius and virtue; but that it should be a characteristic of the God-man is not self-evident, and that it *was not*, is apparent from his history. “I and my Father are one,”—“I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of Hell and of Death,”—are the most unequivocal assertions of what he knew himself to be, and are grandly authoritative revelations,—like the self-description of Jehovah, “I am that I am.”

The poetry of the Epistles, and of the Book of Revelation, is admirably discussed; but space forbids us to make any comments.

There is one chapter, the insertion of which in the volume we much regret,—“The future destiny of the Bible.” Mr. Gilfillan seems to hold that, unless Christ shall come to reign personally on the earth, and work new and mightier miracles, to stamp the Bible afresh, the Bible stands a great chance of being degraded, if not destroyed. And this apprehension, after such distinct, confident, and eloquent statements of the Bible’s divinity, and of the Bible’s infinite superiority—as a literary composition—to all other books! If the fear be well grounded, it is high time that we all become Millennarians! Rather than lose the Bible, we shall adopt and propagate a most fantastic and improbable creed about Christ’s second coming. A few sceptics stumble at the miracles recorded in the Bible: and Mr. Gilfillan appears to think

that they would believe these, if new ones were performed ! Now, in our view, new miracles would be new obstacles to such men. But—to come closer to the danger—we should exceedingly like to see Mr. Gilfillan attempt to show that modern scepticism is at all formidable, or even earnest, upon this one point of MIRACLES. The most profound, comprehensive, and earnest speculations which unfortunately result in, or tend to, scepticism, never stoop to touch that point. The objection to Christianity, grounded in miracles, is a paltry scientific quibble, worthy of the sceptics of last century, but utterly unworthy of entering such a mind as that of Thomas Carlyle. The Bible is secure against all science : and miracles-objection comes from the very surface of science. The only possible danger to Christianity is from philosophy. To an earnest and high intellect, the DOCTRINES of Christianity, and not the miracles which introduced it, are the mysteries which perplex and repel. He does not ask his experience if it ever registered similar miracles ; but he asks his consciousness if it harmonises with such doctrines. Holding, with Mr. Gilfillan, that miracles never made a convert to Christianity, we also hold, against him, that they never made a sceptic. They were *divine ornaments*, or signs meant to attract universal attention to the truth to be spoken, not *divine influences* ; and to the sceptic they have never been *stumbling-stones*, they have only been *striking-stones*, which, after the rejection of the doctrines of the Bible, he is glad to pick up and throw at the Bible. Those who believe that sin damns for ever,—that Christ is God-man, the Saviour of sinners,—that he will take their souls to heaven, and even raise their bodies from the grave to an immortal union,—will not be made sceptics when they are told that the same Being, when he was on the earth accomplishing such a grand work, performed a few deeds which science cannot very well explain, such as walking on the sea ; healing the sick ; curing the blind, deaf, and dumb, by a word ; and raising to life the dead and the buried. Why, the miracles of the Bible are incomparably the most credible of all the points to which our faith is claimed. In an age, too, in which faith in appearances and communications from the world of spirits is rapidly growing,—not among the vulgar, ignorant, and superstitious, but among the intelligent, the scientific, and even the philosophic, many of whom actually receive the creed, and adopt as facts the stories, of Mrs. Crowe, the writer upon *ghosts*,—it is passing strange that the Bible should be in danger of meeting with a universal rejection on account of its miracles being incredible !

In short, Mr. Gilfillan has mistaken the very silliest point of scepticism for the most formidable. Nor do we scruple to say, that so far as the destiny of the Bible is concerned, he has drawn unconscionably upon his imagination to heighten his picture of the dangers of Christianity, from the whole field and from all the forces of scepticism. The Bible has not now lost its divinity, save to those in whose eyes it never was divine ; and a much greater number of believers than there ever was before, receive it fully and implicitly, and hold it fast. Mr. Gilfillan is in the habit of frightening the whole Church of God, by holding up the cases of such men as Arnold and Sterling ; but these two ill-conditioned spies of his give a report of the land of the Bible, which is contradicted

by others of greater name and note, and in large crowds. Meanwhile, as Mr. Gilfillan deems it conclusive against Mr. De Quincey's speculations about the perpetuity of war, to quote a single passage from Scripture, he will perhaps feel that all his gratuitous fears for the safety of the Bible are completely dispelled by the declaration—"The word of the Lord endureth for ever,"—"Heaven and earth (two objects considerably more permanent than Arnold and Sterling, with Carlyle to boot,) may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of all that I have spoken."

Yet if his fears were well grounded, his hope, "so long deferred," is very unsatisfactory. The Bible is sinking, and yet a fanciful and inconsistent construction put upon a few passages in it, points out its only deliverance! If we were Millennarians, we should expect Christ to come—not to save the Bible—but to save the world! How Christ's personal reign and new miracles are to remove those stumbling-blocks—the mysterious truths of the Bible—Mr. Gilfillan does not show, does not even attempt to show. "An evil generation," (and we regret to see that a man of such genius, and one who has so nobly exhibited the poetry of the Bible, belongs to it) "seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it." We reverently suggest, that Christians of a sceptical turn of mind, when perplexed by the many mysteries of the Bible, should rather be willing to die, and "know even as they are known," than desirous that a very unnatural and improbable construction on a few Scripture words, should prove to be the true one. Let them rather wait in the fervent hope of carrying their sealed portions of the Bible into heaven, to be opened before the throne, than weary themselves with the vain expectation that at some future period those portions may be opened on earth by a new series of miracles.

Yet this objectionable chapter contains perhaps the most splendid passage in the whole volume, and with it we conclude. The passage consists of two dreams:

"As never book so commanded, roused, affrighted, gladdened, beautified, and solemnised the world, so the horrors of its fall are too frightful almost for conception. We were borne away in vision to see this great sight—in vision only, thank God! ever to be seen. We saw this new plague of darkness passing over the world. As it passed, there was heard the shriek of children, mourning for their New Testaments, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. There arose, next, the wail of women; of mothers, whose hope for their dead babes was put out; of wives, whose desire for the salvation of their husbands was cruelly quenched; of aged matrons, whose last comfort, as they trembled on the verge of eternity, was extinguished. Then came a voice, saying, "Philanthropists, abandon your plans of universal amelioration, for the glad tidings to all people have died away! Preachers of the world, pause on your pulpit stairs: your message is a lie! Poets, cut your gorgeous dreams of a Millennium in sunder; they are but dreams, and the dream-book is dead! Missionaries, throw down your sickles; the 'end of the world' ye may see, its 'harvest' never! Poor negroes, Caffrarians, and Hindoos, look no more upwards to those teachers, once deemed to drop down honey and milk on your parched lips; they are retailers of exploded fables! Millennarians, ye who hoped that the world was soon to be touched by the golden spur of Jesus, and to spring onwards to a glorious goal,—why stand ye gazing into heaven? Heaven there is

none, and no Saviour is preparing to descend ! ' Bearers of that corpse to the grave, cast it down, and flee ; for he that fell asleep in Jesus, fell asleep in a lie, and if ye sow in hope ye are liars too ! Poor prisoner in the cause of humanity,—poor slave, turn not your red and swollen eyes to heaven, for on the side of your oppressors there is power, and ye have no helper ! Stop your prayers, ye praying ones, for the great ear is shut ; nay, it was never open ! Dying sinner, clench thy teeth in silence ; hope not, for there is no pardon ; fear not, for there is no punishment ! But, while prayer, and praise, and the cheerful notes of Christian and hopeful toil—the voice of the bridegroom rejoicing over his bride, united by the sacred tie of Christian marriage,—and the voice of Christian mother, bending and singing over the cradled features, where she reads immortality,—and all melodies which have wedded Christian hope to poetry and music should be for ever dumb ; let the maniac howl on, and the swearer curse, and the atheist laugh, and the vile person sneer and gibber, and the hell-broth of war bubble over in blood, and the sound of the scourge become eternal as the growth of the cane ; and if mirth there be, let it be expressed in one wild and universal dance, between a grave for ever closed, below, and a heaven for ever empty, and shut, and silent, above." All this we saw and heard, and, starting from a slumber more hideous than death, found our bible in our bosom, and behold it was but a dream.

" ' Again in our dream, and the vision was new.' We stood in the midst of a great plain or table-land ; with dim, shadowy mountains, far behind and around, and a black, midnight, moonless sky above. A motley multitude was met, filling the whole plain ; and a wild, stern hum, as of men assembled for one dark purpose, told us that they were assembled to witness or to assist at a sacrifice. In the midst of the plain there towered a huge altar, on which crackled and smoked a blaze, blue, livid, and the spires of which seemed eyes, eager, and hungrily waiting for their victim and prey. Around, ' many glittering faces ' were looking on. They were the faces of the priests, who appeared all men of gigantic stature. Their aspects otherwise were various. Some seemed, like the flames, restlessly eager ; others seemed timid, were ghastly pale, and looked ever and anon around and above ; and in the eyes of one or two there stood unshed tears. Above them, in the smoke, dipping at times their wings in the surge of the fire, and frequently whispering in the ears of the priest, we noticed certain dark and winged figures, the purpose in whose eyes made them shine more fiercely far than the flames, and sparkle like the jewellery of hell. On the altar there was as yet no victim. All this we saw as clearly as if noon had been resting on the plain, for all, though dark, shone like the blackness of the raven's wing. We asked in our astonishment, at one standing beside us, ' What meaneth all this ? What sacrifice is this ? Who are these priests ? ' And he replied, ' Know you not this ? these priests are the leaders of the new philosophy—the successors of those who, in the nineteenth century, sapped the belief of the nations in the Bible. They have met to burn the Bible, and to renew society through its ashes.' ' And is all the multitude of this mind ? ' ' The majority are ; but a few are so weak as to believe that the book will be snatched by a supernatural hand from the burning ; and it is said that even two or three of the priests share at times in the foolish delusion ; but I laugh at it.' ' But who are those winged figures ? ' ' Winged figures ! ' he replied, ' I see them not.' And he looked again. ' Yes,' we said, ' with those plumes of darkness and eyes of fire.' His countenance fell ; he stared, trembled, and was silent. It appeared that the multitude saw not *them*.

" The hum of the vast congregation meanwhile increased, like that of many waves nearing the shore. At last voices were heard crying, ' It is time ;

forth with the old imposture.' And it was brought forth, and one of the priests, a grey-haired man, took it into his hands. 'Who is this?' we asked. 'He was once,' said our neighbour, 'a believer in the Bible, and has been chosen, therefore, to cast it into the flames, and to pronounce a curse over it ere it is cast.' Words would fail us to describe the multitude when the book appeared. Some shouted with savage joy; others muttered 'curses, not loud, but deep.' One cried, 'It maddened my mother.' Another, 'It made my sister drown herself.' A third, 'It has cost me many a night of agony.' Some we saw weeping, and wiping away their tears, lest they should be seen; and other some looking up with the protest of indignation and appeal to heaven. One face we noticed—that of a youth, and there was a poet's fire in his eye, who seemed about to speak in the Book's behalf, when one beside put his hands to his lips, and held him back from his purpose like a hound by the leash. And methought we heard, half stifled in the distance, from a remote part of the assembly, a deep hollow voice, saying, 'Beware.'

"The priest approached the altar, held the volume over the flames, and uttered the curse. What it was, we heard not distinctly, for each word was lost in loud volleys of applause, which the priest began, and the vast multitude repeated. But as he held it in his grasp, and was uttering his slow maledictions over it, we saw the Book becoming radiant with a strange lustre, brightening at every word, as if it were uttering a silent protest, and giving the lie in light to the syllables of insult. And when he ceased there was silence, and he is about to drop the book into the burning, when a voice is heard saying, not now in a whisper, but as in ten thunders, 'Beware!' and, turning round, we saw, speeding from the mountain boundary of the plain, the figure of a man—his eyes shining like the sun—his hair streaming behind him—his right hand stretched out before. And as the multitude open, by their trembling and falling to the ground, a thousand ways before him; and as the old priest stiffens into stone, and holds the Book as a statue might hold it; and as the priests around sink over the altar into the flames, and the winged figures fly, he approaches, ascends, takes the Book, and, looking up to heaven and around to earth, exclaims, 'The Word of the Lord, the Word of the Lord endureth for ever!' And lo! the altar seemed to shape itself into a throne, and the man sat upon it, and 'the judgment was set, and the books were opened.' And again we awoke, and behold it was, and *yet was not*, a dream."

THE NUNNERY QUESTION.—THE PROTECTION BILL.—MONACHISM.

THE present season, as regards Popery, may be described as a shaking among the dry bones. The recent agitation, occasioned by the audacious doings of the Court of Rome, appears to have led some nominal Protestants for the first time to know any thing of a system antagonistic to the faith in which they have been brought up, and by which they were discriminated in the religious world. In certain cases the "*new learning*" (this is an old Protestant phrase,) suggests the idea of another island rising in the Frith of Forth, a geological phenomenon which people gaze upon with wonder, amazement, and terror. Doctrinal Popery has had the veil removed which covered over its evils from many eyes, and Popish institutions have been subjected to a closer scrutiny than was their fate since the Reformation. The Nunnery system, although the quieter

and more shady part of the Romish system, has been laid bare to the vulgar eye, and its real nature made more appreciable to the most commonplace understanding. A peculiar circumstance, coincident with a strife otherwise caused, and comprehending more important points of discussion, impelled inordinate attention to the conventual vices of Romanism. On a day some weeks back, Sir Robert H. Inglis startled the House of Commons, by presenting a petition from a member of the Fitzhardinge family, the Hon. Craven Berkeley, in which he alleged, *inter alia*, that his step-daughter, Augusta Talbot, a niece of the Earl of Shrewsbury (a credulous and very weak Papist), had, notwithstanding her being a ward of Chancery, been placed in a convent as a "postulant" or novice,—that the period was approaching when she would be required to advance another step, and from that to the last, when the assumption of the black veil would render her a complete nun. The hon. gentleman alleged, further, that the young lady was denied communication with her nearest relatives, even with her step-sister, and was thus "prevented from cultivating those natural feelings of affection which, but for the reasons aforesaid, would exist and grow up between them, to their mutual comfort and support." The lady would have formed a rich prize to the priests, for her fortune amounts to about L.85,000. Placed on "Tintock top," crowds of wooers would have sought the hand which wielded so much of the "money power," even in *posse*. And it appears that a French nobleman had paid his addresses to the heiress, and somehow had failed. Miss Talbot, too, had been introduced into London life, by which we assume is meant, that she was whirled about to routs, balls, concerts, theatres, dinner parties, soirées, and we know not what other of those scenes in which fashionable people exist. She, however, preferred to the giddy rounds of pleasure the convent itself, and seemed in a fair way of taking the veil of celibacy for the rest of her days. But events occurred which brought her out of the cloister into the light of day again, and to the haunts of which she had had before a somewhat unpalatable foretaste. Miss Talbot, though bordering on her twentieth year—an older maiden than was Queen Victoria when she ascended the throne of the British empire—is still in the eye of the law an "*infant*," and as such under the paternal care of the Lord Chancellor. Baron Truro has interested himself deeply in this case; and, if report speaks truly, the young lady is likely soon to take the veil of matrimony, and come to the altar with other aims than to make vows of single life. We need not here advert to unpleasant circumstances connected with Miss Talbot's affairs, such as the contradictions betwixt the statements of the Lord Chancellor and of Dr. Hendren, the Pope's bishop in the district where the convent is situated, in which Miss T. was a postulant. These matters are very serious indeed, and require further explanation. We, however, cite this case, of which too much has been made already, as it created great interest in the country, and prompted to special investigation of the nunnery system, here and elsewhere. Sundry transactions, and of much the same nature, in the courts of law, had occurred about the same time, which helped the excitement. Abroad, too, in one striking instance, the nunnery question has engaged legislative intervention. Sardinia is

a Romanist state ; but, for all that, certain people in power took it into their heads that it would be only fair and proper that the priesthood should be rendered amenable to the ordinary courts of law ; and that, if any member of the order behaved naughtily, he should be indicted, not before a spiritual court, but one purely civil, such as lay people have dealings with. This was the old moot-point which occasioned so much of strife in England ; and Sardinia had its Becketts as well as other quarters. The bishops would not give in, the Court of Rome was sulky and angry, but the civil power was firm in a good cause. The ecclesiastics, in spiteful doggedness, refused the last rites of the Church to one of the obnoxious authors of the measure, and the government put forth its strength to punish the recusants. The breach betwixt the holy see and Sardinia is not yet healed, and reconciliation may be a work of difficulty, not alone from the untoward events of the past, but from the present temper of the nation. A bill has actually been introduced into the parliament at Turin, for the purpose of regulating nunneries ; and, if passed into a law, it will go far to protect the females of Piedmont against priestly cunning and avarice. The feeling in the legislative chambers was so strong in favour of the measure, that it passed its first stage by a large majority. This was a very cheering omen of success, of events favourable to the cause of truth, and of intellectual freedom in a priest-ridden country. In reverting to transactions like the present, occurring in places where Popery was of old the dominant, undisputed master, we cannot help imagining the consequences which might ensue, were there at hand a man thoroughly fitted to take the lead in a movement towards Protestantism. "O for an hour of Wallace wight !" was the exclamation of a patriot, on looking back to the disastrous issues of Flodden field. And, regarding events like the exposure of the holy coat of Treves, and the dispute betwixt Rome and Piedmont, we cannot help, on much the same grounds, imprecating that the continent of Europe might yet find another Luther or Knox, thundering forth his withering eloquence against the abominations of Popery, and calling upon men to come out of Rome, and not be partakers of her plagues.

We have already noticed the fact, that the conventual system was brought under the notice of the House of Commons. In this case action has already been taken, and a bill is before the House, intended to "*prevent the forcible detention of females in religious houses.*" At common law no one can be illegally detained in any place, or prevented from acting agreeably to his or her own inclinations, without a wrong, for which the party aggrieved has a remedy in an action at law. But, as neither postulants nor nuns complete, may have the spirit or opportunity to ask the protection of a court of justice, the bill very properly provides for the visitation of religious houses by county magistrates ; and the visitors are empowered to set at liberty any female in those abodes, who declares her desire to get out of the establishment. Severe penalties are denounced against concealment, evasion, or resistance on the part of individuals connected with nunneries. The bill applies only to England ; but why not extend its provisions to Ireland and to Scotland ? In those parts of the United Kingdom there are nunneries, and surely the females

immured in those houses require protection as much as their sister "*religious*" in England. So extended, the bill might prove useful in particular cases. Only we think it should have a pecuniary clause to this effect,—that in England or Ireland the Lord Chancellor, and in Scotland the Lord Ordinary of one or other of the divisions of the Court of Session, should be empowered to protect the fortune of a nun against all impropriations during her lifetime; saving, of course, the bare interest of the capital, as the price of board, or as pocket-money for any purposes which the proprietrix might consider had a claim upon her funds. In this way the nun would have her means intact, should she have the good sense and proper feeling to renounce obligations which are unlawful *per se*, and which no one has a right to constitute by any form or ceremony, religious or secular. The bill is therefore entirely just in principle, and worthy of a paternal government. It does not absolutely prevent females from taking the vow of celibacy and living in fellowship, but it provides for their release from the conventual life when they express a wish with this object.

The subject under notice, suggests a reference to the monastic system, by which the Church of Rome is specially, though not exclusively distinguished. The eremite and monk differ considerably, inasmuch as in the latter case there is community, fellowship, and social feeling after a certain fashion; the other subsisting solitary and alone, a sort of devout savage. The hermit life in connection with Christianity, had probably its origin in aspirations after evangelic perfection; and, in many cases, no doubt, the recluse sought refuge from the virulence of pagan persecutors in the wild and sterile desert. What was once matter of necessity, degenerated into an object of choice, and especially under such circumstances do we observe the most revolting instances of a loathsome and degrading superstition,—such as men subsisting perched on the top of high pillars, and becoming in that state of wretched and senseless endurance, the objects of blind reverence to the multitude. Monachism has, no doubt, its attractions to the devout mind. It would be found that in this state special advantages of religious fellowship were attained, and that seclusion from the busy, careless, or hostile world without, was secured without the sympathies of the social state being entirely renounced. Nor were the first monks, like their successors, bound by vows of celibacy, or compelled to take holy orders as one of the conditions of their organisation. Future ages present to us the monastic system in a character far different from that in which we would fain believe it existed in its rudimental state. It may be conceded, that the cloister seldom wanted worthy and spiritual men. But generally we find a vast amount of depravity as the predicate of the monastic life. By hypocritical and dissolute men, their vows of poverty and chastity were alike set at defiance, and the religious houses became, in too many cases, scenes of profligacy and of luxurious indolence. Religion was in this way brought into disrepute, and the monkish character formed the topic of declamation and butt of fierce satire to men otherwise well inclined towards the Church of Rome. The avarice of the "*REGULARS*," was one of the most detestable features of their general

character, and the more detestable from its being in direct opposition to their solemn renunciation of the wealth and pleasures of the world. This was fatally shewn in the gross and flagitious inroads made by those voluptuaries on the revenues of the parochial clergy,—the monks obtaining a large number of livings as pertinents of their monasteries, and serving the cures by starved stipendiaries under the name of vicars, or, as was the case in instances particularly flagrant, leaving the churches of which they possessed the patronage “unofficiate and void.”—We cannot pursue this subject farther. Our more immediate theme is the Nunnery system, and even in treating of it our remarks must be very brief.

The nun is a female, who, after a solemnly made vow of celibacy, resides in a monastic house, under the rule of a superior of her own sex, and bound to certain observances and habitudes in that situation. Various stages are passed through before the completion of nunship; but the black veil assumed, the individual is regarded as dead to the world—separated from home and kindred, and wholly devoted to religion. This vow is intrinsically vicious and wrong. Under ordinary circumstances, and apart from the institutions of a sect, nothing can be weaker or more dangerous than promises enforced by oaths to do a thing or to avoid it. Some pious persons conceive that they have derived benefit from special covenanted professions of adherence to the service of God, made with the solemnity of an oath. Here, however, what is promised is intrinsically good—good under all circumstances, present and to come, foreseen or unexpected. But it is another matter to oblige one's self to live in a particular condition, and that not universally obligatory, rather, which goes contrary to nature and to happiness. Scripture gives no warrant for such vows; on the contrary, the choicest characters exhibited in the Bible, are persons who carried out their sacred principles of duty in the world and the family, as well as in retirement. To the Christian female, the New Testament affords numerous counsels, but not one as to taking the veil. The Christian wife has a high place in our holy religion, and for her use the Divine Lawgiver has given numerous precepts of great importance. Not only does the monastic system exclude woman from her proper sphere, but shuts her out from the sympathies of nearest relatives, however worthy these may be. It is a grand device of a corrupt and domineering church, to suppress natural feeling, and to attach solely to itself the feelings which should flow out in the family and the world. It dams up, for its own purposes, the stream meant to flow out in many fertilizing rills. It is with great justice that a distinguished author speaks of the thousands forced into nunneries, who ought to have been the lights of the world and the salt of the earth. Seymour, in his Pilgrimage to Rome, has the following sentences on the subject, which are exceedingly significant here.

“The young creature, as a part of the ceremonial of admission, is laid alive in her coffin, and when once admitted, she is in fact as dead and buried to her friends, for she is never allowed to see any of them. Once a year, on an appointed day, the parents of the ‘buried alive’ may attend at the nunnery, and the young creature within may hear their

loved and familiar voices, but she must never see them ; and as no kind of intercourse is ever permitted, she can never know whether they are living or dead, except as she hears, or does not hear their voices on that day. If a parent has died during the year, the abbess assembles the nuns. She tells them that the parent of one of them is dead, and desires all to pray for the soul of the departed ; but she never reveals the name of the dead, so that all the nuns are left in a state of intense and agonizing suspense till the day comes round, and all listen to catch the tone of their parents' voices, and the absence of the longed-for voice tells the tale of the bereaved recluse !"

There is a point here still more painful to be noticed in connection with the Nunnery system, and that is, its immorality. We deny not but that virtuous and pious women have been found in nunneries. But the tendency of such a life is bad. It is sorrowful here to express the judgment of history, that in every age monastic houses for females have been sinks of sin. Dreadful indeed are the facts related of female profligacy and infanticide in these abodes. The lewdness of religious houses of this nature, has been a standing reproach since their institution. This is not the verdict of Protestants alone, but is owned in the decretals of popes, the canons of Councils, and by Romish writers of high name. The visitations of the religious houses made in the reign of Henry VIII., and confirmed independently of the officials of that prince, expose a system of monstrous wickedness—of shameless vice—of rampant profligacy, which sickens the soul. By one writer the monasteries were pronounced to be " execrable stews," instead of places of purity and devotion as their rule indicated ; and in some cases they were even instituted with views the most abandoned. We shall not here enlarge, though it were easy to do so. It may be that such places in England and Scotland take their character from the state of public opinion around, whatever may be the case elsewhere, and not far from our shores. But the system is bad, thoroughly bad—unscriptural, unnatural, and ruinous. And where there is external morality, there may be, probably often is, the bitterness of discontent—the torture of suppressed aspiration and ruined hopes when the world renounced is thought of—the desire to be free, but the withering sense that relief is impossible. There may here, too, be the still existing though concealed passion, which, of human origin, might have been turned to virtuous account. Pope, in his celebrated Epistle of *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, may be held to express the agonising sentiments of many a nun :—

" I have not yet forgot myself to stone,

All is not Heaven's while *Abelard* has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart.

Ah ! wretch, believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confessed within the slave of love and man,
Thy image steals betwixt thy God and me," &c.

And where the feelings may not be so perturbed, the allegiance betwixt heaven and earth so awfully divided, enough may take place to create wretchedness and misery—to cloud the soul—to disturb devotion in its

better parts—to generate regret, remorse, and apprehension—to render the cloister a living tomb, or rather prison—to make the chain of obligation the iron which enters the soul. Concealed grief may here be the worm in the bud eating into the core of happiness, and withering before their time the generous and happy feelings of the young and ardent spirit.

That nunneries should exist in our favoured country, is a sad event. Though few in number, their existence at all, is a wretched proof that ignorance has still its minions and slaves in our midst. How painful the reflection ! but as such is the fact, it remains to us to do what we can to regulate such abodes of superstition. The principle of the measure already noticed is excellent. It may in particular instances be of advantage. The captive of priestly spells may, by this agency, be enabled to escape her prison. But after all, how many a recluse, pining for emancipation from bondage, will yet be afraid to express a desire for liberty. She has vowed to live and die in the cloister—has taken the “black veil” as the symbol of fidelity to death in her profession—thoughts of opposition may arise, but they will be checked as sinful. There may be a tyrant superioress, but passive obedience, uncomplaining resignation, is all now left the daughter of the Church. The legal visitors may ask whether she desires to leave, but the wish which ever and anon intrudes itself into the mind will be checked. Superstition is of all tyrants the most despotic. It rules the soul with a rod of iron—it chains the thought—it stifles the voice of complaint—it forbids the very feelings of humanity. If it gives a conceived advantage, it stipulates for the heart and reason and conscience and liberty of the devotee in return.

The following notes are extracted from the published Speech of Henry Drummond, M. P., in corroboration of his startling statement in Parliament that Nunneries were either prisons or brothels.

“ This characteristic of the monastic system was not within the scope of my argument, and therefore it would have been better not then to have mentioned it. Nothing but the grossest ignorance of ecclesiastical history, as well as of the literature of the middle ages, could justify the denial of its truth, as the following few instances, which happen to be at hand, will prove.

“ 1.—‘ In A.D. 673, the Council of Cloveshoe found it necessary to order that the monasteries should not be turned into places of amusement for harpers and buffoons ; and that laymen should not be admitted within their walls too freely, lest they might be scandalised at the offences they should discover there, for sufficiently injurious and vicious is that custom of familiarity with laymen, particularly in the monasteries of nuns less strictly kept : because on this account, not only causes of divers and nefarious suspicions arise, but they are propagated and repeated to the disgrace of our profession. Wherefore let not the cells of the nuns be the abodes of shameful talking, drunkenness, and luxury.’—*Wilkin’s Concilia*, i. 97. ‘ Most of the monasteries in England, too, were double houses, in which resided communities of men and women.’—*Bede, Epist. ad Egbert*.

“ 2.—A.D. 730. ‘ And we are informed that, which is worse, this

crime of greatest magnitude (fornication and adultery) is committed with nuns throughout the convents, and with virgins dedicated to God. . . .

"3.—Bede, a great panegyrist of monks, tells of a vision which a man related to the abbess of a 'monastery of virgins,' at Coldingham, before it was burned down; in which he says, 'I having now visited all this monastery regularly, have looked into every one's chambers and beds, and found none of them all besides yourself being about the care of his soul; but all of them, both men and women, either indulge themselves in slothful sleep, or are awake in order to commit sin; for even the cells that were built for prayers and reading, are now converted into places of feasting, drinking, talking, and other delights; the very virgins dedicated to God, laying aside the respect due to their profession, whensoever they are at leisure, apply themselves to weaving fine garments, either to use in adorning themselves like brides, to the danger of their condition, or to gain the friendship of strange men.'—*Bede*, iv. c. 25.

"4.—Lingard, in speaking of the double monasteries of monks and nuns, says that the monks were only servants of the abbess; but the many councils and orders of bishops prohibiting men to go into the convents on any pretext, show that the rank of the males signified little.

"5.—'By the first synod of St. Patrick it is enacted, that a monk and a nun should not lodge together, or gossip.'—*Wilkin's Concilia*, i.

"6.—Many nobles desirous of an uninterrupted life of sensuality, pretended to devote their wealth to the service of heaven, and obtained the royal sanction for founding a religious house; but in their new character of abbots, they gathered round them a brotherhood of dissolute monks, with whom they lived in the commission of every vice; while their wives, following the example, established nunneries upon a similar principle, and filled them with the most depraved of their sex.'

"7.—That monasteries were double houses, appears from many collateral proofs; for example, in Bede, 676, we find, 'when the mortality had also seized on that part of this monastery where the men resided, and they were daily hurried away to meet their God, the careful mother of the Society began often to inquire in the convent, of the sisters, where they would have their bodies buried—when the same pestilence should fall upon that part of the monastery in which God's female servants (*ancillarum Dei caterva*) were divided from the men,' &c.

"The first point in the papacy is to prevent such crimes from coming to light, and therefore, the best evidence of the condition of religious houses is found in the continued regulations for suppressing evil, which even the most flagitious popes were obliged to adopt.

"8.—787. 'The Council of Nice prohibited double monasteries of men and women. . . . It also prohibited monks from sleeping in the convents.'—*Eccl. Hist.* v. 544.

"9.—789. 'Small monasteries of girls, where the rule is not kept, shall be united to large; they shall be closely confined, and they shall not write love-letters (*bûlets de galanterie*).'—*Ibid.* 553.

"10.—829. 'Canons and monks shall not enter convents of girls

without the consent of the bishops ; . . . if it is to hear confessions, it shall be in the church before the altar in the presence of witnesses who shall not be far off.'—*Ibid.* vii. p. 193.

" 11.—1177. 'Thirty nuns, of the monastery of Ambesbury, were accused and convicted for their unclean lives, whereupon the king, having expelled the nuns for their incontinence, distributed them in other houses to be more strictly guarded.'—*Confirmed by Pope Alexander III., Prynné*, ii. 228.

" 12.—1219. 'The esteem which the Pope had for the capacity of Domenick made him select him for a work which he thought very difficult ; namely, to collect in one house all the nuns spread over different parts of Rome, in order more easily to govern and keep them. . . . He had three cardinals to assist him, . . . they found a great resistance from all the nuns accustomed to a bad liberty ; he, however, at last succeeded.'—*Eccl. Hist.*

" 13.—1212. 'Since the nuns were not yet in close convents, priests or servants of whom there was the smallest suspicion, were not allowed to be left with them, nor were their relatives suffered to visit them . . . It was condemned as an abuse to give to each one a small allowance of money for their food and raiment, so small that they were constrained to seek to supply the deficiency sometimes by a disgraceful trade (*un trafic honteux*). The abbesses and chaplains of the nuns forbid them to confess to anybody but to them, fearing that their sins should come to the ears of virtuous priests, who would punish them.'—*Ibid.*

" 14.—1228. 'I enjoin on all monks not to have suspected companies of women and to enter convents of nuns, except those to whom a special license has been given : and not to make companies of men or of women lest scandal should arise.'—*Matt. Paris*, p. 344.

" 15.—1537. 'The fifteenth abuse concerns the disorders which are committed in many convents of nuns conducted by monks, and the commissioners say that this cannot be remedied without taking this government from the monks, to give it to others who shall be without suspicion, and with whom the nuns may run no danger.'—*Eccl. Hist.* v. xix.

" 16.—Mezeray says, the nuns kept neither their cloisters nor their vows : 'Les religieuses n'observoient ni leur clôture ni leur vœux.'—i. 269.

" 17.—In a bull, issued 15th October 1552, the Pope declared the small convents to be mere receptacles for licentiousness and crime.

" 18.—When Alexander VII. suppressed the convents in Venice, the Venetians remonstrated ; but the Pope said, the existence of these convents was rather an offence than edification to the faithful.—*Ranke*, ii. 385, *Foster's Translation*.

" 19.—1736. 'The convent of *Carmelites Descalzas* at Logrono, is memorable in monastic annals, as it was discovered that the friars of an opposite convent had burrowed a tunnel by which they visited the sisters somewhat unspiritually. This commerce continued from the year 1712 to 1737 before it was found out ; it resulted from an ecclesiastical enquiry, that out of twenty-one nuns, seventeen at one period had repented of their vows of vestal chastity.'—*Ford's Spain*.

" 20.—' There is now found out, under pretence of religion, a new sort of servitude, which I find practised in the nunneries; you must do nothing but by a rule, and then all that you lose they gain. And to make the slavery yet more evident, you change the habit that your parents gave you, and, after the old example of slavery, bought and sold in the market, you change the very name that was given you in baptism: and that which makes the servitude yet more unhappy is, that you must serve many masters, and they most commonly fools too, and debauchees. But say, I beseech you, by what law are you discharged from the power of your parents? what if you should buy or sell your father's estate, you do not hold it lawful. What right have you, then, to dispose of your parent's child, to I know not whom, his child, which is the dearest and most appropriate part of his possession? If you cannot dispose of so much as a rag, or an inch of ground, so long as you are under the government of your parents, what right can you pretend to for the disposing of yourself into the service of another? Did you not profess yourself a Christian in your baptism? and are not they religious that conform to the precepts of Christ? What new religion is that, then, which pretends to frustrate what the law of nature has established? what the old law taught? what the evangelical law has approved, and what the apostles' doctrine hath confirmed? This is a device that never descended from heaven, but was hatched by a monk in his cell. I am by no means against the main institution of a monastical life, but I would most undoubtedly caution young women (especially those of generous nature) not to precipitate themselves into this gulph, from whence there is no returning, and the rather *because their modesty is more in danger in a cloister than out of it.*—*Extract from Sir R. L'Estrange's Erasmus.*

" 21.—In A.D. 1431, Ambrose, General of the Order of Camaldoli, 'went to visit several monasteries of his order. He found everywhere an extreme corruption of manners. Some nunneries were perfect which we chose to express in Greek rather than in Latin. . . . The abbess owned, at last, that the nuns did not behave as they ought, but that neither she, nor *some of the most aged sisters*, followed the bad example.'"

" 22.—' I have, in the course of my life, come in contact with characters of all descriptions; I have seen the human mind at various stages of elevation and debasement; but *souls* more polluted than those of some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome never fell within my observation.'—*Blanco White*, i. 70.

" 23.—Orbe. 'Here are a town-house and a college, which were once two convents of monks and nuns, that were contiguous. There was a little church, common to them both; upon the pulling down whereof, about fifty years ago, there tumbled out as many dry bones of infants as would fill a large basket; and a private trap-door was found, which communicated from one convent to the other.'—*Hist. of Switzerland*, p. 767.

" 24.—' The convent of Sepolte Vive (the buried alive) in Naples, was an inhuman and godless atrocity. These establishments, when not

converted into clerical seraglios, were at best but abodes of childish imbecility.'—*Father Gavazzi*, p. 53.

"25.—'Some years ago it was my lot to become acquainted with a Romish bishop (since dead), vicar-apostolic of British Guiana, Dr. Claney. At the period of my acquaintance with him he was about departing from Ireland to his bishopric, and was taking with him a number of nuns for the purpose of founding a convent there. He did succeed in procuring some six or seven females, who set sail with him from Dublin. In an incredibly short period after her arrival there, one of the nuns insisted on returning, and threatened an appeal to the British Governor if her request were not complied with. It was granted, and upon her return to Ireland she stated to myself, amongst others, that the revolting scenes she was compelled to witness were the cause of her departure.'—*Extract from a Tract by R. F. Spillar, formerly a Romanist*.

"26.—'Mr. D. was perfectly right in the character which he gave of monastic institutions. I well remember, when I was in Quebec, some thirty-five years ago, one of these nests of iniquity was being taken down, and on clearing away the foundation, a quantity of the bones and remains of infants were found under the pavement in a part of the cellar. It appears that this spot had been used, time immemorial, by the pious sisterhood for the burial-place of the poor beings who had thus been murdered to hide their shame and profligacy. The story soon got to the ears of the Papists, and the affair was hushed up.'—*Extract of a Letter from an English Manufacturer in the North of England to a Merchant in London, 29th March 1851*.

"27.—'I was a curate, officiating in the Roman Catholic Chapel of ——. My niece was a boarder or pensioner in the school of the nunnery of — from the age of four years to the age of eighteen. As her guardian under her father's will, the duty devolved on me to ascertain from that young lady her intentions relative to her future state of life. I accordingly invited her to breakfast at my lodgings in the chapel-house of that chapel, and said to her, 'Do you intend to return into a nunnery or living in the world?' 'Nunneries,' she replied, 'are not such good places as you imagine: I would not pass my life in one of them for any consideration: as to the nuns, they are continually in a state of strife with each other, and the crimes committed by the young ladies are shocking to relate.' I accordingly, with her own approbation, placed her at a boarding-school of the highest reputation, in order to qualify her for filling her place in society, where she remained until she married.'—*Extract of a Letter from an Ex-Priest, 29th March 1851*."

It will be obvious that this brief article was written before the untoward defeat of the Nunnery Bill in the House of Commons. A writer circumstanced in this way may be held to resemble a man who has called upon his friends to visit a work which he finds blown away on the day of inspection. The remarks may be allowed to stand as the expression of opinion on a much needed and very constitutional measure. Ministers were unfriendly to the Nunnery Bill,—a circumstance which will not abate from the hate felt towards them by the Popish members on account of their anti-Wiseman action. Nunneries will now enjoy a

complete exemption, so far as the regards of law are concerned. The privilege, we think, is rather to be deprecated; and conventual houses, a solecism and evil in British society, ought to be placed under strict *surveillance*. If well conducted, why deprecate scrutiny? if the reverse, the friendless, helpless inmates, should have had the special benefit of such a visitation as that provided in the measure unhappily frustrated, so far as the present session is concerned.

COCHRANE'S DIFFICULT TEXTS.

Discourses on Some of the Most Difficult Texts of Scripture. By the
Rev. JAMES COCHRANE, A.M.

WE gladly welcome this volume as another valuable contribution to our theological literature. The pen of the gifted author has already greatly enriched our Scottish theology, but the present work will, we think, do more than any of his former ones to secure him a permanent place among our divines. In his previous works, he exhibited much ingenious speculation, a glowing imagination, and high rhetorical power; but in the present volume he displays the additional accomplishments of a mature scholar and a profound thinker. The style, too, is more compact and rigid, though it is by no means destitute of those attractions which have rendered his former works so popular. It is gratifying to mark the progressive growth of a mind, so well calculated to tell as a religious power, not only in the limited sphere of his own congregation, but in the church at large. It is obvious that much of his time has been devoted to hermeneutical studies; and though the form of discourses prevents any ostentatious display of learning, it is obvious that he has familiarised himself with all the niceties of the original languages, and carefully weighed the best authorities on all the exegetical difficulties brought under his consideration. The example of Mr Cochrane, in giving all his studies a practical tendency, is well worthy of imitation. Ministers are often in great danger of being seduced into pursuits and studies altogether alien to the great object of their calling, as heralds of the Cross. When the engrossing subject of the mind jars with the thoughts and feelings most congenial to the Christian character, we cannot but expect that ministerial influence must be sadly impaired. We do not mean to *taboo* the attractive fields of literature and science in the case of the Christian minister; all that we contend for is, that he should have an eye to practical usefulness in all his pursuits. Whatever be his intellectual range, he ought never to overlook the religious development of his own heart, and the good of souls entrusted to his care. This caution may also apply to subjects within the range of theological studies, the engrossing pursuit of which, irrespective of their practical bearings, might also be most disastrous to the interests of personal religion. Though Mr. Cochrane has strayed far from the beaten path of superficial acquirement, his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls has never allured him to rest in the mere literary and personal gratification, but has con-

stantly stimulated him to search for new arguments to win sinners to the Saviour.

Mr Cochrane has also proved that it is possible to place subjects believed to be beyond the popular comprehension, in such a light as to make them highly attractive to a general congregation. The present volume, as well as his former ones on the "World to Come," and "Unusual Texts," consist of discourses delivered on the evenings of the Lord's-day to an ordinary provincial congregation. And though so many recondite and difficult topics were handled, we believe that the crowded audience invariably listened with rapt and delighted attention. Sometimes we hear a nervous dread expressed of preaching over the heads of the people; but the danger does not by any means lie in this direction. No doubt, preaching over the heads of the people is a possible achievement; but this danger is comparatively so slight, that there is no need of guarding against it with nervous apprehension. The danger lies all the other way. It is a very agreeable doctrine to an indolent disposition, to hold, that the stereotyped common-places of religious doctrine and expression are more suited for general comprehension than fresh and original modes of thought and expression. No doubt great plainness ought to be studied; but then platitude ought not to be confounded with plainness. A man may boast, in coming down from the pulpit, that every word and thought of his sermon has been quite level to the capacity of his hearers, but, after all, perhaps not one of them may be able to tell what he has been preaching about. The whole may have made an impression as vague as the sighing of the wind. Let the preacher who dreads the idea of going beyond the depth of the people, and prefers taking refuge in the jejune, only try in some sermon the effect of a fresh and vigorous thought, however deep it may be, and we are bound to say that the dulllest hind, when he goes home to his fireside to talk over the service, will fix upon that one thought as the single oasis in the dreary desert.

As far as oratory, in its highest efforts, is concerned, there can be no doubt that the lower classes are very susceptible of its impressions. The history of pulpit eloquence clearly shows that the highest species of talent is invariably appreciated even by the labouring classes. Indeed, the theory, held by some, of the decay of eloquence in the modern senate, consists in the assumption that the enlightenment of those addressed renders them proof against the assaults of the rhetorician, and, of course, depreciates eloquence as one of the fine arts. It may be argued, however, that although the common people be sufficiently susceptible of the emotions which eloquence strives to produce, they are incapable of appreciating a well-reasoned argument. But we think there is much misapprehension on this point; and that we consequently do much injustice to our people. No doubt, they feel a difficulty in comprehending an argument couched in the technical language of the schools; but this arises not from a defective logical capacity, but from their ignorance of the unskilful language which the preacher employs. This is the opinion of Horsley, and it is endorsed by Bishop Heber as follows:—"I am, on the whole, more and more confirmed in the opinion which Horsley has expressed in one of his sermons, that a theological argument.

clearly stated, and stated in terms from the ancient English language exclusively, will generally be both intelligible and interesting to the lower classes." The obtuseness of the common people is often urged as a plea for treating them only with truisms; and it is a convenient plea for an indolent disposition, as it is undoubtedly much easier to deal out loose and thread-bare generalities, than to construct a rigid logical argument. No doubt, it is to this underrating of the capacity of the common people, that we are to ascribe the general decay of theological knowledge among the humbler classes in Scotland. We fear that the present generation cannot be compared with the past, in respect to a systematic knowledge of Christian doctrine. We look in vain, at the present day, for the humble peasantry of Scotland, who once could maintain a logical discussion on the most profound subjects of theology. This deterioration is manifest in the class of books now read, as compared with the books which in other days formed the library of every cottage. In former days, the Scottish peasant delighted in solid dogmatic theology; but it is rarely that such works are seen with the same class at the present day. If such works are found on the shelves, they are there as heir-looms of the family, not for daily use. Solid works in divinity are very much superseded by the tract, the light periodical, or religious biography. We do not underrate the beneficial influence of such reading, but we think that it is a matter of deep regret, that it has expelled so entirely the scientific study of the Christian system. We know full well, that the tendency of the times is to cry up Christian life instead of Christian doctrine; but we would look with extreme suspicion on that life which can be reared on the wreck of Christian doctrine. We read by a false light the history of Christianity, and we especially misinterpret the historic character of the Church of Scotland, if we expect to foster a healthful Christian life, except from the soil of sound, doctrinal teaching. The decay of systematic theology is not confined to the humbler classes. We suspect that the laity in general entertain but very vague notions on those points in theology, with which, in other days, every member of the Church was perfectly familiar. The laity in connection with the Church, no doubt display much intelligence in regard to the polity and the external aspects and movements of the Christian Church; but how seldom is it that we find even the more intelligent and educated of the laity interest themselves in the science of theology! In a case of this kind, causes and effects are so interwoven, that it is no easy matter to distinguish the one from the other; but, as a proximate cause of the decay of theological learning among the laity of Scotland, we ought to give a prominent place to the current style of preaching. *Practical* is the watchword of the modern pulpit. "Is he practical?" is the grand testing question of a preacher's merits. An answer in the negative at once seals his fate. No doubt, the practical element is the essential one in preaching; but, unfortunately, it is held to consist with a total want of anything like severity of logic in the treatment of Christian doctrine. How often, in the eminently practical style, are the great facts of our holy faith dragged in, merely to embellish a poetic or moral rhapsody!

We have said, that in the present volume there are evident marks of

intellectual growth, and this progress in personal development is no doubt the secret of much of the influence which a preacher's mind exercises upon the minds of his hearers. Dr. Arnold, who always felt as strongly as he spoke, says, "I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily." And this holds just as strongly in the case of the pulpit as of the school teacher. Whatever is new or fresh to the preacher, will always have the force of original thought on the minds of the hearers. Every thought, however old, when passed through the alembic of the speaker's heart, acquires an element of vitality which is at once felt when transferred to the minds and hearts of the hearers. Fortunately for the efficacy of the pulpit, it is not originality in the abstract, but *quoad* the preacher, that is necessary to quicken the attention and strengthen the spiritual growth of the hearers; and consequently this species of originality can almost invariably be acquired by hearty endeavour and unwearied labour. When the preacher suspends the task of intellectual labour—which he has a great temptation to do from the facility he acquires in traversing old well-trodden ground—his own mind becomes stereotyped, and his people cease to take an interest in his pulpit ministrations.

Perhaps the learned reader may find in the volume before us, few thoughts strictly original, but he cannot rise from the perusal, without being refreshed by coming in contact with an earnest mind, grappling with the momentous truths of Christianity, and the awful enigmas which the enquiring spirit meets on every side. Our hearty acknowledgments are due to Mr. Cochrane for his successful experiment in introducing a range of subjects and a mode of exposition usually thought to be beyond popular comprehension. His marked success points out the path by which the pulpit may maintain its rightful position side by side with its powerful rival the press. The time when the pulpit exercised an absolute supremacy over the popular mind is for ever gone. It can now claim only a divided influence; and if its share of influence is to be considerable, it can only secure this by a style of preaching which will really meet the moral and intellectual requirements of a progressive age. While Christianity is one and unchanged, it admits of indefinite progress in its application to every aspect of man's nature; and if the pulpit cannot meet this element of progress, its influence as a spiritual power must necessarily wane. But we have the precious promise of God, that if a Church be faithful, the rightful influence of her pulpits will never cease; and besides, there are several adaptations in man's nature, which the pulpit can alone meet, and which give the strongest assurance that it will, if faithfully worked, maintain its ascendancy, as the world's civilizer and spiritual regenerator.

We must now proceed to lay as much of Mr. Cochrane's new work before our readers, as may enable them to judge of its scope and character. In the following passage from the first sermon, the author explains the general design of the work:—

"It has been said by some one, that the ocean of Scripture truth has shallows which an infant may ford, and depths where a giant may drown. By far the greater portion of the Bible's utterances are such as the humblest

intellect may comprehend and profit by; but there are sayings, and topics of inquiry suggested by those sayings, in which the loftiest powers of human reason are utterly bewildered and at fault. In this respect there is a marked and decided correspondence betwixt God's word and God's works. Mystery, and problems whose solution is encompassed with inextricable difficulty, are far from being confined exclusively to the former—the phenomena of nature, and the evolutions of Providence, pointing on all hands to questions of deep and overwhelming mysteriousness; and no wonder. The God of nature and the God of grace are one and the same, and in both these fields of operation he cannot but act conformably to his very being, and indicate that he is “a God who hideth himself,”—that “none by searching can find out God, that none can find out the Almighty unto perfection.”

“We need not be surprised, therefore, should we discover that the Bible contains texts whose interpretation is involved in very considerable obscurity. It would have been wonderful had there been none of this description; for the very idea of a revelation implies admission into a region naturally impenetrable by the unaided reason of man, and therefore the very probable encountering there of conceptions and ideas to ordinary understandings puzzling and obscure. These texts we may meet with in the course of our family and private reading; and with regard to not a few of them, we cannot help perceiving that they do manifestly relate to themes of extraordinary interest, or are expressed in terms of most exciting or solemnizing import. Were we prompted, therefore, merely by curiosity, to an effort towards the elucidation of such texts, that effort might be regarded as natural and justifiable. But I trust our motive is somewhat higher and better. We are by our Christian profession students of the Word of God; in that it is incumbent upon us to be meditating day and night; and whilst to indulge in a habit of passing by or slurring over all Scriptural difficulties, appears to me rather to savour of indolence than Christian piety, to set the difficulty before the mind, to ponder it thoughtfully and prayerfully, and in the fear of God to seek its explanation, seems the very way to become mighty in the Scriptures, and understand the whole counsel of God. Who knows but these difficulties have been designedly placed where they are, and for the express purpose of awakening spiritual curiosity, affording scope for sustained and interested spiritual reflection, and rewarding the patient and heavenly-minded investigator with new and exhilarating views of sacred truth?

“In dependence, then, on the strength and blessing of God, I purpose, on successive evenings, to preach a series of Discourses on some of the most Difficult Texts of Scripture. The difficulty in the texts I have actually selected for this exercise, will be found occasionally to consist in the doctrine itself which is unfolded in them, and sometimes it will be seen to lie in the peculiar language employed in unfolding that doctrine.

“I do not pretend to be always and uniformly successful in pouring light upon those dark places of the written record, which I mean to bring under your notice. But I shall do my best. Sometimes my contribution towards the dissolving of Scripture difficulty may be reckoned by you as small enough. Sometimes, perhaps in the majority of cases, you will be ready to admit that much, if not all the obscurity, has been dissipated; and, at all events, and with regard to all the texts in our series, you will have the opportunity of understanding what has been or may be thought and said respecting them. I trust, therefore, that our contemplated exercise will be instructive and profitable to us all.”

The general style of the work is very popular. Striking passages constantly relieve the exegetical and dogmatic parts of the work. The author is very felicitous in his illustrations, and always succeeds in im-

parting much interest to the driest arguments. The practical bearings of the subject are never lost sight of. And these practical applications usually display great oratorical power. The passages worthy of extract as illustrating the style of execution, are so numerous, that we find a difficulty in making a selection. We give the following, as exhibiting the peculiar power of the author in presenting the more alarming aspects of religion. It is plain, from the whole tenor of the work, that he possesses no ordinary gift in dealing with the terrors of the law. We have seldom read passages so terrific as those in the Sermon from the text—"For every one shall be salted with fire; and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt."

"We are informed in the text that every one of the wicked is "salted with fire,"—that is to say, that the agony of suffering is diffused through the sufferers to the greatest possible extent. Just as salt cast into a liquid spreads itself through the whole liquid body, till at length not a single drop or particle is to be found unseasoned therewith; so in hell the entire humanity of the condemned sinner will throughout all its parts be drenched and saturated with agony. Not to one limb or bodily organ will the anguish be confined; it will wring and torture in every limb and in every organ. Not in one mental faculty only will the penal misery prevail, but in all the mental faculties without any exception. Every single person who shall experience the agonies of the condemned, will do so in every part of his human constitution, and up to the infinite ability of the eternal God so to punish him. It will be found that wrath comes upon him "to the uttermost," and that he is trodden in the "wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." I do not mean to affirm that the punishments of the place of torment are dealt out in similar amount to all the inhabitants of that dreary region; or that any one receives a recompense ought else than in strict proportion to desert incurred on this side of eternity. No! whilst some receive the infliction of many stripes, others are beaten with few, and all according to the turpitude of deeds done in the body. But no intellect of man can estimate the torment, no language adequately describe it. Without constraint God will continue to pour upon them the vials of His indignation, and mercy will never mingle one ingredient of comfort in the cup of horrible anguish and dismay. It is a God of infinite power whose law has been broken, and whose threatenings have been set at nought; and if he is willing, He is able to inflict an infinite punishment on the objects of His holy displeasure."

In this passage there is an illustration of the ambiguity that attaches to the term *infinite*. We lately took occasion (in the Number for March) to refer to the many fallacies that crystallize round this term, and we saw that there was no subject on which it led to greater bewilderment than that of future punishment. We find that the ambiguity lies in applying this term in its mathematical sense to moral and metaphysical subjects which do not admit of this application. The safer term in regard to future punishment is *eternal*. This is the term warranted by Scripture, and it is one which the nature of the subject admits of. The author states that the ruined soul will be punished "up to the infinite ability of the eternal God so to punish him." No sooner does the author make this startling assertion than he sees the necessity, imposed by the doctrine of different degrees of punishment, of limiting it. A

limit is also set by the capacity of the subject for punishment, so that the infinite is reduced by these limitations to the finite. It would be wiser not to use the term *infinite*, than, after using it, to reverse its previous meaning by assigning the limitation which the nature of the subject requires. We regard the scholastic argument maintained by Edwards—that, because God is an infinite being, the sinner's guilt must be infinite, and consequently the punishment of that guilt must be infinite—as an argument sanctioned neither by reason nor by Scripture. The doctrine of the eternity of future punishment can stand more firmly without this fallacious argument. As another illustration of the author's power in dealing with the terrible, we give the following from the same Sermon:—

“Oh! brethren, is it really the truth that Tophet is ordained of old? It is no figure of speech, but a sad and fearful reality, that at the very moment in which we occupy these places, there are myriads of immortal beings tossed amid the fiery surges of the place of torment? Is it a fact no less certain than Etna's fiery eruption, or the heaving of ocean's bed beneath the swelling of the tides, or the careering of the tempest through the sky, that, somewhere within the limits of God's creation, there does exist at this moment a prison-house of death—a dreary mansion of unutterable torment, peopled by damned spirits in the extremity of woe? Is this, I say, no fancy, but a fact? and in what terms, then, shall I bid you reflect upon it? Hell is the ordinance of God, and no power in heaven or in earth can alter it. If we stand on the hill-side, and there see the glorious sun lighting up with splendour the varied landscape, we doubt not the real existence of that luminary, nor the purposes he serves in the economy of Providence; if in the narrative of the trust-worthy traveller we are carried at midnight to the brink of the tremendous volcano of Kirauea in the South Sea, see the precipitous cliffs that encompass it, ever and anon emerging from the gloom beneath, the lurid glare of the terrible crater within, behold a hundred cones at once spouting forth their flames and ruddy smoke, and glowing lava streams, and hear in the distance the deep bellowing of that lake of fierce and fiery combustion, we may admire the wondrous works of God, but we doubt not their reality. Believe me, it is not otherwise regarding the place of woe. Its locality is fixed and definite; its real existence a matter sure and certain, as are all the other appointments of heaven. The tongue of the scoffer may have sometimes used its dreadful imagery to point the ribald jest, but there will be little relish in that jest when the tongue is rolling in agony inconceivable; the heart of the profane may harden itself for a little beneath the maniac jeers and senseless floutings of ungodly men, but, ah! how will it stand the fervent heat of the Almighty's indignation? Lift up, then, brethren, lift up in imagination the vail which separates you from the eternal world. Take in thought that step which will carry you into the region of separate spirits! Well do you know that that vail is thin and easily rent asunder; that that step is a short one, and in a moment, and without warning, may it be taken by any one. Oh! had we but ears to hear how terrific are the thunders which reverberate evermore over that burning lake, how heart-rending the shrieks of agony which fill those caverns of terror; had we but eyes to pierce through the vail of humanity, what sights of unmitigated woe would meet our gaze in that awful abyss! Multitudes, multitudes are there, immortal beings such as we are, once clothed in flesh as we are now, and who could weep and laugh as we do, spend a nominal Sabbath, and be bodily present in God's house of prayer. The unfeeling rich man, who was clothed in purple, and fared sumptuously every day, is

there; the unprofitable servant, who knew his Lord's will and did it not, is there; the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars—all, all are there; and they rest not day nor night, but the smoke of their torment riseth up for ever and ever.

"Ah, no! hell is no figure of speech, no dream of fanaticism; but a terrible and now existing reality. It is God's own ordinance for the punishment of the ungodly, and the vindication of his broken and insulted law. What if some now hearing me, are literally doomed to measure the depths of its dreadful meaning? who among us is exclaiming, Peradventure it is I! Oh! man of worldly mind and carnal affections, does thy heart cleave to the dust and dirt of this passing scene, and hast thou no aspiration beyond it? Well, build high the pile of thy ill-gotten wealth, not one penny of which thy niggard soul will ever allow thee to devote to God's glory and thy brethren's good; build it high, and hug it to thy bosom while yet thou mayest, for be sure in a very little while it will become molten in thy grasp, burn thee to the heart's core, crush thee with its intolerable weight in the very abyss of eternal misery. Oh! drunkard, besotted and insane, lovest thou the dear excitement of the fiery cup, although the tremulous hand, the countenance preternaturally flushed and haggard, the foetid breath and the wandering mind, are pointing in no uncertain way to the horrors yet awaiting thee? Well, drink on, in God's name, till thou hast drained the last glass, drenched and made fatuous the intellect which God gave thee to cultivate and improve; ruined thy earthly prospects, and clothed in rags and misery thyself and those dependent on thee. But, know for certain, Oh! blinded and besotted man, that these are but the beginnings of terrors, and that, in thy frequent draught of sinful indulgence, thou hast been but laying up the fuel which is destined to scorch and burn thee for ever. Oh! man, licentious and impure, who, despising or neglecting God's ordinance of holy matrimony, revellest in delight accursed, because of God forbidden, is conscience within thee seered, and does the devil of fleshly desire lead thee captive at his will? Well, prosecute thy ungodly courses, frequent the haunts of licentious dissipation, outrage female modesty, trample on all that is holy in female innocence, or help on their way to damnation the wretched outcasts who have long made shipwreck of innocence and modesty together. But think not, O insensate votary of a passion in which the brutes of the field are thy equals, that thou wilt escape the stern judgments of God. The sleepless eye of the Eternal was on thee, and by the pen of the recording angel are chronicled thy deeds of nameless impurity. And there they are, eternal, indestructible as God, the fuel provided for the burning, the worm that never will die, the fire that cannot be quenched. The turpitude of unrepented and unpardoned sin endures for ever. Oh! madman and fool, thou dost think thy sin a very venial one; many commit it besides thyself, and the judgments of the most merciful God are not executed speedily. But wait a little. None will know thy folly better than thyself. There are waves of agony in yonder burning lake, and as they welter and play around thee, they will imprint on thy cheek many a kiss that will burn to thy innermost soul. There are serpents writhing evermore in that place of torment, to hold thee in their fell embrace. And, for music, there will be the despairing shrieks of thy partners in guilt, damned themselves, and proclaiming thee the author of their damnation. Truly, ye will discover, oh, impenitent and hardened transgressors, that if ye can set at nought all God's warnings, God also can set at nought all your dreams of security and baseless peace. 'Tophet is ordained of old, yea, for the king it is prepared; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Almighty, like a stream of brimstone, shall kindle it.'"

Our readers will allow that the above passages evince a singular power in dealing with the more awful aspects of religion. There is, we think, a morbid feeling abroad on the subject of terror, which we are glad to find Mr. Cochrane repudiates. We allude to the extreme delicacy observed in regard to the terrors of the law and the revelation of future woe. The Apostle Paul says, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men,"—clearly declaring that terror is one grand element in human persuasion. How frequently, in the record of God's love to men, is the element of terror introduced! Does the Scripture proportion of fear at all harmonize with the preaching of the present day? When the pains of hell are alluded to, is it not often apologetically? as if it was an Oriental idea too extravagant for modern refinement. It may be argued that there is no necessary connection between terror and holiness; and that the fears of a people may be wrought up to the highest pitch, without in the least bettering the heart in the sight of God. The *men of Ross-shire* may be quoted as preachers of terror, and yet licensers of vice. The whole history, indeed, of fanaticism may be quoted as a proof that terror may exist without holiness; for terror is always an element of fanaticism. We quite admit that a congregation may come to have a craving for the terrible only as a pleasant excitement; and, as in the case of Herod, they will hear the most terrible preacher gladly, if he do not attack too rudely their personal delinquencies. We admit all this; but then the same objection might be urged against any emotion which may serve as an inlet to the gospel,—whatever be the emotion, there is a danger of it ending in mere sentimentalism. There is much truth in the observation of Madame de Staël, that "it is easier to convey ideas of suffering than those of happiness, for the former are too well known to every heart, the latter only to a few." We have in this a solution of the power of the fanatic over the minds of the ignorant. He assails them in the most susceptible part of their nature, and elicits a frenzied power from minds which would have listened with total apathy to the attractive views of the gospel. And much may be learned from religious pathology in dealing with the moral nature of man, just as medical psychology throws much valuable light on the healthful play of the human faculties. The polished preacher of the present day eschews the hackneyed topics of terror, which the field or street preacher deals out to his ragged and motley audience; the art of producing impression by fear is so coarse and common, that he will not condescend to use this unartistic tool. But human nature is very much the same, whether shivering in rags at the corner of a street, or decently attired in broadcloth, and sitting on cushioned seats, listening to the popular preacher of the day. Besides, those who have been most honoured of God in the conversion of souls, give ample testimony to the power of fear in persuading men to embrace the Saviour. Isaac Watts tells us, that during the whole course of his ministry, he was aware of only one conversion being brought about by the more attractive aspects of the Gospel. Though his own nature was all gentleness and love, his success lay in the terrific appeals which he made to the consciences of sinners. We must, however, observe that the terrors of a future state of woe require judicious handling,

for nothing is more calculated to disgust than wild exaggerations, which are obviously intended to produce vague impressions of terror without any spiritual aim.

Having endeavoured to give our idea of the general style and literary execution of the work, we now proceed to advert to some of those difficulties, the solution of which forms the main object of the author. He has, in general, chosen subjects which possess a profound interest, altogether apart from the textual difficulties in which they are wrapped up. Indeed, many of the difficulties are rather dogmatic than exegetical. We very frequently differ from the author in his interpretation and his reasoning, but we are always compelled to admit the ingenuity of his exegesis, and the dexterity of his arguments. Our observations on the various subjects must, of course, be very brief. The necessary limits of our article, render a minute examination out of the question; our available space would not suffice for the full discussion of any one of the important points demanding attention. All that we can do, is to indicate those parts deserving special attention, and to shew where there may be some question as to the results arrived at by the author.

The first discourse is on the text, "And I say also unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The grand difficulty is, To what does the word *rock* refer? According to the various interpretations, it may refer to Christ, to Peter, or to Peter's confession. The author adopts the first interpretation, that Christ refers to himself, and argues with much ingenuity in support of his opinion. His argument is condensed in the following paraphrase of the text: "Thou art a stone; but upon this rock, that is, Christ, the incarnate Redeemer, will I build my Church." This interpretation requires that there should be a marked antithesis between *πέτρος* and *πέτρα*, but we suspect that the usage of the Greek language will not admit of this; *πέτρος*, as well as *πέτρα*, being employed to signify a rock. Even Beza, who is strongly opposed to the interpretation adopted by the Church of Rome, admits this. In his Commentary on this passage, he says, "In Græco quoque sermone *πέτρος* et *πέτρα*, non re sed terminatione tantum differunt." In order to bring out the antithesis more strongly, Mr. Cochrane, instead of using our translation, "*and upon this rock*," substitutes "*but upon this rock*." We doubt if *kai* in this connection can be well rendered *but*. The interpretation which makes the *rock* refer to Peter's confession, is the one generally held by early Christian writers, such as Isidore, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine. It is also the one most generally held by modern Protestant writers. The most recent scholarship, however, points to the last interpretation, or that which refers the *rock* to Peter, as the most tenable. It is by far the most obvious interpretation, and unless it jars with the general tenor of Scripture, it has the strongest claim for adoption. The great difficulty is to clear this interpretation of Popish error; but it appears to us to require less straining of Scripture to do this, than to make the *rock* refer to Christ, or to Peter's confession. There is always, in times of controversy, a great danger in giving a polemical interpretation to Scripture—to wrest from their natural mean-

ing, passages which may seem to lean to the doctrines of our opponents. Instead of assailing the heterodox deduction as unwarrantable, controversialists are often tempted, as the easier method, to assail the natural rendering.

A similar line of action, and one attended with disastrous results, is often observed in the controversial field of Natural Theology. Instead of attacking the conclusion, the premiss is assailed; and a tacit admission is made, that if the premiss were admitted, the conclusion would necessarily follow. In illustration of our meaning, we may refer to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. He started this hypothesis with the view of expelling God from the universe, or, to use the blasphemous language of M. Comte, to shew that "the heavens declare, not the glory of God, but the glory of Newton and Laplace." Now this hypothesis has been keenly assailed by the defenders of Christianity, and every argument employed to prove that it is not a scientific fact,—a tacit admission being made, that, if proved to be a fact, the atheistic conclusion of Laplace would necessarily follow. No course could be more unwise and more uncalled for. If it is admitted that the discovery of a higher law, explanatory of the present order of the solar system, would erase all traces of the finger of God, then the whole fabric of natural theology is shaken. Science, in its successive generalization, instead of being the handmaid of religion, would at every step drive before it all religious sentiment as the shade of a baneful superstition. It is for science to shew whether the hypothesis is a fact in nature. It is for theology to demonstrate that, whether it be a fact or not, the great doctrine of a Creator and Governor of the world remains intact. In like manner, in this passage, we hold that the best course is to admit the premiss, viz. that the rock refers to Peter, and to shew that the supremacy of Peter is an unwarrantable conclusion.

The author understands by "Gates of Hell," merely "death;" and death too in its literal sense, so that the text contains a promise of immortal blessedness to the saints. We certainly prefer the usual interpretation of the "gates of hell;" but even taking these words as signifying *death*, it is not necessary to resolve the matter merely into the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The text evidently contains a promise to the Church militant. And the promise, taking *death* as the right rendering, is that of perpetuity,—death will not prevail against it, that is, it will never cease to exist upon the earth.

The next discourse is on the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, from the text, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." The author adopts the opinion held by many, that this power was bestowed only on the apostles. He maintains, that "for any one to claim the keys of the kingdom of heaven, in the same sense in which they were conferred upon Peter, is directly to assume the prerogative of inspiration and infallibility." He does not object to the use of this phraseology in reference to Christ's power at the present day, but he holds that it must be only as an accommodation, or in a restricted sense. But

the interest of the passage as a difficult text, consists in its being regarded as the basis of Church power. There is no doubt that the apostles were endowed with higher authority than the Church can lay claim to at the present day. They had the gift of inspiration, and this constitutes a broad line of demarcation. But the question is, Was this power of our text conferred as the correlative of inspiration, or was it bestowed upon the apostles, simply as office-bearers, to be transmitted in all its integrity to the Church in future ages? Most Scottish divines find in this text the divine authority for the two keys of doctrine and discipline. It is evident that our Confession regards the passage in the light of a *jus divinum*, and not as a mere accommodation. The apostles, in virtue of their inspiration, might exercise the power with infallible certainty; but it is held that the *nature* of the power is not different, being a gift extended to all times. Now the difficulty lies in reconciling the words of Scripture with the Protestant theory of Church power. From the view the author has taken of the text, he has not felt it necessary to enter into any minute reconciliation.

One of the ablest and best argued discourses is that upon the "irretrievable apostacy." The practical application is also very appropriate and powerful. The difficult text is as follows:—"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." The difficulty consists in reconciling the falling away here mentioned, with the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints. The common plan of solving the difficulty, is to endeavour to shew that the character given in this text of those that fall away, does not come up to that of a renewed creature. Nice metaphysics have been employed to discriminate between true grace and the character of the apostate before his fall. No one was better fitted to draw this distinction, if it were possible, than Jonathan Edwards; but instead of seeking an explanation in this direction, he admits that the marks given are those of genuine grace, and holds that the possibility of falling away was merely put as an hypothesis for the sake of argument. The argument is that of *reductio ad absurdum*, which proceeds on a wrong assumption. The wrong assumption in this case is, that it is possible to fall away, and the absurd conclusion shews that it is false. Mr. Cochrane takes up this view, and, with much force of argument, shews that, to harmonise the passage with the context, it is necessary to regard the proof of the impossibility of falling away as the great end of the inspired penman.

The next text to which we shall advert, is the perplexing one in the First Epistle of Peter: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit; by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited, in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by

water." This is acknowledged to be one of the most difficult passages in the inspired record, and the ingenuity of commentators has been racked to give a plausible interpretation. The grand difficulty lies in the question, Who are the spirits in prison? and if the prison-house be taken as the basis of classification, the opinions held on this subject may be reduced to three. If the locality be this world, then the prison-house means nothing more than the bondage of sin in which every man is held by nature. The second opinion assigns the intermediate state as the locality; and this branches into various kinds, according to the notion entertained of the spirits imprisoned. According to the Popish doctrine of purgatory, the imprisoned spirits are there, whose *reatus Pænæ* is to be expiated. According to another idea, the imprisoned spirits are the saints who died before the coming of Christ. And still another opinion is, that the imprisoned spirits are the antediluvians who repented before death, but who required for their complete salvation to have the perfected work of Christ proclaimed to them.—The third class of opinions in reference to the prison, makes it to consist of hell in its ordinary sense; and according to one view under this head, Christ actually went to offer them salvation. According to another, and that most generally held, the prison-house is hell, but the text only asserts that, while in this world, the spirits were offered salvation. This last view is the one held by Mr. Cochrane. The view is clearly stated as follows: "By the preaching of Christ to the spirits in prison, we understand the preaching of Christ's Spirit by the mouths of Noah, Enoch, and others, to the antediluvian world; and the parties whom these patriarchs addressed and described, as 'spirits in prison,' because such literally was their condition at the time the Apostle Peter wrote." We think that, on the whole, this is the most plausible interpretation, though we would not, with the same confidence as Mr. Cochrane, assert that it is, after all, the true interpretation. Beza, who appears to have been the first to exhibit clearly this view as the most tenable, yet speaks with hesitation; and every one must feel that it requires much unnatural squeezing to force it into the orthodox mould. Archbishop Leighton at first held this view as most agreeable to Scripture; but he afterwards felt inclined to adopt the opinion, that the prison means only the bondage of sin in this world. The following are the words in which he announces his change of sentiment:—"Thus then I thought, but now apprehend another sense as probable, if not more, even that so much rejected by most interpreters, —The mission of the Spirit, and preaching of the Gospel by it after his resurrection, preaching to sinners and converting them, according to the prophecy, which he first fulfilled in person, and after more amply in his apostles. That prophecy I mean, Isa. xl. 1., *The Spirit upon him*; and it was sent from him on his apostles to preach to *spirits in prison*; to *preach liberty to these captives*, captive spirits, and therefore called *spirits in prison*, to illustrate the thing the more, by opposition to that Spirit of Christ, the *spirit of liberty* setting them free; and this to shew the greater efficacy of Christ's preaching than of Noah's, though he, a signal preacher of righteousness, yet only himself and his family, eight persons, saved by him, but multitudes of all nations by the Spirit and preaching

of Christ in the Gospel ; and that by the seal of baptism and the resurrection of Christ, represented in the return from the water, and our dying with him by immersion, and that figure of baptism like the ark." It is right that the most earnest attempts should be made to throw light on the darkest passages of God's Word ; but there is no absolute necessity that we should come to some definite conclusion as to the real meaning, whether or not we see our way clearly in the matter. Yet most expositors proceed on the principle, that they must give some interpretation, and maintain it, too, with the stoutest dogmatism. If guesses are to be hazarded, they ought to be propounded with due diffidence, and not imposed upon the conscience as absolute dogmas. If commentators had the candour sometimes to admit that they are fairly baffled, their authority would have more weight when they assert an opinion with confidence. Strained and unnatural interpretations of perplexing passages must be attended by the worst consequences ; for such interpretations sanction principles of exegesis, which, if applied to the grand verities of our faith, would readily overturn every one of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity.

We now proceed to the doctrine of the decrees of God, on which and the cognate subjects there are several discourses. It is comparatively seldom that these doctrines are dwelt upon in the pulpit. Most minds shrink from them with dread, and no doubt there is great danger of handling them injudiciously. But that they are intended for spiritual improvement, is evident from the important place assigned to them in Scripture. We have abundant evidence also from the history of religious revivals, that they are divinely calculated to awaken sinners. Some of the most powerful and awakening discourses of Jonathan Edwards during the revival at Northampton, were on the sovereignty of God. In regard to the philosophy of religion, the importance of these subjects cannot be over-estimated. The doctrine of the freedom of the will, viewed in relation to the Divine Sovereignty, has engaged the human intellect in every age, and has impressed a character on almost every system of philosophy. It is the grand enigma which first presents itself to a thinking and speculative mind. It will be found to be the turning-point of the false systems of philosophy which at the present day distract the thinking minds of Christendom. The grand problem is, to reconcile the antithesis between the Divine and the human will. The method of accomplishing this, gives rise to various schools. The pantheist ignores one term of the antithesis, and merges the human in the divine will. The humanist ignores the other term, and recognises no God but the conscious Ego. Another class, anxious to include Christianity in its orthodox forms within the sphere of their philosophy, endeavour to find an independent sphere for each, by limiting the divine will. Both practically and theoretically, therefore, the subjects discussed by Mr. Cochrane ought to be of vital moment in the estimate of every Christian enquirer.

Three objects may be contemplated in treating the abstruse doctrines in question. First, regard may be had only to their practical bearings, and they are therefore taken as undisputed facts. But a second object

may be, to reconcile the apparent contradictions between predestination and free-will, which every mind must feel in dwelling on this subject. Or lastly, the object in view may be to shew the reasonableness of receiving both doctrines, although baffled in all our attempts to effect a reconciliation—believing that there is a compatibility, though beyond the reach of reason. A considerable proportion of the discourses is occupied with the first or practical aspect, and we have been much pleased with the solemn earnestness and edification found throughout the whole. It is however only with the other two aspects we shall occupy the attention of the reader for a little.

The great aim of the Christian teacher ought to be, in our apprehension, to shew that it is unreasonable to reject either doctrine, merely on the ground that we cannot reconcile them; that we may have abundant evidence for the truth of each, and yet our intellect may not have sufficient grasp for the superior unity that reconciles them. The author gives in a popular form a beautiful illustration of this subject, furnished by Isaac Taylor. He shews how irreconcilable the various conic sections would be, were we unacquainted with the cone on which they may all be traced. The cone, by furnishing a bond of unity, reconciles at once the diversities. Perhaps the analytical method presents the illustration more clearly than the geometrical one employed by Taylor. One general equation embraces all the conic sections; and to find the specific equation for each, we have only to make in the general equation a constant quantity, equal to nothing, less than nothing, or greater than nothing. It will be observed that, beautiful as the illustration is, it does not present the reconciliation of apparent contradictions; it only synthesises diversity, not contrariety, for the various conic sections have only specific differences, and the process of union is only the supplying of the generic element for the formation of the genus. Astronomy presents, perhaps, one of the best illustrations of the reconciliation of apparent contradictions by a higher discovery. The planets were always believed to move in continuous circular orbits; but their retrogradations presented an apparent contradiction to this doctrine. When the eye traces the path of a planet, it does not move in a continuous circle round the heavens. It is found occasionally to retrograde, and form a loop in the orbit. Now, the great problem of ancient astronomy was, to account for such retrogradation on the hypothesis of circular orbits. It was to effect a reconciliation that the cycles and epicycles were invented; and these at last became so complicated as to give occasion to the celebrated saying of Alphonso, King of Castile, "that, if he had been consulted when God created the world, he would have advised a less complex scheme." When Copernicus arose, he at once effected a complete reconciliation, by virtually elevating the eye above the plane of the planet's motion. Our eye is unfavourably situated, being in the plane of the orbits of the planets; and it is this unfavourable position alone that causes the apparent contradiction. Did we look down perpendicularly upon the plane, all the enigmatical loops would at once disappear. Copernicus at once flashed unity and consistency upon the solar system, by viewing it from a higher point of vision. Now, in regard to predestina-

tion and free-will, there is undoubtedly an apparent contradiction, but this may be altogether an illusion arising from our unfavourable point of view. Were our nature elevated to a higher plane, the harmony might at once flash upon us; but, by the acknowledgment of the profoundest thinkers, the higher unity required to harmonise them has not yet been discovered.

We think it would have been wise had Mr. Cochrane remained satisfied with the demonstration of the truth of both doctrines, showing at the same time that no practical evil can result from our ignorance of the mode of reconciliation. Instead of this, he has attempted a reconciliation, and has of course fallen into the usual sophisms. Many writers are inconsistent upon this point. They set out by deprecating loudly the presumption of the human intellect, in attempting to grasp the subject, and they end with sophistical explanations, professing to explain away the difficulty. Mr. Cochrane will not think our judgment severe, when we say that he has signally failed where even the loftiest intellects have not met with success. We shall proceed to examine shortly a few of his arguments, which are obviously circular, or consist in stating the difficult in different words.

The author endeavours to clear the decrees of difficulties in reference to the three points, free-will, sin, and the use of means. In answer to the question,—How does the doctrine of the divine decrees consist with the free-will of man? he answers, God has decreed every event which constitutes an ingredient in the personal history of every individual, but he has also decreed, that in all his motions, man shall be left to the freedom of his own will. Now, there is no approach to an explanation here. The author says, God indeed decrees the event, but then he decrees the free-will of the agent. This, however, is only a statement, and a very palpable one, of the difficulty. The question is, How are these two decrees, the fact of which is admitted, to be reconciled? And in passing, we observe, that it ought to be kept in view, that the decree implies not merely the fore-knowledge of God, but his actual agency in bringing about future events. In explaining at page 225. the meaning of the term *necessity*, the author admits only the former; but at page 209, where he meets the argument that election renders man inactive, the actual agency of God is forcibly vindicated.

In reference to the objection, that the doctrine of predestination makes God the author of sin, Mr. Cochrane uses arguments which we think he would shrink from on a more mature consideration of the question. The matter involves questions so momentous, that we shall give the passage in full. "Again, the suggestion of the idea that God may be the author of sin, necessarily leads to the enquiry, what, in its abstract nature, sin means? What is it that we understand by sin? What is it that constitutes one action sinful, and another free from that imputation? Now, in reply to this, I cannot lay before you a more excellent definition of sin than that which is contained in our Shorter Catechism, wherein it is defined, as "any want of conformity to, or transgression of the law of God." It is the law, then, or revealed will of God, which constitutes one action sinful, and another the reverse. When the creature acts in

accordance with that revealed will of God, his conduct is holy, just, and good; when at variance with that will, it is sinful and unrighteous. There is nothing essentially or in itself sinful, in any transaction which occurs in the universe; its sinfulness consists in what may be called the accident of its "want of conformity to, or transgression of the will of God." We hesitate not, for instance, to pronounce a murder, or a robbery, sinful; but it is not the taking away of life in the one case, or the removal of property in the other, which constitutes the criminality of these actions, for life may be taken away, and property may be removed, and both without sin; but the criminality consists in the actions being performed in such circumstances as to violate the known and revealed will of God. Now, apply these observations to God's predestination of future events. These being decreed of God, and by him predestinated, are necessarily in perfect harmony with the divine will, and so far, therefore, as the Almighty is concerned, are sinless, holy, and good. God has willed that they should happen, and that act of willing them to happen, being of course neither a want of conformity to God's law, nor a transgression of it, can never, so far as God is concerned, be chargeable with moral depravity. God is not therefore the author of sin, and it is a contradiction in the very terms, and an absurdity in the very terms, that he can be. Wherein then, it may be asked, consists the sinfulness of any action? and to whom may criminality be imputed? In the disobedience, we answer, of a moral agent to commanded duty, and who by that disobedience voluntarily and consciously committed, incurs guilt. Sin is the attribute of a creature, and a creature alone. Had the duty not been commanded, had the will not been revealed, there would have been no sin, but when God positively enjoins a certain specific line of conduct, and that is transgressed, the very essence of iniquity comes into view. It follows, from these observations, that what to man is sinful, may to God be holy, right, and pure."

Now it is obvious that the explanation of the author is only a statement of the difficulty, in all its breadth. Let us take some particular sin, say the crime of Cain—murder. The author says Cain willed this act, and was guilty; God willed it also, but was not guilty. We ask a reason why God willed it without partaking of the sin: And his answer is, He willed it. But this is the very thing we want explained,—how he could will it and yet be free from sin. The mere statement of the fact can be no explanation of it. It is no explanation of the act of a moral agent, to say that he willed it. This is a mere truism, or the statement of the same thing in different words. In support of his argument, the author adopts a theory of morals fraught with the greatest peril. The theory is, that apart from the will of God, there is no essential difference between good and evil. This we hold to be a most dangerous doctrine, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Cochrane must have inadvertently adopted it. It is true, that whatever God wills is right, but the question is, Is a thing right because God wills it, or does God will it because it is right? We must adopt the latter, unless we mean to obliterate all real distinction between good and evil. The doctrine of our author would necessarily land us in the idea that pervades the

remarkable poem, "Festus," which we are sure he holds in abhorrence, viz., that "evil and good are God's right hand and left." Much confusion arises in discussing ethical questions, from not clearly drawing a distinction between three things—the subjective faculty or sense, the objective quality, and the practical rule. The error of the author lies in obliterating the second of these altogether. He quotes the admirable definition of sin given in the Shorter Catechism in support of his views, but it only professes to indicate the practical rule—the law of God. It does not ignore the principles of rectitude on which that law is founded. A law, in its very nature, implies a prior *rightness*. It is held that "sin is the attribute of a creature, and of a creature alone." This is of course given as an axiom, a necessary truth, altogether independent of a *posteriori* proof. But Dr. Adam Clarke, who was disposed to push the *a priori* argument to the utmost, was obliged to acknowledge that it could throw no light on the moral character of God. Dr. Chalmers tells us that he could conceive the Creator to be a malignant being. "The Supreme Power of the universe might, for aught we know, have been the enemy of moral goodness, and instituted another regimen than that of virtue. He might have promulgated rewards for cruelty, and deceit, and violence; and denounced penalties on temperance, and humanity, and justice."—We know too, that the human intellect, even with the aid of a *posteriori* evidence, has more frequently than otherwise invested the Supreme Being with malign attributes. The usual method employed by Calvinistic divines to prove that God is not the author of sin, is to draw a distinction between the substance of an act and its morality. The formula of the schoolmen on which it is based, is, "*Deus concurrit ad materiale, non ad formale actionis malæ.*" Julius Müller, the profoundest thinker on this subject of recent times, adopts this distinction, but we are persuaded that most minds will find it only a scholastic subtlety.

The last point of difficulty connected with the decrees of God, relates to the use of means. It is objected by the fatalist, that there is no use of means when God has decreed the end. The author gives the usual answer, that God decrees the end as well as the means. This, however, only puts the difficulty a step further back; for the objector will at once say, What need is there for me to will the means when they have been willed by God already? It may be answered: Your volition is a link in the chain of causation, it is one of the means necessary to attain the end. But the objector finally rejoins, That is the precise point to be explained,—how, in a chain of necessary causation, the volition of a free agent can be interpolated. The statement that God has ordained the means as well as the end, is so far good against the fatalist, that it asserts a *fact*, or law in God's government, to which he is morally bound to conform his conduct; but it does not meet the real objection, which demands an *explanation* of this fact.—It will be readily seen that this difficulty resolves itself into the first of the three now enumerated, viz., How can the act of a free agent be decreed? As in the former cases, therefore, we can regard the argument of the author as only a statement in different words of the difficulty to be explained. Jonathan Edwards puts forth his strength against the fatalist, not by solving the philoso-

phical enigma, but by shewing that the use of means is implied in man's very existence, and that it is utterly impossible to act on fatalist principles. If the fatalist resolves to do nothing, Edwards shews that this even is inconsistent with his principles, for this *doing nothing* is a means to an end. Is there, however, no philosophical ground on which man may use means for the attainment of an end? To this we answer, that man stands on the firmest philosophical basis. He has the testimony of consciousness to the freedom of his will, and that of conscience to his being a responsible agent; and he feels as a necessary consequence, that he must act as a moral agent in the use of means. But the fatalist will answer, that there is another witness, whose testimony clashes with that of consciousness. Consciousness declares that man is a free agent, but reason, he says, delivers its testimony to the following effect: God is; God foreknows all events; God decrees all events; God effectually operates to bring about all events; therefore man need not use means to bring about any event. The question then is, which of these two witnesses are we to believe,—consciousness, or the logical reason of man? We unhesitatingly answer, that the first imperatively demands our assent. Consciousness is the court of ultimate appeal. If we doubt its testimony, we are at once plunged into universal pyrrhonism. All evidence ultimately rests on the trustworthiness of consciousness. This is the primitive source of evidence; there are here no traditionary links, which may hand down the truth, but hand it down with a mixture of error. It is far otherwise with the other witness—logical reason. Reason is fallible,—or, lest we should be thought to doubt the validity of any of our *faculties*, we say that the *exercise* of reason often leads to error. We never dream of doubting consciousness; it would be a contradiction in terms to do so; but we often doubt the results of logic. And when consciousness tells us one thing and logic the opposite, we are bound to regard the logical conclusion as false. When the fatalist then says, as the result of his reasoning, that man is not a free agent, and need not use the means, we declare on the testimony of consciousness, that this conclusion is false, and that some error must have been committed in the logical process by which it was deduced. What we have given as the deliverance of philosophy, is only the common sense and general feeling of mankind. Though men find that they cannot, by the utmost stretch of intellect, reconcile by a superior unity the antinomies or apparent contradictions of reason, they never think of questioning the voice of the categorical imperative within. No logic can silence the categorical Yes or No of the Ego; and thus the theoretical difficulties connected with the decrees, cannot affect the practical conduct of man.

We cannot enter into the subjects of election and reprobation, which are handled at some length by the author; but the remarks we have made on the decrees in general, are applicable to the exceptions we might be inclined to take to the author's statements. We would only observe, that in preaching on predestination, care should be taken not to present the doctrine with unnecessary harshness. It is very easy to draw apparently very logical, but most revolting deductions from this doctrine. When these deductions jar painfully with the moral sense of man and

the Scripture representations of God's goodness and mercy, there is good reason to fear that they have been arrived at by a false logic. In general, the author has shewn much taste and judgment, but there are one or two exceptions. For example, we consider the following statement unnecessarily harsh: "The fact is certain, and not for one moment to be doubted or gainsaid, that one portion of mankind are preparing for heaven's glory, and another for hell's misery, and this by the decree and direct interposition of the Almighty." We have the same objection to the following statement: "The effects designed to be accomplished by the preaching of the word are twofold,—partly saving, partly reprobating; and those on whom it operates not the one effect, it will not fail to operate the other." Surely there must be some misapprehension here, when the preaching of the gospel is represented as *designed* for the damnation as well as the salvation of sinners. Is not this view altogether inconsistent with the tender and sincere invitations of the gospel?

Perhaps the ablest discourse in the volume, is the one entitled "The election of Matthias, a beacon to warn, and not an example to guide the Christian Church." He endeavours to prove that there is, in the account given of the election, so much indistinctness, that it is impossible to say what was the precise mode of election, so that it cannot be an example to the Church in after times. He puts forth all his strength in shewing, that it is utterly impossible to determine clearly, whether the election was by lot or by suffrage; and if by suffrage, whether it was by the suffrage of laymen or ecclesiastics,—though he inclines to the belief that the 120 were office-bearers in the Church. The chief aim of the discourse appears to be, to shew that the popular election of ministers has no sanction from this passage; that instead of an example, it is a beacon to warn. We quite concur in the opinion, that it is preposterous to set up a *jus divinum* for popular election, founded on this passage; but, at the same time, we cannot see how the transaction is to be regarded as a beacon to guard us against that mode of appointment. If, by the author's shewing, the transaction, from its uncertainty, is worthless as a model, it must also, for the same reason, be worthless as a beacon. Besides, he inclines to the belief, that the election was not popular, but that Matthias was chosen by the votes of ecclesiastics. Though there was no doubt as to this view of the transaction, it could not, except by a contradiction, be regarded as a beacon against popular election. For our own part, while we hold that there is no exclusive sanction for popular election in Scripture, we are as clearly of opinion, that there is nothing against it. Scripture imposes no fetters on the Christian Church in the mode of appointing ministers. The liberty of the Church demands that the method should vary according to varying circumstances. No doubt the decision of a majority is a rude, mechanical, and often tyrannical choice, yet its convenience renders it sometimes the only available method for the satisfactory settlement of ministers.

After shewing that the transaction cannot be regarded as a model, the author proceeds to call in question the very validity of the election of Matthias. We admire much the ingenuity of the arguments used to establish this point. Not that the arguments bring conviction to our

mind, but we feel as every one must feel in reading the remarkable performance of Archbishop Whately, entitled, "Historic doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte." The charm consists in the ingenuity of the arguments against facts in regard to which there can be no reasonable doubt. The arguments are, that the apostles, in proceeding to elect, probably disobeyed the command, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high;" that the apostles were not warranted, in any circumstances, to elect, and that the election of Matthias was afterwards superseded by the appointment of Paul to the apostleship. These points are ingeniously argued, but one has only to turn to the account of the transaction, in order to have all doubts dispelled. Were some member of Cupar Presbytery, for the sake of a little dialectic recreation, to rise in Court, and, with great gravity, throw out surmises as to the validity of the author's appointment to his present charge, we have no doubt that the Clerk, on reading the record of the appointment without protest, would at once explode the plausible surmises of the dialectician. We mean to cast no reflections on the accuracy and business habits of the official in question, but we are sure that he could not, in drawing up a minute, surpass the precision of Luke in recording the essential points of the ordination of Matthias.

The three last discourses, treating of the sin against the Holy Ghost, are characterised by great power. They contain many vehement and thrilling appeals, which we have seldom seen matched. While the practical part receives our fullest commendation, we cannot concur with the author in his view of the nature of the sin in question. The controversy on the subject turns very much on the question, whether it is an act or a habit. Chalmers holds that it is a habit, or that it is a state of hopelessness engendered by a habit of resistance to the Holy Ghost. This view resolves the matter merely into a general law of our spiritual constitution. It asserts the fact, that man may reach a state of hardened impenitency, in which his salvation is impossible. This view does not seem to harmonise with the apparently exceptional character of the sin, for the natural import of the language of scripture seems to indicate an *act* of special enormity. The author regards it as an act—but in expounding the nature of this act he sanctions a principle of a most perilous nature. He says, "It is, that felt, internal, and effectual resistance to the Holy Ghost, which must occur in any land where the Gospel is preached, when that blessed agent would persuade us to close with Christ, and we will not." He, in short, regards the sin against the Holy Ghost, as a single and deliberate act of *conscious* resistance to the Holy Ghost. There are many minor exceptions we would be inclined to take to this view, but we shall allude to only one grand objection. This objection has reference to the conscious element. The sinner, when he resists, must be directly conscious of the Holy Spirit's presence and operation. We hold that we have no warrant for this consciousness. No doubt the Spirit affixes his seal, and gives proof of his influence—but this is not directly, but through the fruits of holiness. An unregenerate man can have no unmistakable proofs of the Spirit's influence, and a regenerate man can only have indirect proof. In neither case is there an immediate conscious-

ness of the Spirit's influence. This doctrine of conscious influence is the source of almost all religious delusion and fanaticism. Its great and fatal tendency is to exalt the visionary above the practical in the life of the Christian. We doubt much whether the author would have embraced this doctrine, were it not for the exigency of the difficulty under consideration. We would much rather leave the difficult text unexplained than be forced to so dangerous a shift.

In bringing our task to a close, we must express our acknowledgments for the peculiar gratification afforded us by the examination of the work. We have differed in many points from the author, but on ground so debatable nothing else could be expected; and while so differing, we have invariably felt an obligation to him for placing the difficulty in some new light before us. We cordially recommend the work for general perusal. It is full of practical matter on the most momentous subjects, suited to all classes of readers. To the learned and more thoughtful reader it will be peculiarly acceptable. It abounds in suggestive thoughts, while it displays, without any ostentation, traces of the highest scholarship. The Biblical student must hail the work as a most valuable contribution to the theological literature of Scotland.

CONFESSIONS OF A COURT PREACHER.

PART IV.

C———N HOUSE, February 1851.

It was the custom amongst the Lutherans in Germany, as well as amongst the French preachers, to select their texts from the usual lessons of the day; hence they were under the necessity of preaching from the same passages of the Gospels, according to their recurrence (regular and frequent) in these lessons. Thus limited in their range, there was small probability, apart from the greatest versatility of talent, that, year after year, a freshness of inventive power could be kept up, in discoursing upon subjects which a few efforts must, in most cases, have hackneyed. One of Reinhard's most conspicuous talents, however, was this very versatility, which endowed him, at every recurring trial, with the most marvellous powers of novel illustration. At times, when his compeers might be conceived of as despairing over their exhausted resources, his phoenix-like vivacity anew "created a soul under the ribs of death." Let us bear this circumstance in view, while we glance over the appointments with which he furnished himself in the invention and choice of his themes.

A knowledge of philosophy in general—specially psychology and ethics—is the primary requisite for success in the invention of subjects. The preacher must be an untiring student of human nature—history and experience must be the variously coloured maps over which his eye must be brought to glance accurately and familiarly—he must learn perseveringly the art of accumulating observations, comparing and digesting—in short, must ascend, in all things, to an elevated reach of thought,

whence, calm and unruffled himself, he has a commanding prospect over the turbulent expanse beneath, where human life is swaying to and fro in its million phases. Thus only can he be perfectly master of a ready adaptation between his own luminous ray of thought, and the precise point where he designs it shall strike, and soften, and subdue.

This philosophical balance being wanting, scarcely any compensating power will, in any degree, meet the exigency. The unread, unreflecting preacher, having exhausted the first ambitious escapades of his fancy, sees no farther resource but in treading the same measure once and again, till, at length, the "mazes intricate" are worn into the dull highway of vapid generality and commonplace. If we set before us the history of every one of our Scotch clergy at the present hour, and trace its course, how many examples would be afforded us of this process of degeneracy—this Art of Sinking in Pulpit Oratory! Shall we be deemed invidious, if we protest, in the strongest sense, against that habit of indolence, or vacuity, or something even less creditable, which creeps upon many of our country clergy especially, rendering varied and comprehensive reading almost as rare as, where found, it is invaluable? The apology offered on the score of multiplied pastoral duties, is, in the last degree, paltry. The pastor, whose heart is in his work, and who takes the large view of his office, of which Reinhard offered a living example, perceives at once that, of all the duties incumbent on him, this of continued research into the annals of human thought is amongst the chief and most imperative. To an individual of cultivated taste, indeed, the spectacle of complete indifference to the subjects of intellectual repast found in books, among men who once held the position of rigid and accomplished students enough, is fraught with many painful reflections—not the least of which must be, that, though they rose joyously in the morning and put on their youthful strength, in the fierce noon-heat we find them stretched in bowers of indolence, forgetful of the enemy who meanwhile plunders the vineyard.

In books, and the exhaustless thoughts which they suggest, the preacher will find an endless variety of topics and illustrations. Reinhard preserved a commonplace book constantly near him, in which he noted extracts from authors, general memoranda, and passing thoughts of his own which seemed worthy of expansion. When the barrenness of his text absolutely put him to fault, here was a treasure, in running over which he succeeded frequently in touching a suggestive spring.

Yet this mechanical reference is not, in any sort, the whole value of the practice of extensive reading and meditation. It is only to be used as a *dernier resort*. The principal value of the habit alluded to is to be seen in the general elevation, expansiveness, and activity of mind, which it is sure to induce. Accordingly, the inventive faculty should be trained primarily to plant itself on "this firm base." It ought never to retreat on the reserve, until, having weighed the text in question grain by grain, it shall have found its substance and vitality, without farther aid, absolutely intangible.

Reinhard was guided by this principle in setting himself to select and frame his theme. And there can be no doubt his method of following

out the general principle, in its practical applications, is admirable, as it is agreeable to sound reason, and must prove effective for all the purposes of varied interest. In the case of an historical text, for example, he transferred himself to the stage on which the actors played their part, and there identified himself with one of the group. He examined every incident which led to the one special scene, and every result which followed it, and thus obtained a thorough acquaintance with its every attitude and accompaniment. In such a survey, its connexion with other parts of the narration in which it is contained, falls first to be noted,—next, the time and place of the occurrence—the causes must be fathomed, conducing to the result, such as it stands under examination—every matter of contemporary consequence, which throws any light on the subject in question, must be remembered—and, finally, the student must be animated by a true philosophic spirit, mindful of the cause of historical interpretation, which regards every event in the light of the spirit pervading the times in which its occurrence is chronicled. “Now,” adds Reinhard, “if a man, guided by these general preparatory measures, directs his attention to the acting persons, and looks at the opinions, dispositions, wishes, and necessities they express; if a man observes the morals and character they exhibit; if a man searches after these impressions and results, which every word, every assertion, every step of the acting persons produced; and, finally, if a man looks at the effects which such results may have produced in general, and as a whole;—if a man does all this, it is scarcely possible for him not to arrive at something, which deserves to be farther reflected upon and treated of in detail.”—The preacher must not, however, neglect to keep distinctly in his view, at the same moment, the spirit and necessities of *his own* times. In these must be found the appropriateness of all practical uses, deducible from his preaching. Neither because a subject may be handled in a particular manner with the most ease, nor because his own inclination may tend to its illustration in some other special view, will the conscientious preacher be induced to desert the position, which affirms the whole circumstances and necessities of his hearers as of paramount consideration, in the delivery of that message, with which he believes himself charged by an authority, whose ends alone are to be served. This authority can only be served by “the word spoken in season;” and if fanciful or capricious displays are made instead, it amounts to faithlessness in the steward, and a starving of the children of the household committed to his care.

In addition to this identification of himself with “two different worlds, that of his text and his own,” as Reinhard expresses it, the preacher must be a zealous and intelligent student of Biblical History in general, and of Evangelical History in particular. The Evangelists cannot be too frequently studied and compared with one another, nor can too accurate a knowledge of the natural features of the Holy Land, and of the historical character and events of the times in which the Evangelists lived, be secured. These topics are replete with a thousand germs of wide-spreading thought; and with the assistance of masterly guides in the region of Biblical History, the student may have these infinitely

varied. Reinhard recommends, as having been of immense service in his own case, Chrysostom's Homilies, Hess on Evangelical History, and Pauler's Commentary on the Gospels.

But next as to texts of the didactic order. "The matter to be treated of in handling such texts," says Reinhard, "whether theoretical or practical, is sometimes in such a form and of such a character, as to leave a man no choice, but to force itself upon him as the principal subject of his discourse, if he would not directly contradict the text itself. In this case, every thing, as I think, depends upon whether all that is requisite for a fundamental treatment of this given subject is furnished in the text, and can be deduced from it without feebleness or constraint. If so, a man must confine himself to the text, and by a natural or free analysis draw everything from it. In this way, he will gain from the ease with which everything is comprehended and impressed upon the memory, and the manner in which the hearers are introduced to the Scriptures, and led profitably to read them and reflect upon them. If not, a man should bring his subject, as far as possible, in connexion with the words of the text, and then supply all deficiencies from his own meditations." These are perspicuous statements, which could not fairly admit of compression.

It is farther to be borne in mind, that a distinction is to be made between such didactic texts as treat exclusively of one subject, and those which comprise several that are distinct. In the former case, where there may be a copious enumeration of heads, Reinhard instances several of his own sermons, in which is exemplified the method of pursuing a natural connection in their exposition; and in the latter case, where the enumeration may be equally copious, he instances others, in which, by the exercise of a due discrimination, one of the topics may be selected, and advantageously handled, while the others are neglected. And, finally, many an unpromising text may be rendered conspicuously rich and profitable, if it be judiciously associated with the general scope of the context, and an extended view of its relations.

What, moreover, is true in regard to the preacher's transference of himself to the scene of action, in his consideration of historical texts, is not less of value, when he retains one of the didactic class before him. "If, for instance, a man is able to imagine all the circumstances present, under which an apostle wrote a text, taken from one of the Epistles, it will be easy for him to discover the general truth to which the particular event narrated belongs; and, by abstracting this truth from it, he will be able to make a profitable use of the various parts and representations of the text." This vivid conception of the circumstances, which surrounded the apostles in penning their letters to the Churches, also leads to a connected view of the various parts of any one passage. Take, for instance, the twelfth chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. At a first glance this chapter appears to be a mere chain of moral precepts, "like orient pearls at random strung." Let us examine exactly, however, the situation of the writer himself—the reasons which specially induced him to give prominence to the precepts in question—and the strict reference they bore to the condition of the Christians in Rome, and

their relations to the other parts of the world, and we shall speedily perceive that the apostle's object was marked out with care and calculation—that object being the impressing of a distinctive character of excellence on those professing Christianity. The order and connection pervading the chapter do now, at once, make themselves evident. In the first portion, Christians are to be pre-eminent over the world, by being members of a Church; in the second, by their noble personality; and in the third, by their excellencies.

But we arrive now at what contributes, in a secondary degree, to permanent success as a preacher—and this is held to consist in the strict logical arrangement of sermons. This point is by many summarily neglected. They conceive, (from what motive they only can best tell,) that logical trammels would fetter their vehement spirits—like caged eagles, their pinions pruned of their might, they would hop only within the wretched limits of their perch, instead of rising “to dally with the wind and scorn the sun.” But the reflections of the eloquent Reinhard led him to a different conclusion. In the great ancients, whose spirit he had copied, he found the most perfect logical order and division pervading their pieces, each part fitted in with a masterly perception of its relative importance, so that the whole, in its combined bearings, presented a model of symmetry and strength. What then shall we say of those who would be considered the Demostheneses and Ciceros of modern times, and yet contort into hideous masks those eternal features of truth and beauty, which the ancients exhibit in their pages, combined and wreathed together into every form of lustrous power and fascination? Must we not suppose that they have heard much more frequently of the ancient orators, than looked into their treasures with the desire of the student? It must be so—and most people, not being better informed as to the “fiery and overpowering eloquence of the ancients,” as Reinhard pithily remarks, “confound it with the irregular, half-poetical, and chattering declamations of the *would-be* orators of modern times, which rush, as it were, from one thing to another, and would cease to be overpowering, that is, puzzling, if reduced to logical order.” And not only in the case of the ancients, but in that of the most famous of pulpit orators of a late day, such as Saurin, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Blair, their vehemence and strength are polished and perfected by the most absolute attention to logical principles of division. That such, therefore, are essential weapons to the preacher, the instances named not only make evident, but they are required by the very nature of the case. For will not the leader, who disposes his forces in compact and well-calculated order, be more likely to strike decisively and achieve a victory, than he who, with a loose and jumbled following, dashes hither and thither, in pursuit of the mere figments of vanity, or of something equally delusive.

But, once more, it is obstinately argued, Is not the object of preaching to awaken and inflame devotional feelings, till they rise to that sublimated pitch of ardour, in the pure flame of which, as it ascends to heaven, not a tinge of earthiness is seen to mingle? Can such a burning stream be re-kindled by the touch of the finger, familiar only with the trimming and polishing of cold and unimpassioned formulas?

Now a little degree of reflection will enable us to recollect, that the *preacher* is also essentially a *teacher*. His office is that of spiritual guide; and if he does not give true knowledge to those who follow him, how shall their range of thought be extended to those limits of breadth and solidity required for entertaining, in the proper sense, an estimate of the great goal whither they are pressing onwards? The kindling of a mere burst of emotion cannot, on any principle of our natural constitution, be endowed with permanency, unless there be underneath the substantial fuel of sound knowledge. With an uninstructed intellect, the imagination may fill the heart with pruriency of the most injurious character. Hence, unless the preacher first essays instruction, the violent throes of the merely declamatory spirit will end in egregious futility. Substantially and lastingly, the heart can never be gained but through the intellect—through a perception of truths lucidly stated and made the ground-work of deductions, which, though stated with the highest degree of fervour, will then possess a teeming power mounting in degree not less high. And how can truth be more lucidly enforced, than by a careful attention to a process, which presents it with the most accurate fidelity?

Yet, once again, it is urged, that, if a preacher do make it an absolute rule to compose his sermons after strict logical order, he ought merely to allow this order to pervade his general plan, without permitting its rigid framework to be perceptible throughout every subordinate part. In the human body, it is said, the skeleton is clothed with such integuments as effectually hide its stark and hideous features.

The analogy here is, however, not correct. In our corporeal frame, we *do* externally discern its anatomical structure. Nay, instead of the simile here offered being an illustration in favour of those who object to constant and inflexible method, its purport tends precisely in the opposite direction. For is it not the very circumstance of our discerning so clearly the various parts of the body, and their wonderful adaptations to each other and to the external world, as well as the living beauty of their fleshly covering, that constitutes the charm thrown round our spirits, when we seat ourselves down to contemplate its mechanism? And let us suppose that the joints and limbs were embedded in such masses of flesh and blood, as that all their present beautiful undulations had disappeared in one monstrous creation of shapeless bulk—would not such an object be an absolute blot upon nature? The image therefore suggested by the human frame, is directly unfavourable to the objection it has been meant to support. A discourse, without regularity of form, and a careful connection and symmetry pervading its parts, can hardly leave any ideas on the minds of the hearers, but those of vague and barren generality.

The above is an imperfect summary of the state of the case; and surely Reinhard's assertion appears correct, when he says, that the discourses, just reprehended, "can never accomplish any good." Though urging the necessity of clear logical order, however, he candidly proceeds to add several notices of instances of his own, in which he failed to adhere to the rules he himself lays down. There is no apology offered for these inconsistencies—he in plain terms affirms himself to have been careless

and culpable—and a warning is added against a yielding to the temptation, which would induce a preacher to desert his main theme and drag in something collateral, on which his talents might descant with greater fluency.

Again, from his methodical disposition, Reinhard sometimes pushed his practice to an opposite extreme, and produced mere pieces of stiff and lifeless scholasticism. There is therefore much caution needed to avoid prosecuting a habit of formal argument beyond the point, after which it degenerates into dry definition and classification. "That in writing out a sermon," adds Reinhard, "every grand idea should be rendered clear by correct definitions, is perfectly evident; otherwise, a man will not master his subject, and speak it with the requisite application. But this logical and preparatory labour does not belong to the sermon itself, in which everything must be intelligibly represented without any pedantic analysis of the subject. Young preachers should be warned to guard so much the more against this error, from the fact that a man pleases himself in the thing, from the appearance which it gives him of philosophical acuteness, and the opinion in which he indulges that it will increase his authority."

Finally, many of his sermons, he says, have been charged with uniformity. This however arose, in a great measure, (and must do so with others also,) from the very nature of the thing. A standing rule in the composition of a sermon seems necessarily to be, that the first portion should be addressed to the intellect, in one word, theoretical, and the second contain an application to the heart and life, or, to express it with the same brevity, be practical. Unless a man would become artificial, or evade the point of full justice to his subject, this rule appears to be inevitably imposed upon him. And a similar remark may be affirmed of what Reinhard calls "certain *trichotomics*, which are too natural not to be often employed." These are, when discoursing on an interesting subject, to *explain*, *prove*, and *apply*. Whether a duty or a virtue be the topic to be handled, the method of these successive steps seems to be demanded in its treatment; and unless they are adopted, and of course in this unvarying order, it is questionable if any other method will not prove unnatural, as well as inconclusive.

But with every palliating circumstance of this nature, Reinhard still confesses many of his sermons were written on principles of perhaps too uniform a symmetry. That it was so, proved advantageous, in reference to the peculiar defect in his memory; but that, for this reason, he either added to or subtracted from the number of divisions and subdivisions his subject required, cannot, in any sense, be asserted. Where the case demanded a different arrangement from that which characteristically stamped many of his productions, the claim, in its minutest particular, was fairly and fully allowed.

In summing up this part of his subject, he requests young preachers not to make symmetrical form the object of exclusive, or even excessive study. "It should be so regarded only, when the uniformity of divisions and subdivisions already spoken of is suggested by the subject itself, and is far more radical and natural than any other would be.

Where this is not the case—where a free division of the subject appears to have the advantage of enabling a man to treat it in a more thorough manner, or introduce a greater variety into his discourse, it should certainly be preferred.”

To the arrangement of his sermons, succeeds a consideration of the manner of their composition, or, briefly, their style. Reinhard acknowledges many imperfections in this respect—which are amply extenuated, when we remember the multiplicity and extent of his daily and hourly occupations. Yet to a paltry objection, which regards the accident of several of his sermons commencing with two or three short syllables, he answers by citing the example of Cicero, who began one of his most fervent orations with the word *venio*. The imperfections he confesses to are of a very different order—and the statement of them is given in terms of a rare and admirable candour. “The expression is not always so excellent, definite, and intelligible, as it ought to be; is not rich enough, and does not contain sufficient variety. Sometimes it is too brief, and not sufficiently clear; at others it is too verbose, and contains something that is superfluous. It is often destitute of that easy movement, that ready flow, in which everything seems to spring naturally forth of itself. Sometimes the ear is offended by a disagreeable location of the words; at others it is displeased or filled with one that is defective. And, finally, the transition from one part to another is not always sufficiently easy and natural, too often recurs, and exhibits too great an appearance of uniformity.”

That, in the use of certain words and phrases which are commonly liable to the charge of pedantry, Reinhard was perfectly excusable, is obvious, when it is remembered of what character generally his audience consisted. In Wittenberg it was almost exclusively scholarly—while at Dresden it was composed, in a great measure, of men of well-educated minds; and hence there was even an absolute call for the use of thoughts and language of a standard much more elevated than those which ought to be addressed to assemblages purely popular. The preacher, it is therefore to be concluded, whose charge lies in a walk of life, the great proportion of which comprises intellects of an ordinary stamp and education, ought to be careful in the avoidance of trains of argument or reflection, and even turns of phraseology, which, because they soar much above the grasp of his audience, must be worse than vain and out of place. There is, however, a false simplicity which many, on the other hand, employ in their discourses to ordinary congregations, that is, at once, meagre, barren, and vulgar. This is the case when, as Reinhard says, “a man speaks to grown persons as he would to children.” The preacher should, by no means, *lower* himself in his attempts at clearness of expression; for it is perfectly possible for him to expound sterling thoughts in pure and simple diction, without their being shorn, in the smallest degree, of their vigour. And one important end gained by thus presenting them, is that of insensibly elevating the minds of his audience to his own level, instead of its being necessary that *he* should stoop to their unimaginative pitch.

The difficulty of a modern orator accommodating himself with entire

success to those very mixed assemblies he may require to address, is one which, it must be allowed, did not encumber the orators of ancient times. Strictly speaking, there were no *mixed* assemblies in ancient times. They were exclusively of a popular cast—perfectly familiar with the subject on which the speaker expended his eloquence; and they listened in anticipation of none but ordinary, and, of course, fully intelligible forms of expression being used in its exposition.* With the modern speaker the case is different. The invention of printing has created a *reading* public, who are familiar with books and their phrases; and thus has arisen the mixed assembly composed of such individuals on the one hand, and of men of uneducated understandings on the other. The orator, therefore, who addresses an assembly of this character, cannot employ the simple phrases of ordinary usage, but at the risk of disgusting that portion of his hearers who belong to the polished cast—while, if he should launch into a diction elaborated by all the sound and ornament of *book* language, he puts to certain hazard the chance of his being at all intelligible to the other and commoner portion of the assembly. The difficulty, therefore, unknown amongst the ancients, is so to temper his language into a middle style between the two extremes, that the preacher shall satisfy both without offending either. And the attainment of such an art is perhaps the most decisive evidence of the presence of that earnestness of Christian spirit, too little desiderated at the present day we fear, but before which there is hardly a barrier of human prejudice and ignorance, but must, sooner or later, give away.

In Reinhard's sermons, it will be noted, in addition to what has been remarked as to his diction, that he uses, more frequently than is advisable, the two forms of interrogation and exclamation. The former, when well employed, lends point and vehemence to the expression; but, like most weapons of great effectiveness, in the very rarity of its use consists its strength. When profusely introduced, it becomes blunted, and strikes without piercing. A sermon, moreover, lavishly furnished with the point of interrogation, because requiring a continued strain of the lungs in its delivery, will prove exhausting beyond measure. The figure of exclamation should also be sparingly used; it involves an emotional state of the mind, and all emotion is of that delicate texture, which, by repetition, loses its fine and penetrative essence, while there are left behind the mere dregs of insipidity.

There is room for much art being exhibited in the transitions from one division or sub-division of a sermon to another. Reinhard compares these parts to the limbs of the body, and the points of transition to the joints uniting them, which, unless hinged on the principles of the easiest and most natural flexure, would result in a being indescribably stiff and angular, and painfully racked throughout, on the simplest movement

* Had the orator of Greece or Rome introduced into his declamations either poetical imagery or philosophical terms unintelligible to the multitude, he would have been greeted with ridicule and censure. Hence Cicero frequently apologizes when he found himself under the necessity of using expressions of a philosophical or scientific import.—*Pro Archia Poeta*, c. 2; the conclusion of the same Oration; and *Pro Morena*, c. 29.

being necessary. In his own sermons he did not succeed in this secret of transition, so fully as to realize his idea of perfect ease and grace. He blames himself for being frequently unnatural in passing from one main division of his subject to another; and he exhorts every student to spare no pains in attaining such a mode of evolving these parts, as that the one shall rise in sequence from the other, of its own accord, as it were. In his subdivisions again, he animadverted on a prevailing uniformity of transition. "Often, indeed," he says, "these transitions are quite easy and natural, especially when the words with which a division closes remind the reader of the succeeding one, and prepare him for it,—when the grand division is of such a character, that one division follows from another,—and, finally, when there is a gradation in the parts. If, however, any person reads a number of my sermons in succession, he will find these easy and natural transitions frequently returning, and too little diversified. This is a subject also upon which those must reflect, who wish to render their discourses highly perfect."

He was tempted moreover to adopt, in his transitions from one division to another, that mode of rounding off a point called by the ancient rhetoricians, *complexion*. It may be used with advantage, when a subject having been carefully and accurately divided; it is wished to impress each with force and exactitude upon the hearers' memories; the speaker then concludes each part with a precise repetition of the argument he has just used, generally in the same phrase in which at the outset he stated his proposition, so that it can hardly fail in securing the attention desired. This instrument of *complexion* likewise gives an air of finish to the several parts of a discourse, besides rendering the whole progress of the argument, and the transitions from one stage to the other throughout, perfectly obvious and natural. But, by its constant use, the preacher will err in burdening his productions with a uniformity, which is often destructive of an audience's interest. "Here then," adds Reinhard, "is another imperfection, which every one should seek to avoid in working out a discourse."

In a proper use of pronouns in his sermons, Reinhard acknowledged considerable difficulty, frequently feeling at a loss how to arrange his sentences, so as to leave no chance of reference being made to a wrong antecedent. In many cases, the obscurity resulting from this difficulty cannot be avoided, except by erasing the whole sentence, and recasting the thought in an entirely new form. In English, the philosophical use of nouns in regard to gender, and the liberty allowed us of personifying neutral objects, save us from much of the embarrassment attaching to the German language in the above particular; but, as every writer of this country must know, we are by no means exempt from the difficulty specified. The sense, it is true, may usually guide us to the proper references; but we must remember, that, in listening to a discourse, there are few who can, on the instant, exert a reflex effort in grasping the true meaning, and the effort is one that must be made on the instant, or abandoned altogether.

In now concluding his Confessions, Reinhard transcribes a paragraph which presents, in few words, a genuine portrait of that trait of unaffected

modesty, which we have several times had occasion already to remark, as distinctively belonging to him. "I must acknowledge," he says, "that I never sit down to read any of my sermons with a critical eye, without finding single expressions, turns, and even whole periods, which might have been written far better. Indeed I never arise from such a reading with any real satisfaction; but generally with pain, on reflecting that, with all my labour and diligence, I have come far short of satisfactorily and truly representing what my mind had conceived, as my own feelings required it should be; and, even now, with all my experience, I come far short of the standard of excellence to which I wish to attain. The venerable Blessig has expressed a wish, that, out of my numerous sermons, a selection of a few volumes of the best might be made, and published as a kind of legacy to posterity. I doubt whether posterity will care anything about such a legacy. And then who would make the selection? And if it were made, as it would contain nothing new, who would print it?"*

In these words does Reinhard end his interesting Confessions. We may say of them, in the words of Terence—*Nōsse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis*. Their value does not consist in opening up a talismanic spring, which every hand may touch with success: they merely point to principles on which the mighty machinery may be worked with great and harmonious results, but not without the application of arduous and unceasing efforts on the part of the student. It cannot be too often repeated, in the apt phrase of Seneca—*Non est ad astra mollis a terris via*.

An example of unwearied diligence from his early youth, Reinhard remained one till the last hour of his existence, though his decline was through a long tract of dark and dreary days of pain and sickness. Indeed, during his whole life he bore the burthen of broken health; and it is therefore the more remarkable, that his achievements should have been so numerous, varied, and splendid. That he was reprehensible, however, in according too little attention to his bodily health, we think may decidedly be inferred. In heedlessly prosecuting our mental occupations at the expense of that curious and sensitive structure in which the mind is sustained, it is obvious we are distinctly violating a principle of nature—if so, one of God's laws—and we are, therefore, morally and most gravely culpable. This *fact* is too little attended to in many cases, as, in looking around us on the circle of a studious class, we have sad enough reason, each year as it passes, to remark. And what we must consider as a high offence in eulogistic writers, is the frequency with which this practice of overworking the brain, till it is brought prema-

* Many of Reinhard's sermons may be perused with the greatest profit; and a judicious selection of them would constitute a valuable production in this country. A translation of sixteen *Family Discourses* has already been executed, in one 8vo. volume, (M. MACPHAIL, Edinburgh,) the subjects of which, as well as their admirable treatment, and the fidelity and judgment conspicuous in the translator, ought to commend them strongly to every class of theological as well as ordinary readers. Let it be constantly borne in mind, however, under what peculiar circumstances Reinhard wrote and delivered his sermons, if it be thought there is a difference between his productions and what has been styled our "revival sermons."

turely to the dust, is applauded as heroism of the noblest kind ; and with how little consideration it is implied, nay, directly insinuated, that where the glow within is too ardent and self-consuming, the hands that confine it *must* give way, that the spirit may be permitted to soar to its native empyrean. Now, in our opinion, a man may, in an excess of zeal on the side of truth, trample, perhaps unconsciously, on certain rights or sound principles that may lie in his way as he presses on, and be as little blamable, in the eye of righteous judgment, as he who thus wastes, madly and uselessly, the rich and precious gift of a wise Creator, under the plea that the sacrifice is made in His service. It is a poor mockery and self-delusion to dream that such a sacrifice can be acceptable. Nay, even taking it to be a question of greater or less service done in the sight of Heaven, how many young heads lie mouldering in the dark sepulchre, which might be rising even now in the midst of the congregation of God's people, crowned with honour and reverence, but for the *ignis fatuus* that burned so fatally in the "heat-oppressed brain !" But the truth is, that we are inhibited from tampering with the marvellous system of our outer frames, as clearly and pointedly as from the infraction of any other divine injunction, or the transgression of any other law the finger of God has traced in our constitution. To labour incessantly, ere we can attain great moral or intellectual eminence, is the lot, as it may be made the privilege, of our nature ; that it may prove the latter, it must be mingled with a pervading recollection of those tempered principles of harmony, which shine in all the features of the moral administration of the Most High—and that just consideration which neither despises nor neglects anything, as too earthly or unworthy, which that Great Being has stamped with the fiat of His ordination.

But in the instance of Reinhard there is much palliation in the circumstance, that his diseases were in a great degree constitutional, rather than self-induced. And in the midst of their oppressive load, his Christian patience and equanimity never gave way,—to the very last he was found to bear his burden with a cheerful spirit. Indeed, to transcribe the incidents of his life, from the period of his attaining the dignity of Court Preacher till his death in 1812, would be, in effect, to write his highest eulogium, so distinguished were his services in the cause of truth—especially of evangelical truth—and so exemplary was his minute and regular discharge of every duty his office entailed upon him. We need hardly do more, therefore, than refer our readers to those sources whence they can easily obtain a fuller estimate of his life and character, than it lies within the range of our present subject to exhibit.

As a writer, however, he claims one or two additional observations. Besides contributing largely to periodical literature in a spirit of the most enlightened criticism, and furnishing the world with upwards of thirty volumes of sermons, as already mentioned, he produced an important work, stamped with his own peculiar character, and on which his reputation must permanently rest—we mean his *Christian Ethics*. It has been considered a repertory of his vast array of sermons. At all events, it is the offspring of a mind fervently built up in the sound philosophy which is based upon faith alone. Writing without bias towards any

particular class of speculative opinions, he has produced a body of psychological and historical facts of the highest interest and importance, and has thence deduced the soundest and most ennobling inferences bearing on the practice of mankind. In English we have no work of a kind so comprehensive; and should the work be considered too cumbrous in itself for transference into our language, it is to be regretted that its masterly and profound introduction, at least, has not been translated. It embodies the same absolute dependence on faith, as the key to man's inner spiritual life, which Jacobi and those of his school inculcate. In every phase of his later life, Reinhard showed but a broader and more decided development of this resting on the imperishable Rock. And there was nothing more emphatic, when the curtain was in the end drawing round his spirit, than his declaration of a perfect adherence to the faith which warms and animates the humblest Christian disciple, even when the clammy dews of death stand in beaded drops upon his forehead. *Requiescat in pace!*

W. R.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Mass, by WILLIAM ANDERSON, L.L.D. Glasgow: Robert Jackson, St. Enoch Square. 1851.

THERE are some men who write too much, and there are others who write too little. Dr. Anderson is of the latter class, and, now that he is fairly committed to the public, we hope that he will not be so shy for the future, but continue, from time to time, to give us books, which, if equal to his past productions, will be an honour to himself as an author, and to the Body to which he belongs. He is undoubtedly a man of genius and of scholarship, of intense earnestness of mind, and of uncompromising boldness in the enumeration of his views. This is the man, we say, for the age, and we only wish that the number of such men were increased. On looking at the Almanac, we see that the Rev. Dr. has been three-and-twenty years a minister, which must make him, we should suppose, a man, if not far, at least well advanced in life, and yet we have been favoured with nothing from his pen until now. But we shall not grudge him the past, if what is to come equal in excellence what we have already received. Dante and Richardson, and many others we could name, did not become authors till comparatively late in life; but who will say we have lost anything from their tardiness of authorship? Is it not the probability rather that we have gained, and that much? Not that every young author is a fool for his pains. This were to affirm too much. There is a *precocity*, as well as a *maturity* of genius, of which precosity Keats, and Shelley, and Byron, and Thomas Brown the metaphysician, and Napoleon Buonaparte, are brilliant examples. Dr. Anderson's mind is of the "maturity of genius" order; and as versatility is always an attribute of genius, whether precocious or mature, we find it forthcoming in the present instance. He is as expert a conversationalist, as he is profound as a theologian; and never was the "man of sin" more thoroughly broken over the wheel, than he is in the work before us. Whilst the subject of the Mass forms the principal theme of discussion, the whole system of Popery is incidentally embraced, and ground, as God would have it to be, into powder. The book may be called a theological avalanche,

washing, with overwhelming effect, this refuge of lies. Every page, like a thunderbolt, is charged with convincing argument, noble Scripture denunciation, polished sarcasm, and withering scorn; and you reach the conclusion with the thought rising to your lips, "Well, this said mass is done for, for ever."—There are several things about the book, and about the author, which call for our high approval. We admire the prominent place which he assigns to the Reformation, to Reformation principles, and Reformation heroes. We are grieved to say it, but it is a fact, that dissenters generally, be they Scotch or be they English, are no great admirers of either. It is seldom that you find, in their speeches or their writings, any allusion to the work, or the men of the Reformation. It would not be difficult, had we either the time or the inclination, to elicit the reason, but this much we say, generally their denominationalism has swallowed up everything else. Dr. Anderson, however, is an honourable exception, and he has *heart* enough to quote John Knox,—“Well done, thou honest champion of the west, we are glad to see thee above the prejudices of voluntarism after all! astute voluntary, thyself, though we know thee to be!” A man of genius, of enlarged and earnest sympathies, will not, cannot be fettered; and we see from the public prints that this same Dr. William Anderson, of John Street, Glasgow, was the only dissenting minister who came forward, on the *right ground*, to resist the Papal Aggression. The rest of his brethren had, we believe, a meeting of their own, and came to the adoption of a certain manifesto, in which their voluntary notions were strangely and ridiculously blended with their professed denunciation of Popery. Dr. Anderson, if we mistake not, called upon the interference of the civil power to put forth its resistance to the Papal invasion, and he was right; and this, and this only, is what will, or what can, put the monster down. If Popery had been *purely a religious* system, however false, we would have said, let it alone, and confront and oppose it, by the force of truth,—but it is not so.—It is essentially a *civil* system, grasping at the civil rights and liberties of the commonwealth, and seeking to bring all under its own odious and enthralling dominion; and, therefore, we say to such an attempt as that by which our country has been lately visited—“Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.” Britain will never be enslaved. We like also the slashing, as he goes along, which he gives to that “little sister” of Popery, Puseyism. It has never been sufficiently exposed, and we need a Seymour or an Anderson to lay it fairly under the knife;—we would recommend our author to take the hint, and if he do discuss the subject, we would advise him to remember *both sides of the Tweed*. In treating of the Mass, the author divides it into six parts—its Priest and Altar, its Consecration, its Elevation of the Host for Adoration, its Oblation as an Expiatory Sacrifice, its Sacramental Communion by the Priest, and its Communion by the People. Each head is treated with masterly skill; and we must say that, in both laying down his premises, as well as giving his quotations, the author deals fairly and impartially with Popery. He takes no undue advantage; but, like a man daring in truth and conscious of his strength, he gives us the true state of the case, and then, with swift decision, proceeds to the work of demolition. There are, also, added too stirring theological lectures on the “Man of Sin” and the “Genius and power of Popery;” and it is not too much to say, that the recent controversy has not given birth to a publication of greater value and power than the one before us. The management of the subject is everything that could be wished; and, either as a manual of private information or of public controversy, we believe it cannot be surpassed. Had our space permitted, we should have been glad to have given our readers an extract from each chapter; but, as it is, we give the following as specimens of the whole:—“Papists and Puseyites endeavour to reduce the offensiveness of

the dogma for all intelligent minds, by explaining that, in order to the efficacy, there must be no obstacle of mortal sin ; and that there must be, on the part of the communicant, the general faith, that it is the body of Christ which he receives. The first of these qualifications has evidently little pertinency to the question, and the second is only the general rule ; for, although it should be denied that the Viaticum is legitimately administered to the dying, in a state of insensibility, yet we have the authority of the Catechism for maintaining that it is lawfully administered to the insane, who were formerly pious, although they may be incapable of *acting* faith on it, in any degree. But, though the rule were absolute, that there must be a general faith of its being Christ's body which is received, all other active exercise of the mind is excluded. To represent it as necessary would be an entire evacuation of the dogma. It would represent the salvation as depending *ex opere operantis*, a representation, which the *ex opere operato* theory is expressly designed to oppose, as a heresy. Without any external motive, as their doctors express it, on the part of the communicant accompanying 'the external sacramental act,' that Host goes down, and 'cleaving to the bowels,' works within him, as a *passive* subject, all the salutary effect. But, why be so anxious to prove that this is the Popish doctrine ? They do not deny it : deny it ! they boast of it,—that their priests are endowed with a power to compound charms of such potency. And Dr. Hook, envious of the prerogative, put in the claim of a share of it for himself and his brethren of the apostolic succession, when, to her face, he warned our Queen, in the name of the Puseyite fraternity, that so many of her subjects were perishing under such unauthorised ministries as those of Robert Hall, and Pye Smith, and Thomas Chalmers, because they were unable to compound the pill, and mix the potion of Christ's flesh and blood for the people. That is precisely the intellectual and moral education, for which this country, calling itself enlightened, free, religious, and Protestant, is taxed in millions of its wealth !—A doctrine, by the bye, of which Dr. Hook is not the sole expositor. It is this very doctrine, which that dilettanti statesman, and would-be theologian, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of the order of St. Pusey, labours with his usual turbid tortuosity to substantiate, and for which Macaulay and Rogers so thoroughly drilled him in the Edinburgh Review. Apostolical Succession, with all its consequent and attendant virtues, and *professing* Protestants to contend for it—what a farce ! Nowhere have we found the carnal adaptation of Popery to human nature under the guise of religion, so briefly and correctly stated as in the closing paper on "the Genius and Power of Popery," and we cannot resist the temptation of giving the whole head to our readers. With this we take leave of the author and his work ; believing that it is not too much to affirm of the one, that "he is a master in Israel," and of the other, that it is a master-piece.

"I observe, then," says he, "in the first place, that the grand secret of the power of Popery lies in the manner in which it lulls the conscience of its victim, with the persuasion of his being religious, when yet, by its accommodations, it gives liberty to the natural enmity of his heart, to live at a distance from God, in a state of estrangement from him. Man cannot subsist without a religion. In one form or another, he must have a worship of God, in the hope of preventing or removing his displeasure, and securing his favour. Without this, there is no happiness for him, but a restlessness of gloomy presentiment, not the less afflictive, that it is frequently vague and undefined ; and a gulf-like void within his bosom, which no earthly love, or honour, or learning, or wealth, or luxury will fill up. It is of little importance to determine whether this proceed from an innate sense of God in the soul, or be, as I think it is, the result of the natural operation of its

other faculties and sensibilities, producing the demonstration, or the readiness to receive the demonstration of a great first cause. Whatever be their origin, there the presentiment and void are imploring to be soothed, and craving to be replenished. Most of those who have attempted to resist this sentiment of God, have either returned to cherish it, or have died miserably, confessing that, in their most joyous hours, peace was a stranger to their bosoms. Observe further, that, of all the systems which have been proposed for the adoption of the natural religious sentiment, the Christian is the only one which is accredited by sufficient evidence, either externally or internally, for an enquiring mind; but then, just in proportion to the strength of its evidence, is the holy character which it gives of God repulsive to the naturally depraved heart. There are only three ways in which this difficulty is to be met. The first is by the heart taking all the blame to itself, and humbly succumbing,—this is the course of a Protestant evangelical faith. The second is by its falling back and questioning the validity of the evidence,—this is the course of infidelity and atheism. The third, and that adopted by Popery, is to admit all, and to endeavour to quiet the conscience by a confession of the Bible's God, when it yet contrives to have as little direct and personal intercourse with him as possible,—this is Popery's great compromise betwixt faith and the ungodliness of an unregenerated heart. Natural conscience calls for a God; natural depravity deprecates communion with him, and beseeches that he be revealed only at a distance and obscurely. Popery answers both demands. It does this by its vast system of the mediation and intercession, and consequently idolatry of angels, and of saints, and of priests. These it interposes betwixt God and the soul, to save it the pain and annoyance of personal communion with him; when, nevertheless, it is permitted to flatter itself with the thought that it does not deny him, and that he will accept of its worship. This was the origin of the pagan idolatry. The Apostle declares expressly, that although 'they knew God, yet not liking to retain him in their knowledge, they changed his glory into an image, made like to corruptible man.' They could not endure the effulgence of his holiness shining directly, and interposed the image; pretending that, as a likeness or symbol of God, it helped them to conceive of him more distinctly; whereas the true intent was to rid themselves of immediate intercourse with himself, when, yet, the conscience was pacified by a sort of acknowledgment of Him. Human nature is ever the same in its principles, and remarkably uniform in its devices. Observe how the Pagan principle manifests itself in Popery. When the mystery of iniquity was in embryo, in the days of the Apostles, they had commenced the worshipping of angels, and, mark you, with the very same apology which Papists plead at the present day; the Apostle says, 'it was a show of voluntary humility.' These early corrupters of the Church—the true Fathers of the Church of Rome—affected to have such an humbling sense of their own unworthiness, that they dared not approach the divine presence themselves, and, therefore, paid their court to angels, soliciting their mediation. But the truth was, that, from aversion to the divine holiness, and desire to be delivered from communion with it, they betook themselves to a lower and more endurable form of it.

"As the corruption of the Church proceeded, even angel-holiness was felt too oppressive, and the mediation was reduced still lower, by the intercession of saints. But neither was this sufficient. For, although these saints had once been men and women of like passions with themselves, yet being now glorified, intercourse with such heavenly purity was still oppressive. The relief was provided by interposing the image—not for the purpose of helping to a better conception of the celestial glory of Mary, or Peter, or John, but for the very opposite of this, that, by the earthly forms,

the glory might be reduced, and made less oppressive to the unsanctified heart. It was thus that the idol-statuary and painting of the Pantheon came to be rivalled by those of St. Peter's; yea, to be transferred thither, with such easy conversions, as that of a Bacchus into a Peter, and that of a Venus into a Virgin. When, tracing the progress of degradation, we have found the worshipper prostrate before the image of the saint, you might suppose that the heart had contrived to remove itself far enough from any intercourse with God. But, in such a supposition you would be mistaken. Though that image greatly obscures the holiness of the heavenly vision, yet does it *suggest* a character of more than ordinary sanctity; and the heart seeks for relief by intercourse with something less holy still. It has, therefore, devised for itself the Priest—the flesh and blood Priest—the Priest, who drinks wine and makes merry jokes with the squire, and gossips at the tea-table with his daughters. If intercourse with such a one shall enable the heart to dispense with intercourse with the holy God, shall not all its difficulties be, at last, surmounted? Well, Popery has performed the feat! It has constituted that same nice, pleasant, jocular gentleman, the great agent of your salvation, with whom it has deposited the power of pardoning and saving you. It is with him, and not God, that you are appointed to transact. Is not that excellent? You and he have been laughing, and making merry to-night; what reluctance can you feel in approaching him at the confessional to-morrow? That, which burdens your conscience, is possibly a profane conversation, in which you engaged with himself, and which he prompted and encouraged. You cannot fail of finding an easy shift, and being sent home with a light heart, assured that all is forgiven. 'If any one saith that these words of the Lord, the Saviour, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained,' are not to be understood of the power of forgiving and retaining sins in the sacrament of penance, but wrests them, contrary to the constitution of this sacrament, to the power of preaching the gospel, let him be Anathema.' In this Popery stands perfected, as a system, which delivers the unsanctified sinner from all necessity of direct and personal intercourse and communion with the Holy and Spiritual eternal One. In this consists its grand attraction for the multitude of the cultivated, as well as the rude. It furnishes the conscience with a pretence of religion, and yet exempts the natural heart almost entirely from the offensiveness and distress of the presence of the great object of religion. To such an extent is this the case, that many, who were once zealous adherents to the system, but who have been rescued from its delusion, acknowledge that, on their being awakened from their dream, the very idea of God seemed new and strange to them, in consequence of the manner in which he had been concealed, and removed to a distance, by the multitude of interposed mediators."

Daily Bible Illustrations, by JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. *Solomon and the Kings*. October, December. Edinburgh, William Oliphant & Sons. London, Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1851.

We have sufficiently indicated our opinion of Dr. Kitto as a writer, and of the series of *Daily Bible Illustrations*, of which this is the concluding volume, in our notices of the former; and we are happy to say that this, the last of the series, is characterized by the high excellence of its fellows. The learning, the acquaintance with history, biography, antiquities, manners and customs of the east, and almost every field of literature it is possible to name, which these volumes display, is truly wonderful. No work, in this or any

other language, has appeared, of more sterling value in the provinces of expository theology which it professes to occupy. With the exceptions which we have already pointed out, and these were chiefly matters of opinionative difference, there is no book we would more readily name as a sound authority on the subjects of which it treats. And the peculiar distinction of the work is this, that it is suited to every style and class of readers,—to the student at his desk, and to the peasant at his fireside. The transparent purity of the thought, the beautiful eloquence of the language, the philosophical views of human nature, and the earnest piety which its pages exhibit, throw around it, and Dr. Kitto's writings in general, a peculiar charm. We should also add to these excellencies of Dr. Kitto as a writer, that such is his art in grouping together incidents and characters, that he may be called a literary sculptor; and such his capacity in painting these, that he may be termed a literary painter. We are delighted to learn that he has been rewarded by a royal pension, and there is no man more deserving of it. Not obscure scribblers, who may have bolstered up a ministry in the pages of some provincial newspaper, or some scribbling Poetasters, who rhymed themselves into the poet Laureateship, but men who have done good service to the course of literature, such as brave old Samuel Johnson and Dr. Kitto, the author of the present work, and of many others equally valuable, are they who ought to be so rewarded. Royalty is itself honoured in the patronage of such men. They are the true benefactors of their race, and do more good by a single book than our military heroes by all their battles. We are glad to see that Dr. Kitto contemplates publishing a second series, and we shall be anxious till it makes its appearance. According to the present plan, the first volume is to include Job and the poetical books; the second, Isaiah and the Prophets; the third, the Life and Death of our Lord; the fourth, the Apostles and the Early Church—a wide and most interesting field of exposition; and if Dr. Kitto treat the subjects enumerated in the same masterly manner that he has done the first, he will deserve the thanks of every private Christian and every Biblical student, as well as the gratitude of the church in all time coming.—The following is a specimen, out of many others, which we could give, did our space permit, of the earnest, evangelical sentiment, with which he imbues every topic of exposition, and of the evangelical application which he gives to it. The subject is Joab's fleeing to the horns of the altar, when he heard of the execution of Adonijah, fearing that Solomon would revenge the death of Abner and Amasa.—“At the commencement of the period upon which we now enter, we behold that man of blood, Joab, when he saw cause to be apprehensive of his safety, fleeing to the tabernacle of God, and placing himself in sanctuary there, by taking hold of the horns of the altar. This step taken by him when there lay, in his judgment, a step between him and death, raises some profitable suggestions in the mind. That altar, sanctified by the victims offered, and the blood sprinkled upon it, typifying the atonement made for the sins of the world by the blood of Jesus Christ,—how, in the extremity of our spiritual distresses, as our only means of safety, pardon and hope, what is there for us to do but that which Joab did,—what but to repair to this altar, grasp it with the strong hand of faith, and declare ourselves at length in refuge, that at length we have found the ransom of our souls, and that we have entered the sacred precincts, in which the enemy, the accuser, has no power to enter, and whence his hand has no power to rend us. Christ is that refuge, and beyond all men upon whom the sun shines are they happy, who have taken sanctuary in him. Nothing from without can harm, nothing affright them more. They rest secure in him; and enfolded in his protecting arms, the storms, which trouble the life of man, and sprinkle grey hairs here and there upon him, often before he knows of it, affect him not in his quiet rest, or are heard

only as the muttering thunders of the distant horizon, which only enhance his sense of safety, and do not trouble his repose. The winds may blow bitter, and cold, and fierce around him ; but the house of his hope is not shaken, for it is founded upon a rock.

' Betake thee to thy closet then, and repose
Thyself in all extremities on those,
His everlasting arms,
Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and safely folds
His faithful flock from harms ;
Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemer's hands.'—*Quarles*.

"Yet there is a difference. The altar of the worldly sanctuary did not give its shelter to all who took hold of it in faith in the efficiency of its protection. There were exceptions. There were sins too great for it to shelter. A murderer might be torn from the altar to die, or might, as the case of Joab himself evincea, be slain even there. Here the parallel wholly fails. None, however guilty, has been cast forth from the refuge, which the cross of Christ affords, as worthy its protection, nor did ever any perish at its foot, not any cast forth on account of their sins,—' For Christ came into the world, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance ;' and the heavier a man feels the burden of his sins, the more the refuge is dear, and the more it will be prized by him. The only ground on which, hypothetically, a man could be cast forth, would be for lack of faith ; but he never is cast out on that account ; for faith only, justifying faith, the faith which entitles a troubled soul to the rights of sanctuary, only such faith could have brought him where he is,—to the foot of the cross. Yet there is a mirage in the spiritual as in the natural atmosphere ; and many appear to be safe within the refuge, who are indeed far away from it. Their hands may seem to grasp the very horns of the altar, yet no drop of the blood of atonement can be found upon their raiment. The world yet reigns in their heart, and its lusts and lucre fill their hands. And yet the self-deceivers know it not. They like quiet in an ideal refuge of their own creation, but its walls will not stand the day of decision, which is destined to burn up the hay, the straw, and the stubble of man's confidence, and shall try even the silver and gold by the sure test of fire. These are they, who, in the greatest to man of all coming days, shall claim a favourable recognition from the great King. ' Lord, Lord, have we not taught in thy name, in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works ?' but whose ear shall tingle even unto blood at the answer, ' I never knew you,—depart from me.' "

We are sorry there is no index of detail at the end of the volume,—as for instance in the excellent series of Bohn's publications—and we hope Dr. Kitto, or the publishers, will see to the remedying of this defect. There is such a storehouse of valuable information on almost every possible subject, that we would like to have it at command on a moment's notice.

Original Poetry.

ODE TO ITALY.

I.

LAND of the South ! still summer smiles on thee,
Sweetly as summer smiled on thee before ;
The hues of earth, the many-tinted sea,

The blue of heaven for ever laughing o'er,
 Are yet the same : and beauteous as of yore,
 The forest flings its shadow on the wave :
 But long will summer smile ere time restore
 Thy power to conquer, and thy pride to save,
 Or bid thy Venice rise immortal from the grave.

II.

Still o'er the deep the song of Tasso floats,
 Sung by the listless Adrian gondolier ;
 The momdolin hath yet delicious notes,
 To waft soft feeling to the tranced ear ;
 And maidens, of dark eye, are wandering here
 In glades romantic, by old minstrel sung :
 But Tasso slumbers in a sunless bier,
 To sorrow's lay the momdolin is strung,
 And sweet lips mourn the time when Freedom yet was young.

III.

Still better far, thou ever-glorious clime !
 To weep with thee beside thy fallen shrine,
 Than share the trophies that the wrath of Time
 Bore from their home to regions less divine.
 Soft as the dew of eve Petrarcha's line—
 Mild Alfieri's numbers "breathe and burn—"
 Like linked stars Boccace's stories shine—
 And blest the tears with which thy votaries turn
 To bathe the flowers that bloom o'er Dante's classic urn.

IV.

Oft from the crowd—that moral wilderness,
 Unwatered by the holy fount of feeling—
 I flee to solitude, and soothe distress
 With thoughts and recollections calmly stealing
 O'er the hushed spirit—and, in love, revealing
 Glimpses of Eden lingering in the Past.—
 Ah me ! how Time, with iron hand, is dealing
 Death to the fair—the hallowed—while the blast
 Of chill Oblivion follows, freezing, and fell, and fast !

V.

Who would be wise and happy, needs must borrow
 From the Past warning—from the Future thought.
 To-day is Folly's—Wisdom claims to-morrow :
 Nothing save tribulation 's cheaply bought ;
 And ye may have it cheap enough, God wot !
 The tiny insect and the weed o'erthrow
 The frowning battlements, where shell and shot
 Have fallen as idly as the flake of snow,
 While serried legions bled, innocuous, below.

VI.

Death is the throne for which ambition toils—
 A regal victim, deck'd for sacrifice
 With widow's tears, and blood-baptized spoils,
 Polluted shrines, and spirit-rending sighs.

Hither, ye sages! weep and moralize!
 For, 'mid the future, vain imaginings
 To sacred visions wed ephemeral dyes;
 While from the Past no flattering folly springs—
 The Past, that funeral-place of Prophets, Priests, and Kings!

VII.

Aye! there sad Truth, unbidden, stern, and bare,
 Speaks from the skeleton—the ruined fane—
 The smokeless altar—and the vacant chair,
 Where smiled the face that ne'er will smile again—
 The desolate city—and the trampled plain,
 Where Valour strove, and injured Freedom bled.
 Destruction wieldeth not the scythe in vain,
 If Life will gather wisdom from the Dead,
 And o'er the grave of Power in meditation tread.

VIII.

Affliction hath its use—and tears are better
 Than orient pearls, if they unbind a rill
 Of sacred feeling, leaving Man a debtor
 To passing anguish, for prevented ill;
 The wild volcano may unseat the hill,
 Yet, in its old foundations, bring to light
 Treasures that recompense man's toil and skill:
 Planets and stars, unutterably bright,
 Are scattered o'er the vault of Sorrow's holy night.

IX.

Down with me through the Past! there thou wilt find,
 Beneath the clear, cold waves of memory gleaming,
 In treasured caves, far richer gems enshrined,
 Than meet thy gaze on royal forehead beaming.
 Some Poet's spirit, rapt in mournful dreaming—
 Chaos beyond expression to express—
 The Past resembles; age on ages teeming
 With crumbling glories, veiled in sorrow's dress,
 Pleading, with awful mien, from sacred loneliness.

X.

Hark! how the Human Stream beneath me frets!
 Ambition, interest, jollity, and pain;
 Consuming jealousy, that ne'er forgets;
 And love neglected, shedding tears in vain;
 And slavery, half oblivious of his chain,
 For its few links of perishable gold;
 Confiding youth, with cares like summer rain;
 Lips, eyes, and hearts, soon silent, dim, and cold—
 This—this the tale of Life, unheeded—daily told!

XI.

And now, beloved Italia! fare-thee-well—
 Farewell! oft spoken—oft itself belying:
 Like ocean-echo breathing from the shell,
 Long by the salt sea-billows idly lying,
 Or note of plaintive music slowly dying,—

The spirit dreams and whispers of the Past.
 Even now I hear the evening breezes sighing
 By the old domes of Venice—solemn and vast—
 And see her colonnades their spectral shadows cast.

XII.

Even now I wander through the grass-grown streets
 Of lone Ferrara—even now, dividing,
 With classic waves, green lawns and soft retreats ;
 Calm-flowing Arno through my dream is gliding ;
 And now, St. Mark's ! to me art thou confiding
 The names and stories of the mouldered dead.—
 Hark ! there again, the moonless midnight chiding,
 The owl emerges from her ivied shed,
 In Rome's colossal dome where saintly martyrs bled.

XIII.

Spirit of man ! lament not for the *gone*.
 A future, bright and lasting, waits for thee.
 Temples and palaces—the shrine—the throne—
 Enrich thy deathless land, Eternity !
 The arch of love, spanning the heavens, I see—
 Inviting man to mingle with the Blest.
 There blows no tempest, and there raves no sea—
 There falls no column—clouds no sun invest—
 The wicked come not there—the weary are at rest !
 —P. LELY.

THE FRIENDS OF EARLY DAYS.

THEY have faded away like dreams of the night,
 Till scarcely one sparkle remains of their light ;
 The young and the fair, the gifted and gay,
 Like fancy's own visions—they've vanish'd away.

The careless of mood, and the mirthful of heart,
 All thoughtless that sorrow for them had a part,—
 With song and with dance, in their young spirits' glee,
 O'er youth's flow'ry pathways they wandered with me.

But soft eyes are dimm'd, and sweet voices hush'd,
 And cheeks are all pale that youth's loveliness flush'd ;
 And clouds are on brows that once radiantly shone,
 With a glory of gladness as bright as my own.

Oh ! sudden and sad was the word of their doom,
 And brief was the blighting of heart and of bloom ;
 And speedy the parting of hearts that were twined
 In the holiest ties that affection could bind.

They wither'd around me like flowers in the blast,
 Like flushings of light, thro' night's darkness they pass'd ;
 One moment all brightness and beauty they shone,
 On the next I was left on their dark graves alone.

But though pass'd from the earth, still bright in the sky
 Shines the light they shed here, like a beacon on high,
 'To guide me thro' darkness and danger and fear,
 To the Land that no parting hath stain'd with a tear.

Sydneyfield.

AGNES SMITH.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Parish of Cockpen.—The Rev. John Stenhouse Muir, son of the Rev. Dr. Muir of St. Stephen's, has been presented to the Church and Parish of Cockpen, vacant by the translation of the Rev. William Davidson to the Church and Parish of Largo.

Parish of Dalkeith.—His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, has presented the Rev. Robert Wright, Minister of Luss, to the Parish Church of Dalkeith, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Norman McLeod, to the Parish of the Barony of Glasgow.

Presentation.—The Earl of Zetland has presented the Rev. Patrick Gilruth, who has been officiating as Assistant in the New Greyfriars' Parish here, in the absence of the Minister, to the Church and Parish of South Ronaldshay, Orkney.

University of St. Andrews.—The Rev. Dr. W. Brown has been appointed by the Crown, to the Chair of Biblical Criticism and Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

Ordination at Wishaw.—On Thursday last, the Presbytery of Hamilton met in the *quoad sacra* Church of Wishaw, for the purpose of ordaining Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of inducting him to the pastoral charge of the congregation. The Rev. D. Reid Rae, minister of

Avondale, conducted the services; and after sermon, Mr. Hardy was ordained by the laying on of hands. When the whole services were finished, he received a hearty welcome from the congregation.

Induction and Settlement of the Rev. Mr. Shaw.—On Friday forenoon, the Presbytery of Ayr met in the Old Church, Ayr, to proceed with Mr. Shaw's translation from Bonhill, to the second charge in the Parish. After the usual services, Mr. Shaw was declared duly inducted, and thereafter received the right hand of fellowship from the members of Presbytery. Dr. MacQuhae then addressed the Pastor, and afterwards the people: and the solemn and interesting services were concluded by prayer and the benediction. On Sunday forenoon, the Rev. gentleman was introduced to his flock by the Rev. Dr. Grahame.

Induction at Keanloch-Lwichart.—On Tuesday the 13th inst., the Presbytery of Dingwall met in this Church, and ordained and admitted Mr. Gregor Stewart, preacher of the Gospel, to the charge.

Died at King's College, Old Aberdeen, on the 4th inst., after a short but severe illness, John Tulloch, Esq., LL.D., for many years Professor of Mathematics in that University.

M A C P H A I L'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXVI.

JULY 1851.

MESMERISM, BY A CANDID INQUIRER.*

PROFESSOR Gregory, in stating the scientific claims of Mesmerism, has chosen the epistolary form, the Letters purporting to be addressed to a candid inquirer. In submitting these claims to examination, we shall put ourselves in the room of the candid inquirer, and endeavour to sift them with all due calmness and impartiality. In a candid inquirer two things are demanded. He must, in the first place, be free from prejudice; and, after a conscientious inquiry, he must honestly state the convictions at which he has arrived. And, secondly, the inquiry must be extensive enough to meet the exigencies of the case. As to the first point, viz. the spirit in which the inquiry is made, the inquirer is not perhaps the most competent judge. The reader must form his own opinion from the mode in which the subject is discussed in these pages. As to the second point, viz. the extent of the inquiry, we can avow that our decision, whatever it may be worth, is not founded on a superficial investigation. We make this personal avowal, to meet the objection constantly urged by the mesmerist, that those who call its claims in question have never dared to look the facts in the face, or at least never patiently listened to the claims of the theory by which they are explained. 'Just examine the facts patiently; extend your observation a little farther; don't be actuated by prejudice, but open your mind to conviction, and you will be sure to arrive at the conviction of the truth.' This is the usual language of the mesmerist, when any doubt is thrown upon the phenomena. And while it expresses the firmness of his own faith, it is perhaps the most convenient and summary way of getting rid of troublesome objections.

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.—London: Taylor, Walton, & Maberly. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart.

We have obeyed the injunction as far as the range of inquiry is concerned. Professor Gregory gives, in his preface, a list of the works which have appeared in this country on the subject of mesmerism, by the following authors: Mr. Colquhoun, Dr. Elliotson, Rev. Messrs. Townsend and Sandby, Rev. Mr. Scoresby, Miss Martineau, Mr. Braid, Dr. Haddock, Dr. Esdaile, Mr. Herbert Mayo. Now, in the course of our candid inquiry, we have made ourselves acquainted more or less with almost all these authors, and we have consulted other English works, which have been omitted in the above enumeration. We have carefully examined several foreign works on the subject, and more especially the *Researches* of Baron von Reichenbach, who is regarded as the Newton of mesmerism. We have now before us a large mass of interesting documents, supplied us by an enthusiastic proselytising friend, bearing on what is perhaps the strongest point in mesmerism—the Calcutta Mesmeric Hospital, under the able superintendence of Dr. Esdaile. We have, lastly, also before us Professor Gregory's own book, which is undoubtedly the most readable work yet published on the subject; for we can assure our readers, that it requires no ordinary patience to get through the loose rambling disquisitions and stories in which writers on the subject usually indulge. It is not a proof of our candour, but it is a circumstance with which the mesmerist ought not to quarrel if our decision be against him, that our reading has been almost exclusively on the one side. With the exception of one or two pamphlets, we have seen little of what has been urged against the pretensions of the science.

We have not been satisfied with mere book evidence: we felt it our duty, as a candid inquirer, to obey the injunction, "consult the evidence of your own senses, and you cannot but believe." We have not, like the persecutors of Galileo, obstinately refused to use our eyes and judge for ourselves. We have witnessed the mesmeric phenomena, both in public and private. We have had exhibited before us both the ordinary manifestations and the higher phenomena. We have enjoyed the advantage of the amateur performance, and also that of the itinerant professor. We have listened with the crowd in public, and in the private *séance* have had opportunity of applying the requisite tests. We have patiently listened to all manner of stories from believers. Ladies, both old and young, have poured into willing ears their experiences and their proofs that mesmerism must be true; and we may mention, in passing, that the number of female disciples is a marked characteristic of mesmerism: no science can boast of so many female hearts rallying round its standard.

Having now stated our apology for assuming the title of a candid inquirer, it will be asked, What is the conclusion you have come to? Do you believe in mesmerism? Do you acknowledge it to be a true science, founded on induction? We answer emphatically, No,—we do not believe; and, what is more, the further we extend our inquiry, the more are we convinced that there is no truth in its pretension. We can conceive the amazement of the mesmerist when he exclaims, Do you really mean to doubt the facts of mesmerism? Do you assert that the facts with which all books on the subject are crowded are fictions? that the phenomena exhibited by Mr. Lewis and others are

all delusions? that the researches of Baron von Reichenbach are a tissue of falsehoods? Sure such incredulity is a far more wonderful fact than the phenomena disbelieved.—Now, our answer to this cannot be so short as our first; a simple yes or no will not do. In fact, the whole question turns on the answer to be given. At the public lectures we attended, it was obvious that the audience, as a whole, believed implicitly in the pretensions of the exhibitor; but there was always a small minority, who shook their heads in a bewildered manner, but yet admitted the facts. It was some sort of relief to them to make a compromise between a disbelief of mesmerism and a belief in its facts. The usual formula, among those who did not like to go along with the credulity of the mass, and yet did not see their way clearly to an unassailable sceptical position, was, “We certainly cannot go the whole length of mesmerism, but yet there is no doubting the facts.” So helpless is a popular audience in investigating scientific truth, that before the hearers could catch even this straw, it had to be thrown out to them by the lecturer. While he carried the mass along with him without the least trouble, he managed the doubters by asking the very small admission that the facts were undoubtedly true. The thing was reasonable in itself, and it helped them so opportunely out of their difficulties, that they could not but acquiesce in this demand. We think it is likely that this is the form of belief entertained by the larger number of the more intelligent classes who have had opportunities of witnessing the phenomena in question.

In order to see our way to a satisfactory result on this question, it will be necessary to analyze the expression, “the facts of mesmerism.” And first let us inquire, What is a fact? To many this may appear a strange question, and they will perhaps be disposed to answer by an identical proposition, that a fact is just a fact. But the matter is not by any means so plain as this. When Sir Robert Peel pulled himself up for action, and threw down the challenge to his opponents, “tell me what is a pound,” he was apt to be answered by a smile, which declared that a pound was just a pound. Sir Robert could, however, shew that he who understood clearly the nature of a pound was on the fair way to a clear and comprehensive view of the currency question in all its intricacy; and that an error on this point was the centre round which all fallacies crystallised. Now, the term “fact” has a similar importance in discussing subjects of science, and more especially the matter under our immediate consideration. It is probably most generally used as equivalent to that to which our senses testify; and it is in this sense it is used when it is said we must believe the facts if we are to believe our senses. Now, it is at once admitted that we must rely on the trustworthiness of our senses, else science is impossible; but the grand question is, in regard to any phenomenon, How much is recognised by our senses, and how much is a matter of mere inference? In the great proportion of objective facts, the mere objective element is quite insignificant, compared to the inferences with which we surround them. But in the popular mind there is the greatest difficulty felt in drawing the distinction between the fact in its strict sense, and the inference based

upon it. Let us take, for example, the sense of sight. A man asserts the fact that he sees one tree standing beyond another; and if asked for the ground of his belief that the one stands at a greater distance than the other, he at once says that he has the testimony of his senses for the fact. But every metaphysician knows that the eye testifies no such thing, that distance is a mere matter of inference. The scene presented to the eye is painted on the flat surface of the retina, and this is all that our sensation takes cognisance of. The perspective, by which an object is projected beyond another, is an intellectual operation. In this case the object of the senses and the inference are so closely united, that we cover both by one word, viz. fact. We learn to draw a distinction only when there is a contradiction between the strict testimony of the senses and the inference from that testimony. A man asserts that the apparent size of the moon is greater at the horizon than on the meridian, and pleads the testimony of his senses in proof of this. But the eye gives no such testimony. The picture of the moon on the retina is actually larger instead of smaller when on the meridian. The testimony of the eye is quite correct: it is the inference alone that is at fault. The testimony of the senses was strongly pleaded in favour of the theory which made the earth stationary, while the sun revolved round it. It was urged that there was no need of argument, while the sense of sight testified that the sun rose and set in its daily course round the earth. But the eye gave no such testimony: the revolution of the sun was a matter wholly of inference. The confounding of the inference with the objective fact, is more frequently illustrated in cases of causation. It is here that the greatest danger exists, and it is this point that more particularly throws light on the subject before us. Two events follow one another, and this case of sequence we call a fact; but let it be remembered that all that our senses testify to, is the sequence of one sensation after another. When we infer causation, when we assert that the one event is the cause of the other, we transcend the region of the senses, and draw an inference. A sailor, for example, whistles for wind, and a gale springs up. A person who believes in the potency of a tune on the deep would, very likely, in support of his belief, assert that he had the testimony of his senses: he had repeatedly seen the whistle followed by a gale. But it is plain that unfair responsibility is here laid upon the senses,—that the inference alone is responsible for this vulgar belief. In the inductive philosophy, there is a fundamental antithesis between *fact* and *theory*. Fact forms the basis of the inductive pyramid; theory is the apex. But even the most scrupulous writers use the term *fact* for *theory*, when the theory is so firmly established as to be regarded as a fact in any generalization. We speak of the *theory* of gravitation, but the word *fact* is frequently substituted, as in all reasoning the theory may be safely taken as a fact. This ambiguity is the source of much error, and admirably serves the purpose of the mesmerist, as he insinuates the theoretical meaning under cover of the more harmless one.

We are now prepared to estimate the value of the averment made by half-way believers, "that they cannot deny the facts." If by this is meant that they are ready to go as far as their senses testify, the aver-

ment is of no value. But let us take the actual case.—A subject is selected from the audience : Mr. Lewis performs some mysterious passes with his hands, at the same time commanding him to sleep, and sleep soon ensues. Now, all that the senses here testify is, that the eye-lids of the patient close after certain words and passes. In the strict sense of the term, this is all that is meant by the word *fact*. Now, no one can be so sceptical as to deny the facts in this sense. But an admission of the facts in this sense, does not in the least help forward the cause of mesmerism. Let Mr. Lewis perform the same passes on the eastern horizon at a certain hour in the morning, at the same time commanding the sun to rise, and the sun will obey his bidding. Let him do the same every day in the year, and from the same antecedents the like consequents will follow—the phenomenon of sun-rise will be produced with due regularity. In such a case no one would think of denying the facts ; the most sceptical would admit them. And if this is all that is meant by admitting the facts of mesmerism, then mesmerism is not in the least benefited. The whole matter turns upon the question, How are the admitted facts to be explained ? And it is plain that, when people say, in the way of concession, that the facts of mesmerism cannot but be admitted, they mean more than the objective facts which meet their senses, though they cannot say how much more. Their object undoubtedly is to take refuge in the word *fact*, without committing themselves to any theory ; but this they cannot do unless they make their admission a childish truism. The moment they go beyond the strict definition of *fact*, they involve themselves in theory. If the investigation is carried beyond the objective facts, they must inquire if there is any real bond of connection between the passes and the effects produced, and, if so, what is its nature, or to what class of phenomena does it belong ? The sleep of the mesmerised patient can be explained on various plausible hypotheses, but the mesmerist is concerned only with one hypothesis. His science is staked on that one hypothesis. It will not do to say, that if the facts be true, that is the great point. We hold that it is not the great point, viewed in the light of mesmerism. Mesmerism, as a science, must offer an explanation, and the grand question is, Is this explanation satisfactory ?

We now proceed to examine another fallacy that lurks in the expression, “ facts of mesmerism.” We shall take it for granted, that there is a bond of causation between the antecedents and consequents in the mesmeric phenomena in question ; but are we bound on that account to give in our adherence to mesmerism ? We avow our firm belief in the reality of many of the phenomena exhibited by the mesmerist ; but we resolutely protest against his title to claim us as adherents. A false system is not the less false because it assumes undeniable truths. No system of error would ever gain currency in the world, did it not possess a large admixture of truth. No system of delusion could live for a day, unless it kept up its vitality from the sources of truth. Look, for example, to the great systems of religious delusion—Mahometanism, Hinduism, and Buddhism ; how have they retained their vitality so long, notwithstanding their monstrous errors ? Is it not because they recognise, to a certain extent, the great truths lying at the basis of all religion ;

and address themselves to the instinctive wants of our common humanity. The Hindoo may say, surely you cannot deny many of the fundamental truths of our religion ; but although we admitted that there are very striking points of coincidence in the Christian and Hindoo religions, surely our admission could not be construed into any thing like a subscription to the Hindoo creed. Astrology is, at the present hour, practised and believed to an almost incredible extent in Britain, if we judge from the sale of astrological publications ; but surely we cannot be regarded as countenancing this delusion, because we admit many of the facts of which it avails itself. Many of these facts are quite undoubted, but astrology is not the less a delusion and a lie. All systems of medical quackery require for their success a large draft upon genuine science. The cold water cure, for example, could never have, for so long a period, maintained its ascendancy, were it not for the undoubted beneficial effects resulting from its prescriptions ; but surely no one would be regarded as countenancing the delusion as a system, merely because he acknowledged such beneficial results. We protest then against the expression, the "facts of mesmerism," as if mesmerism had any peculiar claim to the phenomena in question. We regard them as the facts, not of mesmerism, but of the rational science of physiology. The physiologist is daily exploring the mysterious frontier territory between mind and matter, according to the rigid Baconian canons of induction, and in the course of his inquiries, he recognises phenomena of a very marvellous kind ; but while he is patiently exploring and working his way to some general principles that may throw light on these phenomena, the mesmerist steps in, appropriates the facts, and proclaims them to be the facts of his empirical science. The case is precisely the same with phrenology. When we refuse to call ourselves phrenologists, we are instantly met with the question, Do you mean to doubt the facts of phrenology ? Now our answer here, as in the case of mesmerism, is, that we acknowledge many of the facts in question, but we regard them as the facts of the rational science of physiology, not those of the empirical science of phrenology. It may be objected, perhaps, that this is a question of words, and that if the facts be admitted, it is a matter of little consequence whether we call the science that treats of them by the one name or the other. This is by no means the case. A science is not a mere aggregation of facts, but an explanation or theory of these facts. Astrology and astronomy have many facts in common, but the sciences are not therefore identical. Or take another case : the Ptolemaic and the Copernican theories of the solar system had the very same facts in common ; but it is not a matter of little consequence which theory we adopt. The one system is an expression of the truth of nature, the other is a system of error. While we admit then many of "the facts of mesmerism," we regard them as the facts of the rational science of physiology, and altogether deny that the peculiar theory of mesmerism can offer an adequate explanation.

Professor Gregory, before entering upon the explicit exposition of mesmerism as a science, devotes several chapters to general considerations, designed to remove existing prejudices on the subject. We shall pursue

the same course, though it will not be in our power to take up all the objections to Animal Magnetism enumerated by the author. We shall, in the sequel, present our readers, from personal observation and recorded cases, sufficient data for understanding the peculiar nature of the astounding phenomena which the science professes to exhibit, and of which it offers an equally marvellous explanation.

The first Letter to the Candid Inquirer, sets out with a disquisition on the influence of time in removing prejudices, and securing the progress of true science. We certainly concur in most of the sentiments, and we differ only as to their application to mesmerism.

"Time is the best, perhaps the only cure for that tone or state of mind, which would unhesitatingly reject facts, alleged on respectable testimony, for no other reason than that they *appear* absurd, incredible, or, in a vague sense, impossible; or because the observer is utterly unable to account for them; or because they *seem*, if admitted, to contradict the notions entertained by the sceptic on certain other scientific points; or, finally, because they *seem*, at first sight, to lead to conclusions adverse to, or inconsistent with, the received interpretation of Holy Scripture, and to tend, in the opinion of the sceptic, to results unfavourable to morality. When we argue a question of physical fact with one who is persuaded that such objections, as applied to alleged facts, possess either logical consistency or cogency, no considerations that we can adduce can have the slightest effect, so long as that fallacy prevails in the mind. And, as far as my experience goes, I should say, that that fallacy, resting, as it does, on estimable feelings, but not arrived at by any sound logical or intellectual process, and therefore fortified by some of the strongest emotions of our nature, cannot be removed by mere argument.

"Time, however, is more powerful. The strongest prejudices of mankind gradually yield to its influence, especially when this is aided by the constant recurrence of the alleged facts; which, of course, must always happen, when such alleged facts are true.

"Time put an end to the violent opposition which was offered to the system of Copernicus, on the ground that it not only contradicted the evidence of the senses, according to which the sun revolves round the earth, but was directly contrary to the plainest declarations of Scripture. It was time which, aided by the discovery of the New World, finally established, in the public mind, the truth that the Earth is spherical; a truth rejected by the most learned professors, on account of the inherent absurdity of the idea of the antipodes, its necessary consequence; of the impossibility of the existence of countries where men walked head downwards, and trees grew downwards in the air from their roots in the soil; and also on account of its inconsistency with the scriptural truth, that the heavens are spread over the earth, like a tent. Let us think of Columbus, trying in vain to convince geographers and astronomers of the probable existence of a western hemisphere, and branded by them as an adventurer and impostor, up to the day of his sailing on his first voyage, and only two years before his return to Spain, with his ships laden with the gold of the new continent: let us think of his fate, and we can easily see how the promulgator of true facts in Animal Magnetism may be decried and reviled as a visionary and a cheat.

"Time alone established the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, a doctrine so obviously founded on the most easily observable facts, that we can hardly now conceive how it could be doubted. Many learned doctors rejected it till their dying day. And, at the present day, it is Time which is gradually but surely dissipating the prejudices which we can all remem-

ber to have seen in full vigour against Geology, because, in the opinion of many good men, it contradicted the Mosaic account of the creation. Men now begin to perceive that, the better geology is understood, the more perfectly does it harmonize even with the brief account given by Moses; and that to reconcile them, we need not to abandon one established fact. No one thinks now of maintaining that mountain ranges, of miles in depth, bearing, in unmistakeable characters, the evidence that hundreds and thousands of generations of living creatures lived, died, and were embalmed in the rock during its formation; that such masses of rock were formed in their present shape, within one or even six of our present days. Time is producing the conviction, that the facts of geology, like those of astronomy, cannot really clash with scriptural truth; in short, that one truth cannot possibly contradict another truth; and that, instead of injuring the credit of scriptural truth, geology, like all true science, serves only more firmly to establish it.

"So, also, will it be with the truths of Animal Magnetism. In so far as they are, or shall hereafter be, established as truths, they will ultimately be found not to interfere with, but to corroborate scriptural truth. And it is to Time that we must look for this result, provided we do our duty in ascertaining natural truths. Therefore, as I have said, I should never think of trying to overcome, by argument, the prejudices I have alluded to, when they possess strongly the mind, in reference to Animal Magnetism, but would leave the conversion of such prejudiced persons, like that of the opponents of the Ptolemaic Astronomers of old, and of the opponents of geology in modern days, to the omnipotent arm of Time."

We perfectly agree with the author as to the value of Time, regarded as a test of the truth of science. The test in regard to physical science, at least, may be regarded as quite conclusive. If there be truth, there will be the element of progress. Science has usually keen, over-sanguine votaries; and these are usually met by the obstinately incredulous, who invariably put their backs to all onward movement; but underlying these fierce antagonisms, there is the *communis sensus* of mankind, to which science has never yet appealed in vain. The history of any science cultivated at the present day, has been that of progress, though not of equable progress. There have been long pauses in the career of each, still when there was movement at all, it was an onward one. But almost every science has been accompanied, for part of its career at least, by its illusive shadow; and for a long period the shadow was supposed to have substance as well as the reality. Thus, Astronomy was followed by astrology, as by an apparition; and Chemistry has had its steps dogged by alchemy and sorcery. Now, as the reality progressed, the apparition gradually disappeared. As astronomy and chemistry came to be settled on a firm inductive basis, their companions—astrology and alchemy—disappeared as spectres of the night. Every great movement of humanity has been thus marked by the aberrations of the human intellect. The miracles of Christianity have been mocked by the thaumaturgy of the middle ages: and the gracious supernatural influence of the Holy Spirit has been simulated by the bodily exercises and spiritual delusions of fanaticism in every age. The question then with which we are chiefly concerned is this, Does mesmerism belong to the real sciences, or is it only one of those baleful shades which are found usually to accom-

pany the progress of truth?—Professor Gregory speaks only of the future, as if the test of time had not been already applied. Mesmerism is now an old science, and abundance of time has been afforded for the development of the character of progress. It is now nearly a century since Antonius Mesmer defended, at Vienna, the thesis, “that there is a general influence by the planets over all living beings on the earth; and that this influence manifests itself chiefly in those functions of life which belong to the nervous system, such as sensation, motion, sleeping, waking, and mental operations.”—The year 1775 is properly that from which the history of mesmerism dates. In that year he announced his discovery, by a circular to all the most celebrated academies of Europe. It soon spread with amazing rapidity; and all classes were busily engaged in making experiments and testing its pretensions. When the founder of the science came to Paris, the whole city was in a ferment about it, and the converts were innumerable. The recent sensation in Edinburgh is not to be compared to the enthusiasm that pervaded all circles from the Court to the canaille. The following account by an eyewitness, Madame Campan, will be found interesting. “At the time when Mesmer made so much noise in Paris with his magnetism, M. Campan was his partizan, like every other person who moved in high life; to be magnetised was then a fashion. In the drawing-room, nothing was talked of but the new discovery; people’s heads were turned, and their imagination heated to a high degree. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to bewilder the understanding. And Mesmer, with his singular language, produced that effect. To put a stop to the fit of public insanity was the grand difficulty; and it was proposed to have the secret purchased by the Court. Mesmer fixed his claims at a very extraordinary rate; however he was offered fifty thousand crowns. By a singular chance, I was one day led into the midst of the persons under magnetic influence. Such was the enthusiasm of the numerous spectators, that in most of them I could observe a wild rolling of the eye, and a convulsed movement of the countenance. Surprised and shocked at seeing so many people almost in a state of delirium, I withdrew full of reflections on the scene I had just witnessed. It happened about time that my husband was attacked with a pulmonary disorder, and he desired that he might be conveyed to Mesmer’s house. Being introduced into the apartment occupied by M. Campan, I asked the worker of miracles, what treatment he proposed to adopt. He very coolly replied, that to insure a speedy and perfect cure, it would be necessary to lay in the bed of the invalid, at his left side, one of three things, namely, a young woman of brown complexion, a black hen, or an empty bottle. ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle.’ M. Campan’s side grew worse, he experienced a difficulty in breathing and a pain in his chest. All the magnetic remedies that were employed, produced no effect. Perceiving his failure, Mesmer took advantage of the period of my absence, to bleed and blister the patient. Mesmer asked for a certificate to prove that the patient had been cured by means of magnetism only. And M. Campan gave it. Here was a trait of enthusiasm: truth was no longer respected.

When I next presented myself to the queen, their majesties asked what I thought of Mesmer's discovery. I informed them of what had taken place, earnestly expressing my indignation at the conduct of the bare-faced quack. It was immediately determined to have nothing more to do with him."

The lively journalist here gives a vivid picture of the excitement in the private circles of Paris ; but it was not confined to such circles. It extended to the savans of the Academy of Sciences and the Royal Society of Medicine. A commission from both of these learned bodies was named by the King to examine into the pretensions of Mesmer. After a protracted and minute investigation, a report was returned unfavourable to these pretensions. We have referred to this matter merely to shew that Mesmerism is no new speculation, that it has long been the subject of earnest discussion and experiment. The test of time may therefore be fairly applied, and we now ask, Can it stand that test ? Does it exhibit the element of progress, the grand feature of a true science ? The answer must undoubtedly be in the negative. While all the physical sciences have been rapidly advancing, and while physiology and psychology have been making slow but sure progress, Magnetism has been completely stationary. Baron von Reichenbach's speculations upon the Od force exerted by the fixed stars and planets, are not a whit more satisfactory than those of Mesmer in the thesis above mentioned. He has invented, indeed, a name, but has not made a single step in advance, as far as the peculiar theory of Mesmerism is concerned. We have regarded Mesmer as the founder of the science, but the votary of Animal Magnetism ascends the stream of history far beyond the era of Mesmer. He finds manifest traces of it in Egypt, and in all the occult sciences of the East. It is understood that Mr. Colquhoun is at present engaged on a work in which he will attempt to shew that magic, astrology, sorcery, divination, witchcraft, oracles, were so many phases of mesmerism. Such being the case, does the test of time tell in favour of mesmerism ? We see these forms of delusion disappearing one after another before the advancing tide of modern science. Occasionally some form of superstitious belief may revive, but only by fitful gleams. It comes in the same mysterious way as an epidemic, and after raging with great vigour for a time, disappears. It may be said that none of the above forms of mesmerism have had justice done to them in the way of calm investigation. This may be alleged of some of them, but not of others. For example, astrology had, for a long series of centuries, the most ardent and enlightened cultivators. The highest genius of every age was devoted to its cultivation. It never knew what persecution is. The people revered the astrologer, and monarchs delighted to honour him. He basked under the smile of pagan kings, and he received the homage of all the potentates of Christendom. As the change from paganism to Christianity did not alter his position, neither did the change from Popery to Protestantism. Protestant as well as popish kings delighted to bestow favours on the astrologer. Even the puritans of England smiled upon him. Many of the most rigid and devout followers of Cromwell consulted him in times of emergency, and listened with reverence to him as to a divine

oracle. Still, astrology has almost, as a science, become extinct in Europe. It is indeed believed to a considerable extent, even in this country, but only by the ignorant and credulous classes: its glory is for ever gone. Here we have one of the most important branches of mesmerism, fostered and encouraged in every possible way, and instead of advancing it has steadily retrograded. Baron Reichenbach's astrological theory is really no advance on the old astrology. It asserts the same fact, that the heavenly bodies influence the welfare and destiny of man, but its explanation is not nearly so satisfactory as that of the old astrological theories. The test of time then tells altogether against the pretensions of mesmerism. It boasts no doubt of some names of considerable distinction, but half a century ago it could boast a far more brilliant roll—the names of men of European celebrity in every department of science.

The recent history of Mesmerism has observed the course of every mental epidemic. Some ten years ago it occasioned considerable excitement in this country, but the excitement gradually subsided, and men began to wonder that such a delusion should gain ground in a matter of fact country like ours. But the delusion had migrated only to return with redoubled force. When it left us it crossed the Atlantic, and fixed its abode in the United States. It is the reflex wave originally propagated from this country that we now receive back from the shores of America. Mesmerism in America found a congenial soil, and thrived immensely. It soon partook of the wild exaggeration for which our transatlantic cousins are so distinguished. And there are, at this moment, in New York, forms of superstitious belief generated by mesmerism, which fill the mind with amazement. It seems that amid the commercial activities of that city, ghosts contrive to thrive amazingly, and have a respect paid to them by the sharp matter of fact merchants and shopkeepers of Broadway, which they have not met with for many a long day. One ghost in particular, belonging to a family of the name of Fox, has met with wonderful success. Its usual manifestations are sharp rappings on the table. And this circumstance gives name to the two parties into which New York is divided, viz. the rappites, who believe in the ghost, and the anti-rappites, who disbelieve. The believers, it would appear, constitute the majority, and have the most enlightened newspapers on their side. It is exceedingly ludicrous to mark how Jonathan's sharp business habits come out, even in his dealings with ghostly subjects. The ghost would have no meaning unless it had a money aspect. Therefore, every visitor must pay so much on being introduced to it. But in order that the thing might be conducted on a proper scale of magnitude and in a thoroughly business way, Mr. Barnum leased the ghost.* The Fox family have retired with a fortune from the concern, and Mr. Barnum is now sole proprietor. Under his management, the ghost has become more courteous and condescending, for it now rings bells

* By a letter to the *Athenæum*, from the editor of the *Tribune*, (a Rappite newspaper, and one of the ablest in the States,) it appears that this is not the same Barnum who leased Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind. The mantle of the great Barnum has however evidently fallen upon him, and his profound sagacity will throw no discredit on the name.

and writes on scraps of paper. But in America, such a mine as this could not be long worked without competition, and the last wonder must expect soon to be outdone by a greater. There are rival spirits springing up in different quarters; but perhaps, the most brilliant speculation is that of one of the newspapers. Its publishers, it seems, are in mesmeric rapport with the apostles and prophets, so that the paper is really written and edited by the holy men of scripture. The prospectus is as follows: "This publication is dictated by spirits out of the flesh, and by them edited, superintended, and controlled. Its object is the disclosure of truth from heaven, guiding mankind into open visions of paradise; open communication with spirits redeemed, and proper and progressive understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and of the merits of Jesus Christ, from whom they originated in inspiration absolute, and of whom they teach, as the only Saviour of a diseased and bewildered race. The circle of apostles and prophets are its conductors, from the interior, holding control over its columns, and permitting no article to find place therein, unless originated, dictated, or admitted by them, they acting under the direction of the Lord Supreme. James Corrigdon, Charles Coventry, Andrew L. Wilson, and Louison Bush, are its publishers and proprietors. They have become, in full confidence of mind, disciples of the Lord, and being present external agents of the circles apostolic and prophetic, acting under the direction, while faithful as instruments for the distribution of truth." This then is the climax of that mental epidemic, the gentler symptoms of which this country is at present experiencing. We shall do well to watch its progress with as much anxiety as we did the progress of cholera, for if it visit us in all its intensity, it will leave behind it more disastrous consequences than the Asiatic epidemic.

(To be continued.)

WAS PETER PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES?

WE have seen the question lately asked, "Was Peter ever at Rome?"* Now, even assuming an affirmative reply, what then? Does this touch the pretended divine warrant for the Papacy? However, the apparent air of triumph with which the above question has been paraded, induces us to ask a cognate question, but one of much vaster concern, as bearing upon the real point in hand, viz. "*Was Peter Prince of the Apostles?*"

"The Primacy of St. Peter," includes the very essence of the Papacy. It is the key-stone of the whole system. Accordingly, but touch the evidence upon which this dogma rests, and down tumbles the entire fabric about the ears of its warmest admirers. And, in determining this particular point, obviously the appeal must be exclusively had to "the Law and to the Testimony."

We begin, then, with the well-known passage, alleged, by the Ro-

* "Was Peter ever at Rome?" By the Rev. J. C. M'Corry, M. A. P. Edinburgh, 1851.

manist, to contain the divine charter of Peter's, and, thereafter, the Pope's supremacy: "And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," &c.

Now, let us interpret these words in their literal acceptation, in the spirit of their context, and according to the analogy of faith, and there should, we think, be no great difficulty in arriving at the correct rendering of this much-disputed passage. The *subject* of the memorable conversation in question, was, the orthodox view in regard to Christ, beheld as the promised Saviour of men. Christ is desirous to expiscate *this*—to make *this* clear to his disciples, before he should make a farther announcement as to his sufferings and death. He accordingly reiterates a question bearing directly upon this grand cardinal point. And he has Peter's reply for the rest,—for it was fitting that one should speak for the others; and who more likely to do so than the impetuous and sanguine Peter? And it is in strict reference to what formed the subject of Peter's confession, that our Lord's subsequent observations are made. Peter had just confessed to the great saving truths of the gospel—embracing the divine person, mediatorial character, and mission of Christ: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." That he was enabled to entertain this saving view, rendered him "blessed." *This*, he is told, was not the result of human agency. *This* was the gift of the Father. Whence it is clear, then, that the main point of regard here was *the matter* of Peter's confession. Our Lord proceeds: "And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter," (*ὅτι σὺ εἶ Πέτρος*, as thy name denotes a rock,—to indicate, among other things, thy *final* stedfastness in the faith,)—"so likewise upon this rock," (*καὶ ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρᾳ*, upon *this* rock, that is, the matter contained in thy confession, conveying the great and only ground of a sinner's hope,—*ταύτη* being *demonstrative*, and pointing to the main subject of the conversation which had taken place,) "I will build my church," &c.

From this exegesis upon the passage, it follows then, according to the general voice of Scripture, that Christ, viewed in respect of those grand essential qualifications inherent in him as the divine Mediator, is the only foundation upon which the church is built. "For other foundation," says Paul, "can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Notwithstanding of this interpretation of the passage, however, a view totally distinct from the one now submitted has been taken. According to the Romanists—with whom we are at present concerned—Peter's person, and not the matter of his confession, was the rock on which Christ now built his church. And, founding upon this gratuitous assumption, and upon others of a kindred nature, they proceed to deduce their extravagant conclusions, in regard to Peter's alleged superiority over the rest of the apostles, and then the Pope's supremacy. They assert in behalf of Peter, that he henceforth became "Prince of the Apostles," and Christ's infallible vicegerent; and, moreover, that having become bishop of Rome, he bequeathed for ever to the bishops of that See, the same god-like prerogative vested in himself. And thus,

from this incipient error—this perversion of God's word—this paltering with all that is sacred, there has grown up that monstrous system known by the name of **POPEERY**.

The primacy of Peter embraces, we have already said, a vital tenet of the Romish Church. In these circumstances, it may be worth while—having seen the degree of support which this dogma derives from the Saviour's words just considered—to enquire farther, as to what countenance this argument for the supremacy of the bishops of Rome derives from other parts of Scripture.

Now, we shall search the Scriptures throughout in vain, in order to discover the semblance of an authority for those exalted prerogatives which the Church of Rome ascribe to this apostle, and through him to herself. Not a word is said about Peter's being "Prince of the Apostles." Not a word is said about Peter's infallibility ; but there are melancholy proofs to the contrary. Not a word is said about Peter's being bishop of Rome. Not a word is said about his bequeathing peculiar privileges to the bishops of that See. Yet, if such distinctions had really been Peter's by divine warrant ; if the belief that they had were absolutely essential to salvation ; if their denial were tantamount to damnable heresy,—would there not have been some inkling of Scriptural evidence in a matter so momentous ? Nay, would not the proof have been so clear and unmis-takeable,—as is the case with the other essential matters of faith,—that the wayfaring man, though a fool, might not err therein ? But how stands the fact ?

First, we behold our Lord seizing the earliest opportunity of rebuking any ambitious tendency exhibited on the part of his disciples. For instance, when "there arose a strife among them, as to who should be the greatest," does Christ at once lay the dispute to rest by announcing either that he appointed, or intended to appoint, Peter to be their *primate* ? No such thing. And yet, at this peculiar juncture, had such been the Saviour's intention, one might, not unreasonably, have expected a hint, however distant, upon the all-important point. But what have we on the other hand ? "Christ sat down and called the twelve, and said unto them, 'If any desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all ;' adding, 'Be ye not called Rabbi (master), for one is your Master, even Christ, and *ye are brethren*.'"

Again, we do not find that any particular distinction was conferred upon Peter, which was not, at the same time, likewise bestowed upon the rest of the apostles. The same commission to evangelize the world was given to all. "As the Father sent me," said the Saviour, "so also send I you." Was Peter an ambassador for Christ ? So were they all. Was Peter the rock on which the Church was built ? So were they all that rock : "And we are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." Were the keys of the kingdom of heaven committed to Peter ? So were they all entrusted with those keys : "Verily I say unto *you*, whatsoever *ye* shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever *ye* shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

* Matthew xviii. 18.

were addressed alike to all the apostles: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," &c.

Farther, in the Acts of the Apostles we fail to discover the most remote reference to the assumed fact of a primacy vested in Peter. Not the shadow of a claim is there set forth that would lead us to believe, that this apostle, in particular, became vested with an infallible and exclusive jurisdiction. Precisely otherwise. For example, in the case of the admission of the Gentiles to participate in the privileges of the gospel, Peter, being taxed on account of the share he had in that matter, at once agrees to render an explanation of his conduct; and the whole question is submitted to the judgment of the brethren for their decision. Here, certainly, there is nothing like a claim set up, on Peter's part at least, to infallible and exclusive jurisdiction. Again, in the first general council, which was held at Jerusalem, when the complaint in regard to certain Judaizing Christians was considered, Peter, we find, states his opinion; Paul and Barnabas, and James, in like manner, state theirs; whilst the opinion of James is approved of, and that by the collective voice of the council.

Once more, if Peter had enjoyed that supremacy ascribed to him by the Church of Rome, surely Paul would have known the fact. Yet, Paul "withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." Did this prove Peter's *primacy*? Did it prove his *infallibility*?—Then again, Paul administers a sharp rebuke to those who took their faith from any apostle in particular, alluding here to those who said, "I am of Paul, I of Apollos, and I of *Cephas*." Could any thing be more decisive, for the purpose of shewing the mind of the great apostle upon the assumption we are now considering? Farther, Paul claims an entire independence of any other apostle: "In nothing," says he, "am I behind the chief of the apostles." So that if Peter was supreme over the rest of the apostles, they were unfortunate enough to know it not; or worse still, they acknowledged it not.

Again, Peter himself lays no claim to this supremacy. Two general epistles of this apostle still exist, in which, accordingly, we should naturally look for some reference, however modest, to such supremacy, did it ever exist. But we look in vain for any such reference. Not the remotest allusion to the circumstance is once discoverable. But, on the contrary, his own words to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, &c. are these:—"The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder."

Lastly, the Papistical notion as to the primacy of Peter was unknown to the early Church, in her purest period. The sentiments of the early fathers of the Church, transmitted to us through the credible channel of their own writings, are entitled to our respect; though their opinions, indeed, are not to be put on an equality with the word of God. From the writings of these venerable men, then, we learn that they considered all the apostles to be placed upon a perfect equality. Thus, Cyprian observes, that "Our Lord gave to all the apostles an equal power." Chrysostom likewise says, that "Each of the apostles enjoyed an equal dignity." Now, if Peter had actually been clothed with that supreme

authority ascribed to him by the Romanists, surely those living so near the times of the apostles would have known the fact. But the truth is, no such opinion obtained existence for many a day after the apostles' times. It was reserved for a period remote from that of the first publication of Christianity, to impose this unscriptural dogma upon a too credulous people; the birth of the assumption having its date along with that of other assumptions of a similar nature equally unwarrantable.

We have thus seen, then, that neither directly nor indirectly, neither by explicit announcement nor yet by implication, does Scripture warrant the assumption of the Church of Rome as to the alleged "Primacy of St. Peter," and much less the extravagant conclusions therefrom deduced. We have seen, on the contrary, that Scripture utterly disowns any such assumption. In these circumstances, what comes then of the primacy of Peter? What comes of the fact that he became "Prince of the Apostles?" Nay, what comes of the whole system of **POPEERY**, when thus stripped of its main pretext? It then appears in its native aspect, as a bold, yet ingenious fabrication, which, for objects, we fear, the most remote from that of the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, has, unhappily, too long imposed on the blind credence of a large portion of mankind.

Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "*Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland.*" London, Colburn & Co. 1851.

THE author, or rather we suspect the authoress, of the volume whose title-page we have just given, has evidently set herself to write a book for a party purpose. It is a pity that she should waste her talents in the production of trashy novels. She possesses a considerable knowledge of human nature—a keen sense of the beautiful—a poetic temperament and a copious command of language. But why not write, if she will write, on some substantial and permanent subject of human interest and human utility. The ablest of female writers we know of—not even excepting Hannah More—is Charlotte Elizabeth, and she employed her pen in the production of works of fact, and not of fiction. We are no friends to novels in any form, but religious novels, we maintain, are altogether out of place. It is totally at variance with the genius of religion to propagate what is untrue. Religion is truth, and all that is not true it repudiates. And besides, the elements which predominate in novel-writing, and which give it much of its charms, are wanting where religion is concerned. Romance is alien to the simplicity of the gospel, either in its doctrines or in the embodiment of these in actual life; and if what is romantic is attempted to be introduced, it uniformly does damage. We question very much, too, if the introduction into religious writing of any kind of expressions, such as, "Lord bless us," "Lord have mercy on us," which are so frequently in the mouth of some of the characters of the Tale before us, do any good. Nay, we believe it does incalculable harm, and we hold such expressions to be nothing less than profane swearing, from whose mouth soever they may come. And how, we would wish to

know, can the Eternal Spirit be either expected or asked to bless what is untrue and profane? We will be told that Hannah More and Joanna Baillie wrote religious plays. So they did; but Hannah More and Joanna Baillie frequented the theatre, and the former was the intimate friend of David Garrick, and the frequent correspondent of Horace Walpole, that infidel morsel of aristocratic humanity. There is no man nor woman born, who has a profounder veneration for the Puritans of England and the Covenanters of Scotland, than we ourselves have. We believe they have not received the ten-thousandth part of the gratitude which is their due from these lands and posterity. All that Britain owes, either in civil, commercial, literary, or religious greatness, we maintain, is traceable, in the first instance, to our noble Reformers; and in the second to them. We, perhaps, are singular in this conviction; but so it is, and we almost venerate their very faults, that is, what the present age calls faults, but which we believe to be virtues. We hold they were far more perfect in their generation than history—the sentimental history of the present day—gives them credit for; and what we moderns call excess and extravagance, and so forth, was the very thing which helped them on to victory; and of which if they had not been possessed, and to which if they had not given exercise, they would have failed in their heroic enterprise. The times, the manners, the opinions, the errors, the everything of the age in which they lived and struggled, were totally different from those of ours,—just as their long tapering hats and deep-pocketed coats, and silken hosen and silver shoe-buckles, were different from our trim and jaunty apparel. They were simple-minded, valiant-hearted men, faithful to their Lord, and the cause they espoused. But let it be remembered—and perhaps our authoress will not be the worse for being reminded of the fact—that they were *ejected* from their livings. They were cast out of the Church by the strong arm of the law, as the Covenanters were in Scotland. Neither the one nor the other *left* either the Church of England or the Church of Scotland, as the Free Church party did. And there was not a Puritan in all broad England, nor a Covenanter in all broad Scotland, who would have done so. Nay, we find the most earnest of them remaining in the Church of England, and worshipping within her walls with scrupulous regularity, when they were prevented occupying her pulpits; and the same thing among the Covenanters in Scotland,—Veitch, for instance, and many more, gladly becoming indulged ministers. We deny, in the light of incontestible history, that the Free Church has the faintest resemblance to these men, in her principles, in her position, or in the professed sacrifice which she made. From the dedication of the present volume, we would infer that the authoress believes, or professes to believe, that what is called the Presbyterian Church of England is the representative of the ancient Church, which so honourably bore that name. She has been surely reading history backwards, or with coloured spectacles, if she has come to such a conclusion, and must be sadly unacquainted with the real history of the body that now represents itself as the Presbyterian Church of England. The fact of the matter is this: they may call themselves what they like, they are no more the representatives of the ancient Presbyterian Puritans than the Independents are, and have certainly less connec-

tion with them than they had, and this has been legally decided in the case of Lady Hewley's charity! Almost every church in existence, in connection with this body, *was planted by emigrants from Scotland*. In London, Swallow Street, Crown Court—London Wall;—in Liverpool, Rodney Street;—in Sunderland, St. George's;—in Newcastle, the High Bridge and Groat Market;—in North Shields, the Scotch Church—and so on, were all, without an exception, and every church besides connected with the Body—except a small place of worship at Risley, which was got hold of from the Unitarians—founded by Scotchmen, who had left their country for purposes of trade, and settled in these places; and who are they who are now the members of these Churches, and the worshippers in them? why, the descendants of these original Scotch settlers. You have nothing but Scotch physiognomies, and Scotch names, and Scotch connexions, except when intermarriages, in a previous or in the present generation, have taken place. Nay more, these places of worship were almost all bound by their trust-deeds to be supplied by ministers educated at a Scottish University, and ordained by the Church of Scotland. And it is an established fact, that they have for ages been so supplied. The mournful circumstance is this,—that the English Presbyterian Church has become Socinian; and the chapels, which were built and endowed by English Presbyterians, are now possessed by Socinian ministers, who uniformly call themselves, and are called, by this very name. Matthew Henry's chapel, for instance, is so, and at this moment his Commentary may be seen chained to the desk of a Socinian Meeting-house—a fact which speaks volumes, and shews the uniform tendency of Bodies not in connection with the State, to degenerate into heresy and worse. Who were Fleming, Nicol, Hunter, not to speak of more recent ministers? They were ministers of the Church of Scotland, and nothing was ever heard of this identity with the Presbyterian Church of England, till about twenty years ago, when some individuals took into their heads to broach such a notion. We believe the secret was this: they despaired of obtaining appointments in Scotland, and as “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” and bitter too, they took this plan—the erecting themselves into a separate Church—of shewing their independence, and something else. The Rev. Charles Thomson of North Shields—who, however, came over the Border as soon as he could—was among the first to talk of the Presbyterian Church of England, and then followed Mr. Munro of Manchester, and so on. The universal title which these Churches in England bore, before they were gathered up and metamorphosed into a distinct denomination with so illustrious a descent, were “*Scotch Churches*” and “*Scotch National Churches*,” which they had even sculptured in large characters above their doors, as well as that they were termed so in their trust-deeds. Perhaps some English Presbyterian minister, or the authoress of “*Caleb Field*,” will inform us how the English Presbyterian Church can be the descendant and the heir of the ancient Presbyterian Church and the Scotch Church at one and the same time. But besides—and all this seems carefully forgotten, and miserably misunderstood—the English Presbyterian Puritans, and the Scottish Presbyterian Covenanters, had little intercourse. They were the same in doctrine, and in their views of ecclesiastical polity, but the Puritans had

a strong leaning to the *service of the Church of England*; and even after their ejection, they regularly joined in her service, as simple worshippers. Few, almost none of the Puritans, came to Scotland; and the Scottish Covenanters had little intercourse with England. It was generally the Continent that they frequented. In fact, the whole thing is a mere attempt to *palm off* on the people of England and the Churches of Christ what is really not the case. They are not, we repeat, the English Presbyterian Church, if by this is meant the representative of the party to which Vincent belonged, and of which "Caleb Field," the hero of the Tale before us, is the type. By the bye, there have been some strange doings in this same body, that calls itself the English Presbyterian Church. What will our readers say, when we tell them, that they are now in possession of buildings, erected to be in communion with the Church of Scotland, and in other instances they would have been so, had they not been properly dispossessed, and the buildings restored to their rightful owners; and we could mention cases, in which a sham sale has been effected, in order to elude the law—that is, a party in the trusteeship and the congregation selling the building to *themselves*—taking advantage of any debt that might have been on the edifice, to bring it to a sale. Aye, and with what beautiful and tender-conscienced consistency did those, who professed to leave the Church of Scotland in Scotland, cross over the Tweed, and occupy the pulpits of churches, and live in manse, which were as really belonging to the Church, though in England, as any parish church and any manse in all Berwickshire! Perhaps some of these very conscientious and consistent Tanfield martyrs can tell us how. It is really amusing, too, to see with what august importance this English Presbyterian Church takes its stand on the soil of England. So far as its ministers preach the blessed gospel, and so far as a body—bearing this name—they do the work of their divine Master in that land, they have our best wishes, our earnest prayers, and our hearty and heart-overflowing "God speed;" but, as we cannot away with all that savours of vanity, even although giving itself a simple Presbyterian name, we certainly do contemplate what we conceive to be mere denominational presumption, with, we shall not say, contempt, but with a smile. Think of their College, and its *really live* professors, men so illustrious in literature, that their names cannot fail to be handed down to the latest posterity, and men, to be serious—with the exception of Dr. James Hamilton, whom we believe to be a man of some degree of talent, an earnest and a good man, though fiercely bigotted—who are not a little beyond the common crowd of ordinary ministers, yet they prefix to their names the distinguished and distinguishing title of *Professor*. Had they no men of genius, of literary tastes and habits, if not of celebrity, to raise to their Professors' Chairs, if Professors they were determined to have, but men of the most common-place abilities and attainments, and, for aught we know, whose only qualification was, that they had been tutors in families, or teachers in schools,—that, in a word, they had been accustomed to teach? We mention this, out of several things else, to shew the anxiety that these same would-be English Presbyterians have evinced to complete their economy, and to present themselves with *eclat* to the

eye of the English people, as possessed of all the appendages of a distinct and independent Church,—the true representative and type, if you will, of that “Church in England,” which, according to the Dedication of the book before us, represents the brave and gentle Presbyterians of 1665,—with how much truth we have shown.

The Tale, apart from its connection and its object, is pleasingly enough written—apart, we say, from its object, for, as her former work is evidently written with the intention of bolstering up the Free Church in Scotland, so is this tale of “Caleb Field” put forth with the design of doing a like good service to the Presbyterian Church in England—which, in fact, is the Free Church in England, as any one acquainted with the ecclesiastical coquetry and the ecclesiastical cunning of the last eight years sufficiently knows. The plot is simple, and is skilfully enough carried on to its close. We have Caleb Field, an ejected Presbyterian minister, going up to London, with his daughter Edith, an only child, during the time of that terrific scourge, the great Plague, and their labouring fearlessly among the dying inhabitants, along with Titus Vincent, Chester, Franklin, and some others. The Plague passes away, and they escape unhurt; but with the return of health to the city, the legal severity of the times returns, and they are obliged to escape to the moors of Cumberland, where they had lain secreted before the pestilence broke out. Sir Philip Dacre, the cousin of Edith Field, is made to marry her, although her mother had been inhumanly cast from the door by Lady Dacre, his mother, and had perished from fatigue and want. Lady Dacre dies from the Plague in London. Sir Philip, her son, returns to his paternal home of Thornleigh, having previously imbibed Puritan sentiments, marries Edith, the daughter of Caleb Field, and thus recompenses to the child the wrongs which the mother received, and Thornleigh becomes the abode of piety and strong Christian benevolence. The son of a stalwart Cavalier, and of a cruel and imperious mother, becomes the humble, godly, and good-doing Puritan knight. But why does our authoress make such havoc—such terrible havoc of facts? She tells us that Titus Vincent, whom we take to be *Thomas* Vincent, died, and she makes him out to die in the year after the Plague, that is in 1666, whereas he did not die till 1678, twelve years after. He lived to publish his very solemn appeal to the inhabitants of London, having reference to that awful visitation, and to do much good besides in the cause of that Master whom he so faithfully served. Though a novel—if professing to write historically, in the manner of Sir Walter Scott—facts ought to be strictly adhered to, and such an error as this we conceive to be unpardonable—a huge anachronism—an egregious blunder, to say the least of it. And what will some of the ministers of the English Presbyterian Church, as it calls itself, say to the following—and Master Munro, and Professor (!!) Campbell, and Professor (!!) Peter Lorimer—we scarcely think they will thank the valiant authoress who has come to the rescue with her pen. Here it is: Talking of Master Chester, who found a resting-place with Sir Philip Dacre of Thornleigh, his old pupil, she says, “The courtly old gentleman, indeed, had little in common with those *rude clowns—half fool, half fanatic*—whom men of these

latter days have foisted into the ancient Presbyterian Church of England ; as if it were so easy a thing to give up worldly goods, and home, and ease, and kindred, and risk even life itself, for the Master's sake, or as if clowns and fools were the men to make such sacrifices."—There's for you, brethren on the other side of the Tweed. So there are half fools and half fanatics among you, and they have been foisted in too ! so you have such a thing as Patronage in the English Presbyterian Church after all ! and Patronage of the worst kind, by all accounts. If we are to believe your fair admirer, you are in a ten thousand times worse condition than that Church, which one of your number has characterized as the house of bondage, in his most sublime (!) pamphlet, entitled "*Farewell to Egypt.*" We would advise Dr. James Hamilton to look sharp about him ; and we fear he will soon have to make a second exodus, if he be really in the midst, as he seems to be, " of fools and fanatics : " and if the English Presbyterian Church be really in that condition " that fools and fanatics can be thus foisted " into her ministry—we will be looking some of these days for his second flight, and his second "*farewell,*" for really this is terrible !—It is time for us to conclude, but we cannot do so without saying, that a true history of those noble-minded and heroic men—the Puritans of England—has not yet been written. A knowledge of their character and principles, and earnest contentings, is not to be obtained from such productions as the present. We have Neal's "*History of the Puritans,*" and more recently that by Stowell and Wilson, but both, though good in their way, are not equal to what the subject demands. They were men, and their age was a period, requiring the loftiest human intellect, and the highest literary powers, to discuss—a Macaulay and a M'Crie. There is no degree of honour which they do not deserve. They were the Apostles of their times, and of their nation ; and merry England is this day all the merrier for them in the civil and religious liberty which she enjoys. It is not too much to say, in reference to those great-minded, large-hearted men, " There were giants in those days," and we wait for the giant intellect to take, and to give to the world, their dimensions.

OUR ARISTOCRACY, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

GRADES in rank and influence have their rise in the first laws of our nature. This is a truth so plain, that we wonder that any one should maintain the contrary. We are at no loss to obtain proofs, for they exist in all abundance—on our right hand and on our left. Every day's experience furnishes us with instances of men who have risen in society through their native force of character and excellent talents,—and such being the case, we must conclude that it is the will of divine providence that virtue should be thus rewarded.

Accordingly we find that, in civil society, a high respect has been al

ways paid to rank. Even in those communities whose institutions are intended to be democratic, the magistracy is invariably revered, and especially when its several grades are occupied by men illustrious for their virtues as well as for their acquirements. If any difference exists, it is less real than formal; the way of approach to excellence and honour, being only different in this respect, that in republics, it is expected that the candidates for civic honours should attain their purpose through popular means; whereas, those who occupy the same rank in states, which are either purely or partly oligarchic, are said to do so by hereditary right.

That grades in rank are necessary, is proved by the fact that, with a few solitary exceptions, no nation has ever been truly great, in which it has been attempted to introduce a perfect equality among all classes. We are aware that it has been customary to adduce the republics of Greece and Rome as instances to the contrary. But every reader of history knows that in them, as well as in the republics of Italy during the middle ages, the patrician order enjoyed a high respect, and that it frequently happened that one or two powerful families of illustrious descent divided the popular favour. History speaks of but one continuous effort to maintain a pure democracy. We refer to the American Union. Wherever the influence of this republic extends, all precedence in rank, save what arises from wealth, is discountenanced; the doctrine that all men are equal being reckoned the basis on which the business of life should proceed. Accordingly we find, that all the public institutions of the United States profess to recognise the principle of equality, and, though it were no difficult matter to show that this is done merely in appearance, yet custom has encouraged the deception. That this attempt has proved a signal failure, every one will admit whose mind has not been perverted by prejudice. The history of ancient or modern times can adduce nothing similar to the confusion and corruption which obtain in the United States. The slavery of ancient times was gentle in comparison with the American bondage. The depravity of manners to which this evil gave rise, in former ages, was mild, if we place it alongside of the tyranny and lust and cruelty which prevail in the slave possessions of Christian America. Perhaps it may be affirmed of the Union, that it constitutes a practical refutation of all that has been either written or spoken by demagogues, regarding the excellence of democratic forms of government. Nowhere is society in a more chaotic state, yet nowhere do we encounter higher pretensions to progress, in all that is great and good. The accounts given by travellers, though frequently exaggerated, embody facts which no one has ever attempted to deny, and these, when carefully considered, tell us that there is scarcely any State on the face of the earth, in which it is not possible, for a prudent, well-educated man, to live with more comfort, than in republican America.

Society, as it exists in Europe, is formed on another basis. The institutions of the great empires on the continent, as well as those of Great Britain, are widely different from the democratic forms of the Union. This difference is chiefly traceable to that mode of government which obtains in almost all the European States. Even in those countries

whose institutions are republican, there are always two separate orders to divide the public favour. This is the case in Switzerland and France. In other states, a less simple, yet more secure form prevails. If the several continental powers cannot boast of a constitution as perfect as our own, yet in all there are the same elements existing—a threefold interest of commons, aristocracy, and monarch, blending into one.

The manners and customs of European society, proclaim their origin. In many instances, they are to be traced to the feudal institutions of the middle ages. This is more especially the case with every thing which has a reference to the aristocratic order. The influence wielded by the feudal customs and laws once prevalent in this country as well as on the continent, has been modified rather than set aside by modern improvement in science and art. This is the case, wherever the aristocratic order has power. Though the rights claimed by civic bodies have been so changed, that you cannot discover in them anything but the shadow of those immunities granted by the sovereign to the burghal freeman of the middle ages, yet that shadow bespeaks an order of things which has been preceded by institutions strictly feudal. This may be affirmed of all our great towns, notwithstanding the many revolutions in civic economy which have transpired from time to time. The same changes have not invaded our agricultural districts, or at least done so to the same extent. The attentive observer can still detect many fragments of a former order of things, fragments to which men yield a measure of respect scarcely inferior to that with which, in former times, they regarded the customs imposed by feudalism. True, there have transpired revolutions in sentiment and principle, from which consequences have resulted, to which our ancestors could not have looked forward. Society, as it was three hundred years ago, after having been subjected to a refining process, has emerged from its trial changed in many respects; yet not so changed but that we are able to discover the same elements existing in that state of things which now obtains. The democratic influence has been expanded, at the same time that it has become more powerful; the aristocratic has been modified to the same extent and in the same way; while that of the sovereign, when rightly understood, has become more constitutional than it must have been when the art of government was in its infancy. Successive revolutions have acted in this direction, both at home and on the continent, though it must be granted that the recent changes which have taken place in France and elsewhere, have produced an order of things to which the future alone can give a permanent form. Accurate observation shows that this is a true account of the present state of society in Great Britain, in the towns, but chiefly in the agricultural districts; it being evident that the old relations have been succeeded by others, in which the distinctive features of the various orders or classes which have always obtained in Europe, have been preserved, at the same time that they have been materially modified. The baronial residence of the middle ages has disappeared, and with it that rude system of laws which existed so long as men were compelled to seek safety in attaching themselves to the fortunes of their superiors in rank and influence. The old keep, built on some rocky prominence, and defended by its deep moat

and porteuillis, has been forsaken for the elegant mansion, situated amid pleasant glades, in which herds of cattle graze at large and without keepers. The court of justice is no longer held in the primitive hall, with its low roof, and floor covered with flags, coarse and ill-shapen; but in buildings on which the genius of modern architecture has bestowed elegance and comfort. The old custom of service for lands held by fief, has assumed a form less offensive to men whose minds have been cultivated, and whose habits are so very different from those of our fathers. The large ecclesiastical establishments of the middle ages have been abolished, to make way for an order of things more suited to the times in which we live. The student who traces the progress of society made for the last three hundred years, is struck when he considers these, and a thousand other changes which have set in from time to time; and yet, continued observation shows that they are only a new development of principles, which give a character and form to institutions to all appearance widely dissimilar. They are, to use a simile fetched from the vegetable world, the plant, after that it has acquired strength and symmetry; whereas, that order of things which preceded them was only the embryo. Society, as it now exists in Great Britain, is only a more perfect development of that system of laws which was introduced by Charlemagne, after the downfall of the Merovæan dynasty, of which king Clovis had been the founder. Feudalism, as it existed in France during the times of the Carolingian race of monarchs, and their successors, has ever been associated with a mixed form of government. In fact, the castle of every considerable baron may be said to have been itself the abode of a small sovereign, who claimed and received the same service, at the hands of his dependents, that he was compelled to render for his own fief to his superior, whoever he might be. From the serf who tilled the ground, up to the monarch to whom his lord paid homage, there might be many grades, but of these there was not one, save that of the king, which could be said to be independent of all others. The small proprietor might be unable to bring many followers into the field, yet over these few he exercised absolute lordship, it being only at certain times that he was compelled to acknowledge the higher authority, from which he had derived his immunities. That higher authority might exact all to which law and custom gave it a right, but the same institutions which constituted it the superior within a particular district, rendered it imperative that a similar homage should be paid to another and yet higher power in the state. Such was the system of things which prevailed throughout Europe, and at home, during the middle ages; and in this system every attentive observer recognises the germ of that order of things which now obtains.

It is to be supposed that, rude as those times must have been to which reference has been made in the preceding remarks, there could have been no class which had not its own rights. Humanity, purified by that blessed religion which, even during the times of Pepin and Charlemagne, had been embraced by the inhabitants of France and Germany, would always plead in behalf of the helpless but upright man, even when custom or law was silent. But slavery is always a curse,

however much it may be mitigated by the mild intervention of charity. That it must have been terribly severe during the period of which we speak, may be inferred from the fact, that the existence of the bondsman, save as the property of his feudal superior, was scarcely, if at all, recognised in that Bill of Rights which the brave and high-minded barons of England exacted from king John. Much would depend on the character and pursuits of a lord of a district. The retainers of a mercenary or stern baron, would have to submit to much oppression; whereas those on a seignory, whose superior was of a mild and forbearing character, would often escape hard service, which in other places would have been enforced. Were we to consult tradition, we should conclude that, for the most part, the aristocracy of the middle ages must have been well-beloved by their retainers. We could not account for that ardent devotion with which they followed their hereditary masters, when engaged in war, had it been otherwise. The minstrels of those rude times, seldom struck the lyre to sing the gallant exploits of the humble, yet brave serf, who fought and bled at the side of his mailed superior. But, doubtless, there were thousands who did so. To what, then, are we to trace this devotion? How are we to account for that sincere respect with which the peasantry of former times regarded their superiors in rank. Something there must have been, which excited emotions thus pure within the breast of the bondsman. The relation which obtained between the proud noble and his retainer, must have been attended with great good as well as great evil, else the simple and manly virtues of our ancestors had not shone forth as they often did on many a famous battle-field. The truth is, from whatever cause it might be, the feudal superiors of these dark days were often brought into contact with their followers. They were the guardians of that community of which they were the chiefs. They shared the same hardships in war. They reaped the same advantages from peace. They might hold their pre-eminence by hereditary right, but they could not have commanded the respect of their equals in rank, neither could they have retained the love of their armed followers, unless they had taken the lead in all the manly virtues. When the serf repaired to the standard of his feudal superior, or when in time of danger and strife he sought refuge in his strong-hold, he did so with an unwavering confidence in the honour and valour of his lord. Had there been no communion of sentiment, there could have been no communion of rights. Had the followers of a noble house felt that their rights, whatever these might be, were set aside without scruple, their attendance in war would have been precarious, and their valour questionable. The nobles of the middle ages might fight their way to wealth and rank,—they might be men of a stern, inflexible character, but virtues of a high order they must have possessed—virtues which had a tendency to recommend them to popular favour, else they could not have either acquired or retained those possessions which successful sovereigns bestowed as a reward for meritorious service. They must have been men at once upright and liberal—men whose love of honourable daring in the day of battle was not to be suspected—whose clemency, when victorious, was such as became a pure

unsullied knighthood. That their courts of justice became corrupt, so corrupt that the clergy did not fail to profit by their reputation for unjust and partial decisions, is a matter of history. This may be said to have been the case always; but when the simple virtues of a rude but chivalrous age had well-nigh passed away, the evil increased. Still it may be affirmed that the lay and clerical superiors of the middle ages were the guides of their dependents—their guides to civilization, not less than to all that was reckoned manly and honourable in these dark times. They led to victory when engaged in war. And it was their part to alleviate the disasters of defeat. They felt that they were the fathers and elder brothers of that community over which they presided, and as such, were looked up to by that band of brave and honourable men, whose pride it was to rally round their banner in the hour of battle. When peace prevailed, their knowledge of the laws and customs of feudalism, gave them a consequence in the eyes of their retainers, which, associated with their rank, rendered them judges and umpires in all cases which required to be decided. Perhaps there never did exist a system of things which brought the poor retainer into more familiar intercourse with his lord, or in which the rich man, though mingling with his superiors in wealth and rank, has enjoyed more consideration. That high-minded courage which distinguished the aristocracy of Europe during the middle ages, led, as every reader of history knows, to great results, but to results which ever endeared the feudal lord to his humble retainer.

Though the customs of feudalism had their rise in France, they soon began to prevail throughout Western Europe and Germany. The conquest of England by William of Normandy, opened up for them a way into Great Britain, where they speedily superseded the laws of the Saxon. In Scotland, save in those districts where the ruder customs of the Celtic nations continued to exist, their influence was scarcely, if at all, less feeble than in England. Of this we have many proofs afforded us by the institutions of that country, even in our own times. Every district abounds in vestiges of an order of things similar to that which obtained on the Continent. Property must have been held by the same tenure of military service. The feudal laws of France must have been the model after which those of Scotland had been formed. The very same grades in rank prevailed, and the very same customs—at least to a great extent. Perhaps it may be affirmed, that the laws of feudalism were more strictly observed in Scotland than in England—the intercourse between France and this portion of the island of Great Britain being always intimate. The court of the French monarch was the school in which many Scottish nobles were instructed in the laws of chivalry. And a slight acquaintance with the history of that period, leads to the presumption, that many Scottish youth of high rank, mingled in the wars which were carried on during the 13th and 14th centuries by the French and English kings. From all this, we argue that the feudalism of France was that of Scotland. Even though the intercourse which was kept up between the two kingdoms had been less friendly, a strong similarity must have obtained, since the canons of the Romish Church in Britain were the same as those of that Church on the Continent. Ro-

man Catholicity was the life of that system of things which prevailed during the middle ages. The Church was then the grand source of civilization. The clergy enjoyed many advantages which were denied the laity. Their time was spent amid retirement—and it is to be supposed in study,—whereas the laity of all ranks were compelled to spend their days and nights, either in defending or in acquiring property. It is to be supposed, therefore, that the clergy made it their business to strengthen that order of things of which they formed a part so important. It is more than probable that feudalism, as it existed in Europe, was moulded and fashioned by the Church at the first. But even though this should be controverted, it is unquestionable that its preservation, during the stormy period to which we allude, was the work of the Church, and of the Church alone. This is proved by the fact, that the several orders into which the clergy were then broken up, held extensive possessions in almost every country in Europe,—the ecclesiastical lords superior being scarcely, if at all, less powerful than those among the laity. The inference which we ought to deduce is plain. The clergy must have favoured that order of things which contributed to their wealth and consequence. It was their interest to do so, and history tells us that the Church of Rome has been ever tenacious of her interests.

In Scotland, as elsewhere, the Church held ample territories. Of course their possessions were subject to the laws of feudalism, and that too in every instance. We must argue, then, that the aristocracy of Scotland, both lay and clerical, enjoyed the same rank and consideration as in other Christian lands. This we may affirm without any hesitation. To what are we to trace that high respect which our countrymen willingly accord to rank and wealth? It may be said that it is the production of that excellent system of education which has ever obtained in this country. But to say this, is only to affirm in other language, that our aristocracy have ever deserved and inherited the respect of their countrymen; forasmuch as, until of late years, the influence wielded by that order over the religious institutions of Scotland was nearly predominant. Whatever may be said with regard to the motives which led those of the nobility who took part with Knox in effecting the great change brought about at the Reformation, it is certain that they contributed to establish and maintain that system of church government and doctrine, which has always existed in Scotland. To this fact, then, we may attribute that high degree of respect, almost amounting to veneration, with which our Scottish peasantry have ever regarded their superiors in rank. Perhaps we may venture to affirm, that it is to be traced to the genius of our nation—at least in some measure. We know that in many districts, the simple manners which distinguished the Celtic nations still remain. Their form of government, as we may learn from the history of the northern clans, was almost patriarchal,—a system which, of all others, brings the sovereign most into familiar intercourse with his subjects. The Scottish nobleman was, therefore, more paternal in his feelings and prejudices, than were those of his own rank among the Franks and Germans. He was the father and protector of that community of which he was the head. That community beheld in him the

representative of a system which conferred many blessings. The peasant, who worshipped with his master in the same church, or around the same family altar, was willing to follow that master in every improvement—to imitate his manners—to adopt his suggestions when given with a view to further his worldly advantage, and to defend his views of civil and ecclesiastical polity, when at any time these views were questioned. With some exceptions, it must be granted, that the relation between the Scottish aristocrat and his dependents was of this character. Making every allowance for the wide scope granted by these rude times to mercenary aggression, and even haughty violence, it is not to be denied, that between the Scottish landlord and his tenants a kindliness of sentiment obtained, which did not manifest itself in other lands, and which, moreover, is less noticeable in our times.

When we compare the aristocracy of the middle ages with that order as it now exists in Europe, it might be affirmed, and on just grounds too, that the lord of the soil in our day is not entitled to claim the same respect and love, which our forefathers willingly accorded to his predecessors. The utility of the order has suffered from modern changes. It is dangerous to say any thing in favour of the principles advocated by those men who contributed to produce the revolution which took place in France, towards the conclusion of the last century. Perhaps it were not less dangerous to affirm, that the revolution which has been slowly yet surely effected in our own country, is salutary in every respect. Of this much, however, every one must be persuaded, that evils had crept into that order of things under which our ancestors lived, and that the cry which mankind raised, ought to have been respected. A study of the causes which have led to the great organic changes which have transpired in our empire, may, perhaps, explain why it is that the aristocracy of Great Britain, and of Scotland in particular, have ceased to lead the public mind in our times.

The aristocracy of Roman Catholic countries suffer most by a comparison of their present with their former state. It is not to be denied, that many of that order have distinguished themselves as able politicians, and that too, during our own times. But to occupy that high position which their forefathers won for them is one thing, and to strengthen and extend that high position, by taking the lead in modern improvements, is quite another. Pray what have the Roman Catholic aristocracy of Ireland done for the civilization and prosperity of the inhabitants of that country? Have they not made it their business to throw barriers in the way of every reform attempted by the British Parliament? Have they not seconded the base clamour of the Romish priesthood? Have they not opposed every effort put forth by patriotic landlords, who sought to bring their estates into good cultivation? In defiance of reason and of religion, they have persisted in doing this, though every thing which a wise and beneficent government could do for the welfare of their country hath been done. If we pass over to the Continent of Europe, we shall find that the high places of government, or of the arts and sciences, have not been always filled by scions of the aristocratic grades, or that if they have, the progress which ought to have been made, has been unneces-

early delayed. Bear witness, Italy. Proclaim thy wrongs, beautiful Spain. What have your well-bred gentlemen—what have your haughty hidalgos, done to encourage salutary reform, or to promote the happiness of the human race? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Your fair provinces lie desolate as in the days of Hildebrand,—your children are, if any thing, more ignorant and besotted than they were in those dark days, when Christians professed to ignore God's blessed Book, and when a dark superstition, instead of the light of the glorious gospel, brooded over the world.

When we direct our attention to the state of matters at home, we find that the same charge may be brought against our British aristocracy,—but with certain limitations. Why should the descendants of those excellent men, whose wisdom erected the constitution of 1688—why should they have permitted the civic aristocracy of Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham to take the lead in every advance made in improvement? It was their province to defend the bulwarks of that constitution which others sought to overthrow, it may be said. Perhaps it was; but then, why not watch the spirit of the age? Why not divert the current of popular sentiment into proper channels, as had been done by their fathers in former times? Why should they have had the task assigned them of defending institutions, which, though venerable, could not be said to be perfect—of taking that for their portion, which, had they been wise, they would have extended and consolidated by salutary reforms, voluntarily bestowed? In submitting to let others take the lead, they may be said to have shown little patriotism, and, as we shall see in the sequel, still less wisdom.

It may be said that the ills which have set in on our empire of late years, were accelerated by the policy pursued by Great Britain during the times of the French Revolution. Without calling in question the wisdom of the great men who swayed the British Senate in those days, it may be safely argued that these evils were the production of that unhappy state in which society existed prior to the French Revolution. Who would ever think of defending the bloody policy pursued by Robespierre and his associates? Who would ever think of maintaining that there existed no just grounds for complaint upon the part of the French people, up to the times of the first outbreak? Such grounds of complaint did exist throughout France, though the wise and Christian conduct of Louis ought to have satisfied his people, when he ventured to countenance changes which, had they been made by him in other times, all judicious men had deemed correct. The events which followed cannot be defended. They were the terrible outgoings of a disposition which refused to be subject to the law of reason or of conscience. They were such as changed the policy of Europe. Mankind had to interpose to quell the merciless proceedings of the leaders of the French Republic, and when doing so, had to sustain unheard of calamities. The evils to which the war and devastation of that remarkable period gave rise, are still felt by society. Hence the grievous load of taxation under which commercial and agricultural enterprise labours. That these evils might have been foreseen, may be affirmed—that those who should have done

so, neglected to use the only remedy which could have been employed, is not to be denied—that our experience as a people ought to teach us to avoid the same errors in civil polity into which our fathers have fallen, is what every one who gives this matter his attention will readily grant.

While we write this paper, it is a lamentable truth, that the agricultural districts of Great Britain are in great distress. Of course the prosperity of the aristocratic order must rise and fall with that of the agricultural classes. The lands capable of cultivation are all held by this order, or by their dependents. Whatever cripples the exertions of the agriculturist, necessarily injures those of their superiors in rank and prosperity. To what, then, are we to trace the ruin which hath set in on some of our greatest houses? To what but that indifference with which, till of late, they regarded all efforts to improve the soil? The simple truth, now so often in the mouths of men, that property has its duties as well as its rights, was not recognised, and hence the fact that the soil, save in a few districts, was left wholly uncultivated. Hence the clamour raised by the inhabitants of the great mercantile towns, for the abolition of all protective duties. Bands of interested men traversed the country, declaiming against every restriction which the laws had imposed on the importation of grain. Of course they soon found adherents willing to support them, and especially in the great mercantile towns. Instead of tracing the evils of which they complained to their true source, viz. to a want of public spirit upon the part of the landholders, they boldly asserted that all protection was an invasion of the rights of the subject. That they reasoned falsely, every one could discover. Time has shown that protection is necessary, and therefore it cannot imply that fallacy in principle which such men as Cobden and Bright denounced. What does it signify to the artizan where he obtains his bread, or from whom, provided that he is able to procure for himself and family what he requires? Had the same efforts been made in former times to improve the soil, that modern enterprise, when impelled by necessity, has put forth, an abundant supply had been the result. Had this abundant supply been obtained, who among those who denounced the corn-laws would have ventured to affirm that they implied an error in principle? The truth is, our corn-laws, had our great proprietors been a little more patriotic, would have strengthened our political consequence. Besides, our mercantile prosperity would have rested on a more secure basis than it now does, had the inhabitants of our rural districts been wealthy, instead of being, as they are at present, well nigh brought to poverty and ruin. A calm survey of things as they are teaches us this, and the inference which we draw is not favourable to those of the higher grades. They have ruined themselves. They forgot that in this world no man ought to be idle. Instead of those advantages which Divine Providence had bestowed on them for wise purposes, they acted as if they held no interests in common with their inferiors in rank; nay, as if beings whom Heaven had appointed to occupy a place in society, to which no approach was allowed men of humbler birth, however meritorious. What have been the consequences? Let the poverty and misery which have invaded our agricultural districts declare. Un-

less we stop our ears against the cry which they send forth, we must argue that wisdom and enterprise have been wanting upon the part of those who ought to have taken the lead in every improvement. Let those who have erred learn wisdom from adversity. Let them take a warning from the past, and seek to be wise in future. Their errors may be yet retrieved, provided that they are willing to use every means which Heaven places within their reach. As yet the nation is willing to rally around the old familiar names. The Englishman hates republicanism. It is not because he prefers the laws of America to those of his own country, that he is found comparing his present situation with that of the free-born citizens of the United States. He still loves the good old English manners; and if he could render the institutions of his native land sufficiently comprehensive, there is no influence which could tempt him to adopt revolutionary principles. Were the aristocracy of Great Britain to sympathise with their inferiors and dependents, and to testify their sympathy, by taking the lead in every improvement, and especially in improvements calculated to promote agriculture and commerce, their strength and influence would be greater to-day than at any period in the history of our nation.

But the decay of aristocratic influence in our country, is less traceable to this indifference upon the part of our nobility, than to the tendency which they have manifested of late years to fall away from those views of Bible truth which are embodied in the thirty-nine articles of the English Church. The spirit of our nation is decidedly Protestant. Its institutions, both civil and ecclesiastical, have ever been so since the times of the Reformation. With this Protestantism, in whatsoever way it may express itself, our aristocracy are intimately connected. Their fathers acted a prominent part in those changes which led to the present order of things. Hitherto we have been accustomed to see the landed gentry take the lead in every great public transaction which had any reference to the ecclesiastical polity of our empire. Hence the respect and love which every good nobleman receives. The rights of a proprietor who is eminent for his public and private virtues, rest their foundations less in custom than in the religious feelings of a grateful neighbourhood. Judge, then, of the danger to which men of this class are exposed by a withdrawal from the religious institutions of the country; assuredly the first step towards the destruction of their own influence and estate, were to forsake those advantages which are willingly accorded to them through the religious institutions of Great Britain. Were the lord of the manor to seek to deprive himself of the respect and love of his tenants, there is no course by which he could attain his purpose sooner than by putting contempt on the religion of his neighbours. He interposes an impassable barrier between himself and the religious sympathies of his inferiors in rank when he does so. This revolution in the opinions and sentiments of his retainers, may not be discovered readily—at least discovered on every occasion; but a change has been effected, which, unless counteracted, will be productive of the worst results, so far as his interests are concerned. This holds good whether we worship in a Presbyterian or in an Episcopalian church. It is the fashion of our times for the Presby-

terian nobleman to put contempt on the Church of his fathers by falling away to Episcopacy, and again of his Episcopalian neighbour, to leave the communion of that church which has given him baptism, that he may seek consolation in one which his ancestors had forsaken as superstitious and corrupt. The results which follow tend to evil, and not to good. The commonalty find themselves aggrieved, and are every day saying so, and that too in a thousand different ways. The public intelligence and worth are too great, either to be deceived on the one hand, or despised on the other. The yeomanry of England and of Scotland are scarcely, if at all, less informed regarding the character of the religious and civil institutions of our country, than are their superiors in rank. Besides, they know their Bible equally well. Hence the indignation with which they view the conduct of those who have presumed to forsake their Christian fellowship. They feel that they have been neglected, and though restrained by prudence, only require to have a fit opportunity afforded them, to testify their deep displeasure. One would suppose that the condition of Ireland ought to have deterred our landed proprietors from acting thus inconsiderately. What is the grand source of the poverty and misery which prevail in Ireland? Every one who knows that unfortunate country will trace its misfortunes to two sources; to its religion in the first place, and then, to the want of public spirit upon the part of its great aristocratic proprietors, in the second. The multitudes worship in one church, while their superiors worship in another. This is a great evil, and though we cannot blame the Protestant landlord for separating himself from the superstition amid which his tenantry are buried; on the contrary, it becomes us to accord to him the higher praise, that he is thus regardless of his safety and interest, when, by adopting another line of conduct, he might screen himself from a thousand annoyances, by winning to himself the favour of the Roman Catholic population; yet, his experience of the ills which have their rise in a difference of opinion in regard to religious matters, existing between the higher and lower classes, ought to have deterred his equals in rank, from adopting a policy calculated to throw that quarter of the country in which their estates lie, into the same lamentable confusion. How different had been the condition of the sister island, if its inhabitants had all worshipped in the same Church; if the laborious and pious ministers of the Irish Episcopal Church had acquired the pastoral care of those men whom the Romish hierarchy now mislead! But the very reverse now obtains. The commonalty have no religious sympathy with their superiors in rank and property. The upper ranks of society are separated from the lower by a wide gulf, a gulf interposed by a difference in manners and in sentiment, and what is more, in religious opinion. Hence the want of all enterprize upon the part of the rich. What they have they will keep, and just because they have no motive to part with it for the benefit of their inferiors and dependents. Why should they bestir themselves in favour of those, thus they reason, who view all that they do with distrust? Why should they improve estates on which they are almost forbidden to reside, by the religious antipathies which unfortunately prevail? But what is the result? Why, ruin, and nothing short of ruin.

Their dependents look to them for encouragement, and when disappointed, through those causes to which we have just now glanced, feel aggrieved, nay, wronged. How can it be otherwise? The religion of the country, as established by the law of the land, hath no power over the public conscience. The working man has been taught to hate his superiors; his superiors, in turn, fear him, as one whose principles and interest are all antagonistic to theirs. This is the condition of Ireland, and such will soon be the state of Scotland too, if its gentry continue to separate themselves, as they have begun to do, from all sympathy with their inferiors and dependents. How much better to adopt that wise policy, which seeks to take the lead in all salutary and wise improvements! How much better to educate and mould the public mind, than to permit it to run wild, by leaving it to itself! How much better to be careful of the religious welfare of the masses, by setting them a godly and a Christian example, than to permit them to become the prey of wicked and designing men, whose sole purpose, notwithstanding all their religious pretences, is self-aggrandizement. Yet this can only be done by those of the upper ranks of life, when they are careful to retain the respect and love of their inferiors. But how can they expect to do so if they continue to withdraw themselves from that form of worship which their fathers contributed to establish, and which, moreover, is still adhered to by the multitude? They destroy their own influence for good when they act thus; and though the excellent principle, not to say intelligence, of those whose Church they despise, may prevent evil consequences in the meantime,—yet a day is rapidly drawing near, when the effects produced by this short-sighted policy will manifest themselves.

If we consider what line of policy the upper classes ought to pursue at this crisis, we must conclude that the present system ought to be discarded. The old absurd notions formerly entertained by the higher grades of society regarding their status, when viewed in reference to the poorer classes, had no foundation in truth, and had their rise in a system of things which our ancestors laboured to throw aside. They were nothing else than outgoings of the old feudal spirit, and therefore not to be resumed. The landed proprietor has no right to calculate on the labour of his inferiors in rank and wealth, save in so far as it is his by voluntary contract. His ground is his capital, and he only consults his own interest when he makes it his business to have it well cultivated. Clearly, then, it is his duty to sympathize with his tenantry; to lose no time in further indifference, but, on the contrary, to promote every improvement of which his estates are capable. This is the wisest, and therefore the best course which he could pursue,—even granting that the extraordinary calamities which are beginning to set in on our agricultural and commercial prosperity, should lead the legislature of the country to encourage native industry and enterprise, by imposing a tax on foreign importation. Society has now been fused into one great whole by civilization. Every part must sympathize with its fellow, else it is impossible that we can continue to lead the way to a yet higher excellence in the arts. Besides, our national prosperity must suffer if we seek to encourage another order of things. It is impossible that we can retrograde without incurring

losses severer than even those which already threaten us. We may retire from errors in legislation into which we have fallen, or we may rescind measures which were absolutely necessary but a few years ago ; but from acknowledged improvements we cannot decline, without bringing ruin upon ourselves.

But the upper grades of society have less to fear from shortcomings in these respects, than from the consequences of their own policy, when considered in regard to the ecclesiastical institutions of the country. They have sapped the National Church by withdrawing from its communion, and in doing so, they have only endangered their own consequence. The people are as much attached to the doctrines of Protestantism as ever they were. Though the Church of Scotland were to be overthrown to-day, the great body of the people would still adhere to the Presbyterian form of worship and discipline. The only change effected would be this, that the aristocracy of the country could have no place in that new order of things which has set in. If, in seceding from the Established Church, they could assign the same reasons for doing so that the Protestants of Ireland have for keeping aloof from the errors of Popery, then we could not blame them for refusing to respect the Church as by law established. But we know that they have no such excuse to plead. It may be more aristocratic to worship within the walls of an Episcopal Chapel, or it may be more fashionable, but assuredly it is less scriptural. Besides, even granting that the old dispute between Presbytery and Episcopacy were not a *quæstio vexata*, but, on the contrary, a controversy which has terminated in favour of that form of government which obtains in England, would it be prudent at such a crisis as this, to endanger the public welfare and tranquillity, by encouraging dissent to the extent that the aristocracy of Great Britain have done? Perhaps it may be said, that their conduct in doing so has not been attended with evil results, and that the public mind will be gradually, if not speedily, reconciled to the change. This, no doubt, is the belief of those who have seceded from the Establishment ; but that it is founded on an imperfect knowledge of public feeling in reference to this matter, every one acquainted with the character of our countrymen knows. What ! Scotsmen get reconciled to a Church which almost verges on Roman Catholicity,—a Church which, not many years ago, signed the Thirty-nine Articles with a mental reservation ! No ; the lower and middle classes of our nation only tolerate the secession of their superiors in rank,—they prefer that form of church government which prevails in this country,—prefer it on just grounds. They know that it is more in accordance with the word of God than any other, whether Episcopal or Independent, and can never forget that their forefathers won those liberties and advantages which it confers, after an arduous struggle. To be sure, they are prepared to have any slight put upon them, rather than have recourse to persecution. They will not have recourse to those violent means of coercion with which short-sighted men strove to concuss their fathers. Though fully persuaded that their superiors in rank and wealth have attempted to withdraw themselves from the religious sympathies of the common people, by instituting a more aristocratic form of church government and wor-

ship, yet, rather than inflict wrongs similar to those which their ancestors endured, they are prepared to submit. But though prepared to endure thus far, let it not be supposed that they are not aware of the disgrace which has been put on their order. They know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is preached to both rich and poor ; and that in former days, wise and good men, when laying the foundation of that system of things which now prevails, never once lost sight of this truth. They feel that a great gulf hath been interposed between them and the religious sympathies of their superiors in rank. They feel that in religion, as in politics, they have been severed from their brethren of the higher grades. Hence the danger to which the rich and titled gentry expose themselves. They have destroyed that unity of opinion and sentiment which is the strength of a nation. They have heaped up material for a great political conflagration. They have done what it ought to have been their constant policy to avoid, for they have severed themselves from the good-will and religious sympathy of the masses.

We have made these remarks in sorrow, and not in anger ; for we love the institutions of our native land, and have ever made it our endeavour to support them when assailed by unjust aggression. We bear the aristocracy of Great Britain no malice ; on the contrary, we could wish that that body would adopt the wise policy pursued by it in former times. We wish to act the part of the kind physician, who probes the wound only that he may heal, and not that of a merciless enemy, who rejoices in pain. May a kind Providence avert those ills which threaten the land ! May the experience of the past teach the rich and powerful to act a wise, a patriotic, and a religious part ! The ruin which threatens our commercial not less than our agricultural interests, ought to lead them to consider what steps ought to be taken to prevent those misfortunes to which they look forward. But even though they were to succeed in their present efforts to impose a small duty on foreign grain, let them beware of supposing that they have accomplished all that is necessary. They must learn to sympathize with their poorer brethren. They ought to bear in mind that property has its duties as well as its rights, and proceed accordingly. They must take the lead in all future improvements, instead of submitting to be led. The excellent morale of their order points to better days. May our hopes be realized ! May a kind Providence remove those barriers which prejudice and pride and error have interposed between the rich man and his poor neighbour ! A few efforts made by those to whose station in society this duty belongs, would effect that unity of opinion and action, which we so much desiderate, and, in doing so, establish that order of things which alone secures the happiness and prosperity of all classes. That this revolution, to which all men look forward, may be consummated, let all ranks combine to promote that union of sentiment and action to which we have adverted. This must be done by the rich man first—seeing that it is his duty to lead—but his example, when good, must not be despised by his poor neighbour. Union is strength ; and the fault, when disorder prevails, doth not always lie at the door of the great man. Our efforts as a people must tend to one grand purpose,—they must be dictated by

the fear of God in every instance. In a word, if we would continue to occupy that high eminence among the nations, which, as a people, we have possessed hitherto, it is necessary that we should be religious. The picture of a pious family, as drawn by the psalmist, is descriptive also of a community, whose manners and customs and laws are thus virtuous.

UNIVERSITY TESTS.

LORD MELGUND has no sooner been defeated in his attempt to expel the religious element from our hallowed parochial system, than Mr. Cowan steps forward to attempt a similar desecration of our Universities. The continued reiteration of these efforts, discloses a hope of ultimate success through means of sheer agitation alone. They are wise in their generation. Their tactics are shrewdly determined: and the precedents which justify *their* expectations cannot be recalled, without exciting *our* serious alarm. Theirs is the policy of that evil power which the pen of prophecy describes: "*And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws.*" The policy of *wearing out* the righteous attitude of resistance to an evil course, has so often been practised successfully in times past, that the chances are in favour of its future success, if it shall be carried vigorously out in this momentous question of education.

It is true that the *wearing-out* policy was not successful in the former days of Scottish story, when our Presbyterian forefathers resisted unto blood, striving against sin. But we do not now witness much of that all-pervading sense of responsibility to God, which followed the judge to the bench, and the senator to the halls of legislation, and which animated every state and order of citizenship in the brave days of old. The sense of responsibility is, no doubt, avowed with fully as much of loud-sounding profession as the occasion demands; but its object and direction have undergone a very unhappy change. The people are now regarded as the source of power, and the judge of political action: and for the power believed to be thus derived, it is affirmed that to the people, and the people alone, the holder must be held responsible. Hence have arisen a *political conscience* and a *political responsibility*—things as flexible as the popular humour, and as accommodating as the most easy-going expediency could wish. Hence, too, the painful exhibitions, so frequently witnessed now-a-days, of the candidates for political status bending the supple hinges of their knees to "the people"—catching the tone of the "popular" mind—and adapting themselves to every varying and undisciplined efflux of the popular passion. The old belief, which stood out boldly in the Scottish character in the days bygone, "*that power is derived from God, and ought to be used for His glory,*" is becoming rapidly antiquated. Our best men are shewing symptoms of flexibility in the statement and exposition of their political creed. Mr. Johnstone of Alva, an elder of the Church of Scotland, alarmed his best

friends, and astonished all to whom the best interests of his Church are dear, by the latitudinarian opinions which he gave utterance to on the subject of education, during his late successful canvass of the counties of Clackmannan and Kinross. He adopted the current tactics for winning golden opinions from "the people," and catching their most sweet voices ; but some of his forefathers would have spoken differently, and would have acted a more independent part in the great struggles of God's truth against the world's error.

When men are found, in these degenerate days, so bendable and facile, no wonder that the "*wear-them-out*" policy should be deemed so irresistibly effective. It is a gallant thing too, to return incessantly to the attack, and conquer fortune by a heroic constancy of will. Good king Robert Bruce did so ; and why should not my Lord Melgund and Mr. Cowan ? Great minds never succumb. Full of great ideas, they rise unconsciously, and without effort, above the common level of current thought. They need but obey their instincts to rise out of the common throng and go ahead. They must violently curb and rein in their impulses, if they remain lost in the crowd. They are born leaders ; and cannot help having greatness thrust upon them. Think of Howard and Wilberforce, or any of the bright names that shine gloriously out in the rolls of fame. They were filled with a great truth, or a great idea, and were thereby impelled irresistibly on. When they met with defeat and resistance, they could not give up without ceasing to think. *Thought* came welling up in the same way as before ; and whenever they attempted to embody thought in action, they found themselves at their old work. The thinking-mill could throw off but the one fabric. The mill must be stopped entirely, if the native product of its action is to be got rid of. But how stop a mill so mighty, whose motive power is not of earth, nor capable of restraint by mortal arm ! Hence great thoughts or great truths cannot be bound. They may be reviled, opposed, and spit at by the slaves of bigotry ; but they move on in sovereign majesty, till all hearts bend to their lofty sway. It is a mark of greatness—this unconquerable resolution, this iteration of thought and effort. All great men have stoutly breasted opposition and defeat, and have conquered in the end : then why not my Lord Melgund and Mr. Cowan ? They cannot help it : their impulses are irresistible ; their great ideas have made them slaves ; they are modern Luthers, and must go forward though they should shake the British empire by their tread. Lord Melgund lies panting on the ground after his gallant but unsuccessful onslaught on our Parish Schools ; and incontinently, Mr. Cowan steps out with a terrible mien, with lance at rest, against our Universities. By the time Mr. Cowan is made to bite the dust, my Lord Melgund will be again up and ready for a renewal of the fight. It is really alarming to contemplate the future. Two such redoubtable knights and valiant men-at-arms, will outvie Turk Gregory himself in feats of derring-do, ere they retire from the hard-contested field. Really the ministers of Her Most Gracious Majesty must see to their own comfort and safety. Perhaps their wisest policy would be to surrender School and University into the enemy's hand, and thus free themselves at once from the incon-

venience which the valorous thrusts of two such dangerous knights-errant must occasion.

Before, however, accepting such pusillanimous counsel, it is advisable that they hearken first to the plain dictates of justice. The Schools and Universities are not theirs to give, more than the broad acres of Lord Melgund, or the Mills of Mr. Cowan. To do what Mr. Cowan asks them to do, would imply the violation of treaties, and the infraction of national faith. Let the reader ponder the following excerpt from the Act of Security :—

“ And farther, for the greater security of the foresaid Protestant religion, and of the worship, discipline, and government of this Church, as above established, Her Majesty, with advice and consent foresaid, statutes and ordains that the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, as now established by law, shall continue within this kingdom for ever. And that in all time coming, no Professors, Principals, Regents, Masters, or others bearing office in any University, College, or School within this kingdom, be capable, or be admitted, or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions, but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed by the Acts of Parliament. As also, that before or at their admissions, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the foresaid Confession of Faith, as the confession of their faith, and that they will practise and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in this Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof, and never endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same ; and that before the respective Presbyteries of their bounds, by whatsoever gift, presentation, or provision they may be thereto provided.”

Many who feel keenly the injustice as well as imprudence of doing aught to weaken the bond between Church and School, are seemingly not altogether unwilling to treat concerning the modification or re-adjustment of the relation between the Church and the University. They deem it inexpedient and untenable, to assert for the Church the old claim of authority and control over what are termed “ the secular ” chairs. They augur an ill issue from an unaccommodating spirit of resistance to the formidable flood-tide of innovation, which is setting in so strongly against our ancient and venerable Institutes of education. We could make a better bargain, they think, by quietly yielding to the current, so far as the mere secular chairs are concerned, and stipulating for an unchallengeable control over the rest. It would be, moreover, they affirm, a more graceful and becoming thing in the Church to come down, of her own free motion, from her lofty eminence, than be driven down by the advancing strength of a great popular movement. And were she thus to conciliate popular opinion by generous concession, they would anticipate as her great recompence of reward, a handsome reversion of popular grace, and future immunity from hostile comment.—Vain expectations ! Her enemies would only be encouraged to further aggression. Her generosity would be interpreted pusillanimity. Her concession would provoke contempt : and in no long space she would fall, not a blessed

martyr, but the victim of infirm purposes, who failed at the turning crisis of her trial to be true to herself.

We have, however, given the above extract from the Act of Security—and to draw the reader's attention more pointedly to it, we have given it in *Italics*—for the purpose of shewing that the Universities and Parish Schools are parts of one whole, and must consequently stand or fall together. They cannot, as some imagine, be dealt with on separate grounds. The protective bulwarks of an honourable nation's sanction are reared around both alike. If they do not avail to save our Universities from the threatened organic changes, neither will they avail to save our Parish Schools: and those who advocate the policy of concession, would do well to consider, that by conceding the Universities, they cannot consistently appeal thereafter to the Act of Security in defence of our Parish Schools. The moment they concede any item embraced within the sacred national warranty, of which the Act was designed to be the perpetual deed and memorial, they disqualify themselves thenceforward to plead the Act for any purpose, or in any emergency whatever. They are virtually acknowledging it to be a dead letter, an obsolete old parchment, that cannot be used now in enforcement of any of its stipulated obligations. Surely they themselves will shrink from the legitimate consequences of their own principle.

We are aware that it has been said, that the party whose interests were meant to be protected by the Act, is not only consenting to the threatened change, but is calling for it; that the Legislature may now proceed in their educational innovations without bad faith, since both the contracting parties are agreed as to the propriety of now setting aside the ancient stipulations; and that the call of the Scottish nation is ample justification of any legislative interference for reforming our educational institutions. But how can it possibly be said that both parties are agreed, when the Church, in whose favour the contract was solemnly sealed, is protesting against its infraction by every constitutional means, and with an earnestness of tone befitting so perilous a juncture? What can the Church do more to testify her disapproval of the projected changes, and her sense of injury from the threatened encroachments, than she is doing? She has appealed respectfully to her sacred charter, and pled its august authority against all such violent innovations as are now proposed. She has adopted an earnest testimony against such legislative measures as have been brought before Parliament, impinging upon her ancient and solemnly guaranteed immunities: and she has sought to bring her testimony to bear in the high places of the kingdom, by introducing it through every open door which the British constitution presents. Upon every renewal of the attempt to secularise her institutions, she renews her declaration and protest. Were any constitutional means of resistance left untried, or were she betraying a lukewarm interest in the continued integrity and binding obligation of her sacred charter, there might be some plausibility in the above plea. But what can she do more? She cannot employ the secular arm to enforce her claims. The weapons of her warfare are spiritual. She must rest content to reason and expostulate against the wrong-doing. She must rely on the

justice of her cause, and the honourable feeling of the stronger power. She must plead the word of promise and the sealing covenant of a great and mighty nation: and so long as the claims of honour and the rights of truth are respected by British statesmen, she is safe from the threatened wrong.

But, say her enemies, the Church may think what she pleases of her own rights and privileges, *the nation* consents to abandon the Act of Security, in so far as it stands in the way of the reformation of their educational institutes.—But who or what is “the nation?” Is the Church no part of it; or so insignificant a part, as to be held of no account in any great national movement? Yet she is the *national* Church. Wherefore concede her the high privilege of national establishment, if she is not reckoned worthy to be aught set by in matters affecting national interests? It would be better to take the bolder course of disestablishing her, than to pare down her privileges, and stealthily filch from her by degrees the cherished institutions which she herself created, which she always nursed with especial care, and which she has ever regarded as one of the main elements of her greatness.

It is, however, to be here carefully noted, that the outcry of dissenters is not to be viewed as the voice of the nation, or as the demand of one of the contracting parties. It is the Church of Scotland that must consent—not her enemies—ere the Act of Security can be viewed by our legislators as open to revision. It was at her desire it was framed, and by her consent that it became a solemn national deed. The sectaries in those days opposed its passing, but their opposition was fruitless. The fact is, the protection of the Church of Scotland in all her immunities and privileges, was made the indispensable pre-requisite to any negotiation whatever concerning a union of the two kingdoms. And so jealously was this guarded, that the Commissioners were not permitted to treat “*of or concerning any alteration of the worship, discipline, and government of the Church of this kingdom, as now by law established.*” The Act of Security was made to embody all the legal enactments in favour of the Scottish Church, and to contain the solemn promise of the English Parliament, that it should be held part and parcel of the British constitution in all time to come. Mark the solemn declaration:—

“That it shall be held and observed in all time coming as a fundamental and essential condition of any treaty or union to be concluded betwixt the two kingdoms, without any alteration thereof, or derogation thereto, in any sort, for ever.”

Some of the members boggled at the words “*for ever,*” affirming that institutions were always changing, and could not be preserved in the same state *for ever*, however willingly and honourably they might seek to implement the terms of their treaty. They were, however, compelled to dismiss their scruples, as nothing less binding would satisfy our forefathers, and no hope could otherwise be entertained of effecting the projected Union. They accepted the words, and pledged the national faith and honour of England, that the Church of Scotland should be protected in all her rights to the latest posterity.

Now we readily admit, that even honourable and truthful men *may*

find it impossible to fulfil a bargain, though honestly in earnest in striving to acquit their conscience in the matter. Circumstances unforeseen and unavoidable frequently incapacitate men to meet their obligations; and it is possible for them to pass through this ordeal with reputation untarnished, and honour unsuspected, even by the parties whom they have brought to loss and hardship. National obligation, too, may lack fulfilment, when civil disorders disorganise the spheres of government. Where power is wanting to perform an honourable purpose, the mere non-performance cannot be chargeable as a crime. The case is different, however, when a pretext is sought to evade the obligation; and it assumes the darkest hue of dishonesty, when the faith of the trusting weaker party is laughed to scorn, and her rights and earnest expostulations contemptuously set at naught. This is what England is now asked to do—that England whose word even barbarian hordes are soon taught to rely on—to whose honoured pledge her worst enemies can freely confide their lives—to whose sacred shadow the oppressed of every clime flee for safety—that England whose pre-eminence among the nations is due to her love of truth and the purity of her faith—to her high sense of honour, and her scorn of wrong—her zealous attachment to liberty, and her respect for the rights and liberties of others! That nation of brave and honourable men are asked to falsify their pledge, and simply because they may now do it with impunity! Were she the “perfidious Albion” that her ancient rival affirms her to be, we might have ground to apprehend an evil future; but, being the soul of honour—one who, though swearing to her own hurt, changeth not—it would be doing her a wrong to anticipate the possibility of a perfidious act. It was not in vain, we trust, that our fathers so joyously reposed on England’s good faith for the protection of their dearly purchased liberties, and looked so hopefully to the times and events of future generations. Hear what an Englishman, and one who helped to bring about the Union, wrote about nine years after that event was accomplished:—

“But now the security, liberty, and establishment of the Church of Scotland being twisted with the English constitution, and built upon the same foundation with that of the Church of England, it becomes invulnerable, unless we shall suppose the whole ecclesiastic and civil constitution of Great Britain should suffer a convulsion, and be overturned and destroyed. Nor had the Church of Scotland so good a security for her establishment before; her nobility and representatives being not the best friends to her constitution, often offended at the severity of her discipline, and in part debauched from her principles by the levity and fashion of the court: and it was more than probable that in time they might have given a blow to the constitution of the Church, which now it is *for ever out of their power to do.*”

Thus it will be observed, that Englishmen anticipated being called upon to defend the Church of Scotland, even against Scotchmen, and were quite prepared to perform their word faithfully. Their Act of Security did not merely bar themselves from ever innovating upon the constitution of the Scottish Church; they felt themselves, moreover, bound to guard their sacred trust from every assault, though the assault should

be organised by Scotchmen. The times in which we live were actually anticipated, and the conduct proper for Englishmen to adopt clearly exposed. Now shall we see whether the old faith and trust-worthiness of England has descended, the noblest inheritance of her sons. The Church, by an unprecedented concurrence of untoward events, is placed in a position of danger. Unworthy advantage is taken of her state by the powerful sectarianism of Scotland. She has become a besieged city, and the enemy are preparing to pull down and lay level with the ground the stout and stately bulwarks which she reared with much pains, and on which her future prosperity is suspended. Calling to mind the promised aid of England in this the critical hour of her destiny, she appeals to the honest heart and the strong arm of her ally. Surely the appeal will not be in vain.

For the further security of the Church, or rather to make assurance doubly sure, it was enacted—

"That the Sovereign of these realms shall, in all time coming, at his or her accession to the Crown, swear and subscribe, that they shall inviolably maintain and preserve the foresaid settlement of the true Protestant religion, with the government, worship, discipline, rights, and privileges of this Church, as above established by the law of this kingdom."

That oath was designed to prevent the possibility of any such measures as those proposed by Mr. Cowan and Lord Melgund ever passing into law. It was certainly not meant to be a dead letter, or an empty ceremony. It was not understood to be a facile and evanescent arrangement, which any subsequent Parliament could alter, modify, or revoke. Upon these points, it is quite possible that Mr. Cowan and Lord Melgund have attained to more enlightened views than were entertained in former times. It is, however, a note-worthy point, that the framers of the oath *intended* to guard against the very thing which these innovators propose to do; and what they *intended* they have actually *done*, with such carefulness and precision of terms, that it is not possible to evade the meaning, or escape from the obligation. Men who coolly propose to the Sovereign to do what the Sovereign has solemnly sworn *never* to do, must be prepared, one would think, with reasons for a course so extraordinary and momentous. Do they propose to exempt her by Parliamentary authority, from all the responsibility which the oath is understood to involve? But a conscientious and God-fearing prince will decline to be absolved by one party from the obligation of an oath taken to and in favour of another. Were it the rights and privileges of Parliament that were to be dealt with, their proposed absolution might satisfy the conscience; since, if ill and afflictive results follow the proposed course, they have themselves wholly to blame—they have deliberately taken upon themselves the sole responsibility. But it is quite another thing for Parliament itself to break through the sanctions of solemn treaties and the solemnities of a fair covenant, and then try to persuade the Sovereign to be as wicked as itself. It is itself bound by an engagement as solemn as ever any nation was bound by—so sacred that, if *not* binding, national obligation is a fiction, and national treaties a farce. It violates

all these sanctities before it is ready to deal with the royal conscience—it violates all these sanctities as a necessary preparative for the proposed absolution. Its own wicked breach of a solemn engagement is the qualifying preliminary for dealing effectively with the royal pledge: and its absolution of majesty from the obligation of the oath is a double crime, which, one would think, is not much calculated to release one from the moral obligation on which we insist.

It is therefore a most serious measure which is thus brought in for discussion, and pertinaciously pressed upon the notice of the Legislature. It is a serious thing to the Church, for it loosens the foundations laid for her by the wisdom and firmness of our forefathers upon the magnificent rock of the British constitution. It is a serious thing to national morality; for it weakens the sacred obligation of moral duty, and teaches the people to make light of their national responsibilities, and of public faith. It is a serious thing to the Sovereign of these realms; for it seeks to violate that settlement that altered the line of succession, and to strip away some of the essential attributes of the British crown. And we may add, it is a serious thing to the best interests of religion.

Upon this branch of the subject we cannot do better than refer to the speech of Dr. Bryce, delivered in the General Assembly of 1845, in support of Principal Lee's motion to petition Parliament against Mr. Rutherford's bill for the Abolition of Tests in the Universities of Scotland. Dr. Bryce has taken a very leading part in the whole educational controversy. He has ably and elaborately defended the system of education established by the wisdom and piety of our Presbyterian forefathers. He has ever faithfully pled for the grand distinctive element of that system,—*the careful daily instruction of the young in the truths of the Bible, as interpreted by the Standards of the Church*. He does not deem it, like some, a prudent thing, or a matter of expediency, to treat with the enemy, in order to mitigate their hostility, or to ensure more advantageous terms in the event of future changes. He finds the old system fenced around with sacred national safeguards, which must for ever preclude honourable men's interference,—he finds it, besides, perfectly defensible on its own merits. Upon both grounds, he has ever been ready to meet the enemy. He has successfully rebutted all their arguments; he has caught the feeling of the Church, and enjoys her confidence on the educational question, to an extent that enables him to “lift his testimony” with every advantage of place and circumstance, and with all the enforcement which the Church can give. Upon the more religious aspect of the question he speaks thus:—

“The supporters of this bill must maintain that education may be wisely and safely dislocated from the connection in which, in this country, it has ever stood to religion. This view of the question touches upon infinitely higher and more momentous interests, than maintaining a privileged ecclesiastical polity in its rights, or filling a national university with the youth of the country; yet has it not received the attention which it so richly deserves. Much, indeed, has been said on the necessity of a Test in our schools and universities, that nothing opposed to religion shall be taught to our young men. I acknowledge I desiderate something more positive than this

—I want a security, that religion shall be taught to the youth to be educated in our Universities, and taught at every stage and step of their progress. And I do not receive a satisfactory reply when I am told, that under this bill, this is provided for, in still maintaining Tests as regards the Theological chairs. Our securities, I say, must be stretched further than this before our youth are safe from all danger, before our Christian Universities are what Christian Universities ought to be. They must extend to your lay-chairs themselves, just because from them may emanate the deadliest poison of infidel and irreligions instruction ; just because from them ought to come, in their proper time and place, the purest lessons of piety. I say not that any tests will give you absolute security against the evil, or absolute assurance of reaching the good ; but it is surely the obviously wise part to adopt the best within your reach ; and it is a principle on which statesmen and legislators proceed in other matters, that men will not profess to believe that in which they have no faith, or become bound to keep up that which they are pledged to destroy ; and that, consequently, they will not seek the office where such obligations must first be come under. It is, Sir, under the operation of this principle, that Tests have been productive of an extent of public good, for which they do not obtain the credit they deserve. They have never shut the door of a Christian school against a Christian teacher ; and if they have excluded the infidel professor, even of "European reputation," who had too much honour, first to take and then to evade the obligation, are they to be cast aside as the worthless and pernicious laws which this Bill would have us to believe ? Let me, then, take the case of the chair of Anatomy itself in one of our Universities. Let me say, that the professor of Anatomy, who, after demonstrating to his pupils the wonderful mechanism of the human frame—the astonishing skill and wisdom which every part of it displays—the singular adaptation of the means to the end in view—fails to follow up his lecture, by directing his students to the contemplation and the adoration of that Being, who is the Creator and Preserver of all this wonderfully animated fabric, does not teach Anatomy as it ought to be taught in the Christian University of a Christian country. But to what does this bill conduct ? It is not merely, that it leaves you without the only means, perhaps, within your power of securing this great object ; but it opens the door to this further danger, that you may have a Professor of Anatomy, who shall most ably demonstrate on the structure of the human frame, and conclude his lecture in these words,—‘Gentlemen, all this is owing to chance.’”

It certainly ought ever to be borne in mind, that the institutions now under legislative consideration, are Christian Universities ; and that of this Christianity these obnoxious Tests are at once the expression and safeguard. It must be viewed by every Christian mind as a question of vast importance, whether any procedure that tends to the derogation of their Christian character is justifiable under any circumstances ; and if so, whether the justifying circumstances now exist, to render legislative interference in the way supposed safe and proper. We confess for ourselves that we cannot imagine any circumstances that could justify a course so momentous, as that of unchristianising a system in any degree whatever ; much less those institutes that owe their origin to Christianity, and have borne hitherto the impress and stamp of their original. The tendency of the age is to push Christianity out from spheres where its authority had been deemed hitherto unchallengeable—nay, even from the more distinctive arena of its peculiar and proper agency, to spheres

of its own direct creation. We would not willingly yield to this evil current; nor underlie the responsibility of assenting to a single step in that direction. Believing that no sphere is exempt from Christian obligation, it is due to truth to do our utmost all—however little that all may be—to maintain its cause everywhere, and to succour its continued practical control over places and persons, where heretofore it has held sway. Having great faith, moreover, in the efficacy of Christian truth to create, wheresoever its presence is practically recognised, an element of pure and elevated felicity, we are not actuated by any wicked design against their peace in striving to keep all our students under its practical but genial sway. Wherefore the young men devoting themselves to medical and legal studies, should be deemed *not* the proper objects of our Christian care, or the proper subjects of Christian influence, we are really at a loss to conceive. What is held to be indispensable to the divinity student, as a formative element of character, and as an available power in opening before him a pure and honourable career, must surely be held equally indispensable to all others. This Christian element is, one would hope, not to be viewed as a mere professional appliance, suitable enough to divinity, but not proper to the medical or legal professions. It is a life-imparting power, equally suited to and needed by all; a pervading and diffusive influence of wholesome truth, and the divinely appointed nourishment of man's spiritual growth. The introduction of this element to every department of educational action, is a wise and befitting adaptation to man's nature, as well as the simple application of the trust which Christ deposited with his Church.

If the religious sentiment is an integral element of man's nature, is it to be so lightly set by as to be overlooked in all educational arrangements? All who believe in man's immortality and future state, all who read man's destiny in the light of revelation, and recognise his future accountability to his Maker, will agree that the religious sentiment claims our first and last care for its right guidance and nurture. Its proper education ought to transcend in interest the education of the mere citizen of the state, as far as heaven transcends earth, the interests of eternity those of time. To leave it wholly out of account in our educational means and appliances, is a crime against the very highest interests of man. But it will not—it cannot be ignored. To leave it alone, is to misdirect it. A garden unkept will still grow weeds. The soul of man, though left uncared for, will still bring forth fruit, but the fruit of shame and dishonour, of bitterness and death.

The education of the intellect alone, however wisely conducted, is radically defective. To be suitable to man's estate, and worthy of the name, education must embrace the whole nature of man. One faculty, or set of faculties, ought not to be stimulated and quickened, while others are stinted, or left to pine or run to waste. It must surely be the correct idea of education, to view it as the development and cultivation of *all* the faculties implanted by God in the human subject—*physical, intellectual, moral, and religious*. We arrange them in the order of their importance. The importance of the first two are readily enough acknowledged. The last two, though indispensable to man's happiness

here and hereafter, and immensely more comprehensive in their action and issues, are yet deemed scarcely worthy of serious consideration by the world, when the momentous question of education falls to be determined. Time it is that those who value the Christian faith as the saving salt of society, bestir themselves in its service, lest slackness in council, and supineness in the field of effort, prove the occasion of hurt and irremediable wrong to that which they so highly prize. Humbling will be the reflection, that timely energy might have averted the blow; keen the regrets, if the energetic spirit is wanting when the crisis calls. It may seem to some a little thing to admit the Christless element to the "secular" professorships. It cannot be a little thing to alter the character of a Christian institute—to vitiate the constitution of an entire scheme of national education—to introduce a poison into the system, though seemingly confined to the remote extremities. *Obsta principii*—the beginnings of evil are weak, and easily restrained. Yield them time and space to spread, and then, speedily overwhelmed, you must needs expiate by long years of grief your past unfaithfulness in the critical and now irrecoverable moment of fortune.

Many, however, admit the force of such arguments when applied to schools, but demur to their applicability to Universities. A University is not, it seems, to be hampered with religious scruples and priestly interferences. Religion is a totally uncalled-for thing, and an irking intruder within the cool retreats of philosophy and science. The young gentlemen are above being interfered with in their proper professional studies. Their freedom of thought must not be endangered by the most distant approximation to creeds and confessions. It is science which they crave, and not divinity; and with their immediate object in going to the University, religion has nothing whatever to do.—All this is plausible enough. It requires, however, only a very cursory glance to discover its fallacy; if religion can be shewn to have ado with schools, it will also, by the very same arguments, be proved to have ado with universities. Our forefathers deemed that religion had ado with everything, and with all orders, ranks, and classes of men; and in organising their admirable system of national education, they saw no reason why any part of it should be exempted from the Christian element. Religion with them was not an instrument of state-craft, for keeping the masses in awe. It was the apt and answerable element of life for man's immortal, spiritual part—apt and answerable alike for peer and peasant, for rich and poor, for the student at the university, and the rustic child at the country school.

Yet our admiration is forcibly awakened, when we contemplate their delicate reserve and wise consideration in dealing with a question of such nicety. The only point they sought to make sure of, was the presence of living Christianity as a plastic educational power; and they desired nothing more than this in School, College, or University. Hence the Test was imposed on the master alone, while the pupil was left entirely free. They were content to admit the youth of every denomination and class, without exacting any confession of faith—imposing any pledge—inquiring into the religious creed of the parents—or binding to future

conformity to the established form of worship. It was due to the claims of truth, and essential to a right system of education, that Christianity should be brought to bear on the young. They did not, however, imagine that, to insure the recommendation of Christian truth to the youthful mind, or the forcible agency of Christian truth as an educational power, it was needful to teach Christian formulas. They understood and sought to enlist on the side of religion, the silent eloquence of character, knowing well how contagious a revered Professor's known sentiments and example are with his students, even though not a word be uttered in the class-room in exposition or enforcement of his peculiar views. They imagined that an infidel Professor, though honourably eschewing all allusion to the subject of religion, must insensibly influence the beliefs of his students. Incalculable hurt may be thus done to the minds of young men, at a time when ardent enthusiasm, impatience of restraint, the luxury of independent thought, and the passion for novelty, impel to bold originality, and hitherto untasted experiences. *Then*, beyond all periods of life, is it needful to temper bold speculation, and to regulate vehement impulse, by bringing the resistless might of a venerated *character* to bear upon them. Hence our fathers, in their wise consideration for the godly upbringing of the young, determined to exclude, *if possible*, from all professorships, men whose opinions were at variance with Christian faith, as wanting an indispensable qualification for the office, however brilliant might be their scientific acquirements. Better far to have the services of one whose life is pure, and whose character and known opinions, instead of detracting from the authority of religion, would illustrate and enforce its claims. Otherwise it were unseemly, in the same institution, and under the same roof, to find theology and science palpably at variance—atheistic science busily undoing what theology had done.

The times, we admit, are athirst for change, and eager for action. To many it appears the utterance of a lagging and timid spirit, to plead for perpetuating the old organizations of our forefathers, framed in limited experience, and adapted to a ruder age. While we write, we see faces of friends—faithful and true they have ever been—bent upon us in disapproval. They have caught the spirit of the new era, and are inspired with loftiest anticipations of the good time coming. An enthusiasm full of hope and exaltation plays on every feature, and glows in every word. There must be *progress* for them—an onward-pressing course of improvement and elevation. In order to this, there must be *change*, a revision of old things and the creation of new, to meet the blessing of the future, and to catch it as it falls. The rectitude of their motives, their glowing zeal for truth, the elevation and purity of their aspirations, and their brave hopefulness and energy of character, must ever endear them to our heart, and never, we trust, the less that we must here agree to differ. They are beguiled by the plausible guises under which changes the most momentous are presented to their view. To abide by the old idea of education, and the old system, is, it seems, to lag behind the movement, and to fall into the powerless and despised rear. To break away from the old ideas and practice, is to break the yoke of a rude antiquity, to

re-organise an effete system, and to enter upon a new and hopeful career of glorious *progress*. A charming prospect, doubtless,—enchancing to youth, and congenial to its ardour; but one, as we have seen, which the projected changes must utterly fail to realise.

We do not anticipate a speedy termination to the controversy now engaged in. The agitation will be sustained by interest when argument fails; and the Church will require all her wisdom and all her wakefulness for the conflict. Meanwhile it is encouraging to reflect, that she is not as yet met in the field of controversy with arguments of much weight or consideration. She is often met by the sneering levity and bluster of a rude power, sometimes by the haughty disdain of self-exalting conceit, and sometimes by the overbearing arrogance of bigotry, petted and nursed carefully by political tact in high places. We do not underestimate the influence which has been brought to bear against the Church. It is powerful, and may, if God avert it not, issue in lamentable results for the country. But we cannot but augur well of the future, if the Church prove faithful to herself, and the cause entrusted to her charge. Let us take all encouragement from the fact, that it is God's truth she is called to contend for, and that God's blessing will fall upon her every effort in its defence. Her enemies in this controversy are, though unconsciously, the enemies of the Bible. Let it never be recorded of her, that she failed in the hour of need, to defend uncompromisingly the precious charter of her liberties—the trust deposited with her by her glorious Head—and the honour and claims of Him who is the God of nations and the Lord of all.

There are several points which we leave untouched for the present. A full report of both the recent discussions in the House of Commons on the question of Education, is now before us. All, we presume, that can be said in favour of the new measures, is said *now*. Our readers, when we have an opportunity of addressing them again, will be put in full possession of the arguments of the secularists, and will be utterly astonished at their hopeless and pitiable impotency, and at the conduct of our innovating reformers, in proposing courses so bold, without a single valid argument to bear them out.

Speech delivered in the General Assembly, on the 27th May 1845. By JAMES BRYCE, D.D. On the Bill for the Abolition of Tests in the Universities of Scotland. Revised Edition.

WE make no apology, at the present critical period, in placing before our readers the following eloquent extract from the Speech of Dr. Bryce.

“But I shall go on, Sir, to ask, how this Bill, if passed into a law, is to affect our Universities themselves? And here I am also keeping clear of the high religious ground, and dealing only with secular and selfish interests. And I would ask, if these are to be promoted by opening the chairs in our Universities to men of *any religion*, or to men of *no religion* whatever? Sir, I have that reliance on the regard paid to the religious welfare of their sons by the parents of Scotland, that I entertain not a doubt, that should this

Bill succeed, in filling your chairs with infidel professors, it will also be found to have shut your class-rooms against the pious youth of the country. And if these youths are seen flocking to the sectarian institution, where security is afforded that their minds shall not be poisoned by infidel and anti-Christian doctrines, and shall be found deserting the national Universities, where, if this Bill becomes law, no such security will be found, I, for one, shall bid them 'God-speed.' I shall have no regrets to offer on this ground, that the publicly-endowed, the State-established institution, has ceased to boast of an attendance of students, as it will then have ceased to deserve the support of a Christian country. Let those, therefore, who look no farther than their own mere pecuniary interests, and would abolish all tests, that a rival college may not strip them of their students, take care that they do not incur the very danger they are so desirous to avoid. They are calculating on an advance in the liberalism of the age, at which the people of Scotland have not yet arrived; and they are forgetting the revulsion of feeling, to which such an outrage as this Bill offers to all that Scotsmen have hitherto held sacred and indisputable, may be found to give rise. The present is the most desperate legislative plunge into apathy and disregard of all that has hitherto distinguished Scotland as a happy and flourishing country; which we have yet been called to witness: and as our existing schools have for ages stood and flourished upon what this measure comes avowedly to destroy, it seems the greatest folly and infatuation to think, that by such changes, these schools are to be rendered still more rich and prospering. Yet such an error has evidently got hold of not a few, who, on this narrow and interested ground, are advocating the Bill now before Parliament; scared, as these men are, by the phantom of deserted class-rooms, if, forsooth, the doors of our Universities are not opened to professors and lecturers of 'European reputation' in science and literature! Why, Sir, waving the religious and Christian qualifications, which I trust the Scottish parent will ever demand from the instructor of his sons, in whatever department he may be found, are those who reason after this fashion to be told, that the possession by the master of the most brilliant acquirements in science, is not always a guarantee that knowledge shall be most successfully imparted to the scholar? How often does it happen that the less dazzling is the more effective teacher!

"I have not, Sir, spoken of the power which the Established Church possesses, and may be driven to put forth, of determining from whose hands she shall take the certificates of that attendance and progress in the literary and scientific classes, which form a part of the Theological curriculum.—Withstanding, as she is this day doing, the disturbance of that relationship in which she has always stood to the Universities of the land, it might be out of keeping even to hint at that separation being one day brought about by her own hand; but I would have those, who advocate this Bill on the narrow ground of filling their class-rooms and their pockets, to keep in mind the retaliation within the Church's reach. I trust and hope that the wisdom of the Legislature will avert this evil day of retribution; but come it must, if the choice is given to the Church of receiving her candidates for holy orders, from a pure, or a tainted, or even suspected source. Nor let our Universities 'lay the flattering unction to their souls,' that what they would lose in the Established, they would gain in the Free and Dissenting Churches of Scotland. Enough has already transpired to shew them the folly of such an expectation, and to convince them, that if they are, as they ought to be, to continue the National Seminaries, where Christian youth of all sects may receive education, they must maintain the Christian sentinel at the door, who shall demand the pass-word of a Gospel Creed in doctrine and in government, as laid down in some recognised standard. With that

sentinel the present Bill very unceremoniously dispenses ; but I have much mistaken the Christian feeling of this country, if it be found to respond to such a proposal, however much public opinion may be divided on the minor points that have so long and so unhappily divided the Christian body. This Bill, so far as it breaks the bond of union between the National Church and the National University, may find its supporters ; but so far as it throws loose the education of our youth among the rocks and quicksands of infidelity and heresy, it were a libel and a reproach, alike upon the Voluntary and the Churchman, to suppose that, for one moment, it can receive their approbation."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Bibliotheca Sacra and Biblical Repository. Combined Series. No. I.
Edinburgh : Forbes & Wilson.

WE have only time at present to announce to our readers the publication of the above celebrated Review in our city, of which the above is the first number. The *Bibliotheca Sacra* is conducted by B. B. Edwards and E. H. Park, Professors of Andover, with the special co-operation of Dr. Robinson (author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*), and Professors Moses Stuart and H. B. Smith, and the Rev. J. M. Sherwood. Such a work is much needed in this country, and we cordially wish it success.

"In adverting" (we quote from the Prospectus,) "to the principles on which this work is conducted, it will be the constant aim of the editors and contributors to supply essays and discussions of sterling and permanent character, so that the volumes shall be regarded as an important addition to any library. Articles will be sought on topics which will be viewed as valuable twenty, or even fifty years hence, in preference to those of a temporary or merely popular character :—in short, the great aim of the conductors is to produce a Biblical and Theological Journal of an elevated character, which will be viewed abroad as doing honour to the scholarship of the United States, and which will directly advance the interests of sound learning and pure religion. It will embrace Theology in its widest acceptation, as comprehending the Literature of the Scriptures, Biblical Criticism, Natural and Revealed Theology, Church History, with the History of the Christian Doctrines and Sacred Rhetoric. Special prominence will be given to Sacred Literature. It will be the aim to procure for every Number two or three Articles at least, explanatory or illustrative of the Scriptures, direct expositions of the Text, or discussions in the rich field of Biblical Criticism. Particular facilities in some parts of this department are supplied by American Missionaries resident in Syria and Western Asia, and by travellers in the East. We shall endeavour to enliven the discussions of a more abstract nature by the insertion in each Number, if possible, of one piece of Biography. To a limited extent, questions in Mental and Moral Philosophy will be discussed, partly on account of their immediate and important bearing upon Theology, and partly for the sake of the intrinsic value of the questions themselves. Some attention will also be paid to Classical Literature. Many of our subscribers, and some of our most valued contributors, are Presidents and Professors in the Colleges. No publication in this country is specially devoted to the classical languages. They furnish many topics of special interest, and which have important relations to Sacred Literature."

Ellen Seymour; or, the Bud and the Flower. By MRS. SAVILE SHEPHERD, (formerly Anne Houlditch.) Third Edition. Bath, Binns and Goodwin; London, Nisbet & Co.; Edinburgh, Johnstone & Hunter.

WE like and dislike this volume, so far as we can express any like at all in reference to that class of books called religious novels. For the first half of the volume we were greatly pleased—always excepting the fact of its being a novel, the reasons for which we have given in our notice of Caleb Field, a work of the same stamp—and we expected to be so to the end, but we were much disappointed. The authoress is evidently a shrewd observer, well acquainted with human nature, and the various phases of the religious world, and withal writes well, so far as the literary execution of the work is concerned; but we cannot exactly see the true drift of the story. It wants definiteness, and there are things introduced, to which we decidedly object. The description of Puseyism is admirable, and we would not add a touch to the picture. Mr. Beaumont, Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Delamotte the Governess,—are given to the life. The internal arrangements of the Rectory, with its Puseyite economy, prim, gloomy, austere; the church, with its painted windows, and stone altars, and doorless pews, and tall candlesticks, are graphically sketched, and the Romeward tendency of the whole is strikingly elicited; and had Mrs. Shepherd stopt here, and brought her heroine to the acknowledgment of the truth as it is in Jesus, in all its simplicity, and left her an enlightened, spiritually-minded Christian, following the Lord fully, then the Tale would have been more complete in itself, and more productive of good. But instead of this, we have love stories. First, Mr. Chesterfield, a popular London Evangelical Preacher, falls in love with Ellen, and offers her his hand and heart, with two thousand a year of church preferment, but she refuses him, resolutely refuses him; although she is but a dependent governess, and her father and mother in needy circumstances. Next, we have the minister of the parish in which she was residing, falling in love with her, and he, also, comes forward, on this occasion, with more success. Ellen Seymour is won, and the curtain drops, on the eve of her becoming the Vicar of ———'s wife. We do not know that this is spiritual food—hidden manna for a hungry soul. We think not. We suspect that the effect of such a book on the mind of a young "Anxious Inquirer," especially a female one, would be to give a *romantic* turn to religion. Mrs. Shepherd, it is true, is seeking to bring out the truth, in its scriptural integrity, and its operative spirituality, as embodied in the character and conduct of Ellen Seymour, and incidentally in that of other personages introduced; but we demur at the attempt to elicit these in the manner adopted. We think the attempt both unsuccessful and dangerous. The best sketch in the whole is that of Salome Stapleton, the daughter of Mrs. Beaumont's brother, who, along with Mrs. Beaumont, is represented as highly spiritual. Salome had been long an invalid, and is the beautiful embodiment of resignation, patience, and devout amiability of character. But why make her a preacher of the personal advent of the Saviour? It was here that our appreciation of the book began to fall off. We believe there is

no such thing as a second fleshly coming of the Son of God, or a second fleshly reign, taught in the word of God. His second coming is clearly to judgment, "to be glorified of his saints, and to be admired of all them that believe." It is uniformly associated with *final* judgment-work. The twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel is conclusive on this point, not to speak of numberless other portions of scripture, which we would willingly refer to did not our space forbid. We know that this doctrine of a personal reign, this millennium of the Lord's humanity on earth, is one which, having an air of religious romance about it, is very captivating to a certain class of minds—the sentimental class. Its advocates are chiefly females; and a certain party in the Church of England, a section of the Evangelical, and a particular school in the Free Church, maintain it, we think erroneously, and not with results of really spiritual profit. In passing, we are happy in being able to refer to the able refutation of the whole theory, by the Rev. David Brown, a minister of the Free Church, Glasgow, and, if we mistake not, himself once an ardent advocate of the millennial doctrine, but brought, by the teaching of the written word, to renounce his error.—Nor do we approve of the manner in which she speaks of Mr. Chesterfield's ministry. She professes to have derived *great spiritual good* from it, nay, that it was the *instrument* of her being quickened into newness of life, and yet, shortly after, she begins to find out that it was showy, superficial, worthless. She admits that it was evangelical, but not spiritual; and though, as evangelical, it had been the means of her conversion unto God, yet she lightly esteems it. This is wrong. We do not approve of a preacher being a lady's man, and a man of religious *bon ton*, and we can sympathize with the difference between an evangelical minister and a spiritual one; but we think that she ought to have shewn her heroine *more grateful* for the good she received, and not to have put into her mouth the language of ingratitude and disrespect. We fear that, among a certain class, especially of young converts, there is often a great deal of *cant*; and where an individual can forget and forsake the instrument of his conversion, and speak disparagingly of him and his ministry, there is much reason to fear that he has become a disciple of the *cant* school. There is a class of flimsy, frothy, changeable, and mouthing religionists, very spiritual in their way, but whose religion is all on the lips, little in the life. This kind of spirituality we do not understand; and we have neither sympathy nor patience with it. Give us *spiritual evangelicism in the whole man*—in the head in point of sound doctrine, in the heart as to the living experience of that doctrine, and in the life as to its practice. Nor can we exactly see the distinction, which she would wish her readers to draw between Mrs. Golding and Mrs. Stapleton. Mrs. Golding is described as a would-be fashionable evangelical, devotedly attached to evangelicism, and to the evangelical Mr. Chesterfield, a popular preacher of the day, but withal worldly, vain of her wealth, and much conformed to "the fashion of this world, which passeth away." Mrs. Stapleton professes greater spirituality, but is very accommodating in her sentiments and manners to this "naughty world." She takes the opportunity of highly censuring the peculiarities of Mr. Graves, a clergyman just come

to a neighbouring parish. And what are these peculiarities? That, if you please, of giving scriptural names to his children—calling one Esther, and another Rachel, and so on. We were not aware until now, that there was anything reprehensible in such a practice. It is sanctioned by the word of God, and we see no reason for the preference of the name of a heathen god or goddess, some bloody warrior or profane poet, to that of some servant of the Most High God. Perhaps she would object to Rachel calling her youngest child “Benoni,” the son of her sorrow, afterwards changed by Jacob to “Benjamin,” the son of his right hand, or to a parent giving the name of Ebenezer to a child, as indicative of the help and goodness of the Lord to him and his. Nay, we have the express example and command of God for the practice—in the change of name on the part of Abram, and Sarai, and Jacob. Does not the authoress know, that this was one of the very things for which the godly Puritans were laughed at in their generation, and are so still? The finger of giggling contempt is pointed at Titus “this,” and Timothy “that.” And yet she makes the Puseyite, Mr. Beaumont, speak most disparagingly, nay, most vehemently against these same Puritans; and no doubt this very thing would be one of those, had he entered into detail, which he would have most violently condemned. We do not advocate singularity, but we fear, after all, that the Graves, with their simple attire and uncurled hair, and unadorned persons, have more of scripture on their side for their singularity, than the Stapletons, with their carriage and ball-going acquaintances, and silk apparel, and gold ornaments, and braided hair, and worldly conformity. What does she say to the following, “Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel.” We are no Quakers, nor advocates of Quakerism, but we fear that the religion of the Stapletons—who are represented as everything that could be desired, is more worldly than it should have been represented to be. We know there is a class of this kind, in the rank of society in which they are portrayed as moving—whose religion sits very loosely upon them, and is very convenient, and who are as ready in censuring the religion of the Graves’, as the children of the world would be. They are too strict, too unbending, too peculiar in their notions, and manners, and mode of life. The Stapleton “class” get smoothly along, and they are generally proud to have many friends among the people of the world, nay, their acquaintanceship lies chiefly in that direction. The Graves’ are made out by their peculiarities to be disliked. Mr. Graves, in his parish particularly, and Mrs. Graves, are ridiculed for calling the “annoyances” they had received from the worldly-minded parishioners, “persecutions,” as if these same annoyances or persecutions, or whatever else, were all of their own producing, and that they were highly censurable—this family of Graves—for so acting as to be annoyed at all. Has Mrs. Savile Shepherd ever read such passages as the following, “Marvel not, my brethren, though the world hate you,” “They that live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution.” Is she acquainted with Lady Huntingdon’s life,—with John Newton’s life at Olney, when his parishioners rose in a body and broke his windows; with Fletcher’s of Madely, with Whitefield’s, and Wesley’s, and Si-

meon's of Cambridge, and many more. We affirm that the minister who is faithfully doing the work of his divine Master, and is himself a living epistle of Christ, and the member of the church who is found and felt to be really bearing the cross, "will suffer persecution." The enmity of unregenerate human nature will be aroused—the antagonism of the world will bristle up against them. The scripture is true, and it would need to be reversed ere such cease to be the case. We think that the authoress should have taken higher ground for the Stapletons, if she wished to make them patterns of Christian discipleship, either in regard to their domestic economy, or their personal example; and, at the same time, we think that she ought not to have been found copying after Sir Walter Scott in his ridicule of the godly of the seventeenth century—in her laughing, as she does, at the plain and perhaps shabby attire of the Graves',—their straight hair, and grave manners, and simple, unsophisticated, unworldly ways. If she wishes to advocate the religion of the Stapleton class, as being that of the Bible, we can neither agree with her in her sentiments, nor do we approve her design, always excepting her portrait of Salome, (by the bye, a Scriptural name, into which she has surely fallen by mistake,) or perhaps the good Mr. Stapleton himself. What we need is not a *genteel* evangelicism, but a high-toned, scriptural, earnest spirituality—not in one, but in every thing. This, we conceive, is the religion of the Bible. We cannot conclude without giving a quotation from the first part of the book—in depicting Puseyism—with which we were particularly pleased.

"THE RECTORY, Oct. 2.

..... "The Rectory is beautifully situated in the outskirts of the village; the grounds are tastefully laid out, and the walks and lawn are in the nicest order; but the whole has rather a gloomy appearance, from the number of large trees, and particularly evergreens, which are growing on all sides, and even close to some of the windows. The house itself is of some magnitude, and has apparently, of late, undergone considerable alterations and additions. These are all in the Gothic style, and no pains seem to have been spared to give an air of antique solemnity to the whole structure. The interior is in accordance with the same character: the library, into which I was first shown, is an elegantly proportioned room, with long lancet-shaped, painted windows, through which the last rays of the setting sun shed a pale and melancholy light. The furniture is all of carved oak, and the walls are lined with books in dark cases of the same massive material. When I arrived, none of the family were at home, but the servant said that their return was instantly expected, as they had only gone to look at some improvements which were being made in the Church, a fine edifice within view of the windows, and which, like the Rectory, has evidently been subjected to various architectural reformations. In about ten minutes, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont returned; they welcomed me with courteous kindness, and politely apologized for their absence, saying, they had not expected my arrival at so early an hour. Mr. Beaumont's resemblance to his sister is most striking—there is the same Italian cast of features, the same quiet thoughtfulness of manner, and the same deeply penetrating glance, when roused to attention or inquiry. Mrs. Beaumont's appearance is pleasing and elegant, but she says very little;—her dress is remarkably plain."

"THE RECTORY, Oct. 16.

"The day after my arrival, I had a long conversation with, or rather I

should say, I was catechised at some length by, Mr. Beaumont. He is a person who takes nothing for granted, but who subjects every thing to the test of the most rigid inquiry. My acquirements in every department of knowledge, plan of instruction, method of discipline, my opinions on various subjects, and, I may add, my very thoughts and feelings, all underwent a scrutiny, minute and searching in the extreme. He seemed very anxious to elicit my opinion on religious matters. Alas! poor I, who have not one thought sufficiently matured to deserve the name of an opinion. I frankly confessed my ignorance, and expressed my desire for instruction. At this he looked pleased, and then said, that he wished the religious instruction of his children to be based as much as possible upon the doctrines of the Prayer Book, as affording the simplest and most faithful interpretation of Scripture; and in particular the Catechism, which he designated an epitome of all that was needful to be known by the young respecting their holy religion. He also dwelt much upon the importance of keeping them in continual remembrance of their baptism, in which they received the Holy Spirit, and consequently, the ability to overcome evil tempers and propensities, and to do works acceptable to God; adding inquiringly, 'Your mind is, of course, satisfied on this point, Miss Seymour?' He then made some remarks as a guide to me in reading history with his children; among others, he said he wished me to avoid all harsh and reproachful terms in speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, or any boastful glorying in the name of Protestant, with which, in the strict sense of the word, as originating from the acts of the German Reformers, we, as members of the Church in England, had nothing whatever to do. But, with all this tenderness towards Rome, I could not help being struck at the harsh and intolerant spirit which he evinced towards Protestant Dissenters of every class and denomination; he really, as it appears to me, excludes them from the pale of salvation.—I must now give you some idea of the manner in which my time is occupied here. Except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when we attend church once, and on the Saints' days, and other fasts and festivals, when we attend twice, and which renders some attention in the distribution of our time necessary, the following is a sketch of our daily routine of employment. We rise early, and the whole family assembles at half-past seven for prayers. Mr. Beaumont reads a portion of the psalms or lessons appointed for the day, and sometimes makes a few remarks in explanation, if there be any seeming obscurity; to this succeeds a form of prayer, as Mr. Beaumont does not approve of either extempore prayer or preaching."

"THE RECTORY, Nov. 4.

..... "I have hitherto purposely abstained from saying anything on the subject of Mr. Beaumont's preaching, as I wished not to give a hasty opinion. But, having been here full one month, during which I have heard him several times, I feel that, as far as I am competent to judge at all, I can do so now. I fear you will think me whimsical and dissatisfied, when I say that I do not like Mr. Beaumont's sermons nearly as (so) well as I did Mr. Chesterfield's, though his deportment in the pulpit and mode of delivery I greatly prefer. The style of his discourses it is very difficult for me to describe—there is something about it so mystical. At times your mind is enraptured by a strain of fervid piety, and feasted with a glimpse of divine realities; but it is only for a moment, and again all becomes dim and shadowy, and you feel doubtful of the real meaning of anything that you have heard. Such, at least, is the effect produced on my own mind, and it is most tantalizing, for my soul longs for the bread of life, yet cannot feed on that which is dispensed here."

"THE RECTORY, March 14.

..... "Just at this time his mind is almost entirely engrossed with the alterations which are going on in the Church; he is enthusiastic on the subject of a painted window, which is to cast its 'dim religious light' on the 'severe and awful solitude' of the chancel; but the thing nearest his heart is the erection of a stone Altar, in the place of the Communion Table, though I believe the execution of this favourite scheme is relinquished for the present, in deference to the judgment of his Diocesan, who considers it, to say the least, '*inexpedient*.' Some of Mr. Beaumont's parishioners have taken offence at his preaching in the surplice, while others as strenuously support it. He is evidently becoming daily more devoted to forms and ceremonies, and seems to attach a value to them, which is inexplicable in a clergyman of the Church of England. He even speaks in terms of approbation of the Popish custom of placing candles on the altar, and adorning it with flowers on days of festival; and he often makes me talk to him of what I have seen in foreign churches and cathedrals,—of the pomp and circumstance of Romish ceremonial; he will listen to the recital with intense interest, and then turn away from the contemplation of the grandeur of the system, with a sigh of regret that her errors should oblige us to separate from her; or else in a tone of the deepest feeling repeat Keble's touching stanzas upon the same subject, the very spirit of which he seems to have imbibed. Mr. Beaumont has lent me a variety of books, which he considers calculated to confirm my religious belief, or at all events, my attachment to the Church, which, in his vocabulary, seem to be nearly, if not quite synonymous terms. At least, it is certainly his opinion, and that of his favourite authors, that, while it is just *possible* to miss salvation within the pale of the Church, it is *impossible* to obtain it in any other communion—Rome of course always excepted, as she is considered a Branch, though in a corrupted condition, of the one Holy, Apostolic, Catholic Church.".....
 "And are you not then a *Protestant*, Mr. Beaumont," interrupted I.

"Not in the sense of Luther and Calvin: with their protests against Rome, I, as a member of the Church in this country, have nothing to do; and had I set up any one standard beside the Church herself, I do not hesitate to say that I should prefer Laud to Luther."

"You do not then glory in the name of Protestant?"

"Certainly not; I glory in that I belong to the one Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church."

Gospel Reminiscences in the West Indies. By LEONARD STRONG. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. London: Nisbet & Co.; Arthur Hall; Virtue & Co.

A TOUCHING little book—detailing, with much simplicity, the hardships and sorrows of Missionary life. The chief subject of the narrative is John Meyer, a native of Switzerland, who, from love to his Saviour and the souls of men, devoted himself to missionary enterprise among the Indians of South America. He chiefly laboured at Kumaki, an Indian settlement on the banks of the Berbice river—where he died and was buried, not, however, in vain. He succeeded in gathering a little flock from the wilderness, and scattered the incorruptible seed of the kingdom far and wide on the waste of heathenism, which, there cannot be a doubt, will yet be "white unto the harvest" around his grave. He

was but a few years a missionary; but he got the more quickly to his reward. His wife and three children came to England, where they now reside, "trusting," as the memoir beautifully says, "in the Lord."—We give the following extract, illustrative of the simple and earnest manner in which the gospel is heard by these rude savages, reminding us of the way in which the Indians of the East received the message of salvation from the lips of Meyer's fellow-countryman, the noble-minded and immortal Swartz.

"While C—— A——, and his little party of blacks, proceeded down the river to the Glasgow estate, and gathering the Church together, gave thanks to God, and rehearsed these things in their ears, brother Meyer was kindly conducted from one settlement to another, at each of which he spake to the Indians in their own tongue, of the ruin wrought by sin, and redemption through Jesus Christ. At length he reached a village on the banks of the Berbice river, called Kumaki, where many had been collected for a great feast; the feast was over before he arrived, and the Indians were taking a day's rest before breaking up their assembly.

"Meyer, arresting the attention of one principal man, declared 'he had come with a message from God—that God loved them—that they were sinners against God exceedingly, but that God had given his Son to die for their sins—that he had now risen again and opened the kingdom of heaven for all, who, confessing their sins, believed on him and his atoning blood for pardon.' The Indian went round, and told them that the white man was come with a message from God, and he repeated what Meyer had said. Upon this they all came to him, offering their hands; then brought up their children and made them offer their little hands to him; then they sat round, and he spake to them of Jesus, and the resurrection. When he paused in his discourse, the Indians at first would speak, till one of them said, 'We must not speak, we must all hear.' Then they were all attentive, till he concluded.—Here he remained some days, speaking the word to all, and having expended his money, they freely gave him all he needed for food, and asked him to come and live among them, which he desired, feeling very strongly that now God had given him a place of service among those, over whom his heart had so long yearned."

Christ the Bread of Life: an attempt to give a probable Direction to the present occupation of Thought with Romanism. By JOHN McLEOD CAMPBELL, formerly Minister of Row. Glasgow: Maurice Ogle & Son. Edinburgh: Robert Ogle. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1851.

THE writer of this little work was formerly a Minister of the Church of Scotland. He is evidently an able man, and withal, we believe, a pious. The peculiar doctrines of the system of which he became the founder, do not appear in the work before us, unless it be in the latter portion of it, where he insists upon the consciousness of our having the life of Christ within us; although we do not think he goes the length of maintaining that the *possession* of this consciousness, on the part of the individual believer, is *necessary* to salvation,—a position with which, it is needless for us to say, we do not and could not agree, as having, we believe, no foundation in the word of God. It has, once and again, struck

us in reading the book, that Mr. Campbell is too anxious to bring within the limits of exact thought, the high mysteries of our holy religion—to apply the rules of a correct and severe logic to the doctrines of the Christian faith, and we suspect that this peculiarity of his mental constitution has led him to the adoption of views and a phraseology at variance with the standards of the Church of which he was once a minister, and containing, we maintain, the true interpretation of the Holy Scriptures in matters of doctrinal belief. From all that a Christian reader could perceive in the perusal of the work before us, there does not appear much difference between himself and the various orthodox denominations of the Church of Christ. Were he to lay aside his peculiar style of thought and expression, we have no doubt that he and they would be found more closely to agree. He justly remarks, in reference to misapprehension of the sentiments of one Christian man by another: “But, however liable to abuse, and however often abused, may be the distinction drawn between the intellect and the spirit—between what a man thinks and what a man is, I cannot but be thankful that it has a foundation in truth, when I thus consider what, in the matter before us, giving up that distinction would imply. And my conviction is, that to assume a necessity for holding that man’s own exposition of the elements of the religious peace and hope is the true exposition of them, would be, in many of the cases in which the language of a wrong system is used, unjust, as well as painful.”

The book is composed of two parts, which may be called two well-argued and well-written essays on the subjects of which they treat, having principal reference to the light in which Christ is to be viewed as the bread of life, and the manner in which the faithful soul is to feed upon him. He very ably and successfully explodes the Romish dogma of transubstantiation, as well as the Lutheran one of consubstantiation, and places the doctrine of the supper on its true foundation. Mr. Campbell will never be either a popular preacher or a popular writer. He is too much in both of the severe thinker: not but that every writer and every preacher ought to be so, but then it is possible to be clear in being deep, and to clothe such thinking in attractive, as well as correct language. We present the following, as a specimen of the author’s style:—

“When partaking of the Lord’s Supper, I, by my bodily senses, take cognizance of the bread and wine, and know what they are, as I intentionally and consciously partake of them; while, with my spiritual nature, I deal with the spiritual realities which they symbolise, and discern the Lord’s body broken for me, his blood shed for the remission of my sins, which I thankfully receive, and consciously feed upon, as the spiritual food of the divine life. The two processes are quite distinct. They are both experienced realities. In neither is there any mystery. In neither is there anything assumed to be what is not felt and proved to be. If, as to the first part of this experience, I may have confidence enough in my bodily senses, on their testimony, to refuse to believe that what seemed bread and wine were not bread and wine, but were transubstantiated into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, I feel, at least, equally authorised in the confidence, which justly accompanies the exercise of spiritual perception, to believe that the spiritual realities, which I have spiritually discerned, the spiritual food,

of which I have consciously partaken, was just what to my spiritual apprehension it appeared; existing, as a spiritual existence, altogether in the region of spirit, and not clothed with a material form, or existing in the material substance, which to the outward senses is bread and wine. Of course there is this difference between the contradiction to transubstantiation, presented by the spiritual sense, and that which the bodily senses offer, that all see the bread and wine, and feel entitled to say, 'these are but bread and wine,' while the spiritual realities, to which they refer, are seen only by those who exercise spiritual vision, and know Christ, and find his flesh to be meat indeed, and his blood to be drink indeed. But, assuming that a man has both these preparations for dealing with this matter, and while his bodily senses bear to him the testimony that they bear to all men, that his spiritual eye is opened to see the appropriate food of eternal life presented to him in Christ, I believe that such a man's spiritual perception affords to him as direct a contradiction to the doctrine of transubstantiation as his physical perceptions do. Now, though the modification of the doctrine of the real presence of Christ, in the elements, to which I have referred, cease to contradict our bodily senses as directly as transubstantiation does, they still continue equally to contradict our spiritual perceptions, the perceptions which pertain to our higher nature, the perceptions which properly pertain to that region in which Christ and eternal life are seen and known!"

Thou art Peter: A Discourse on Papal Infallibility, and the Causes of the late Conversions to Romanism. By ROBERT LEE, D.D., Minister of Old Greyfriars', and Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1851.

THE author justly observes, that the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy and infallibility is the chief stay of Popery; and if these can be demolished, the whole fabric, which that stay supports, falls into the dust. We think Dr. Lee has been very successful in his demolition. The subject is calmly, fairly, and ably discussed, and the tractate may be considered as another weapon placed in our Protestant armoury. The question of the Papal infallibility is one, strangely enough, which all controversialists, with few exceptions, pass over, or at least but superficially touch, as if it only deserved a thrust in passing; whereas, there cannot be a doubt but the life of the whole system is here,—and if the Hydra be assailed in this particular locality, the issue cannot but be death. Dr. Cumming, for instance, the great Protestant gladiator, does not deal with it in the Hammersmith discussion, or in any of his other books of controversy, so far as we have seen; and we think our champions of Protestant truth have, in this respect, failed to occupy their true vantage-ground. Let the battering-ram be applied here, and the walls of the Papal Jericho will fall down. Dr. Lee satisfactorily proves from Scripture, tradition, and common sense, that the Pope's infallibility is a falsity, and that, therefore, the superstructure which it supports, like that which all falsities support, is a refuge of lies. At the close of the pamphlet he gives us some very good reasons for the revolt to the Church of Rome, of so many ministers and members of the Anglican Church. He clearly enough, we think, makes out that the first impulse given to the move-

ment Romewards, was the attempt to oppose German rationalism by the voice of antiquity. It was felt by Rose and Pusey, and such like, that no Episcopal system could be supported from the word of God; and, therefore, they had recourse to the patristic ages, till, becoming enamoured of the fathers more than of the apostles, and of Ecclesiastical antiquarianism more than of the truth in its primitive simplicity, they began to frame a system for themselves, or rebuild the system of Laudism with the old materials, which had been scattered hither and thither, and blackened by a nation's scorn, and by the lapse of ages. The result we need not give to our readers. The fabric of Puseyism arose, into which so many repaired, till it speedily became a halting-place to Rome, and daily there are those whose footsteps are being directed thither. They enter it High Churchmen, and leave it Papists. Here they remain—some for a longer, some for a shorter period—till, their courage coming up to the *confessing* point, they boldly declare themselves "*reconciled*." Dr. Lee makes some very pertinent remarks on the constitution and state of the Church of England. We have no hesitation in saying that, with a creed essentially Protestant, she contains within her ritual the elements of Popery, which, since the Reformation downwards, have been ever and anon breaking forth, and which will continue, and must, in the very nature of things, continue to do so, until she is thoroughly reformed, which, we are sorry to say, she never was. As a Church, she needs remodelling, and would be all the better of copying our Presbyterian simplicity on this side the Tweed. The Church of Scotland, which she looks down upon with so much hauteur, is, after all, the model which she must copy after, if she desires a Scriptural constitution, and if she expects to stand, or to be pure, or to be useful. We are glad to find that the author does not cherish the same sentiments on the subject of Episcopacy as his namesake, the Very Rev. Principal of Edinburgh University. The Rev. Dr. seems to be peculiarly sensitive on the subject. Let but Episcopacy in England, or in Scotland, or anywhere, be mentioned in the Assembly, and he bristles up in an instant. Is he aware that the Body which calls itself the Episcopal Church in Scotland teaches, and glories in teaching, baptismal regeneration, transubstantiation, apostolical succession, prayers for the dead, an intermediate state of existence, exclusive salvation? Is he aware that she scorns, in her pitiful pride, the Church of which he is a member, and declares her no Church at all, but an arrant imposition? Is he aware that she is compassing, in the most insidious manner, her destruction throughout the land; that she is seeking in every way to sap her foundations, and to accomplish her overthrow? Is he aware that her people are forbidden, on pain of Episcopal censure, to enter the parish church; and that schools are established, here and there, and everywhere, for the purpose of stealthily drawing away her children? Is he aware that she declares herself to be—not, as before, the Episcopal Church in Scotland, but the Episcopal Church of Scotland—nay, the very Church of Scotland; and that the men they call Bishops, with veritable shovel-hat and apron, are now addressed "my Lord," nay, take to themselves territorial titles, and territorial jurisdiction, as "we," William of Aberdeen, and "we,"

Alexander of Brechin? Does the very venerable Principal really know all this, or has he been enjoying a nap, whilst all this has been taking place around him? We would charitably hope that this has been the case, and cannot bring ourselves to believe that he has been really awake! We trust, however, that the recent ebullition of his Scotch Episcopal sympathy will be the last; and, whilst on this subject, we cannot but give expression to our high approbation of the admirable sentiments of many of the speakers on the Popish question in last Assembly, when they took occasion very faithfully to refer to Scotch and English Puseyism; and more particularly do we express our high admiration of the speech of Dr. Muir in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, in introducing his overture on the subject of Popery. The measures, which he calls upon the Church to adopt, are such as the times demand; and, were every minister of the Church of Scotland as earnestly alive to the errors and inroads of Popery, and as desirous and determined to resist them, we need have no fear. Dr. Muir, in the stand which he has taken on this, as on former occasions, merits the warmest gratitude of the entire Church, and every lover of his country. That stand is worthy of his own attachment to the truth of the gospel, his fidelity as a minister of the Church of Scotland, and his past resistance of priestly tyranny in another form. His efforts in behalf of the Church of Scotland, by which, it is not too much to affirm, she was saved from shipwreck, and his earnest and unyielding maintenance of the truth in all its evangelical simplicity and fulness, demand, and, we doubt not, will receive, the grateful veneration of posterity.

We would suggest to the author that he should popularize his style a little more. From several parts of the pamphlet now before us, we see that he has perfectly the power of doing so. We suggest this, from the desire of seeing such works as these more extensively read—read by the people at large; and as we hope, from the hint thrown out in the preface, that he will favour us with something additional on the same subject soon, we trust our suggestion will not be lost. There is a class of men—the Professors in our Universities—from whom, somehow or other, we expect great things in their contributions to literature, and those of them, whose professional duties lie in that direction, to theological literature, but we are doomed, and the public is doomed, to disappointment. Many—the majority—publish nothing at all, and are never heard of save in the *Senatus* and the *Edinburgh Almanac*; some write poorly; whilst a few are worthy of the place they occupy. Dr. Lee is of the last description, and we expect to hear of him soon again. The following is admirably succinct and true:—

“The first thing that strikes us, in looking at the recent defections to Popery, is, that they are all, or almost all, on the part of members of the Church of England. There is no general movement towards Rome among Protestants, either in Great Britain or the Continent of Europe, or in America. This is a striking fact, and worthy of particular attention. It is obvious that the Anglican Church has much in common with the Roman, in which the other reformed Churches differ from both. Not

to mention the Calendar, the use of the Apocrypha, absolution, and the like, its hierarchy and liturgy retain almost the very forms which they had before Henry VIII. rebelled against the Pope; so that Lord Chatham did not exaggerate beyond the allowable bounds of rhetoric, when he said, 'the Church of England had a Popish ritual.' "Still the form of the worship, the hierarchy, the spirit of the liturgy, the cathedral system, evidently to a degree which cannot be predicated of the other reformed Churches, connected the Church of England with the Latin, or, as some affect to call it, the Catholic Church. This sympathy between the two Churches, no protest, however distinct, in the articles of religion, or in the homilies, could either destroy or conceal; and it has been exemplified by a succession of eminent Anglican writers, from the Reformation to the present day. During the reigns of the last Stuarts, the constant alarm regarding Popery, associated as this was in the minds of the people, as, in fact, with arbitrary power, excited strongly the Protestant element in the English Church; and, accordingly, her most eminent literary champions of that period are truer representatives of Protestantism than of Anglicanism. These two elements remained within the Church, conscious of each other's existence, and generally declaring themselves quite intelligibly, both in literary productions and in other ways, till the early part of the present century, when events, both at Rome and abroad, strongly excited the hierarchical and traditional, that is, the *Romanizing* tendencies of the English Church. During the course of the last century, and particularly the latter half of it, a remarkable revolution of theological opinion had taken place in Germany, where the *thought*, which, in England and France, was absorbed by politics, commerce, and other secular interests, had been well-nigh concentrated on theology, and those philological, critical, and historical studies, which minister to it. The consequences were, a prodigious progress in all these departments of knowledge, and alarming innovations in the views propounded respecting the character and authority of the Holy Scriptures. These opinions, styled, in their earlier stages, *Rationalism*, and in their more mature development, *Antisupernaturalism*, though very various in their detail, yet generally agreed in distinguishing the *doctrines* of Scripture from that frame-work of miraculous facts with which they are connected in the sacred volume; and, whatever regard they might pay to the former, they were unanimous in considering the latter *unhistorical*, i. e. in plain words, *fabulous*.

"These startling novelties excited little attention in England, till the cessation of the war had afforded free access to the continent, and leisure to observe what was going on there. The public attention in this country seems first to have been generally called to the subject, by the publication, in 1825, of the Rev. H. G. Rose's work, on "The State of Protestantism in Germany," and by the controversy with Dr. Pusey, to which it led. *And it was with these parties, that the late unhappy movements towards Romanism originated.* It was not wonderful that sincere Christians should feel greatly alarmed by a scepticism, which aimed at the very heart of the Christian revelation, or that fear, which is naturally short-sighted, should have tempted earnest and zealous men to adopt those means, which

promised immediate assistance in so sacred a cause, without waiting to inquire whether these might not eventually entail equal mischiefs of an opposite kind. Instead of maintaining that Rationalism was an abuse of reason, and acknowledging that reason herself alone was competent to repudiate this, her illegitimate offspring, the English Churchmen were led to appeal to *authority*, and to invoke tradition, as affording a more speedy, if not a more effectual, reply to the speculations of German Scepticism. The English Church had indeed, always leant on that support, in her conflict with her enemies, so that, as King James remarked to the Bishops, 'they used the Puritan argument against the Papists, and the Popish argument against the Puritans.' It was difficult for her to make out from the New Testament, a very striking argument in favour of the hierarchy, and therefore, she instinctively retreated upon the age of Cyprian and of Tertullian, not to speak of later fathers, where she could fight her battle under cover of institutions and ideas, which, by that time existed generally, if not universally, in the Church. A certain weight was plausibly attached by her adherents, to the opinions and practices of the first centuries. 'The sense of the Scriptures,' says one of them, 'is better opened by the practice, which followed immediately upon this publication, than by any modern comments. The fathers of the first centuries might insist very properly upon the advantage of these traditions, which flowed at the time down to them in a pure and easy channel, where any foreign mixture would have been presently discovered. The settlement of the Christian Church is not so clearly to be found in the writings of the sacred canon, as when that canon is explained by the practice of succeeding ages. *Foundations* are laid in the former, but the *superstructure and the finishing* are reared by the latter.' Gradually therefore, the argument derived from tradition—catholic consent,—in other words, from the opinion and authority of the Patristic Church, was more and more relied on by Anglicans, as a reply to the German heresies. . . . The fathers held those notions, out of which Popery, in all its grossness, sprung in the course of time. And those persons in the English Church, who, to counteract themselves and others in danger of German rationalism, adopted the same remedy which the fathers used against the heresies of their time, have landed, as might have been foreseen, in the same result. The principle of *authority, tradition, or Catholic consent*, which conducted the Latin Church in the course of several centuries to the consummation of full-blown Popery, has led those individuals to the same bourne, in the course of a few years."

Original Poetry.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION ON THE DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

SLAIN on the hills lie Israel's pride and boast,
The flower, the glory of a valiant host;
How are the mighty fallen!

Around my grief, Seclusion, hang thy veil ;
 Let fame be mute, nor spread the dismal tale ;
 Lest through their streets Philistia's daughters go
 With festal songs exulting in our woe.
 Oh ! cursed be ye, Gilboa's hateful hills,
 Scorched be your summits, dried your crystal rills ;
 Nor rain for you in genial tears descend,
 Nor morn nor e'en its dewy treasure lend ;
 For 'mid your dust the warrior's arms are spread,
 And drooped in death the King's anointed head ;
 Aye, in the van that mighty monarch stood,
 Steeping his falchion in the noblest blood ;
 Bright in the morning flashed its thirsting sheen,
 Drunken with blood it sought the sheath at e'en.
 There too lies Jonathan, whose mighty bow
 Winged certain death to many a haughty foe ;
 Sure as each arrow from his bowstring sped,
 A foeman sunk, was numbered with the dead ;
 Fair in their lives were Saul and Jonathan,
 Death parted not the father from the son ;
 Swifter than eagles swooping on the prey,
 Stronger than lions in the fight were they.
 Weep, maids of Israel, ye daughters, mourn !
 On every breeze be solemn dirges borne ;
 With weeds of sackcloth, and with tear-dimm'd eyes,
 Mourn him who decked you in the fairest guise ;
 Prostrate on earth, bewail your fallen king ;
 Be this his elegy, be yours to sing—
 How are the mighty fallen !
 Cold on the hill lies Jonathan the fair !
 The breath of battle stirs his flowing hair ;
 Great was my love, O Jonathan, for thee,
 Dearly requited was that love to me ;
 Let Judah's maids their slaughtered heroes mourn,
 The brave departed, never to return.
 For thee, my brother, thee, I weep alone,
 And mutter o'er thee in despondent tone,
 How are the mighty fallen !

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

University of St. Andrews.—The Rev. Dr. William Brown was formally inducted on Saturday last, into the Chair of Biblical Criticism and Theology in this University, vacant by the removal of Dr. T. T. Jackson, to the Chair of Church History in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Buist, Pro-Rector for the present year, presided on the occasion.

Parish of Bonhill.—The Rev. F. L. Robertson has received the Presentation to the Parish of Bonhill, from John Campbell, Esq. of Stonefield, the Patron of that living.

Parish of South Ronaldshay and Burray.—The Presbytery of Kirkwall met at South Ronaldshay on the 12th inst., for moderating in a call in favour of Mr. P. H. Gilruth, presented to that charge. The call was sustained, accepted by the presentee, and left in the hands of the Schoolmaster for the signature of concurrents. This promises to be a harmonious settlement. Mr. Gilruth's induction is fixed for the 3d of July.

Died at Seaton Lodge, near Tranent, the Rev. Robert Stewart, Minister of the Parish.

END OF ELEVENTH VOLUME.

H. AND J. PILLANS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

INDEX.

- Anderson, Rev. W., on the Mass, reviewed, 310.
- Aristocracy, our, Past, Present, and Future, 341.
- British, the, Association, 129.
- Bryce's Ten Years Conflict, Commentaries on, 1, 100, 193.
- Bryce, Dr., his Speech on Tests quoted, 368.
- Buchanan's Ten Years Conflict, Commentaries on, 1, 100, 193.
- Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans, reviewed, 336.
- Christ the Bread of Life, by Rev. J. M. Campbell, noticed, 377.
- Commentaries on the Conflict, 1, 100, 193.
- Confessions, the, of a Court Preacher, 29, 298.
- Cumming, Dr., on Cardinal Wiseman, reviewed, 152.
- Daily Bible Readings, by Dr. Kitto, reviewed, 11.
- Ellen Seymour, by Anne Houlditch, reviewed, 371.
- Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64, 192, 256, 320, 384.
- Fame, the Temple of, by Peter Lely, Vision Fifth, 41.
- Gillilan, George, his Bards of the Bible, reviewed, 257.
- Gospel Reminiscences in the West Indies, by L. Strong, noticed, 376.
- Gregory, Professor, on Mesmerism, reviewed, 321.
- Handbook of Scottish Song, noticed, 255.
- Knowles, Sheridan, on Cardinal Wiseman, reviewed, 152.
- Lee, Dr. R., his Thou art Peter, noticed, 379.
- Lely, Peter, his Temple of Fame, 41.—The Snow Drop, 126.—The Sabbath Bell, 181.—Ode to Italy, 316.
- Literary Notices, 60, 186, 248, 310, 370.
- Mass, the, by Rev. W. Anderson, reviewed, 310.
- Mesmerism, by a Candid Inquirer, reviewed, 321.
- Monachism, 266.
- Notes on Theology and Science, No. X. 66.
- Nunnery, the, Question, 266.
- Ode to Italy, by Peter Lely, 316.
- Orcadian Sketches, by David Vedder, 16, 79, 159.
- Original Poetry, by Agnes Smith, 59, 126, 181, 316.—Lines on the Death of Saul and Jonathan, 383.
- Pilgrimage to Rome, by Seymour, reviewed, 112.
- Popery the Enemy of God and Man, by Rev. J. Cochrane, noticed, 189.
- Prayer, ought Secular Meetings to be opened with, 178.
- Progress of Mechanical Science, 129.
- Protection, the, Bill, 266.

- Ramsay, Rev. William, his Sermons, noticed, 248.
- Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome, reviewed, 112.
- Sermons by Rev. W. Ramsay, noticed, 248.
- Social Reform, 186.
- Stevenson, Dr., his "Christianity and Drunkenness," noticed, 186.
- Temple of Fame, Vision Fifth, by Peter Lely, 41.
- Tests, or No Tests, 208.
- Tests, University, 356.
- The Ladies of the Covenant, reviewed, 54.
- The Nunnery Question, 266.
- Theory of Human Progression, reviewed, 226.
- Thou art Peter, by Dr. R. Lee, noticed, 379.
- University Tests, 356.
- Vedder's Orcadian Sketches, 16, 79, 159.
- Was Peter Prince of the Apostles? 332.
- Whitmarsh's Family Prayers, 95.
-

MACPHAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL

AND

LITERARY REVIEW.

VOLUME XII.



EDINBURGH:
MYLES MACPHAIL, 11. SOUTH ST. DAVID STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1852.

H. & J. PILLANS, Printers, 7. James's Court, Edinburgh.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XII.

No. LXVII.—Dr. Pusey and the Confessional, Part I., 1—Mesmerism, by a Candid Inquirer, Second Article, 18—The Intercessor, 43—Literary Notices, 51—Original Poetry, 60—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64.

No. LXVIII.—Dr. Pusey and the Confessional, Part II., 65—The Spirit and Scope of Education, &c., 86—Mesmerism, by a Candid Inquirer, Concluding Article, 98—Literary Notices, 123—Original Poetry, 128—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 128.

No. LXIX.—The Song Birds of Parliament House, 129—Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, 138—Dr. Thomson's Lectures on St. Luke, 157—A German's Glimpse of Us, 166—The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, 176—Literary Notice, 190—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 192.

No. LXX.—The Age and Works of Sappho, 193—The Free Church Tried by her own Arguments; or, Thoughts on the Secession, Puseyism, and Popery, by a Country Minister, 221—Notes of a Visit to the Great Exhibition, by a Country Minister, 237—Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France, Vol. I., 248—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 256.

No. LXXI.—The Death of Cicero, 257—Notes of a Visit to the Great Exhibition, by a Country Minister, Second Article, 281—The Free Church Tried by her own Arguments; or, Thoughts on the Secession, Puseyism, and Popery, by a Country Minister, Second Notice, 295—The Ethics of the Fathers, 308—Literary Notices, 315—Original Poetry, 318—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 320.

No. LXXII.—Father Maclachlan's Reply to Dr. Lee on Papal Infallibility, 321—The Free Church Tried by her own Arguments; or, Thoughts on the Secession, Puseyism, and Popery, by a Country Minister, Third Notice, 333—Notes of a Visit to the Great Exhibition, by a Country Minister, Third Article, 344—Education; Speeches in the House of Commons of Lord John Russell, 358—Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, 372—Literary Notices, 377—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 384.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXVII.

AUGUST 1851.

DR. PUSEY AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

"AT Glasgow this moneth," says Wodrow, referring to August 1728, "two things happen pretty singular, which twenty or thirty years ago would have been very odd in Glasgow, the setting up of an Episcopalian meeting-house, and publick allowing of comedies. Last moneth and this," he continues, "a house was fitted up in James Corbet's land in the Broad Closs opposite to the Colledge for a meeting-house, and one Wingat, a nonjuror, was got from the east country, who prays not for the king."* Pretty singular as either occurrence might appear to the rigid Presbyterians of those days, especially to the minister of Eastwood and his friends, modern readers will nevertheless most probably discover the sting of at least one of the twin incidents in its tail of nonjurancy. The "one Wingat" was the representative of a class which was then both daring and dangerous; and the western metropolis vindicated its loyalty to the house of Hanover, by speedily ridding itself of his obnoxious presence.†

* *Analecta*, vol. iv. p. 8.

† *Ibid.* p. 19.—Wingate's, however, was not the first, nor even the second, meeting-house of the kind attempted in Glasgow after the Revolution. In the end of October or beginning of November 1712, an Episcopalian place of worship was opened there by one Cockburn, whose light led him both to take the oaths of allegiance, &c. and to remain a Jacobite nevertheless. Was this the Patrick Cockburn, who had once been curate of St. Dunstan's, and who in the end returned to the national Church of England? In the first week of August 1714, the Cockburn of Glasgow "displenisht his nest," which was pulled down next day by a rabble. Wodrow could not have forgotten this, for we gather it from his own correspondence; but fourteen years, and Mar's rebellion, had intervened. Lathbury (*History of the Non-jurors*, p. 446), citing Somerville as his authority, tells us that "Mr. Burgee, who had taken the oaths, attempted" at Glasgow in 1703, "to conduct the service according to the liturgy, upon which the mob broke into the meeting, and but for the interference of the magistrates, would have proceeded to acts of violence against the congregation." About a third of the Presbyterian clergy were non-jurors also,—on very different grounds, however, good or bad as

We can now afford to smile at the quaint simplicity with which Wodrow expresses the surprise and alarm which all who were of his way of thinking felt at the opening of this meeting-house in Glasgow. But, in truth, there was, at the time, a threefold offence, because there was a threefold threat, in such a movement. Politically, it was on the side of Jacobitism; ecclesiastically, on that of Prelacy; doctrinally, on that of Popery. Of Episcopacy and the Stewart dynasty Scotland had reason to be heart-sick; and when their adherents began openly to renew their ill-omened activities, it was time for the friends of Presbyterianism and the Revolution to look to their defences. Driven from a pre-eminence which they had monstrously abused, insulted, and some of them injuriously *rabbed* by those whom they had oppressed, bitterly dissatisfied with recent changes, and therefore non-jurors almost to a man, the Scotch Episcopalians of that period had also outstripped Laud in their high-church principles, and anticipated the Tractarians in many of their Romanizing tendencies. Speaking of the General Assembly of May 1727, the same indefatigable chronicler whom we have already quoted, tells us that "there was a most pointed representation of grievances, from the irregularitys of Bishop Gatherer, brought in by the synod of Aberdeen." "That pretended bishop," he adds, "was consecrat by Dr. Hicks, and is on the very borders of popery." And again, "another reason given (of this terribill increase of popery) is the generall spreading of high-flying notions throu the north by bishop Gatherer, Campbell, and others of that kidney; the doctrine of merite, schemes about reall presence, a middle state and purgation after death, and church power, and constant reflections and reproaches on the reformation. These and other tenets, as prayer for the dead, come so very near popery, and joined with hereditary right and the popular inclination to a popish pretender, have brought the difference betwixt these nominall protestants and papists to so narrow a compass that it's no wonder though popery prevail."^{*}

Honest Robert Wodrow was himself as great a curiosity as the strangest thing in his strangely miscellaneous collections. But we owe him a heavy debt of gratitude; and, loving him with all our souls, we could almost wish him once more alive, to enjoy, as only a right-hearted wonderer can, the surprises and startling disclosures of this modern, new-fangled world of ours. What would he have thought—or would he have had patience to think at all?—of the present times, when, on the side of a Romanizing Protestantism, as well as on that of a direct Popish aggression, facts have come before the public which throw both of his "pretty singular" and "very odd" things back into deepest shade? The Scotch non-jurors of the Episcopalian persuasion were bold men enough for their day; and the free margin which they left to be occupied by the 'developments' of their successors at Oxford, was by no means

they might be, from those held by the Episcopalians. Still, there were a few Jacobites among the ministers of our Established Church. Two, from the Synod of Aberdeen, were deposed by the Assembly 1715, because they prayed not for King George. Two Angus and two Aberdeen ministers were afterwards deposed by their Presbyteries for adherence to the cause of the Pretender.

^{*} *Analecta*, vol. iii. pp. 422, &c.

a wide one. But in such cases the last step, even though it should be measurably the least, is always the most desperate. That our new-world Tractarians felt this, and felt it poignantly, was obvious long ago from their sophistical and delusive reasonings ; it has been made more conspicuously apparent still by what we now know of their hidden, deceitful, treacherous practices. The Scotch non-jurors of the Wingate and Gadderar school were, so to speak, within a single stage of Rome ; but that stage, as many a bewildered wanderer has lately proved, contains the most arduous and adventurous part of the whole journey. We can easily understand how refreshing and joyful—we must add, how ruinously beguiling—was the freedom breathed by such men as Newman, Maskell, Allies, and Dodsworth, when they found themselves fairly extricated from that wilderness of falsehood and subterfuge where Dr. Pusey is still dodging about like a hunted fox. The Gorham controversy has led to a discovery of, it may be hoped, all his doublings and retreats ; and he may rest assured that there is now no peace for him elsewhere, than either in simple retractation or openly professed Romanism.

No doubt, if it were possible for any human being to sustain himself, or his credit, in a position so equivocal, Dr. Pusey would do it—a man, we believe, of clean life, of an almost ascetic devotion, a well-governed temper, great learning, great capacity, and unwearied literary industry. But the exigencies of his position have betrayed him into such a habitual and trade-like use of juggling subtleties as would undermine any reputation, and blur the lustre of any talents ; the regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford accordingly promises to be ranked by posterity with the very first of all our modern plausibilities. The remarkable circumstances under which his Popish practices, and among others the confessional, were dragged forth from concealment, are already numbered with stale and half-forgotten things ; so that although, while we write, the discussion to which they gave rise be still only in progress, yet before these pages can meet the eyes of our readers, the whole subject may be lost in oblivion. It is because we deem it worthy of a different fate,—because indeed we think it eminently deserving of profound consideration and perpetual remembrance,—that we take it up at all ; and the opinion we have formed of its importance relatively to great questions of the day,—alas ! of many days to come,—engages us to begin with it at the beginning, and to go through it with some minuteness.

The honours, such as they are, due to a Zaphnath-paaneah, or revealer of secrets, have in this case been fairly earned by Mr. Dodsworth,—a piece of valuable though undesigned service, which Protestantism may perhaps willingly accept as a counterpoise to that gentleman's subsequent apostasy. Dr. Pusey indeed would have us believe that there never was any secret at all to reveal,—nor will we venture even by an insinuation to impugn his veracity. But there are illusions and idiosyncracies in the world which we cannot explain. Mr. Dodsworth says, rather drily, that the regius Professor has “a peculiar style of writing ;” and for the present we are contented with this solution, enigmatical as it is.

Those who threw themselves with a headlong enthusiasm into the Oxford movement of 1833, were probably quite as unconscious at first,

as the public was for the most part unsuspicious, of what they were about. Of their wishes and aims the true spirit was altogether latent for a time, rendering no distinct or intelligible answer to those who anxiously explored and interrogated them. Mr. Newman's beautiful hymn, so touchingly true when it was written—as the event has shewn, so inversely prophetic also—remains to us now, under the broad light of a historical commentary, one of the saddest and most mournful of human compositions :—

“ Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ;—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

Alas ! this kindly light—so solemnly invoked, so sincerely trusted—proved to be a mere *ignis fatuus*, whereby these ardent aspirations were miserably mocked and deceived. The “ moor and fen,” the perplexities and hazards, amid which the unhappy wanderer had lost himself, were nothing else than the baffling enchantments which the mother of abominations has contrived to conjure up, over the old beaten path to Rome. The apostolical succession, the sacredness and quasi-divinity of the Episcopate, the sacramental system, and so forth, involve the assumption of concentric principles, which unite in the *compitum* of the Papacy and nowhere else,—a truth which began to be clearly apprehended by the Tractarians themselves only after they had become the credulous dupes of their own success. They stood spell-bound and fascinated in the presence of the scarlet lady, before they well knew whitherward their intricate and sorrowful journey tended ; and then it was too late, even if it had been possible, to think of retreating. One after another, way-worn and scattered, they had passed on to the gloomy termination of a troubled and bewildering pilgrimage,—

“ Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura,
 Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
 Che nel pensier rinnova la paura !
 Tanto è amara che poco è piu morte.”

The "Tracts for the Times," whose anti-Protestant character led to their discontinuance ten years ago, followed by the voluminous rubrical controversy, and by successive cases of open apostasy, at length made it plain to all men that the Oxford movement was essentially Popish. It was known that those more timid or less perspicacious adherents of the party who still lingered in the Church of England, attempting to adjust an impossible compromise between contradictions, preached Romish doctrines, and practised the Romish ritual as far as they could do so with safety; and it was both suspected and surmised that they went much further in private than they had ventured to do in public. Indeed, if we may draw a general conclusion from an instructive passage in Dr. Pusey's postscript to the first part of his book on the Royal Supremacy (p. 224), we shall be obliged to conclude that those of them who still clung to their places in the Establishment, did so in the sanguine hope that their "little leaven would soon leaven the whole lump." But the adverse decision of the Gorham case in the Court of last resort, made their position both critical and uneasy in the highest degree; the failure of the Bishop of London's attempt at legislation in the House of Lords greatly aggravated their difficulties; and the tempest of popular indignation raised by the Papal rescript of autumn 1850, increased their dismay and completed their discomfiture. To the first member in this triad of events, we owe the disclosures themselves which we are about to recapitulate; to the last, we are indebted for the minute accuracy and the controversial piquancy with which these disclosures are now exhibited to the gaze of the world.

Not many weeks after the sentence of the Judicial Committee had opened the way for Mr. Gorham to the benefice of Bramford Speke, the ears of British Christians were startled by the voice of Mr. Maskell in open confession. He had then, that is, about Easter 1850, made up his mind to abandon the Church of England; and he spoke thus:—"I have no hesitation in making a candid avowal. Whatever my opinions may have been some time ago, it is impossible for me to conceal from myself that further enquiry has convinced me, that the real spirit and intention of the reformed Church of England are shewn and carried out and taught by the low Church party as truly as by ourselves." Then, after having adduced several instances by which he thinks this assertion may be sustained, he goes on, in a passage which we must take leave to transcribe at length.

"Connected with this," he says, "there is another consideration which, for some time, has pressed heavily and painfully upon me. As a fact, the evangelical party, plainly, openly, and fully, declare their opinions upon the doctrines which they contend the Church of England holds: they tell their people continually, what they ought, as a matter of duty towards God and towards themselves, both to believe and practise. Can it be pretended that we, as a party, anxious to teach the truth, are equally open, plain, and unreserved? If we are not so, is prudence, or economy, or the desire to lead people gently and without rashly disturbing them, or any other like reason, a sufficient ground for our withholding large portions of catholic truth? Can any one chief doctrine or duty

be reserved by us without blame or suspicion of dishonesty ? And it is not to be alleged, that only the less important duties and doctrines are so reserved : as if it would be an easy thing to distinguish and draw a line of division between them. Besides, that which we are disputing about cannot be trivial and unimportant ; if it were so, we rather ought, in Christian charity, to acknowledge our agreement in essentials, and consent to give up the rest.

“ But we do reserve vital and essential truths ; we often hesitate and fear to teach our people many duties, not all necessary perhaps, in every case or to every person, but eminently practical, and sure to increase the growth of the inner, spiritual life ; we differ, in short, as widely from the evangelical party in the manner and openness, as in the matter and details, of our doctrine. Take, for example, the doctrine of invocation of saints ; or, of prayers for the dead ; or, of justification by faith only ; or, of the merits of good works ; or, of the necessity of regular and obedient fasting ; or, of the reverence due to the blessed Virgin Mary ; or, of the propitiatory sacrifice of the blessed Eucharist ; or, of the almost necessity of auricular confession and absolution, in order to the remission of mortal sin ;—and more might be mentioned than these. Now, let me ask you ; do we speak of these doctrines from our pulpits in the same manner, or to the same allowed extent, as we speak of them to one another, or think of them in our closets ? Far from it ; rather, when we do speak of them at all, in the way of public ministerial teaching, we use certain symbols and a shibboleth of phrases, well enough understood by the initiated few, but dark and meaningless to the many. All this seems to me to be, day by day and hour by hour, more and more hard to be reconciled with the real spirit, mind, and purpose of the English reformation, and of the modern English Church, shewn by the experience of 300 years. It does seem to be, daily, more and more opposed to that single-mindedness of purpose, that simplicity and truthfulness and openness of speech and action, which the gospel of our blessed Lord requires. We are, indeed, to be ‘ wise as serpents ;’ but has our wisdom of the last few years been justly within the exceptions of that law ? Let me not be understood as if supposing that any motive, except prudence and caution, has caused this reserve ; but there are limits beyond which Christian caution degenerates into deceit, and an enemy might think that we could forget that there are more texts than one of holy Scripture which speak of persecution to be undergone for His sake, and for the faith.

“ And if reserve in teaching, carried to such an extent, be, as I conceive it to be, unjustifiable, it is equally wrong, and to be condemned, in the practice of those who listen to, and endeavour to obey, such teaching. What can we think—when honestly we bring our minds to its consideration—what *can* we think, I say, of the moral evils which must attend upon and follow conduct and a rule of religious life, full of shifts and compromises and evasions ? A rule of life, based upon the acceptance of half one doctrine, all the next, and none of the third ; upon the belief entirely of another, but not daring to say so ; upon the constant practice, if possible, of this or that particular duty, but secretly, and

fearful of being 'found out;' doing it as if under the pretence of not doing it, if questioned, explaining it away, or answering with some dubious answer; creeping out of difficulties; anything, in a word, but sincere, straightforward, and true. It would really seem as if, instead of being Catholics—as we say we are—in a Christian land, we were living in the city of heathen Rome, and forced to worship in the catacombs and dark places of the earth.”*

Now, while we sincerely pity those who once felt, and those who still feel, themselves in such a case as this, it is our deliberate opinion that a more degrading and loathsome picture than that drawn by Mr. Maskell, has never been presented to the gaze of English eyes. That must be an accursed sorcery which could so utterly corrupt the boasted honour of Britons, as to convert their whole lives into a lie,—and then lead forth the ghastly falsehood to deceive and betray, in the sacred name of religion. The simplicity of the gospel! Why, we have here an acknowledgment of habitual, systematic imposture, than which the holy gospel has denounced nothing with a more terrible and unsparing severity. Deplorably perverted as both his religious creed and his moral sensibilities had become, something of the national integrity was still feebly alive within him; and that made him reflect, with a sickening disgust, on the practices into which he had been ensnared. Nor was his the only heart in England that was aching miserably on the same account. His ingenious and candid, but, as we verily believe, wholly unexaggerated revelations, were speedily followed by a tract, the anonymous author of which, professing to speak the familiar sentiments of many, not only confirms the foregoing report, but carries it, if possible, even further than Mr. Maskell had done. The writer to whom we refer, obviously speaks with acute pain; and without pain, mingled perhaps with indignation and pity, it is impossible to read his eloquent pages.

“It is much pressed on us just now,” he says, “as an argument for the truth of this development of Church of Englandism, that there is so much life in it; that it has recalled the saintly character; raised the tone of general practice; and given us a standard of holy living quite beyond any we have ever seen among us since the earlier days of the Church. Whether this really be a sound argument for the truth of any system is not the present question; there is a certain force and plausibility in it, which, if it be fact, commends itself to most minds. I say, if it be fact; for, on the other hand, if it should turn out that this system, instead of having so universally elevating an effect, tends to make those who adopt it uncandid and prevaricating; if it gives them sophistry for faith; if it destroys the principle of honour, and is contrary to that childlike guileless simplicity, that innocence and openness of mind, which surely must be felt to be the one most lovely and distinctive mark of God’s children in Christ; then the assertion that Tractarianism is true because its fruit is holiness, does not seem quite unanswerable.

“Whatever force exists in arguing from its *good* moral results, neither

* A Second Letter on the present position of the High Church Party, &c., by the Rev. W. Maskell, pp. 65–68.

more nor less must be granted, if we discover its moral effect to be *bad*. This is what disturbs thousands whom logic and controversy would never disturb. It is a feeling which has lurked unexpressed in the hearts of its warmest followers. Not one of us but must own it; not one but has writhed under the torture of doubting whether, on the threshold of this system, which he embraces to make him holy, there rests not the stain and semblance of a lie.

"Is this too harsh a term? but what is the fact? Do we not, as Catholics, claim to believe doctrines which yet we dare not avow in their plain unmistakeable words? We dare not; for alas! the Church of England does not give us plain and unmistakeable words in which to avow them: and if we convince ourselves that she does not rather intend us to avow the very reverse, it is only by a course of explanation, which twists her apparently most Protestant statements, into a positive sanction of Catholic truth.

"We are wont to speak of the English character as straightforward and honest, even to bluntness, and to attach the idea of intellectual subtlety almost exclusively to more southern nations. But never surely was there any nation that has given such proof of this last kind of mental power as England, by the growth of Tractarianism within her own Church and people."

After devoting a paragraph to the question of subscription, our author proceeds thus. "If, then, we first acknowledge that the only way of holding such truths," (*viz.* Catholic doctrines,) "in the English Church, is by the use of non-natural interpretation, and then also acknowledge that these truths are the heritage of the people, not the exclusive privilege of the educated classes, we must begin by spreading the spirit of casuistry among our village schools and labourers' cottages; we must make our wives and daughters students in scholastic niceties; and in a degree we have done so.

"Where we have not, we have left them Protestants; where we have, we have made them false.

"Yes, false; it is very well for us to talk of the saintly mind regained; I appeal to the young, to those who should be the simplest of all; and I ask if they do not feel in themselves, that the light of Catholic belief has come to them with its glories tarnished by the dark shadow of something that came along with it; something that has not left them as it found them: weighing them down with a sense of shame and guilty secrecy: staining their souls, before so pure and genuine, with thoughts of contrivance and manœuvring; setting a cankerworm at their hearts, and lining young faces with the marks of an untimely age.

"Let us follow such in thought along the road which finds them genuine at its outset; but which sooner or later, as they tread that weary path of subtlety, leaves them with a conscience burthened with deceit. We all know it; we can all look back on the moment when Catholic truth first dawned on our souls; with many, even then, did there not come the cold shudder, which men say is to be felt at the hour of sunrise? The books which must be read in secret, the half-formed convictions which must not be openly avowed; the stealthiness with which

we come to appropriate to our own use the principles of faith and practice, which, if really taught by the English Church, were our birthright as her children."

And yet again. Having referred to the adoption of the Romish system within the Church of England, and to the sophistries by which that course is palliated, this author proceeds:—"Very soon the things which for awhile relieved us, lose their power to soothe; we ask, what right we have to break up a great system, and take the parts that suit us, and call *that* truth? These fragments separated from the mass, how can we understand them? If we are not prepared to receive the whole in all its fulness and majesty, why tamper with it? Why suit our taste and believe just what we like, and say we do it on the authority of the Church, when we know very well all the time, that the same authority gives us other things which we do not choose to receive? Imagine some modern sculptor standing before one of the great works of ancient art, the Apollo, or the Laocoon, and striking off the father's hand, and the son's uplifted foot, one of the folds of the writhing serpent, or a lock of the dishevelled hair. Imagine his shewing you these fragments piled up in a heap, and telling you that the whole group from which these things were broken, was monstrous and absurd, but that his arrangement of the little bits was most excellent and good. In art we should call it simple ignorance—in religion, it would seem the English conception of Catholic belief.

"Such, can you deny it? is our faith; or, at least, such is the faith of Tractarianism.

"And our practice is but too terribly like it. There is the same compromise between the whole and a part, between truth and error: the same cowardice, and meanness, and evasion. The things which have been brought back to us are not dead things: they work in us, and have a life and a reality. If we believe, then we must do; alas, too often, *as* we believe, *so* we do. Catholic practice shares the same fate as catholic belief. It is wound round in a net of compromise. We do *not* risk all for the truth; we do *not* do right, come what may of it; we do things in secret, under false pretences; we get guarded in conversation, to study nice ways of avoiding dangerous subjects, and means of turning away suspicion without positive falsehood. We live in a constant fear of betrayal and discovery; educating our faces not to look conscious, and our voices never to falter. We give up some things lest we should offend; we conceal others lest we should be found out.

"Is this right? How used we once to teach our children? Was it not thus? 'Speak the truth; never be ashamed of the truth; have no secrets; avoid mysteries; tell your parents everything; be open, be simple, be true.' And how are we acting? Are we not living a life of concealment? feeling the very hairs of our heads telling secrets about us? Does a week pass without a contrivance and an escape?*" Is there not a weight and

* "From respect to, and loving remembrance of, some whose names will instantly occur to the reader, nothing more than a mere allusion need be made to the practice, now extensive in our Church, of auricular confession; received in private rooms, or closed churches, by appointments clandestinely arranged in secret correspondence."—*Author's Note.*

burden on us so great, that we feel as if we could no more dare, as once we dared, look up into the clear face of heaven, and let its quiet and its peace be reflected in the mirror of our own hearts? Those hearts, how full they are, of things unguessed of by our brothers, and sisters, and friends! Those aching brows, that must be smooth and gay for society, how hard it is to force a smile over the furrows which anxiety—not age—has worn into them, and still we are almost children. Where is the smile of holy and joyous youth? They who have a right to lightheartedness—if any have—whose care in the very spring-time of their life is to be holy, whose desire is to be true; the best and loveliest sight in a Christian's eyes, children in years offering the first-fruits of their life to God: even these have a look on their faces, which should make one's heart yearn over them in pity, for it tells us of gentle and noble natures fretting against some wearing chain, which is odious to them even while they are forced to endure it; it is innocence and purity too often suffering under the sensitiveness of guilt. Oh! it is agony enough to have felt and seen such things; the heart does not yet beat which can tear away the veil which has shrouded itself and others, and shew the world what has been going on unthought of in the homes of Englishmen, setting the seal of falsehood on foreheads once open, and pure, and true. The cross is indeed veiled with roses; let us think well if, among the flowers, there lurk not the deadly glitter of the serpent's scales.

"Remember there is a vast difference between reserve and deceit. We are reserved about our prayers; we do not pray in our drawing-room, or tell people we are going elsewhere to do so; but we are not afraid of people knowing that we do pray, nor do we tremble at being found out. But in other things we are afraid, and we are ashamed, and we prevaricate, and evade, and get out of difficulties, in a manner worthy of those whose rule of faith is the Catholic interpretation which Tractarianism puts on the Prayer-book and Articles of our reformed Church."^{*}

These, then, be it observed, are the confessions of a Tractarian. That they are genuine is certain,—as unquestionable as it is that they are mournful and humiliating. The shuddering penitent from whose anguish they were wrung, is well known in the circles to which he (or she) belongs; and though writing anonymously, has been universally admitted as a veritable witness, truth-telling and trust-worthy. But apart from this altogether, the statements themselves carry with them, in their burning and passionate eloquence, a decisive voucher for their sincerity. We have no space for the comments which a crowd of vehement emotions suggests. Commending the case as it stands to the pity of our readers, and beseeching them to restrain their indignation and their scorn as effectually as they can, we must prosecute, with all practicable abridgement, the task on which we have entered. It may be suspected, perhaps, that we have forgotten our Zaphnath-paaneah; or, perhaps, it may be supposed that there is little more to reveal. Our next witness, then, shall be Mr. Dodsworth; and it will be seen by and bye, that though the merit of a first discovery may not be his, yet the

^{*} *Morality of Tractarianism*, pp. 23-26.

revelations dimly hinted, or partially divulged by others, have from his keen pen received precision, personal interest, and fulness of detail. The following passage is transcribed from a pamphlet which has already been buried deep under the rapidly accumulating mass of publications to which the baptismal controversy has given rise. It has been often quoted, but is too pertinent to our present purpose to be omitted here. Alluding reproachfully to the temporizing course which Dr. Pusey saw fit to pursue after the decision of the Judicial Committee had been promulgated, Mr. Dodsworth says to him :—" I must add one word on the grief and surprise which it has occasioned me, and many others besides me, that *you* should have taken this line in our present difficulties. You have been one of the foremost to lead us on to a higher appreciation of that ' church system ' of which sacramental grace is the very life and soul. Both by precept and example, you have been amongst the most earnest to maintain Catholic principles. By your constant and common practice of administering the sacrament of penance ; by encouraging everywhere, if not enjoining, auricular confession, and giving special priestly absolution ; by teaching the propitiatory sacrifice of the holy Eucharist, as applicatory of the one sacrifice on the cross, and by adoration of Christ Really Present on the altar under the form of bread and wine ; by your introduction of Roman Catholic books ' adapted to the use of our Church ; ' by encouraging the use of crucifixes and rosaries, and special devotions to our Lord, as, e. g. to His Five Wounds ; by adopting language most powerfully expressive of our incorporation into Christ, as, e. g. our ' being inebriated with the blood of our Lord ; ' by advocating counsels of perfection, and seeking to restore, with more or less fulness, the conventual or monastic life ;—I say, by the teaching and practice, of which this enumeration is a sufficient type and indication, you have done much to revive amongst us the system which may be pre-eminently called ' SACRAMENTAL. ' And yet now, when, by God's mercy to us, a great opportunity has occurred, of asserting and enforcing the very key-stone of this system, and apart from which the whole must crumble away,—forgive me for speaking so plainly,—you seem to shrink from the first rank," &c.*

We are very clearly of opinion, that this tone of grave remonstrance was in no wise unsuitable to the occasion ; but this is a point with which, for the present, we have nothing to do, except in so far as it corroborates our representation to the effect, that Dr. Pusey's subtlety has deceived even himself. Such an appeal could hardly be allowed to pass unanswered ; yet how answer what is perfectly true ? It is easy in every such case to cavil at the language of an adversary ; for indeed it is scarcely possible that one man should describe another's opinions and practices, without employing expressions subject to some just, however trifling modifications. The voluminous discussions which ensued,—turning chiefly on confession to, and absolution by, a priest,—may have abated the force of a phrase or two, but have certainly left every substantive fact of the case where it had been placed by Dr. Pusey's assailants.

* A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., &c., by W. Dodsworth, pp. 16, 17.

Henceforth restricting our attention also to the subject of the confessional, we have, at this stage of our progress, to acquaint our readers with another curious difference which had arisen among the Tractarians themselves, and which contributed its share to the impending disclosures. Dr. Pusey did not reply directly to Mr. Dodsworth,—did not address that gentleman personally at all; but, *longæ ambages rerum*, he wrote a bulky “letter to the Rev. W. U. Richards,” entitled, “The Church of England leaves her children free to whom to open their griefs.” This letter, which, along with a postscript subsequently published, extends to 312 8vo pages, makes some provoking allusions to a previous correspondence, in which Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Allies, and Mr. Maskell had been concerned. In fact, it is an answer, by the Oxford oracle, to certain grand difficulties and weighty scruples which had been proposed for solution, by these three bewildered and vacillating disciples of the Tractarian School. Dr. Pusey seems utterly incapable of going straight forward, and addressed his answer, not to his questioners at all, but to Mr. Richards, who, however, let it be admitted, was himself also sufficiently implicated.—“My dearest friend,” says the Oxford Oracle, speaking with some obscurity, “we have these many years felt alike on all things which concern the Church,” &c. “But in this case we have another common bond, the souls and consciences of those to whom we have ministered, and who now are liable to be disquieted, and are (as you tell me) in part disquieted, by the theory of ‘jurisdiction’ recently put out by Mr. Allies. This, as he has too narrowly stated it, would, in many cases, affect the ‘benefits of absolution,’ which, by virtue of the exhortation of the Church of England, they have sought and received, and in it have found grace and peace. One, at least, has on that ground left the Church of England. I have also been called upon, in a written letter, to answer the same question,” [what question?] “with the intimation that the writers ‘proposed to make public both their question and my answer.’ The substance of that letter too has been made known, and souls in whom we have both a deep interest have been disquieted. It became the more necessary to answer it as fully as I could.”*—Well, very amiable and sweet all this; but what is *the question*? We have quoted the first sentences of the letter, and it is only when we reach the foot of the seventh page, that we can make out what it is all about. There we read,—*the question* “is, whether, without any further commission, the priest may in any case (besides the point of death) exercise the power (of absolving on confession,) thus lodged in him, and by his office, inherent in him; or whether the power lies, as it were, dormant in him, and may not be put forth, without some further direct commission from the bishop; and whether, if exercised without such further authorization, it is valid.”†

A nice question truly, and an extremely grave one—to all concerned. But we would have liked to see the “written letter” in its own native form. Without in the slightest degree reflecting on Dr. Pusey’s fidelity as a reporter of its contents, it would have been satisfactory to us that this gentleman had taken his “dearest friend” so far into his confidence, as to lay before him the inquiry along with its answer. What good can

* Pusey’s Letter to Richards, pp. 1 and 2.

† Ibid. pp. 7 and 8.

possibly ever come of this perpetual and apparently studied mystification? Thus, with some impatience, we mused over Dr. Pusey's dim pages. But we had not long to wait for the information we wanted. Immediately after the publication of the letter to Richards, from which we have been quoting, Mr. Maskell addressed "a letter to the Rev. Dr. Pusey, on his practice of receiving persons in auricular confession," by which the correspondence hinted at in the preceding extracts was fully brought to light. We give the principal document entire.—

"Ascension Day, 1850.

"Dear Dr. Pusey,—We wish to put to you a question on a point nearly concerning our own peace of mind, and that of others. It is this, what authority is there for supposing that the acts of a priest are *valid*, who hears confessions and gives absolution, in mere virtue of his orders, without ordinary or delegated jurisdiction from his bishop? We believe it to be the undisputed law of the Church, that acts flowing from order, though done wrongly and illicitly, are yet, when done, *valid*; the reason of which is, that the power of order, being given by consecration, and indelible, cannot be taken away; but that acts flowing from jurisdiction, if done upon those over whom the doer has no jurisdiction, are absolutely invalid and null; the reason of which is, that jurisdiction being a relation of command between a superior and a subject, one who has no subject can have no jurisdiction, and accordingly cannot exercise a power which he has not received.

"But the act of remitting sin upon confession, is an act not only of order but of jurisdiction. That it is an act of order, nobody doubts, and therefore proof is needless; that it is likewise an act of jurisdiction, is proved by two considerations; first, it is a judicial power, and all judgment, to be valid, requires jurisdiction; and secondly, it is not only a power of remitting, but also of binding, and none can bind him who is not his subject.

"Now priests, by virtue of their ordination only, and their sacerdotal character, have not subjects in the church, nor has the Christian people been committed to their care and government. To bishops alone the flock of the Lord is entrusted, to feed it, and they have to render account to God for the priests likewise, who act under their commission. Every particular church is founded upon its own bishop, inasmuch as he is its head, and as such is the principle, fountain, root, and centre of its unity. Therefore, every ecclesiastical act and function ought to be regulated by the bishop, either doing it immediately, or by means of others, who receive from him their commission and authority to do it. And especially an act so principal in the government of souls as the absolving them from sins, cannot be regulated but by the bishop, nor done but by authority emanating from him. Such authority emanates from him when he commits to any priest the cure of souls, thereby entrusting such an one with a part of his own ordinary jurisdiction, *as regards such particular souls*, for all purposes of the Christian ministry, and among them, for absolution from sin, in order to the due reception of the Lord's body and blood. Such authority, again, he can commit to any person quali-

fied by sacerdotal orders, over the whole or any portion of his flock, as to a vicar-general, or a penitentiary; who would accordingly have a delegated jurisdiction.

"But what we wish to know is, whether there be any authority for considering *valid*, the absolution of a priest, who has neither received such ordinary jurisdiction in the cure of souls, nor such delegated jurisdiction; or, again, who, having the cure of souls, absolves not only his own parishioners, but others also, without license from their own parish priest or bishop.

"We can find, in the first fifteen centuries of the church's history, no trace of any such power being allowed to reside in priests in virtue merely of their ordination; on the contrary, the further we go back, the stricter appears to be the dependence of the priest on his bishop in all such acts, until, in the first ages, we find the bishop alone in person receiving penitents and admitting them to absolution. St. Cyprian is an instance of this in the case of the lapsed, and the discipline then allowed was a relaxation of a severer law. In process of time, as the faithful multiplied, and offences too increased, penitentiaries were appointed in the various cathedrals by express commission from the bishop; and when the *public* discipline and penance fell into disuse, and *private* confession was gradually substituted for it, and the bishop no longer dwelt with all his clergy in one city, but was obliged to send presbyters for the government of rural parishes, the number of confessors was increased in proportion, but the office was never exercised, save by direct commission from the bishop, and over the persons specially entrusted to the priest who absolved them. One proof, among many, of this is, that certain cases were reserved by the bishop to himself.

"Such appears to have been the state of things existing at the Council of Lateran in 1215, which, in its twenty-first canon, ordered, 'Let all the faithful of both sexes, as soon as they come to years of discretion, faithfully confess all their sins in private, at least once a year, to *their own priest*;'—but if any one, for a just reason, desire to confess his sins to a priest, not his own, let him first ask and obtain leave from his own priest, *inasmuch as otherwise* the other cannot absolve or bind him.' Mansi, Tom. 22, p. 1010.—The minister of this sacrament, says the Council of Florence, in the year 1439, 'is a priest, *having authority to absolve, either ordinary, or by the commission of his superior.*' Mansi, Tom. 13, 1058. What was the received doctrine in England between these two periods of 1215 and 1439, is proved by Lyndwood's Provinciale Anglicanum, containing constitutions of fourteen Archbishops of Canterbury, from Stephen Langton in 1222, to Henry Chictely in 1415. The following quotations are to the point. Constitution of Walter Reynolds, Archbishop from 1313 to 1327,—'Let no priest admit to penitence the parishioner of another, except with the permission of his own presbyter or bishop.' Again, 'As it often happens that the rectors of churches, and even certain priests, and persons in sacred orders, because they are subject to none, as they suppose, in respect to the penitential forum, either confess not at all, or *approach such as have no power over them to bind or absolve*, we appoint that in every archdeaconry, one or two fit-

ting presbyters, of competent knowledge and approved character, have this charge given them in each deanery, to hear the confessions of such, and enjoin on them penances, *to whom we will that authority should be imparted by the diocesan of the place, or his vicegerent, strictly prohibiting religious persons, or monks, or canons, anchorites or hermits, daring to admit to penitence any one's subject.*' Mansi, Tom. 81, p. 451; and constitution of John Peckham, Archbishop from 1278—1293. 'Absolution likewise from voluntary homicide, as well public as secret, we reserve to the bishops alone, except in the article of necessity.' Ibid. p. 452.

"It would seem then that the council of Trent only affirmed what had been the doctrine of the church from the earliest times, when it decreed, 'Since, therefore, the nature and principle of a judgment demands this, that a sentence be passed only on those subject to it, it hath always been the belief of the church of God, and this synod confirms it as a most certain verity, *that the absolution must be held to be of no force*, which a priest pronounces on one over whom he has not ordinary or delegated jurisdiction.' Sess. 14, c. 7.

"We have not overlooked the sentence in the exhortation appointed in the Common Prayer Book before communion; 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief,' &c. &c. But after the best consideration in our power, we have come to the conclusion, that, so far from weakening the difficulties which we have suggested, it strengthens their force. The words 'some other,' &c., would of course be intended to be understood only in the sense of the common practice and discipline of that time, 1548, in this matter; and we believe there is not any doubt whatever what that practice and discipline were, so that the 'some other,' &c. would of necessity be a priest who had been appointed by the bishop for that diocese and district.

"It would certainly follow from all this, as it seems to us, that the authority which for some time past has been exercised by some among us, and especially by yourself, not only in our own dioceses, but in other dioceses,—often without the knowledge, and probably (were it known) it would be against the consent of both the parish priest and bishop,—has not been based on true and sufficient foundation; nay, more, has been (however ignorantly) in opposition to catholic rules from the first ages to the present time. And further—a point to which we allude with reluctance and sorrow—it would follow likewise, that the vast majority of those persons to whom you and others have given absolution in this manner, are still, so far as the effect of any such absolutions is concerned, under the chain of their sins, because they have not made confession to priests who had duly received power to absolve them.

"Hence, we cannot suppose that you will be surprised that we should earnestly desire from you an elucidation of this matter, and we purpose to make public both our questions and your answer; in order that this very solemn matter should be properly considered, and that persons, who are now in much doubt and anxiety, should know whether they have, or

have not, been misled, concerning the true conditions of a chief ordinance of the gospel.*—We are, Dear DR. PUSEY, ever yours faithfully,
(Signed)

THOS. W. ALLIES.

W. DODSWORTH.

W. MASKELL."

Now, this is certainly a very curious letter,—interesting on many accounts, and ominous of many things. It pleased Dr. Pusey, or at least it was convenient for him, to take offence at it; he disliked its plain language, such as "*auricular confession*," and he deemed it somewhat personal. Two *private* notes addressed by him to Mr. Allies, intimated his dissatisfaction, which appears not to have been removed by subsequent explanations. Clearly Dr. Pusey was petulant; and why? Did he consider this catechizing to be an act of insubordination? Had he, with all his suavity and meekness, been dreaming of a snug little Papacy for himself at Oxford? Perhaps; and if so, he had reason to be vexed, for the allegiance of these three gentlemen had obviously been already transferred to another leadership.

Might we venture to hope that our readers, instead of merely smiling at the letter which we have transcribed, will take the trouble of understanding it? Strange and unfamiliar the subject of it must be to their modes of thinking, but a trifling effort will enable them to see it from the writers' point of view. It broadly recognizes the fact of an extensive use of auricular confession in the English Church,—it assumes that the power of granting, on confession, an efficacious and plenary absolution, is an essential element of the priestly prerogative; it hints no scruple, betrays no shrinking in regard to the abject slavishness of spirit which the confessional breeds—to the wickedness of interposing human mediators between God and the souls of his creatures—to the execrable enormities which the system has produced, and must, wherever it is adopted, continue to produce. Trivial things are these, about which Tractarianism apprehends no difficulty. Its conscience is marvellously tender somewhere, but not on this side; this side is cauterized.

According to its creed as here proposed, bishops are the only pastors and rulers of Christ's flock—a hapless flock indeed, were there truth in Tractarianism. Order and jurisdiction both flow from the bishop; that is, generally speaking, and in plain terms, the power of *teaching* and the power of *governing* both proceed from this hierarch. But, according to the perplexed trio of querists, these two kinds of power are dissimilarly transmitted. With respect to the first of them, it is—once a priest, always a priest. When, by ordination, the bishop gives the power of teaching to a priest, he gives it away absolutely and finally; so that it is thenceforth a power inherent in the priestly character, to be independently employed as opportunity may occur. Not so the power of governing. The bishop may convey it indeed to another, but conveys it only in such wise that he himself retains his hold on it and control over it still. In other words, the power which qualifies the priest for governing

* Letter to Dr. Pusey, by W. Maskell, pp. 8–14.

is given in ordination ; but the right of exercising it, and the limits within which it may be exercised with effect, remain to be prescribed by episcopal authority. Thus, the parish priest may rule, as well as teach—within the parish boundary ; the penitentiary may rule so far as the confessional is concerned, within the district allotted to him ; the vicar-general may do all that the bishop, whose deputy he is, can himself perform. But in Tractarian practice, priests have received the confessions of others than their own parishioners, over whom alone, according to these views, they had jurisdiction. And Dr. Pusey, who, we believe, has no cure of souls at all—*no subjects* put under him by a bishop—has been for many years in the habit of acting as the penitentiary-general of the Oxford Popery. The Tractarian conscience, we have said, is very tender—somewhere ; and here is the sensitive nerve. May not all the absolutions, so solemnly pronounced—so stealthily and at the cost of so much honour and truth obtained—be after all void and null ? To such men there must be a world of horror in such a thought. They imagined that they had been actually forgiving sins ! They rejoiced over the consolation and the peace which their absolutions had ministered to souls in trouble. Those poor souls had been taught by them to believe that the remissions and the benedictions to which they listened from the lips of their infatuated teachers, were valid in heaven itself. “ You can bear witness with me,” says Dr. Pusey to Mr. Richards, “ that if there is one part of our ministry which God has blessed ; if there be one part of our office as to the fruits of which we look with hopefulness and joy to the day of judgment, it is to the visible cleansing of souls, the deepened penitence, ‘ the repentance unto salvation not to be repented of,’ the hope in Christ, the freshness of grace, the joy of forgiven souls, the evident growth in holiness, the angel-joy ‘ over each sinner that repenteth,’ which this ministry has disclosed to us. We have often, in the subsequent growth in grace and ‘ transformation’ of the soul by ‘ the renewing of the mind,’ not been able to recal to ourselves the former self which we knew of, when first a person sought to hear, through our ministry, his Saviour’s voice, ‘ Thy sins be forgiven thee ; go in peace.’

‘ In these a Pastor dare delight—
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng ;’

for his likeness has anew by Himself been traced upon them.”* Dr. Pusey, who can think and write thus, might have had some kindly compassion for his former associates, when they had fallen under the frightful suspicion that results like these had been all a delusion, and a delusion too which they had themselves been industriously propagating. What notions these gentlemen may entertain of spiritual Christianity—the spirit of Jesus—is, verily, more than we can tell. But, with their views, the dilemma was awful, and we pity them as sincerely as we could have done if we had not despised their creed.

In truth, this Tractarian creed was not worthy to engage or to satisfy a thinking being for one single brief hour. It alleges that the priest

* Letter to Richards, p. 3.

derives all his powers from the bishop ; but it must also ask whence the bishop derives his. The only answer is a reference to the apostolical succession, which, if it be anything, must be historical, descending to the Anglican through the Romish Church. To vindicate the Reformation on the basis of an apostolical succession, appears to us the most hopeless of enterprises ; and the Tractarians have found it so. Dr. Pusey's correspondents were Romanists already, in effect—as they soon became in profession. This apostolical succession, and all that is connected with it, lead directly to that centre of unity. Still, Dr. Pusey himself remains where he was. Did he succeed in removing the difficulty proposed to him ? No ; but in his Letter to Richards he proves with a superfluity of learning, that the principle assumed by his correspondents had by no means been uniformly acted on in the Romish Church, and that it was scarcely applicable at all in the Church of England. Every one in the slightest degree acquainted with the subject must have anticipated this result. For all we know or care, Messrs. Allies, Dodsworth, and Massell, may have stated correctly enough the theory of jurisdiction in the Church of Rome as it is laid down by the canonists ; but we are quite sure that no one in any degree acquainted with the mediæval times could be at a loss for evidence to shew that, be the theory what it might, the practice was extremely unsettled,—disturbed by a variety of causes, but chiefly by the factious proceedings of the *regular* clergy. Dr. Pusey knew well how to avail himself of this state of things ; and if he have not answered the question submitted to him, he has at least involved it in inextricable confusion. His disquisition may amuse the ecclesiastical antiquarian ; it is valuable as an illustration of the *peace* of Rome ; for all else it is as worthless as any other waste paper. If the question was a foolish one, the reply will never put it out of countenance.

(*To be continued.*)

MESMERISM, BY A CANDID INQUIRER.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the course of our candid inquiry in the last Number, we saw that the present excitement on the subject of mesmerism in this country may be traced to the American enthusiasm on the same subject. The excitement was imported some few years ago into America ; and, finding a suitable soil, it soon reached a climax calculated to fill the mind of the calm spectator on this side of the Atlantic with amazement. It may, however, be objected, that it is a breach of candour to charge mesmerism with the fanatical delusion of its advocates in New York—that it is unfair to hold the belief of ghosts, and the editing of newspapers by prophets and apostles, as a part of mesmerism. It may be maintained, that the most firmly established science may be thus caricatured, if we

* *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, & Maberly. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart. 1851.

look merely to the extravagances of its deluded votaries, instead of appealing to its recognised expounders. We admit fully the force of this argument ; and our candour certainly would not permit us to adduce the follies in question, did we feel that they did not follow as a necessary sequence from the recognised principles of mesmerism. Some of our readers perhaps may not be prepared for the astounding announcement, that the rappings of departed spirits, and the editing of newspapers by the holy men of Scripture, are only poetical developments of the theory held by mesmerists in our country. If a ghost-rapping speculation has not been started in Edinburgh, it is not because there is not a philosophy to countenance it. The philosophy is all ready, and it only requires a courageous Barnum to start a newspaper with the apostles for its staff of editors, or to announce the public performance of disembodied spirits. Professor Gregory, in the work before us, proves himself not only a very interesting writer, but a most courageous man. It requires no small courage in a Professor of the most celebrated medical school in Europe, to avow beliefs, in this the middle of the nineteenth century, which the world fondly trusted had for ever disappeared with the night of the dark ages. But so it is : the representative of a long line of distinguished philosophers, propounds doctrines from the chair of Cullen and of Black, which the wildest Rosicrucianism would shrink from. If we are led to speak with severity of these doctrines, that severity is mingled with much personal respect for the author. While we view with pain what we must regard as sad aberrations, we cannot forget, that what love we now cherish for the fascinating science of which he is so distinguished an ornament, was first awakened by his interesting and eloquent lectures at the outset of his career. We feel, however, that candour, and a regard to the sacred interests of truth, demand an exposure of the perilous nature of the doctrines in question.

The following extract will clearly shew that Professor Gregory, were he on the spot, would side with the more enlightened newspapers of New York, and support the Rappite faction—for it is admitted that the talent of the periodical press is enlisted on the side of the ghosts. The allusion to Swedenborg is significant enough, for mesmerism is only the physical side of this visionary's theories. The American superstition is only a slavish imitation of Emanuel's visions ; and many of the clairvoyant feats are evidently suggested by his wild fancies. In his *Universal Theology* he says—"Of this (that the spiritual world does not exist in space,) I was convinced, because I could there see Africans and Indians very near me, although they are so many miles distant here on the earth ; nay, that I could be made present with the inhabitants of other planets of our system and of planets that revolve about other suns. By virtue of such presence, not of place, I have conversed with apostles, departed popes, emperors, and kings ; with the late reformers of the Church, Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon, and with others from distant countries."—It is worthy of remark, that Swedenborg was, like Dr. Gregory, an ardent cultivator of physical science ; and that he occupied the first place among the scientific men of his day. We mention this, as it is perhaps one of the strongest popular arguments in favour of

mesmerism, that men of such distinction in science as Dr. Gregory and Sir David Brewster would not countenance its claims if they were merely visionary. But no heresy in religion or science would ever gain much currency in the world, were it not for the influence of some names of note. In the following example of extasis, it is plain that the author regards the spirits as objective realities :—

“ If the visions of magnetic ecstasies be nothing but dreams, then, as described by the observers of such cases, they must be regarded as dreams of a very remarkable and peculiar character, and they are found in different cases very closely to resemble each other in their general or essential peculiarities. The ecstasies find themselves (and this is said by all, whether educated or not, and, so far as I can see, not only without prompting on the part of the magnetiser, but very often to his great surprise, and sometimes contrary to his belief,) in communication with the spiritual world. They hold long conversations with spirits, to whom they often give names, and who, in many cases, according to their account, are the spirits of departed friends and relations. The remarks and answers of these visionary beings are reported by the ecstasies. Some of them affirm that every man has an attendant good spirit, perhaps also an evil one of inferior power. Some can summon, either of themselves, or with the aid of their attendant spirit, the spirit or vision of any dead relation or friend, and even of persons, also dead, whom neither they nor the magnetiser have ever seen, whom perhaps no one present has seen ; and the minute descriptions given in all these cases, of the persons seen and summoned, is afterwards found to be correct. Many other details, some of them more astounding, are given, but, for the reason already given, I confine myself here to a brief general indication of the strange phenomena of extasis, which, be it remembered, I have not myself had an opportunity of observing. Now, certainly such visions as these, whatever be their real nature, are not ordinary dreams. It is idle to reject them as altogether imaginary, and illogical to do so without inquiry. And I repeat, that all those who believe in the existence of a spiritual world, must feel that they may possibly contain revelations of it.

“ The belief in the existence of the world of spirits is as old as mankind ; and the belief that men are, in certain circumstances, capable of entering into communication with it, is not much less venerable. It has been the favourite dream of philosophers, poets, and divines, in all ages ; and, therefore, without venturing to pronounce dogmatically, I would say to all, observe, study, reflect, and examine, before coming to a decision on this mysterious subject. It is easy to say that Swedenborg was a mad enthusiast ; but it is not the less certain, that he was a man of prodigious ability and learning, thoroughly familiar with the science of his day ; and the most striking circumstance, in my opinion, connected with magnetic ecstasies, is, that they agree in very many points with Swedenborg ; and that this agreement is found to occur precisely in regard to those things which we are accustomed to regard in him as the products of an insane enthusiasm. It is observed, moreover, in ignorant persons, who have never even heard of the name and opinions of the Swedish philosopher.”

We confess that, when entering on this inquiry, we were actuated chiefly by a regard to the moral and religious interests involved—by the fact, that the pretensions of mesmerism are so intertwined with the great moral problem of man's being, that the most momentous results must flow from their admission. We know that we shall be at once met with the objection, that science must be investigated on its own grounds,

and by its own instruments, and that it is unphilosophical to rear barriers against its progress from a sphere totally distinct. There is no canon more current at the present day amongst both the friends and foes of Christianity, than that which asserts that religion must not interfere with science, their respective provinces being quite distinct. Now, to a certain extent we quite concur in this sentiment, and we have, in this Magazine, invariably protested against such dogmatic interpretations of Scripture as would set a limit to the inquiries of inductive science. But, under cover of this salutary canon, there may be asserted for a *quasi* scientific inquiry, a position to which it is by no means entitled. No religious anathema should interfere with the collection of individual facts for the establishment of some general fact or law; but then physical phenomena, instead of being regarded as so many distinct steps in the pyramid of science, may be taken as the exponent of some spiritual hypothesis regarding the spiritual nature and destiny of man. In such a case the above canon cannot apply; because the professed physical inquiry transcends its own region, and encroaches upon the spiritual. There is no alternative in such a case, but to apply the tests which the elements of man's spiritual nature furnish; and if the speculations clash with these recognised elements, we are warranted to reject them, apart altogether from the consideration of the objective phenomena, believing that there can be no real contradiction between man and nature. Now, we oppose the doctrines of mesmerism, not because they have a *tendency*, in our opinion, to lead to infidelity, but because they constitute a direct *denial* of every thing like religion. Every form of religion implies the triple distinction—God, Man, and Nature; but mesmerism obliterates the two first, and admits only the last. Mesmerism does not *lead* to materialism, it *is* materialism. It does not *lead* to atheism, it *is* atheism. Far be it from us to assert that the many zealous advocates of mesmerism are necessarily atheists. We believe that many good Christians profess to believe in its claims. Professor Gregory speaks of Christianity with reverence, and we are confident that he would shrink with horror from the avowal of atheism. But he is saved from such a disastrous fate, by his not perceiving the full significancy of the doctrines which he holds. He is evidently little conversant with speculative philosophy, and he is sadly bewildered in the attempt to extricate himself from the maze of difficulties in which he is involved. He shrinks from regarding man's soul as a mere material phenomenon, and seeks refuge in the opposite error, that matter is mind; whereas the interests of religion are chiefly concerned with the duality of mind and matter. When we say that mesmerism is a form of atheism, we, of course, mean mesmerism in its developed philosophical form, as held by Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson. Every mesmerist who is capable of perceiving the philosophic bearings of mesmerism, has embraced atheistic opinions. We need only refer to Atkinson, Martineau, Elliotson, and Ashburner, who openly avow their irreligious sentiments. And there is no great difficulty in seeing the bearing of mesmerism on God and Man. Christianity is readily disposed of;—its external miraculous evidence is at once swept away. The miracles of the Bible are far outshone by the miracles of

mesmerism. Jehovah, and we speak advisedly, never, in the wondrous miracles of Scripture, interfered so much with the constitution of nature, as the mesmerist professes to do every day in public and private exhibitions. In the various miracles of Scripture there is, as it were, an unwillingness in the Almighty to interfere with his own glorious handiwork, any further than is absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes. But the mesmerist, with sacrilegious hand, deranges the whole machine; yea, reverses, in almost every essential point, the recognised constitution of nature. If the mesmerist can then perform far more wonderful miracles than those of Scripture, the miraculous evidence on which the Christian rests can be no proof that the Bible is from God. The evidence from prophecy is disposed of in the same way. The mesmerist is willing any day to match Isaiah or Daniel in the gift of *prevision*, as it is modestly called. So that the prophecies on which we have hitherto reposed, can be no proof that the men who delivered them were inspired. The basis of the Christian evidences being thus swept away, man's moral nature is next obliterated. By the Od force, the individual will is destroyed; and by this physical agent, all the moral sentiments are produced at pleasure. The fingers being used as conductors, one may play on the phrenological organs of another as on a piano, and elicit the corresponding sentiments, exactly as each key of the piano, when struck, produces the corresponding note of music. But mesmerism does not stop here. It erases all trace of a God from the universe. The differentia of a God, if we may so speak, consists in the incommunicable attributes we ascribe to Deity. Confer these attributes on man, and you ignore the existence of God as a Being essentially distinct from man. Now this is what the mesmerist precisely does. He maintains that these attributes, the exclusive possession of which constitutes our idea of God, may be found in man. For example, the highest exercise of omniscience is ascribed to man. The mesmerist holds that a clairvoyant is capable of searching the heart and reading the thoughts of others; that his vision ranges throughout the universe, and can penetrate through the very heart of the globe; that he can behold as present all past events; and that he can predict with unerring accuracy future contingent events. The claims of mesmerism also embrace creative power and omnipotence itself. Such being the case, the conception of a God distinct from man, is quite superfluous. Deity, in this case, becomes an hypothesis which has no facts to be explained. We need only refer, for proof of our assertion, to the "Letters on the laws and development of man's nature, by Henry George Atkinson and Miss Martineau," which is the ablest work that has yet appeared on the philosophic aspects of mesmerism. Its object is to use mesmerism as a lever by which man may be raised from the level of the childish superstition of Christianity. The atheistic materialism of the work is sufficiently apparent from the following passage.

"The proof that mind holds the same relation that all other phenomena do to material conditions, (light, for instance, or instinct in animals,) and that it is not some sort of brilliant existence lodged in the body, to be clogged and trammelled by earthly conditions, is to be found by all who will exert their senses and understanding, released from nursery prepossessions. It

may be found in the whole circumstances of man's existence, his origin and growth. The faculties following the development of the body in man, and in other animals,—the direction of the faculties being influenced by surrounding circumstances,—the desires, the will, the hopes, the fears, the habits, and the opinions, being effects traceable to causes, and bearing the facts of history and statistics. We observe the influence of climate, of sunshine and damp, of wine and opium and poisons, of health and disease, the circumstances of idiocy and madness; the differences between individuals, and their likeness to the lower animals; and the different conditions of the same individuals at different times. But it is unnecessary to insist more to you, on the evidence, which is now generally admitted, of the relation between the body and the mind. It is not so generally admitted, however, that mind is the consequence and phenomenon only of the brain—mind is the product of the brain. It is not a thing having a seat or home in the brain, but it is the manifestation or expression of the brain in action, as heat and light are of fire, and fragrance of the flower. The brain is not, as even some phrenologists have asserted, the instrument of the mind. When a glass of wine turns a wise man into a fool, is it not clear that the result is a consequence of a change in the material conditions? The thoughts and will are changed. Another glass, and even consciousness is laid at rest, no longer exists; and hence such existence is clearly but a temporary and dependent condition, as much so as light or heat, fragrance, or any electric or magnetic phenomena."

On the subject of materialism, we shall quote only one other authority, viz., Dr. Ashburner, the editor of one of the English translations of Baron von Reichenbach's *Researches*.

"A man may be quite conscious, and yet be unable to exercise will: or the organs of his brain, influenced by a force analogous to the magnetic power, may be placed in a condition, such that the individual is unable to act except at the bidding of another. Apparently there are other influences; but stricter study of the philosophy of this subject will shew us that they are really what were formerly called magnetic, but which Reichenbach's discoveries will establish as crystallic or mesmeric, operating upon the brain of man, and obliging him to form connections, to do deeds, that prove him as much a machine, without free-will, as if he had actually been the victim of the Baron's large magnets. All influences, all impelling forces acting upon the phrenological organs of man, are motive powers. Do we not, in common parlance, speak of the influence of motives? No one acts without a motive; so that the immediate antecedent motive or force is the necessary impellent to the production of the consequent action. The will of the jesuit, like that of the snake persuading Eve, is as much an overpowering magnetism as the flames from the light-spreading magnet, they both act by an influence of attraction. The serpentine luring is attractive, like the rattlesnake's, to destruction, to arrieration and perdition. The magnetic light, a symbol of Baron von Reichenbach's illumination against superstition, attracts to the establishment of health—the parent of many blessings. But in each case the victim is the creature of a necessity. To speak of his free will, is an absurdity. He is trained to his actions as much as a vine is trained against a wall, to grow in a direction about which it has no choice. The Negro victim to the superstition of Obi is in a magnetic groove, in which he runs his course and dies. Then, is man, in all his actions, to be considered as a machine, obeying the impulses received upon his brain, from the thousands of crystallic forces that are playing upon him incessantly? Look at him proceeding along a crowded thoroughfare, is he not receiving, from a plain below the axis of the sphere in which his brain may be supposed to be

placed, a constant series of varied impressions, acting in the sense of the centrifugal forces, which are repellent, and have the tendency to keep him awake and thinking; and his thoughts, under such circumstances, are they not, without his control, forced upon his attention? A carriage goes over a child, can he help the start of sympathy? He could have helped it if he had had other motives offered to him more powerful than those which obliged him to act as he did; but the impulse he received had its legitimate consequences. Regard him under the influence of centrifugal forces. They are like the large magnet—*attractive*. He is so fatigued, he cannot keep his eyes open. Does his free-will prevent him from sleeping? the attractive forces are too much for him. All resistance is in vain. He yields, and he sleeps.

“Will man never learn the principle upon which all charity depends? will man always acknowledge that he is truly the victim of the power of surrounding circumstances, and yet constantly act towards his brother man as if he were free to command the events that control him? Glorious von Reichenbach! the lights that emanate from your magnets, from your crystals, and from your crystalline brain, are destined to aid in liberating your fellow-beings from their religious thralldom of superstition.”

Our readers will at once perceive that the inquiry in which we are engaged, is not one of mere curiosity. We certainly would never think of encumbering our pages with the record of such sad superstition, did we not believe that that superstition threatened the most disastrous consequences in a religious point of view. The most lamentable credulity has been manifested wherever the mesmeric phenomena have been exhibited. Professor Gregory talks of opposition and persecution, but the career of no new science has ever been so triumphant. Crowds have flocked to the performances throughout the towns and villages of Scotland; and as far as our own personal knowledge extends, the belief in mesmerism has been very general. Besides, these meetings have been attended not so much by the populace, as by the more intelligent classes of the community. Members of the learned professions have also attended in considerable numbers, and we believe that they were not more exempt from the prevailing credulity than their neighbours. The clerical order have had in all ages to bear the odium of retarding the progress of enlightenment. The priest has been always a convenient scape-goat for the defects of the age in which he lived; and when some new regenerator of the world starts up, he is sure to select the priest as the target at which to aim his shafts of dire indignation. Mesmerism, however, cannot in justice indulge in any tirade against the clerical order. As far as we can learn, a large proportion of the clergymen who attended the exhibitions, were in favour of its claims. We find also, that among the authors on mesmerism, and the correspondents quoted by Professor Gregory, the clergy occupy a prominent place. It will be readily allowed, then, that the aspect of things is sufficiently alarming, if the admission of the mesmerist's claims indeed involve such dire results as we have above stated.

We dare say that it will be objected to us, that we have renounced the character of a candid inquirer, by avowing, on the threshold of the inquiry, prejudices which must necessarily warp our judgment. Now we hold, that it would be mere affectation in us to profess that we come to this subject unbiassed. It might be as well argued that Watson, in

combating Paine's Age of Reason, did not enter upon the subject with an unbiassed mind. Convinced as we are, that mesmerism contradicts the fundamental and primitive beliefs of our common humanity, we could not approach the subject without a bias ; but we hold that this bias has as good a claim to be regarded as a philosophical conviction, as any conviction arising from the examination of the phenomena in question. The primitive beliefs regarding the existence of a God, and man's moral responsibility, are facts that we cannot exclude from our induction ; they are facts as strictly scientific as any of the facts of physiology. Our candour cannot extend so far as to overlook these facts of our constitution, in dealing with the mesmeric claims. We avow, then, that we have set out on the inquiry with the firm conviction that mesmerism is a system of error, but we think at the same time, that there is abundant scope for a candid inquirer in sifting the alleged facts, and showing which are spurious and which genuine. Mesmerism, like every system of error, could never have met with success, did it not appropriate some genuine scientific facts. But while holding that it is, as a system, wholly delusive, it will be our endeavour to show what are the genuine phenomena of the rational sciences of physiology and psychology, which it has purloined and appropriated. It is obvious that the interesting researches of Dr. Esdaile deal with facts belonging to a totally different category from that of clairvoyance and extasis ; and every attempt to unravel the tangled skein of error, must have for its chief aim, the drawing of a clear line of demarcation between these two classes of phenomena, the lower and higher—or in other words, the natural and supernatural.

Before submitting to the view of our readers a resumé of the achievements of mesmerism, we shall introduce to their notice the great apostle of the science, who has almost the sole merit of bringing about the present revival in Scotland. When the mesmeric mania was at its height in America, two adventurers started on a mission to this country,—Messrs Darling and Lewis. They selected Edinburgh as the most promising field, probably under the impression that Luke's description applied to the modern as well as the ancient Athenians, "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." They met with the most flattering success ; but as Mr. Darling soon departed for the wider field presented by London, Mr. Lewis will claim our undivided attention, and must be regarded as the hero of our story, as he is the burden of Dr. Gregory's Letters from first to last. It is with great diffidence we approach the subject, as we feel that our powers of portraiture are not adequate to the exigency of the case. Any account that we can give of his greatness, must come far short of the lofty conceptions entertained of him by his disciples. The Stagyrte had never such incense burned to him in the Lyceum of Ancient Athens, as this apostle of a new faith, and new science, in the crowded lecture-room and private séance of Modern Athens. Nobles of every grade, from M'Callum More downwards, bowed their coroneted heads before him. Ladies of gentle blood and high accomplishments, courted the fascination of his mesmeric eye. Professors of our time-honoured universities, abandoned the old-fashioned inductive

sciences to their fate, and sought inspiration at the feet of the apostle of a new philosophy. When he afterwards went on a missionary tour to the provinces, the professors still clung to him. Sir David Brewster, late president of the British Association, followed him through the towns and villages of Fife, as if bringing up his train in a triumphal procession. At one of the meetings we attended, there was a professor of one of our ancient colleges, who sat apart from the audience, and literally at the feet of the lecturer. It was exceedingly edifying to watch the awe and reverence painted on his countenance, as he sat under the shadow of the dark apostle's greatness; and we were told that for days he had dogged his steps, evidently anxious to catch some reflection of his greatness. The work before us is not the least mark of homage to the hero of mesmerism. The author evidently regards him as another Copernicus or Columbus, and he is evidently but too happy to claim whatever credit may accrue from the humble task of recording his mighty acts.

Before furnishing our readers with a few prosaic facts regarding the great apostle, we beg it to be understood that we entirely repudiate the idea, that imposture or collusion can afford a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of mesmerism. The theory of deception is a very coarse one, though it is the most convenient to the indolent sceptic, who must have some reason for his unbelief, but who will not be at the trouble to search for some deeper and better one. Deception, in the ordinary sense of the term, is totally out of the question in reference to the vast proportion of witnesses on this subject. Nay, this theory of deception would land us in a far greater and more dangerous credulity, than the admission of the pretensions of mesmerism. We hesitate not to say, that if our choice lay between the renunciation of human credibility and the acceptance of superstition, we would choose the latter. But the solution of the problem does not require that we should doubt the validity of the average testimony of mankind. There are far less dangerous principles on which we can fall back. At the same time, it would be demanding a favour accorded to no other branch of human inquiry, to call upon us to exclude the possibility of imposture. It would be contrary to all analogy and experience, to suppose that, on the subject of mesmerism, in which human feelings and passions and interests are so strangely mixed up, there should be no field for the practice of the impostor. We must just proceed in this as in any other department of inquiry, by renouncing general theories, and investigating each case on its own merits.

But to return to the subject from which we diverged. Mr. Lewis is a negro; and though he can boast of princely blood flowing in his veins, has been, we believe, till very recently, a slave in the United States. He can speak the English language with considerable fluency and accuracy, though the usual peculiarities of the negro speech are very discernible. He has a very pleasing address, though somewhat marred by a little personal vanity. It is plain from his frequent allusions, that he is specially proud of his crisp woolly hair and dusky skin; and this cannot be much wondered at, for he undoubtedly owes much of his success to his negro extraction. He was no doubt early initiated into the

mysteries of the African Obi, which is closely allied to mesmerism. Rare opportunities were also afforded him in America, of getting an insight into human nature and its strangest aberrations. It was no doubt with a penetrating eye that he studied the development of the Millerite delusion, when hundreds congregated in white robes to hail the coming of the Son of Man at the day of judgment. Many practical hints were no doubt treasured up for future use. He is evidently a man of consummate talent. We have seldom listened to a lecturer who won so completely the favour of the audience before commencing his illustrations. His talent is, however, exclusively of an African type. His distinction lies in being a clever negro. His mimetic powers are very wonderful; and he has a faculty of throwing meaning into gestures which we have rarely seen matched. He assumes the manner and bearing of a popular lecturer to the very life. His knowledge of the sciences is evidently very much on a par with that of his countrymen on the borders of the Great Sahara; but, with the tact and dexterity of a true negro, he uses learned scientific terms, in such a way as to impress a popular audience with his great scientific attainments. His great aim, indeed, seems to be to throw the prestige of science around his performances. In this no doubt lies very much the secret of the impulse which mesmerism has lately received. A few years ago mesmerism was decidedly disreputable. It was not considered respectable to attend mesmeric exhibitions, as the operators occupied very much the position, and were generally looked upon in the light, of strolling play-actors. Indeed it was hardly attempted to conceal the jugglery that was practised. It required, then, no ordinary genius to rescue mesmerism from this disreputable position; and we cannot admire too much the sagacity of Mr. Lewis in adopting the imposing scientific name of electro-biology instead of mesmerism. In an age when the popular reverence for science amounts almost to a superstition, such a device was sure to take. The stamp of respectability was at once put on mesmeric exhibitions. The performances have lost greatly as to the wonderful character of the feats, but they have gained vastly in dramatic effect. Indeed, more amusement can be got from them than from those nomadic theatricals where the respectable community would not dare to appear. Under cover of the sacred name of science, the most uproarious buffoonery may be enjoyed—the favourite exhibition being the blustering and swaggering of drunken men. Mr. Lewis exhibits admirable address in keeping up the character of the savant. He at the outset deprecates strongly all ridiculous exhibitions. He declares that he has met with the audience only for the purpose of calm scientific investigation; and then allows himself, with apparent unwillingness, to be led on, by the demands of the audience, from one step to another, till the whole ends with a scene of the most indescribable buffoonery. He knows full well that his art lies in these dramatic exhibitions, and that while few people care much to trouble their heads with the niceties of science, all can enjoy a hearty laugh. He also shews consummate talent in acting the scientific martyr to the life. He represents mesmerism as a persecuted science, and himself as leading the forlorn hope,—knowing that anything in the shape of persecution is worth gold in these

days. Casting himself thus on the protection and sympathy of the audience, he completely gains his object. Finding themselves thus unexpectedly the patrons and protectors of science, they are in a condition to receive the dogmas of mesmerism with implicit reliance.

As we mean to submit to our readers examples of the various mesmeric phenomena from Professor Gregory's book, we shall only for the present allude to one feat performed in public, and in our presence, by Mr. Lewis. We commend it to the reader's special attention, as it will serve in a great measure as a key to all the other phenomena. It is all the more valuable, as it is not immediately connected with mesmerism, and as its characteristics are, therefore, of a more tangible kind. As a very great proportion of the feats recorded in the work before us depend for their reception on the trustworthiness of Mr. Lewis as a philosopher and a witness, it is of importance to have some test, by which that trustworthiness may be tried. The experiment to which we allude, though an old trick, is admirably adapted for that purpose, and throws much valuable light on the laws of human belief.

The feat was styled, by Mr. Lewis, the *blowing up* experiment. It was widely advertised, and great curiosity was created on the subject, as it was understood that a man was to be raised by some mysterious power seven feet in the air, in opposition to the law of gravity. The man, or rather boy, was stretched upon his back on the platform, and three or four persons were called out from the audience, to assist in the operation. We are quite satisfied that there was no collusion in regard to the persons selected. They were unsophisticated young farmers, in whom there was no guile. There were two operators placed on each side of the youth—Mr. Lewis taking the off shoulder. The boy was to be raised between them, but without the exertion of any mechanical force on their part. They were only desired to inhale and exhale their breath with vigour, and with the index finger of each hand to stroke the sides of the youth from beneath upwards. The operators commenced their scientific labours with much gravity, panting, and blowing vigorously; at the same time plying their index fingers with great assiduity. While the gaze of the spectators was rivetted on these remarkable demonstrations, the boy was suddenly shot up to the height of about five feet, and then alighted safely on his feet. Here was a marvellous feat, appealing to the senses, the genuineness of which, almost every individual present was willing to admit. The question immediately arises, how is it to be explained? Mr. Lewis, with the modesty of a philosopher, appealed to the undoubted fact—to the testimony of the senses, and would not dogmatise as to the theory. He could only give some theories that had been stated to him, and add his own humble suggestion. He first mentioned the theory of his illustrious friend and disciple, Sir David Brewster, which consisted in ascribing the feat to some peculiar pressure on the glottis. Another theory was, that a vacuum was formed in the body of the youth, which thus acquired a buoyancy by which it arose in the air. His own theory was, that there were ascending and descending currents of air, produced by the violent breathing of the operators, and that the body of the boy was carried up by an ascending current of warm

air. He would not dogmatise on the subject, but considered the matter quite open to further scientific research. Seeing, then, that the matter is quite open, we would take the liberty of adding another theory. The theory is, that Mr. Lewis's hands being placed under the boy's shoulders, his will acted upon the muscles of his arms, and that his arms acted mechanically on the body of the boy so as to raise it up, or that, in other words, Mr. Lewis put his hands under the boy and hoisted him up. It may, indeed, be objected by Mr. Lewis, that this theory is no more satisfactory than the others, as it is impossible to explain how mind can act upon matter in the movement of the arm. We quite admit the inexplicable character of such action; but there is this advantage about our theory, that it does not require us to look upon the feat as a miracle, whereas the other theories do. The old-fashioned philosophy would describe this as a case of *non causa pro causa*. The *causa*, or true cause, being Mr. Lewis's arms, the *non causa*, or spurious cause, being the breathing and stroking of the operators. Great inconvenience results, at least in the old philosophy, from putting the one in place of the other—a truth which is often quite overlooked in popular assemblies. Indeed, in this case, the *non causa* seemed to be regarded almost universally as satisfactory. The operators themselves entertained, we believe, not the slightest doubt that the *non causa* was the valid cause.—This is an exceedingly instructive case, and will aid the reader very much in judging of the mesmeric phenomena which we shall lay before him. The method in which the true cause of dew is determined, is usually given as an illustration of the inductive method of philosophy, and as a type of all other inductions. The above *blowing up* will serve the same purpose in reference to the new organon, which mesmerists seem to have invented for the establishment of their theories. We may mention that Professor Gregory might furnish Mr. Lewis with another theory still, to account for the blowing up feat. The African philosopher hesitated to adduce the aid of mesmerism, but the successor of Cullen and Black is more resolute, and holds that mesmerism may suspend the action of gravity; at the same time quoting cases in which the mesmerised subject remained some time suspended in the air without any support.

In giving such extracts from Professor Gregory's book as will afford a comprehensive view of mesmerism, we shall arrange the phenomena in an ascending scale. The classification of phenomena is usually based on the supposed subjective state of the patient, not in the objective phenomena which result from that susceptible state. We have, however, endeavoured in vain to discover in the work before us, anything like a logical discrimination between such different states, and we are, therefore, under the necessity of taking the character of the external phenomena as the basis of arrangement.

We commence with the phenomena of suggestion. And we give illustrations furnished by the methods both of Lewis and Darling. The following account which the Professor gives of Lewis's results, agrees substantially with the phenomena we have personally witnessed.

"Two lads, who were sent with some message to Mr. Lewis, one evening when I was with him and several other gentlemen, were tried in the same

way, and found highly susceptible. Both were stout and healthy, and about 16 or 17 years of age. They exhibited the whole train of phenomena connected with the muscular motions, and were rendered by Mr. Lewis's expressed will, or suggestion, quite unable to perform any motion, no matter what efforts they made, as, for example, to pick up any thing, or to drop any thing, to raise the hand to the head, or to take it down when laid on the head. They were so strongly attracted by him, in spite of their strongest efforts at first, that very soon these efforts of resistance changed into efforts to follow him, powerful enough to overcome those of persons who tried to hold them back, while all the time they were urged to resist, and did their utmost to resist, the tendency to move towards him. When the point of the middle finger of one was laid against the point of the middle finger of the other, so as just to touch it, and Mr. Lewis made a rapid pass over both, they could not, with their utmost exertion, separate the fingers. Nay one, being stronger than the other, dragged him across the room by no other hold, he resisting with all his might. Their sensations and perceptions were entirely under control. When they drank water, and were told that it was milk, coffee, rum, whisky, or wormwood, they tasted it as such. Nay, after drinking it as whisky, they were told that they were drunk, and in a minute or two became, in every particular, very drunk indeed. The expression of the face was perfectly that of intoxication, and they could not walk a step without staggering or falling. They were easily made, by suggestion, to fancy themselves any other persons, and acted in character. They shot, fished, swam, lectured, and exhibited every feeling suggested to them. They were as easily made to suppose a stick to be a gun, a rod, a sword, nay, a serpent; or a chair to be a tiger or a bear. From these animals they fled with extreme terror. They were made to see, hear, and feel a dreadful storm, and to creep for shelter under a table or a chair, supposed by them to be a house. From this they were soon expelled by the serpent, or by the floods rising, when they swam lustily for their lives. This was the first time that either of them had been tried; and the control exercised by Mr. Lewis over their sensations, perceptions, and emotions was perfect, although their consciousness was entire. They knew the suggested impressions to be false, but could not resist them. It was most interesting to watch closely their countenances, when an object, for example a handkerchief, was placed in the hand, and, after they felt sure of what it was, they were told it was a rat, &c. The gradual change to doubt, from doubt to certainty, and from that to disgust or anger, was inimitable, and conveyed at once, to those near enough to see it, complete convictions of their sincerity."

The next case is also illustrative of suggestion. We give it chiefly for the purpose of shewing that the results of Darling coincide very closely with those of Lewis. We beg the reader's special attention to the circumstance, that "in every one of these experiments Mr. W. was quite aware that the suggested idea was false, but found it impossible to resist the impression."

"Mr. W., an officer, met Dr. Darling at my house. Col. Gore Browne had ascertained some weeks before, that Mr. W. was susceptible, but had made no further experiments; and Dr. D. had never before spoken to him. He was found, in about two minutes, quite susceptible or impressible. His muscular motions were controlled in every possible way. He was rendered unable to raise his hands, or to let them fall; he was made unable to move one, while he could move the other; unable to sit down or to rise up; or to take hold of, or let go an object. One arm was deprived of sensation, or both arms, or the whole frame. He was made to feel a knife burning hot,

and the chair on which he sat equally so. When he started up, he was made to feel the floor so hot that he was compelled to hop about, and wished to pull off his boots, which burnt him. He was made to feel the room intolerably warm, and actually perspired with the heat; after which he was made to feel it so cold, that in a minute or two he buttoned his coat, and walked about rubbing his hands. In about five minutes his hand was really chilled, as I found, like that of a person exposed to frost. He was made to forget his own name, as well as that of Col. Gore Browne, who was present, and to imagine Col. B. a total stranger. He was compelled, for a time, to give a false answer to every question asked; and then was forced to give true answers to every question, in spite of any effort he might make to do otherwise. He was told he was on duty, at drill; and began to give the word of command, as if in the barrack-yard. He was compelled to sing and whistle, in spite of himself; to laugh immoderately, and then to feel sad, and even to weep, all in spite of his own will. He was told that a stick was a gun, and with it he shot and bagged a grouse, which he was made to see before him. He was told that the piano-forte was a horse, and after feeling and closely examining it, he specified its points and defects, and appraised its value. He tasted water precisely as was suggested to him, as lemonade, tea, or worm-wood. He was told that Dr. D.'s hand was a mirror, and in it he saw himself with a black face, as Dr. D. told him to do. He was made to look at his watch, and then convinced that it pointed to a different hour from the true one. He was then made to believe the watch to be a daguerreotype of Col. Browne, and again of a lady. Dr. D.'s empty hand became a snuff-box, from which he took a pinch, which made him sneeze violently, and this passed into a most severe cough, as if he had inhaled snuff, which sensation was not removed for about half an hour. He was made to go to sleep in one minute, and in his sleep to be deaf to the loudest sounds. He was made to see, in Dr. D.'s empty hand, a bank note for £10, to read its number, to fold it up, and put it in his pocket. And when afterwards asked, he declared he had done so, and was surprised not to find it there. He was rendered quite unable to jump over a handkerchief laid on the floor, and was compelled, according to Dr. D.'s command, and in spite of every effort, either to come down on it, or on one or other side of it, or straddling across it. In every one of these experiments, Mr. W. was quite aware that the suggested idea was false, but found it impossible to resist the impression. About fifty persons were present, including Sir David Brewster, and other men of science. On another occasion, Mr. W. exhibited many of the same as well as other proofs of impressibility, without any preliminary process whatever. Dr. D. made him take a gentleman for a lamp-post; his watch for a turnip, the chain for a string. He told him that a gentleman was insulting him, when he demanded an apology. He caused him to see the great Nassau balloon ascend from the floor of my drawing-room, &c. &c. On both occasions, the suggested idea was always instantly dissipated by the words "all's right;" and Mr. W.'s countenance then expressed confusion and shame at what he had just done or said."

We have not given any cases illustrative of sleep produced by mesmeric passes, as it is one of the phenomena most readily explained on natural principles, and as we shall afterwards examine the physiological phenomena of Dr. Esdaile, which consist chiefly in cases of sleep and anæsthesia. The following case is given, not for the purpose of illustrating simply the phenomenon of sleep, but of sleep produced by the silent will. We have sometimes been utterly amazed by observing how popular audiences treated the two cases, as if there was no great

difference between them. There is a wide gulph between the two cases—the gulph that separates the natural from the supernatural; but little account is usually taken of this. By the silent will we are to understand the power which the mesmerist professes to have of influencing an individual, however distant he may be, without any knowledge on the part of the individual of the intention to mesmerise. In any explanation that may be given of the following case, the veracity of Dr. Gregory and the lady must be fully admitted. In weighing the trustworthiness of the other important party concerned, it will be of advantage to keep in view the blowing up scene. Dr. Gregory, from his known character and position, is above all suspicion, but we must grope our way to Mr. Lewis's character by his public exhibitions.

"Mr. Lewis met a party of fifty ladies and gentlemen in my house one evening in the end of November, or beginning of December 1850. He acted on the company *en masse*, and affected several, among them a lady, a member of my family, who was susceptible, and had frequently been magnetised by others. This lady, when magnetised, loses the power of her arms, her eyes are closed, and the sensations she experiences are very marked and well known to her. Mr. Lewis, not being told how strongly she had been affected by him, did not do anything to remove the effect, and the consequence was a headache, to which she is naturally very subject. This she ascribed to her not having been demagnetised, and it continued next morning. When I saw Mr. Lewis, after my lecture, at 11 A.M., he asked me how the lady was. I mentioned the headache, as well as her idea of the cause of it. Mr. Lewis then said, 'Oh! never mind the headache, I shall think of her some time during the day, and dismiss her headache.' This I begged him to do, as I knew that such things could be done. He then left me. When I returned home, at 5 P.M., I had quite forgotten this conversation, when the lady in question recalled it by saying, as I entered the room, 'What do you think of this? I have been magnetised in your absence!' 'Indeed; by whom?' 'By nobody. I was sitting at the piano-forte, playing, at half-past three, when I felt as if strongly magnetised; my arms lost their power; I could no longer play, and had all the usual sensations. In a few minutes I was compelled to lie down on the sofa, and fell into a short magnetic sleep. When I woke, my headache was quite gone.' 'Did you mention this to any one at the time?' 'I was alone, but just as I awoke, a lady, who was here last night, called, and I told her of it, adding, that I felt sure that Mr. Lewis was magnetising me.' I then said that he had undertaken to do so, but that I did not know whether he had done it or not. In the evening I saw Mr. Lewis again, at a large party; and in the presence of Dr. W. F. Cumming, who felt much interested in the case, I asked him whether he had kept his promise about the lady's headache. He said he had. Dr. Cumming then asked him at what time, when he at once answered 'at half-past three, when I returned to my lodgings. I could not do it sooner.'

"It appears to me, that every thing was here combined to make the case a good one. It was accidental. The subject had no idea either that she was to be magnetised, nor of the time; and a lady came opportunely to attest the fact before my return, while a gentleman heard Mr. Lewis's answers to my questions and his own. I may add, that the lodgings of Mr. Lewis are in South St. Andrew Street, while my house is at 114. Prince's Street, a distance of nearly four divisions of Prince's Street, or, I should suppose, 500 or 600 yards. I may further state, that on two other occasions, Mr. Lewis affected the same lady, at the same and at a greater distance, without her knowing that he was to do so."

The next example is illustrative of phreno-magnetism. In this department the mesmerist can manufacture sentiments of piety, benevolence, humility, pride, conceit, envy, hatred, with as much ease as the operative turns out beads or buttons. By the simple material touch of the finger, an adoring Paul may be instantly transmuted into a blaspheming Paine, and *vice versa*. As far as the matter of evidence is concerned, it is worthy of notice, that mesmerism hazards its existence on the truth of phrenology in all its minute details. In the following case the falsity of phrenology implies the falsity of mesmerism.

"Mr. C., a young man, had been several times magnetised four years ago, but not since. I put him to sleep in one minute, and found him even more susceptible to the touch than A. F. The manifestations were very similar, but came out so rapidly, that it was hardly possible to be sure that the part was touched before the effect was produced. If, while Benevolence was in action, I touched Acquisitiveness, he instantaneously collared me to recover what he had given me; if Combativeness were touched, before I could remove the finger, he had struck out with his fist, and assumed a very pugnacious attitude. When I combined Benevolence and Acquisitiveness, he pulled out money and offered it, but on my attempting to take it always withdrew it, his eyes being closed, and told me he required it more himself. In short, whatever he was doing, the slightest touch, even accidental, or with the cuff of my coat, on any organ, at once arrested him, and changed his action and expression. When in the act of falling on his knees, Veneration being touched, the slightest touch on Self-Esteem sent him up like a shot, or Combativeness made him attack, in the fraction of a second, whoever happened to be before him. In short, I could play on him, exactly as on an organ, producing any expression, gesture, or action I pleased, simple or combined. There was no silent or occult sympathy with me, and my expectations or wishes had no effect in modifying the results. It was quite impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mr. C., who was besides in a deep magnetic sleep. This case, like that of A. F., could only be explained by supposing that touching the head excited to action the subjacent parts of the brain. But this case presented some other peculiarities. I could excite laughter by touching the organ of Gaiety or Mirthfulness. But I could also cause laughter by touching the angles of the mouth, when it often became very violent. In either case, I had only to touch the middle of the chin in order to change the laugh into the profoundest gravity. This fact was pointed out to me by Mr. Bruce, who had studied the case four years before. He also told me, that touching a certain part of the leg caused the young man to dance. I tried this, but probably did not touch the right spot, or touched it too strongly, for the result was a sudden and most violent kick, fortunately received by a table, and accompanied by a very angry pantomime. This I saw several times. When I placed my finger for less than a second on his left breast, he instantly sank down, as if fainting; but observing this, I placed my hand on Self-Esteem and Firmness, when he instantly rose into a posture of defiance. I am convinced that I could have caused him to faint entirely in a few seconds; nay, I think, in that state, death might be produced by keeping the hand over the heart. The effect of touching certain parts of the body, no doubt depends on their previous connection with the brain."

We now come to cases of clairvoyance. This is a term of large significance. It applies to phenomena widely different in their nature. If the phenomena be classified on the basis of the objects perceived, then the most natural arrangement will be, to regard the objects as they exist

in the present, the past, or the future time. Clairvoyance proper refers to the perception of objects contemporaneous with the observer. When the objects are in the past, the term is *retrovision*, and *prevision* applies to objects and events in the future. Clairvoyance implies a new sense and new medium of vision. The limitations of ordinary vision do not apply to this new sense. The meameric subject can see objects in the dark as well as in the light. No intervening obstacles can intercept the emanation that proceeds from the object to the perceiving organ. Consequently the clairvoyant can literally see through a mill-stone, or even through the diameter of the earth. Distance is of no account, and the inhabitants of remote planets can be as distinctly perceived as those of our own globe. There is considerable doubt as to where the seat of this sense is. The impressions reach the brain, where the perception properly takes place. But then there is a difference of opinion as to the inlet by which Od, the emanation in question, is admitted. Some hold that the seat is in the crown of the head, others that it is in the pit of the stomach, and a few that Od enters through the great toe. Perhaps the most plausible theory is, that the body acts as a sponge to drink in the universal Od.—We shall first take cases of clairvoyance proper. The hero of the blowing up scene again figures before us, and as we are thrown entirely upon his trustworthiness, it is right that that scene should not be forgotten.

“We have seen that Mr. Lewis possesses, at times, the power of conscious clairvoyance, by simple concentration of thought. He finds that gazing into a crystal produces the state of waking clairvoyance in him much sooner and more easily. On one occasion, being in a house in Edinburgh, with a party, he looked into a crystal, and saw in it the inhabitants of another house, at a considerable distance. Along with them, he saw two gentlemen, entire strangers to him. These he described to the company. He then proceeded to the other house, and there found the two gentlemen he had described.

“On another occasion, he was asked to see a house and family, quite unknown to him, in Sloane Street, Chelsea, he being in a house in Edinburgh, with a party. He saw in the crystal the family in London, described the house, and also an old gentleman, very ill or dying, and wearing a peculiar cap. All was found to be correct, and the cap was one which had been lately sent to the old gentleman. On the same occasion, Mr. Lewis told a gentleman present, that he had lost or mislaid a key, of a very particular shape which he, Mr. L., saw in the crystal. This was confirmed by the gentleman, a total stranger to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis is distinctly of opinion, that the crystal is only a means of producing conscious clairvoyance, by gazing at it; and from what I have seen, such is my own opinion. But it is quite possible, that, besides the gazing, the magnetic or odylie influence of the crystal, or rather glass, may assist in producing the effect. Mr. Lewis has frequently been so kind as to look into crystals for me; and although this has chiefly been done in reference to persons and things at a distance, and in cases in which what he saw cannot yet be verified, I am convinced that he saw what he described to me. Whether the things he saw in these cases were only dreams, or whether his visions were of actual facts, is another point, which after a time I may be enabled to ascertain. But I may here state, that a very large crystal globe, belonging to myself, had in a short time so strong an effect on him, as nearly to throw him into magnetic sleep, while a much smaller one had no such effect. This seems to indicate that the odylie influence of the crystal may assist in producing the effect.”

"Major Buckley caused a lady to look into a bottle of magnetised water, who had been found to be rendered consciously clairvoyant by looking into a crystal. She saw an alligator in the water.

"A lady of rank caused a clairvoyant to look into a bottle of magnetised water, when she let the bottle fall from fright, declaring that she saw a serpent in it.

"Miss G., a very intelligent young lady, was magnetised by Mr. Lewis, and became clairvoyante at the second trial. In this state she went to see some near relations in India, whom she found in a camp, and mentioned some details which cannot yet be verified. Mr. Lewis, while she was asleep, told her that he would magnetise her next day from a distance at one P.M., and that she must then go to sleep, and see him wherever he might be, so as to tell what he was doing. When awoke, she had not the slightest recollection of anything that had passed in her sleep, and she was not told of what Mr. Lewis had said. Next day, at one o'clock, while occupied in writing, she fell asleep, and after a time answered the questions of a gentleman, who watched the experiment, and from whom I have the details. She soon saw Mr. Lewis in a room, the furniture of which she described, and she also said he was writing at one time, but afterwards walked about the room gesticulating strangely, and making ludicrous grimaces. Everything she saw was correct, except that she took a travelling-desk for a large book, but could not say what book it was. Mr. Lewis was then in Dundee, the lady in Stirling. He was in the room she described, and made gesticulations and grimaces after he thought she must be asleep, with the wish that she should repeat these gestures, which however she did not do. But at that distance, she saw his gestures, and had been already put to sleep, whether by his direct influence at the time, or in consequence of the command given in the sleep the day before, of which in her waking state she knew nothing. And this was only the third time she had been magnetised."

"On this occasion, J. D. became only accidentally clairvoyant, and was not very highly lucid, but on other occasions Mr. Lewis found him to possess a rare degree of lucidity. At Mr. L.'s request, he once mentally visited St. John's, New Brunswick, told Mr. L. that his mother, of whom he, Mr. L., had not heard for years, was alive, and in that place. Also, that on a certain day Mr. Lewis would receive a letter from that quarter, on business of importance, which was now on the way; that it was written by an agent or executor who was then ill; that the mother of Mr. L. would also soon receive a letter Mr. L. had written; and he added private information of much importance to Mr. Lewis. The whole proved quite correct. Mr. L. received the letter announced, from an agent, whose illness and death was mentioned in a later communication. Mr. L.'s mother proved to be living there, and she also received the last letter he had written, without a knowledge of her being alive, or of her address. I have since heard of various other instances of J. D.'s great lucidity."

In the following case there is allusion made to thought-reading, as if it were an inferior accomplishment to direct clairvoyance; but the former, to our mind, is even more wonderful than the latter. The usual explanation is, that the clairvoyant sees through the skull, penetrates into the minutest texture of the brain, and there detects the actual secretion of the thoughts and ideas. We doubt much if this lessens the wonder. In the account of the case, there is a revelation made of a practice, which we cannot allow to pass without marking our severest reprobation. We hope it is otherwise; but Professor Gregory's language would lead us to suppose that Dr. Schmitz allows the children committed

to his care by fond and confiding parents, to practise mesmerism on one another. Dr. Schmitz is no doubt partial to a science originally imported from his dreamy fatherland, but we can assure him, that in this country the almost universal opinion of those who are capable of judging of the matter is, that whether mesmerism be true or false, such practices lead inevitably to partial derangement of the faculties, or permanent imbecility.

"At the house of Dr. Schmitz, Rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy, of about nine years of age, put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetiser, whom alone he heard, to visit, mentally, my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood, at that moment, glasses, and an apparatus for preparing soda water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr. Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr. S. took with him his son, and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr. S.'s son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr. S. stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr. S., declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr. S. was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes, and when Dr. S. returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here, thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr. S. was to do, nor indeed had Dr. S. himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am therefore perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it, appears to me a great deal more wonderful; besides, his manner was entirely that of one describing what he saw. I regret much that I was unable to pursue further the investigation of this case, which would, no doubt, have presented many interesting phenomena. I have mentioned it as a recent one, and because Dr. Schmitz and others saw the facts, and can attest them."

We have spoken in terms of censure of Dr. Schmitz's conduct in allowing the children placed under his roof to indulge in mesmeric practices; but we now proceed to give a case worthy of still more severe animadversion. We are sure that there can be but one opinion in all right-

thinking minds, as to the unbecoming and indelicate practices of the Rev. Mr. Gilmour. When we consider the relation in which the parties stood—the one a minister of the gospel, and the other his own servant, a girl of the tender age of eighteen, it must be at once felt that a great insensibility to all the moral proprieties was evinced. We deeply deplore the fact, that a minister of the gospel, in the name of a *quasi* scientific inquiry, should countenance practices which plainly have a tendency to produce the worst results. If there must be research on the subject, surely it can be conducted in such a way as not to bring scandal both on religion and science. Mr. Gilmour is evidently conscious that he must incur blame, and he anticipates our objections; but his argument will not serve his purpose. He surely must know that, according to the acknowledged principles of mesmerism, all moral restraint is lost, so that the subject is completely at the mercy of the mesmeriser. All the phenomena of Lewis and Darling, on whatever principle we explain them, shew that the body of the patient is the mere instrument of the will of the operator. The town of Watt and Galt seems resolved to achieve for itself a peculiar notoriety in the field of science. Another minister of Greenock, some time ago, came forth before the world as a candidate for fame, by doubting the rotation of the moon, and shewing that Newton and Laplace were entirely in the wrong. It was by scepticism that he hoped to gain immortality; but Mr. Gilmour has chosen the opposite pole of credulity, to attract the attention of the world. It is only surprising that these antagonistic polarities were found combined merely in one town instead of the same individual,—a combination by no means uncommon in the history of mesmerism. We must now proceed to give as much of Mr. Gilmour's letter as our space will afford.

“MY DEAR DR. GREGORY,—I had read a good deal about Animal Magnetism in the spring of 1843, but I had never seen any person under its influence. The Rev. Mr. Townsend's works were my text-book upon the subject. The whole seemed to me to be a mystery; yet I felt that I was not warranted in rejecting the testimony of upright and honourable men, merely because I could not understand the subject in question.

“I resolved to make experiments for myself, following the directions of the Rev. Mr. Townsend. I asked one of my servants, V. R., May 27, 1843, if she was willing to be mesmerised; she consented. Her temperament is nervous, bilious, dark hair and eyes, pulse 80 and small, age 18, person thin and spare. I gazed steadily for about seven minutes upon the pupil of her right eye, directing her to look fixedly into mine. This I continued to do for about fourteen minutes, and was about to give it up, when she told me that she felt very strangely. I should have mentioned that she had never heard of mesmerism before this. On getting the hint that she felt very strangely, I persevered for ten minutes longer, when her eyes gently closed, and she was fast asleep.

“She appeared to be agitated; her hands and arms moved as if under the influence of irregular nervous twitches. Her head kept up a kind of rocking motion, and on being asked how she felt, answered, ‘Very funny.’ I made a few reverse passes, when she said, that she felt very happy. I kept her in this state for about forty-five minutes. I tried to affect her phrenological developments, but could not. I tickled her nose and upper

lips with a feather, but she was quite insensible to it. I also tried to render the arm cataleptic, but could not. I then demesmerised her, when she knew nothing of all that had taken place. I tried her with the feather, but she shrunk from the slightest touch. This was my first successful trial.

"After this I mesmerised her every night. She became more and more susceptible, and my power seemed to increase in proportion as it was exercised. At last I could throw her into the mesmeric sleep in 40 seconds. She is able to tell what I taste, such as soda, salt, sugar, milk, water, &c., though not in the same room with me. When my foot is pricked, or my hair pulled, or any part of my person pinched, she feels it, and describes it unerringly.

"August 7th.—I found her in a state of clairvoyance. She went to my mother's on being requested; described her cottage, her personal appearance, and her dress, with perfect accuracy.

"When in this state, I went into different rooms, leaving her in my study; and forming a strong wish that she should rise and come to me, she invariably did so. I also went into the garden, and on wishing her to come to me, she instantly did so, always proceeding in a direct line, slowly, but accurately. I observed that, as she came to me on such occasions, her two hands were slightly extended, and when they touched mine, it was with a sudden, slightly jerking motion, the same as when a needle touches the magnet.

..... "These, My Dear Dr. Gregory, are only a few of the many strange and startling statements which I could make on this subject. I cannot comprehend the *modus operandi* of clairvoyance; but neither can I deny the evidence of my own senses; nor can I question the veracity of hundreds of upright and honourable men, who are far too clear-sighted to be imposed upon themselves, and much too honest to try and deceive others. Moreover, every thing around me is a mystery, not opposed to reason, but far above all human comprehension. I cannot explain how I speak, or hear, or see; and yet I am compelled to admit the fact. Neither can I understand how a clairvoyante can tell me what is going on in any part of my house, or in any other house; and yet I know that this has been done hundreds of times, and with most startling accuracy. I cannot tell how it is that the clairvoyante obeys all my volitions; but still I am compelled to admit that this is true. Many honest and upright men object to mesmerism, upon the principle that young women, when mesmerised, may be easily corrupted by unprincipled men. I am destitute of experience on this point, but express my firm conviction that it is an error. The young person that may be corrupted in this state, may be corrupted in any state; but the virtuous and pure will neither indulge in an irregular thought, nor submit to an improper proposal, when mesmerised. Impure minds will indulge in impure actions in any state.—I am, my Dear Dr. Gregory, with every sentiment of respect and affection, yours faithfully,

"AND. GILMOUR."

"MARTHABRAE COTTAGE, GREENOCK, 21st January 1851."

Major Buckley is one of the most distinguished ornaments of the science at the present day. He is constantly quoted as a high authority, and as being distinguished by much philosophic caution in his researches. The science has already so many ramifications, that each cultivator, to make any advances, must restrict himself to a very small corner of the field of inquiry. The department which the gallant gentleman has selected as his own peculiar field, is the reading of mottoes enclosed in confections. A very common way of testing the clairvoyant's power,

consists in putting a slip of paper with a written motto in the inmost of a nest of boxes—the nest being composed of, say, a half-dozen apothecary's pill boxes, the one enclosed within the other. Major Buckley has, however, improved on this. He decidedly prefers mottoes enclosed in sugar plums or nuts, and the cook-shop is thus elevated to the rank of a scientific laboratory. He keeps a record of all his observations, which amount to many thousand cases. We should suppose that by this time he will have consumed a ton of sugar plums on the altar of science. The following case may be taken as a fair type of the whole.

"We have already seen that Major Buckley often produces waking or conscious clairvoyance, but he is also very successful in producing clairvoyance in the magnetic sleep. The following case is extracted from a letter to me from Major B. A lady, who, after having been rendered clairvoyant in the sleep, could be rendered consciously clairvoyante, was found in the sleep to be able to read mottoes, &c., not in Major B.'s possession, and at a considerable distance. Another lady, having placed within a box in her own drawing-room a motto, requested Major B. to ask the clairvoyante to read it. This, while asleep, she did, she being in her own house, the motto in that of the lady, and the lady herself not being present. The motto was quite unknown to Major B. He then asked the clairvoyante to look into a shop of which he had heard, where mottoes were sold in nuts, but which neither he nor his subject had ever entered, and to tell him if she could perceive any new mottoes among those in the shop. She said she saw some new ones. 'Many?' 'No, only about three in an ounce of nuts.' 'Are you quite sure they are new?' 'Quite. I see the one I have just read in the lady's house.' 'Were I,' said Major B., 'to buy an ounce there, should I have any new ones?' 'Yes, the one just mentioned would be among them.' 'Will this happen, if I purchase one ounce only?' 'Yes. Mark them all before you bring them to me.' Major B. left her asleep, went to the shop, purchased one ounce, eighteen nuts, marked them all with a file, and brought them to her. She instantly pointed to one, and directed him to open it. It contained the same words he had just before written down, and only two of the others contained new mottoes. Next day, Major B. called on that other lady, and saw the same motto taken from the box in which it had been put."

One great secret of the popularity of mesmerism is, that it allows one the luxury of a belief in ghosts and witchcraft, without being laughed at, at least by the disciples of Mesmer. There is in many minds a secret yearning after the simple faith of the nursery in fairy tales. The mesmerist meets this demand by dignifying the subject with a scientific theory. Under cover, then, of the name of science, the secret superstition of the heart is abundantly gratified. The mesmeric theory must not be confounded with the natural theory, such as that in Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, by which the objective reality is explained away altogether. In the former, the personages riding on broom-sticks and stalking in winding-sheets are real beings. It must, however, be remarked, that the mesmeric theory is much more supernatural than that of our believing forefathers. The theory of Glanvill and More is far more philosophical, far more in accordance with the known constitution of nature, than that of Reichenbach and Gregory. The following are illustrations of the beliefs of the nineteenth century:—

"The following case, which was mentioned to me by Sir David Brewster as well attested, is of a similar nature. I do not remember the names of the parties, but I believe the case has been published. A nobleman one day went to hear a very distinguished Professor of Philosophy lecture in Berlin. During the lecture, which turned on apparitions, he observed the Professor to be much agitated, and after it was over, he mentioned this to the Professor, and begged for an explanation. This he gave, observing that the subject was one on which he could not dwell without deep emotion. It appeared that he had once been appointed to a living in East Prussia, where his predecessor was a priest, generally respected. The first time he slept there he saw, as he awoke in the morning, the figure of a priest cross the room, leading two children by the hand, and disappear behind the stove. If I remember rightly, he recognised the priest he saw to be the late incumbent, from a portrait in the room. Having discovered it was a vision he had seen, he made some inquiries, and was informed that two children, supposed to be natural children of the late incumbent, and who lived with him, had disappeared. For some time nothing more was discovered; but when it became necessary to light a fire in the stove behind which the figures had vanished, a most offensive smell was observed to proceed from the fire, which would not burn properly, and, on examination and taking down the wall of the stove, the remains of two children were found concealed in it.

"I shall mention another case, kindly communicated to me by Sir David Brewster. It is that of the 'Tower Ghost.' Unlike the two preceding cases, the origin of it is quite obscure:—

"At the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the guards at the Tower were doubled, and Col. S., the keeper of the Regalia, was quartered there with his family. Towards twilight one evening, and before dark, he, his wife, son, and daughter, were sitting, listening to the sentinels, who were singing and answering one another, on the beats above and below them. The evening was sultry, and the door stood ajar, when something suddenly rolled in through the open space. Col. S. at first thought it was a cloud of smoke, but it assumed the shape of a pyramid of dark thick gray, with something working towards its centre. Mrs. S. saw a form: Miss S. felt an indescribable sensation of chill and horror. The son sat at the window, staring at the terrified and agitated party, but saw nothing. Mrs. S. threw her head down upon her arms on the table, and screamed out, 'Oh! Christ! it has seized upon me!' The Colonel took a chair, and hurled it at the phantom, through which it passed. The cloud seemed to him to revolve round the room, and then disappear, as it came, through the door. He had scarcely risen from his chair to follow, when he heard a loud shriek and heavy fall at the bottom of the stair. He stopped to listen, and in a few minutes the guard came up and challenged the poor sentry, who had been so lately singing, but who now lay at the entrance in a swoon. The sergeant shook him rudely, declared he was asleep on his post, and put him under arrest. Next day, the soldier was brought to a court-martial, when Col. S. appeared on his behalf, to testify that he could not have been asleep, for that he had been singing, and the Colonel's family had been listening, ten minutes before. The man declared that, while walking towards the stair entrance, a dreadful figure had issued from the doorway, which he took at first for an escaped bear, on its hind legs. It passed him, and scowled upon him with a human face, and the expression of a demon, disappearing over the Barbican. He was so frightened, that he became giddy, and knew no more. His story of course was not believed by his judges, but he was believed to have had an attack of vertigo, and was acquitted and released on Col. S.'s evidence. That evening, Col. S. went to congratulate the man; but he was so changed that he did not know him. From a glow of rude

health in his handsome face, he had become of the colour of bad paste. Col. S. said to him, 'Why do you look so dejected, my lad? I think I have done you a great favour in getting you off; and I would advise you in future to continue your habit of singing.' 'Colonel,' he replied, 'you have saved my character, and I thank you; but as for any thing else, it little signifies. From the moment I saw that demon, I felt I was a dead man.' He never recovered his spirits, and died next day, forty-eight hours after he had seen the spectre. Col. S. had conversed with the serjeant about it, who quietly remarked, 'It was a bad job, but he was only a recruit, and must get used to it, like the rest.' 'What!' said Col. S., 'have you heard of others seeing the same?' 'Oh, yes,' answered the serjeant, 'there are many queer, unaccountable things seen here, I assure you, and many of our recruits faint a time or two, but they get used to it, and it don't hurt them.' Mrs. S. never got used to it. She remained in a state of dejection for six weeks, and then died. Col. S. was long in recovering from the impression, and was reluctant to speak of it; but he said he would never deny the thing he had seen."

"The next case is one widely known, but interesting, from the fact that the vision was seen by many persons. At a mess-table in America, the whole of the officers present saw the door open, and a figure pass through the room to an inner room. It was that of an absent comrade. As the figure did not reappear, and there was no other issue from the inner room, the company, surprised, looked into the inner room, and found it empty. It appeared that the person seen died, or was killed, at the same time. Here it is very remarkable, that the sympathy to which we must, in all probability, ascribe the vision, affected so many persons. But the most striking fact was, that one officer, who had never seen the absent man, saw the figure. Some years afterwards this officer (a very distinguished one), being in the streets of London, along with another who had also been present when the figure was seen, exclaimed, on seeing a gentleman, 'There is the man whose figure I saw!' 'No,' replied his friend, 'it is not he, but his twin-brother.' So that the officer, who had never seen the dead man, except in the vision, recognised his brother by his strong likeness to the figure he had seen."

"A lady saw, in a spontaneous vision or dream, a hand taking a brooch from her desk, where she had shortly placed it before. She saw the hand so plainly, that she could have pointed it out among a hundred, and recognised it as the hand of one of her servants. When morning came, the desk was examined, and the brooch was gone. As it was not ascertained, in this case, by whom it had been taken, we have not the full proof of the accuracy of the vision; but it is nevertheless interesting. The same lady exhibited many remarkable phenomena; but was not found to be clairvoyant in the magnetic sleep. On one occasion, she fell into a state of trance, resembling death, and was supposed to be dead; but, as happens in many similar cases, she was conscious, and quite aware of what was passing, without the power of making the slightest movement, or of uttering a sound. For this case I am indebted to Mr. Atkinson."

We have now given a sufficient number of cases to furnish an adequate idea of clairvoyance proper—that is, clairvoyance when the objects perceived are co-existent in time with the perceiving mind. The other two higher forms are retrovision and prevision. By retrovision the clairvoyant can look back upon the past history of the world, and actually see the events of history enacted before him as on a stage. Professor Gregory thinks that this gift will lessen the labours of the historian very much. What a saving of time and trouble to Niebuhr would this gift

have been ! Instead of spending a lifetime in exploring musty records and deciphering old inscriptions, he would have had nothing more to do than, in his study, manipulate a clairvoyant, and thus have the very facts, not the obscure records of them, brought distinctly before him. Professor Gregory gives a case, in which the history of Mary Queen of Scots is thus traced, but it is too long for extract.

Prevision is the highest form of clairvoyance. By this gift the clairvoyant can perceive objects as present which are yet to be summoned into existence. There are some acknowledged difficulties on this subject. How can future contingent events be foreseen, if Od is a physical power, instead of a spiritual personage ? On this subject, however, we are warned to put no questions, for a philosophical silence will be maintained. The following cases of prevision or prophecy, given by Dr. Gregory, are decidedly poor. He sometime ago gave, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a good number of German fulfilled prophecies ; but we could match them with scores of far more wonderful cases from Scottish tradition. Peden's prophecies, still floating in the west of Scotland, have far more remarkable features ; but we are sure that not a dozen intelligent Covenanters would be found at the present day, who would not be ashamed to believe in them.

"Major Buckley, twenty-three years ago, before he had heard of Animal Magnetism, was on the voyage between England and India, when one day a lady remarked that they had not seen a sail for many days. He replied, that they would see one next day at noon, on the starboard bow. Being asked by the officers in the ship how he knew, he could only say that he saw it, and that it would happen. When the time came, the captain jested him on his prediction, when at that moment, a man who had been sent aloft half an hour before, in consequence of the prophecy, sung out, 'A sail !' 'Where ?' 'On the starboard bow.'—I consider this case interesting, because it tends to show a relation between magnetic power, which Major Buckley possesses in an eminent degree, and susceptibility to the magnetic or other influences concerned. The same combination is found in Mr. Lewis."

"A young lady in London, being magnetised, saw her family in the country, described their occupation, and added that her little brother had got the measles. Being asked if her little sister had not also got the measles, she said, 'No, but she will have them on Wednesday. Oh ! my elder sister will have them too, but not until the Wednesday following.' All this proved correct.

"A lady from Canada, who was present, asked the clairvoyante to go to Quebec. She declined then, but when next magnetised, did so, and correctly described the house and its inmates, that she desired to see. She then said the lady would be able to read in nuts while awake, but not on that day, and that she herself would do so first. She was right in both predictions."

"A clairvoyante told Major B., that if he would magnetise a certain lady, who had never been tried, by making three passes around her head, the lady would be able to read three words, enclosed in boxes. The lady did sleep after the third pass, and read only three words, although there were four on the slip of paper enclosed in the boxes."

We shall reserve for our next Number, the explanation, on natural principles, of the above wonderful phenomena.

(To be continued.)

THE INTERCESSOR.

WE imagine that there is somewhat of a general difference in the respective characters of Abraham and Jacob, and that a deficiency of magnanimity and disinterestedness lies with the smooth grandson. In Abraham there is the absence of a selfishness which was rather prominent in Jacob; who—whether engaged in business or devotion—attends closely, if not chiefly, to *his own good*, his very prayers being distinguished by the same narrowness as his worldly transactions. The one bids his nephew choose, out of the whole land—right or left—a settlement; the other steals from a brother his birthright. Whilst we have Jacob wrestling for the blessing of God upon *himself*, under circumstances which shut him up to the craving of divine guardianship,—Abraham, at a time when, in the outpouring of glorious promises to himself and his seed, he might have thought little and lightly of the abandoned heathen who were under the opening seal of vengeance,—yea, even on the very day when he had been gladdened, as never age or youth was before, by a distinct confirmation of the mysterious hopes which grew out of the covenant made with him by Jehovah, stands boldly before the Lord, all unsatisfied, again and again, with closer and closer questions and appeals, pleading in behalf of a race alien to himself as to God, guilty, and about to be overtaken with most signal destruction.

All who take Jacob as an example and encouragement in earnest supplication for themselves, should follow Abraham in importunate intercession for others. The Patriarch is like the Mediator,—his descendant according to the flesh—who, when the cloud of eternal doom—where lurked fire deadlier than rained on Sodom—hung menacing a sinful world, though he enjoyed infinite delights with his Father, bowed his crowned head to the very dust of the footstool, and died, the just for the unjust. And yet,—when on his work is inscribed “It is finished,”—and yet, when he is invested with new glory, he stands before the Lord, our unwearied Advocate!

Three messengers, one of whom—as appears clearly from the narrative in the book of Genesis—was God in human likeness, visited Abraham in his tent, and announced the speedy fulfilment of the promise, concerning a son, from whom, at a distant part of the line, the Redeemer of the world should spring. Overjoyed, he accompanies them, on their departure, a little way. Jehovah is represented as resolving to unfold to his servant his purpose of going straight to Sodom as judge of its crying iniquity; and Abraham is accordingly informed of the coming doom of the city, whose inhabitants were forgetful of the deluge which swept away those of the old world, and confident of impunity—as if the rainbow, which often appeared over their well-watered plains, was the token of divine carelessness, and the pledge that all means of punishment, fire as well as water, had been laid aside and proscribed. The messengers are taking their leave, and proceeding to Sodom; but the Patriarch, startled at their mission, and sore disquieted at the consuming anger of

Heaven—as if he had that day been enraptured with no grand tidings—placed himself before one of the messengers, (before the Lord,) to prevent, with all the energy of faithful prayer, the steps of the Almighty.

Might not the *promise* have altogether absorbed his interest and thoughts? His eye, strained in hope, yet dim with joy—as it gazed on the glories and possessions of his race through all ages, when nations should call him blessed, might, surely, have been blind to that portentous darkness that was gathering, and had now flashed forth the divine words of wrath over a heathen district. His ear, listening to the fortunes of an offspring that should include, with all the faithful, “the Author and the Finisher of our faith,” might have been deaf to the distant thunder beginning to rage against strangers and unbelievers. Nay, if these fearful signs against the ungodly could force themselves upon his mind engrossed with the promises, might they not have appeared, like preparations for securing the blessings of the chosen race, and therefore welcome?

Abraham “stood yet before the Lord,” not to obtain farther disclosures of good to himself, but to cry out against the evil which threatened others. Brave in faith, the old man urges his plea; and, whilst afraid lest he should incur divine displeasure, is strangely importunate until he receives the declaration, that if there were ten righteous persons in Sodom, that licentious city would be spared. The severity of Jehovah’s countenance, however, indicated that this was no practical or available concession, since even that small number could not be found. Could Abraham plead farther? Dared he ask more? He is dumb, yet, unwilling to resign his plea, though unable to show why it should be sustained, he stands before the Lord, who, to forbid another word of useless intercession, and to put an end to all beseeching glances, left off communing, and (tremble, O guilty! when your full cup of iniquity overbalances earnest prayers!) bent his course to Sodom.

The patriarch would return, his mind possessed with the joy and the sadness of which that one day had been the prophet. In his tent, would not the conversation be of judgment as well as of mercy? Hitherto the accomplishment of God’s promises and threatenings had been long delayed, and faith had become timid, and guilt daring. Abraham was old, and still childless. Sodom was at the height of iniquity, yet standing. This day has God announced that he will soon vindicate himself. He is about to visit Abraham, and his steps are close upon Sodom. Is it not a noble spectacle—Abraham breaking off his raptures over his own bright prospects, and interceding urgently for Sodom!

God is about to make on behalf of his people rich displays of saving power. The glorious things spoken of Zion are shortly to be fulfilled; and her redemption from the dragon, from the world, from her own fears and tremblings, draweth nigh. Lifting up her head from oppression and self-abasement, she shall walk over her inheritance, which, ages ago, was redeemed by the blood of her kinsman Jesus. The righteous, who shall then be exalted and established, may rejoice; and, like the parents of Isaac, “laugh” over the good tidings, not in doubt, but in ecstasy. But they should know, that along with their own deliverance, there will

be a reckoning with the wicked, who have long been stretching to the very uttermost divine forbearance, and sporting with the God who is slow to anger. Judgment will make quick and fearful work on the earth, and whilst the righteous are being shut up in a safe hiding-place, the wicked are becoming more open and exposed to the storm; and when all again is hushed, the former shall come forth to a bright sky and a clean swept earth—an earth, free from the ungodly, full of gladness for their coming safety and glory. Saints should think with sorrow on the fate of sinners; and should, like Abraham, stand before the Lord on their behalf, pleading that he would spare and save for his own name's sake.

It will be profitable to discuss the much neglected duty of intercessory prayer, with its scriptural limits.

Ever ourselves in need of help, were we in the most literal sense ever to pray—to “pray without ceasing,”—it would not be a season too frequent. Our position of continual dependence warrants the constant posture of supplication. Who that knows his moral and spiritual weakness in the hour of trial (and all his hours here are such), who that estimates the sin and hazard of backsliding, and who that rises to the high aim of following on to perfection, thinks it possible to approach God too often, and to remain too long? With eyes open to his state, his lips could not be closed in petition. He would feel that there are other emergencies crowded with temptations than those manifested by the morning light, when his intercourse with human nature is renewed, or than those shrouding themselves in the evening darkness, when he is about to trust himself to the deceits of sleep. Any moment, every moment, is armed to crush him, if he takes any other attitude than that of prayer. Through the difficult passage of life, by reason of its overhanging dangers, he must advance on his knees, until, erect beyond fear, and happy beyond caution, having emerged from concealed temptations, he stands in heaven singing his hallelujahs, instead of sighing out his petitions. The saint's ambition should be, not merely that stated times should find him at the throne of grace, but that his life, however long, should be a prayer without ceasing; a perpetual confession of sin, of weakness and of wretchedness, a constant cry for forgiveness, for strength and for comfort, an unbroken confidence in the divine goodness, and a faith that never quits the perfect righteousness of the Saviour. Thus his moments will be counted on the pulse of his devotions, and when, with his dying voice, he shall give the solemn AMEN to his one prayer, the life to come will be unending praise, for he who taught his disciples on earth to pray, will in heaven prompt them to sing.

Still, though prayer for ourselves may well occupy all our time here, it is our duty—and the performance of it will guard us against selfishness—on looking abroad upon the evils, dangers, and miseries of society, to intercede for our fellow-men urgently as for ourselves. Noble is the sight of one mortal wrestling for another. There he stands, not, indeed, in sacrificial robes or with an offering, but on his breast-plate are inscribed names more conspicuously seen than his own. He ceases to be a person; he is a voice crying; a frame struggling; a power working for others.

As if he were *their* spirit, he appears with their cause in the divine presence. Repulses bring him nearer ; unfavourable answers furnish him with new petitions ; the command of Deity, " Let me depart, for the day breaketh," gives strength to the resolution, " I will not let thee go, unless the blessing be granted," and day and night, and night and day, do not weary him in his intercession.

Thus, when Sodom's guilt was near its recompence, Abraham stood before the Lord, and fervently sought that the sentence should be reversed. Well-stricken in years as he was, and approaching the confines of the " land afar off," his sympathies were around earth and men, however wicked. Thus Moses interceded for Israel on the mount of the law, urging God's forgiveness for their sins, even though the punishment of their sins should fall upon himself, and the vengeance they so fully merited should blot his own name out of the Book.

The primitive Christian, separated from human intercourse, lived in the raptures of divine. Then there was the hush of every fear, the soothing of every pain ; yet when thoughts of the conditions and prospects of his unconverted kindred arose, there was a trembling of the hands that were held up so firmly, and a throbbing of the heart that had rested so confidently. The idea of an eternal separation quickened anguish ; and the assurance that Christianity was a sword against the nearest ties here and hereafter, came like a personal sentence. And what was to be done ? Were the worshippers of strange gods to be mentioned before Jehovah ; nay, more, to be recommended to his richest grace ? Within the sanctuary, around the divine throne, were the profane, the unbelieving, and the persecuting to be dragged ? Such questions might for a time perplex him, until he learned that he was not only free, but bound, to wrestle with the Almighty for the conversion of the most abandoned, and that even the name of the accursed Nero was no unmentionable word in a petition to the Holy One. " I exhort," said the apostle, " that intercessions be made for all men."

With groanings and tears, that Christian would then give utterance to his heart's desire, that his relations and fellow-men should be saved. Nor was it only as a relief from anguish and an outlet for sorrow, but as a power to move grace. The metal, taken from the earth, may have little influence in itself over any substance on the surface around ; but its attraction is felt at great distances upwards, and can bring down from the clouds their fire : So prayer, however useless all its earnestness when directed towards the human race, falling upon hearts as upon rocks, can call down from heaven resistless agency, and set Omnipotence into ceaseless motion.

The same truth applies to, and the like duty lies upon, all Christians. They are not to subdue a wish for others' welfare. The religion of Jesus has not broken up the relationship of brotherhood between man and man ; it has given us—in the person of its Author—a new, though an elder brother. We have obtained infinitely more pressing motives to obey, infinitely greater obligations. The powers of the world to come, have not imprisoned an impulse kindly to humanity. In one sense, they have slain the Christian to the world, to its vanities, and to its madness ; but

they have quickened his sense of the responsibility resting upon him to enlighten the world to its highest interests ; and whilst they have awakened the finest sensibilities to feel, for others, the surrounding misery, they have also given birth to vehement desires and unwearying labour for an entire amelioration. Within former wishes there is fostered a yearning, tender, yet strong enough not to faint or die at a cold repulse. Previous exertions gain a superhuman zeal ; and philanthropy was but the infant strength and the yesterday beauty—nay, it was but the forecast shadow of Christianity to come in divine perfection. New sympathies are deepened in their channel and widened in their course, yet also made clearer and more flowing. What were the accessions they received—when **JESUS WEPT** !

Christianity, therefore, gives us new love to our race, fresh strength to work in their behalf, and converts our occasional wishes for their good into an earnest intercession with God. Its apostle, heir to the prejudices of the Pharisee, yet when the Spirit of Jesus took possession of him, felt narrowness of affection expanding without losing strength, and embracing the Gentiles without forsaking the Jews ; so that whilst his inspired exhortation is to pray for all, he still avows that, for the sake of his Hebrew kinsmen, he could be accursed. He looked upon Christ's death as an **INTERCESSORY PRAYER**—earnest and agonized—for the world. And so it was. Not words, not thoughts, not wishes, but **HIMSELF**, he laid on the altar. His outstretched arms on the cross—how solemn the attitude, and how expressive of intensest devotion ! What a strange interruption, when, the thought occurring that the throne of grace was empty, and the hearer of prayer absent, he exclaimed from out of this dreariest solitude, “ My God, my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ? ” “ It is finished,”—how sublime the Amen !

We cannot raise ourselves to offer meritorious intercessions ; but let our prayers plead for all men. There are, surely, objects enough for supplication,—griefs weighing down our fellow-men, which may well require strong intercessions,—necessities widely prevalent, to justify an application to Him who has all fulness. Is there not guilt enough in the world to call down Heaven's punishment ; and is not that punishment severe enough to warrant fervent prayer that sin and punishment may both be turned away ? Is not the spiritual state of the world an irresistible motive to appeal to God ? Surely, every moment, there are souls more than enough passing from an unimproved probation to a fixed fate, under the cloud of a more awful doom than wrapped Sodom in ruins, to incline us to besiege the mercy-seat, and to give Jehovah no rest, until he put forth his saving hand to those fire-brands. Is not such a moral night as broods over our world the special season for prayer ? And, as if sinners were ourselves, our pleading must be urgent. The cry, “ Help *them*—*they* perish,” must proceed from the depths of the soul, as energetically as if, sinking ourselves into perdition, and feeling the darkness gathering around us, we exclaimed, “ Help *us*—*we* perish.”

Is this earnestness the characteristic of our intercessions generally ? We give a test. Our public prayers are full of intercession. The heathen, the poor, the miserable, and the dying, in short, *all* are remem-

bered. There is no selfishness displayed, for we chiefly recommend others to God. In *secret* prayer, however, what is the fact? When we are alone, away from the multitude, and away from a select few, do we not, like Jacob, wrestle only for our personal and family interests? Short are the petitions then presented for others. Does not this testify that our intercessions, in the mass, are mere words and ideas, not wishes? Our intercession may be a beautiful incarnation of thought, with glowing skin and inimitably sweet expression, bending with clasped hands and raised eyes; but it moves not itself, how then can it move God? Where is the soul, to animate with sleepless life, to permeate with unbidden impulse, to agitate with earnest wishes? Alas! absent, or as yet unborn. Were it to enter, rigidity would relax itself into the firmness of resolute activity, vitality express itself in the bursting cry for help, as well as in the challenge of faith; and the new creation, with mystic power, would rise at the feet of the Almighty, to wrestle itself into the possession of the blessing. Yet it is a painful engagement, to give ourselves once more almost personally to realize the awakening terrors of an unconverted state, to leave our own tranquillity, and come out of our blissful consciousness of safety. Blessed with peace, to start up, resolving to give no sleep to our eyes, until, by our wrestling, others shall have obtained mercy of the Lord, is no agreeable transition. Fervour for the conversion of sinners is agony; and constantly to cherish it until it becomes our temperament, must interfere with our Christian raptures. Still it is duty; and when the toil is over, it will yield a rich harvest of joy.

As to the Scriptural limits of the duty,—*Intercessory prayer should never be presented for the dead.*

And do they require our prayers? In the grave they sleep well. Far from the heat and burden of life's weary day, they rest in the shaded valley. Never throbbed angel's bosom more calmly; never reposed infancy more undisturbed. And would you intercede for such? Would you agonize yourselves upon the sod where they lie in perfect peace, not only with their friends, but with their enemies? Did we, in the grave, behold their final abode, or consider the body as the man, at once we should declare that prayers for the dead, now ignorant of evil and misery, were the wishes of an implacable foe. But after death is the judgment, when the soul singly stands before God! Should we not, therefore, implore support or pardon, courage or mercy?

We repeat, that we are not to pray for those who have passed the term of probation, and are gone to their righteous recompence. Between the living and the dead is the only station of an intercessor: in front of the living, to avert danger; behind the dead, to leave them resignedly to their fate. Prayer cannot be effectual, up to the small point of obtaining for the justly condemned of God, one drop of water to allay his torment, when the day of grace has drawn to a close. During the hours of that day, even on the dangerous verge of twilight, prayer might have been blessed as the agency of salvation. Its strength, through grace, might have raised the sinner from the threatened curse; but from hell, when he has entered it, there is no escape;—the gulf, across which no commissioned angel has breathed the song of peace to man or devil, is infinite.

Vain and unavailing, therefore, are all petitions for the dead. The shriek of the lost soul, beginning to realize its doom, may be borne to the ears of a Christian survivor—a saint strong in prayer; but that saint is forbidden to utter a cry, to breath a wish in his behalf. Useless, it would also be blasphemous, since it would be an entreaty that Jehovah should prove himself a liar. Yet is it not an overwhelming thought, that sinners reach a point where one, however closely and dearly connected, cannot intercede for them, however great may be the sufferings they endure? Yes, prodigal son! a time will come when the mother, in whose memory thou, unworthy of such a place, art enshrined, and whose steps visit thy grave each blessed Sabbath before they tread the courts of the living God, will not, dare not, even in that free house of prayer, put up one petition for the blessing of divine forgiveness to thy guilty and ruined spirit! The parent may have incessantly and fervently prayed for her erring child. In secret, and with full soul, often she commended the profligate to a grace more than sufficient to reclaim from the farthest and most devious wanderings; and then, as she learned of his increasing impiety, against hope she has hoped—as a mother only can—that in God's own time the desired answer would come. The son is now on his death-bed, and the mother on her knees. No requirements of bodily rest or of mental quiet can induce her to intermit her supplications. Life is fast retiring—nature dissolving—the signals for the soul's passage are being given. The parent still prays, for who can tell but that, just as that mysterious separation between soul and body is in the act of taking place, as mysterious a union between the soul and the Saviour may be forming? Who can tell but that the last pulsation may be love beating warm to Jesus? Who knows but that the space of time less than a moment, may be made by Him, who is all in all, adequate for faith and repentance? The mother therefore prays. But now the son's feeble voice on earth is silent; and so is the intercessor's, who rises from her knees, never more—O bitter thought!—to take that posture for him! Those of us who, in a family circle, have listened to the leader of devotion, as, night and morning, he names some sick relative, when, at last, the petition—so solemnly and tenderly urged by him, and with tears enforced by us—is, "Recover, if it be thy will, our dear friend," is altogether given over, not because that friend was restored to health, for he died,—must have felt the awful blank, as if it were an unclosed grave breathing around us its chill air.

It has been said by some who affect great sensitiveness, that petitions for the dead, even if they were useless, cannot be displeasing to God, as they express our fond and true affection for those whom he had linked with us, and our deep interest in their welfare. Grant that it is the outpouring of love for the dead creature, is it a proper testimony to the unchangeability and truth of the living Creator? It may prove our zeal for the happiness of the departed, but does it not argue a lamentable callousness—a shameful absence of jealousy for the honour of Jehovah, who has declared that life on earth is the only space for salvation, and whom, therefore, these prayers have the blasphemous intention of rendering a liar?

Abraham has not a word for the dead. No prayer that the Holy Spirit might brood upon the waters of the deluge, to save those who, for their iniquities, had therein perished, escapes him. The old world is left to its melancholy eternity. Under the arch of the rainbow, he kneels not in behalf of those to whom, alas! it had not been appointed as the promise and pledge of deliverance from destruction by the flood. For the inhabitants of Sodom, so soon to be destroyed by fire, he intercedes. *They* are alive. Their day of grace is not yet closed; so that he may still stand before the Lord, so that for them he need not yet retire from the throne of grace.

As there is no command, permission, or warrant to be found in Scripture for petitions on behalf of the departed, so neither is there an instance where they were ever presented by a pious survivor. Must we attribute this to barbarity and hard-heartedness? Shall we call upon modern sentimentalists to launch forth their scorn upon men so devoid of tender feelings? Let such look at David. Was he not a devoted and affectionate friend? His pathetic lament over "brother Jonathan," uttered in sincerity from the very throne which he occupied in virtue of Jonathan's untimely fall, where is the wailing effusion of our soft friends that can match? And yet—in it—is there a wish formed, a prayer breathed, for Jonathan's happiness? Was he not also a fond father? Listen to the bitterness of that exclamation, as he went up to his chamber and wept: "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O, Absalom, my son, my son!" A tumultuous and irregular outburst of grief; but, in it, is there anything that could be construed into an intercession for that son? Turn also to the disciples. Their companion, Judas, had displayed subsequent remorse for his betrayal of Jesus; and, under the weight of the innocent blood, sought his fate. Jesus had prayed for his murderers, when they were alive. Do his servants pray for the chief of them, when that chief is dead? No, he had gone "to his own place," whence intercession could not recal him to a happier.

But, though we are not to pray for any of the dead, we are to pray *for all the living*. Leaving every tomb, even that of the best beloved, without an intercession for one separate spirit, let us turn to the haunts of the quick, and wrestle for the welfare of all in whom there is the breath of life. This is our narrowest circle. The limit of prayer is not drawn by the atonement, but by the gospel-offer, which is to every one individually. We are thus happily free to recommend each to divine grace; and over every head, taken out of the mass, our hands can be raised to heaven imploringly. We thus escape vagueness and generalities. "I exhort," says the apostle, "that intercessions be made for all men." Some, indeed, most unwarrantably reduce the "all men" to *all classes*, blindfolding the intercessor to persons, and only allowing him to see companies assorted as to age, profession, character, or climate. The false reason given is,—that we should not pray for all men, as all men will not be saved; but that we should pray for all classes, since all classes will be saved. Might we not, with equal propriety, confine the preaching of the gospel to classes? Abraham, when he pled for Sodom,

did not observe such restrictions. He did not intercede for the *class of guilty cities*. Those, however, who have adopted this narrow principle, are in their practice perpetually violating it; and in their petitions for a monarch, a minister, or a dying man, instead of praying for classes, are praying for individuals. Surely, when they or their friends are involved in distress, they do not pray for the *class* of the afflicted! When they or their friends have sinned, they do not ask forgiveness for the *class* of the penitent! And, surely, when they or their friends are brought to the solemn hour of death—a crisis, when everything comes forth from a promiscuous grasping into a distinct and personal position, and when that fluttering spirit is all in all of interest to itself and to the spectator—they do not wrestle for support and safety to the *class* of the departing. Nay, rather, would they not concentrate all their regards upon the dying man, as if there were no other then passing, or afterwards to pass, out of existence?

We may be told that we *must*, in general, pray for classes. Yes; but the *must* is a consequence of our ignorance of individuals, and not the authority of a principle. We intercede for the heathen as a class, simply because we know not *each* of the heathen; and to us they have all the same interest.

Is it not consoling to us, that our keen feelings towards individuals who are dear to us, may thus be thrown, in all their warmth, and with all their constant glow, upon the altar of the Most High! that then they are not only innocent and graceful, to be cherished as becoming, but powerful and efficient, to be converted into an instrument, through divine grace, to move and order the destiny we fain would bless? These feelings—weak in themselves—when they become prayers, have all power with God. Let those we love feel the strength of our faith at the throne of grace. Be they near or distant, we can take them there. Our facilities in going to Jesus with our poor, sick, or tempted relations, are incomparably greater than when, in the days of his flesh, the diseased were carried to him.

Neither let us forget the mass of our fellow-men. And in praying for them, numerous though they be, we need not be vague. We can plead for ONE, whose reward is the salvation of the whole world.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy: An Exposition. By the Rev. P. FAIRBAIRN, Salton. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Dublin: James M'Glashan.

AMONG the teeming productions on religious topics which issue from the press, there are comparatively few that will repay critical investigation, or are calculated to satisfy the reason, rather than the feelings of those who may peruse them. We have religious tales and novels, it is to be presumed, on the principle of fighting the world with its own weapons; sermons distinguished by but little originality of thought; and polemical treatises in which

the gall and bitterness of party feeling is sometimes more remarkable than the weight of the arguments or the conclusiveness of the reasoning; but it is rarely that we find a work issuing from the press in this northern division of the kingdom, which is worthy the attention of the scholar, or calculated to augment the sum of biblical knowledge. The "Bible Illustrations" of Dr. Kitto, able and masterly as they undoubtedly are, yet still but fragmentary, and the productions of the author whose Commentary now lies before us, constitute almost the only exceptions.

A writer on the prophetic parts of Scripture stands in need of high qualifications to be fully furnished for his work; of a spirit capable of appreciating the poetry, and of entering into and following out the design of the Old Testament bards, a calm judgment, correct taste, and not last, an intimate acquaintance with the original. These qualifications Mr. Fairbairn possesses in no mean measure; he is also gifted with much industry and perseverance; though we cannot pronounce him to be endowed with equal facility in expressing, in the most luminous and interesting manner, the result of his researches. We take his work, however, as we find it, and intend to give our readers, before we close our remarks, a specimen of the manner in which he has executed his task.

The labours of his predecessors, of this country, in this department, may be briefly dismissed. They are, we believe, but two in number, and neither can be of much service to the biblical student. The ponderous commentary of Greenhill, one of the Puritan writers, is little else than a series of practical expositions, unenlightened, we imagine, by a ray of genius, running out into almost endless prolixity, and leaving the patient reader, at the close of the perusal, almost entirely in the dark as to the true drift and bearing of this portion of holy writ; while the translation of Newcome, with its few appended notes, which explain no difficulty, is not very creditable either to the scholarship or the judgment of that dignitary. The commentary of Hävernick, which Mr. Fairbairn characterises as the most valuable contribution to the study of Ezekiel which has proceeded from Germany, has not come in our way.

Peculiar interest attaches to the whole details connected with the history of God's ancient people, so marvellously dealt with as regards their origin, settlement, laws, and government. An inexpressible plaintiveness, mingled with the most just and vehement denunciations of national iniquity and defection, pervades the writings of those prophets who were sent to call them to repentance, and to give warning of the judgments of heaven provoked by their guilt and folly. In the former respect, the lamentations of Jeremiah, whose pathetic powers are unequalled, were well suited to celebrate the funeral obsequies of the good Josiah, and to deplore a captive people, a desolate city, and a ruined temple. From the period that Necho took possession of Jerusalem, in the reign of Jehoahaz, to be succeeded after a three months precarious sovereignty by the tributary sway of Jehoiakim, Judea was in a state of alternate subjection to Egypt or Assyria. In the fourth year of Jehoiakim, his tottering throne was fatally threatened by the approach of Nebuchadnezzar, the mightiest of the Assyrian monarchs, to whom, in the absence of any national reformation, submission was counselled by the prophet. The resistance of Jerusalem was feeble and well nigh powerless. The king was carried to Babylon in chains, but, on submitting to the conqueror, was restored to the shadow of authority; the temple being meanwhile plundered of its treasures, and the flower of the youth of the land, amongst whom were Daniel, and other names famous in sacred history for their blameless life and resolute defiance of a tyrant's will, being transported to the land of captivity.

But the national existence of the Hebrew race had not closed. Torn

from their native soil, as the people for the most part were after the rebellion of Jehoiachin, a remnant of them only being left, under the nominal rule of one who was no better than a subordinate of the Assyrian sovereign; instead of melting away, or being absorbed, like a scanty stream amidst the sand, the Jews remained, under the guardianship of the Almighty, a separate and peculiar people. Idolatrous propensities were to be rooted out by the severe discipline which they were called upon to sustain. In the person of Daniel, and by unexpected means, a Jewish youth reached high station and authority; while, for the comfort and instruction of the exiles at Chebar, Ezekiel's visions were primarily related. In the words of no mean judge, his visions "seem impressed with the immense and gigantic character of the region and empire of Babylon. To the bold and rapid creations of the earlier Hebrew poets, Ezekiel adds not merely a vehement and tragic force, peculiar to himself, but a vastness and magnificence of imagery, drawn from the scenery and circumstances by which he was surrounded. The world of Ezekiel, and that of his contemporary Daniel, seems enlarged; the future teems with imperial dynasties and universal monarchies. It is curious, that the earliest monuments of Persian antiquity in Persepolis and its neighbourhood, abound with sculptures representing those symbolic and composite animals, which occur so frequently in the visions of those two prophets, especially of Daniel."

The chief object of Ezekiel's writings, seems to have been the consolation of his captive brethren; and the predictions he was the means of giving forth, supported and harmonised with those recorded by Jeremiah. Ezekiel foretells the calamities which would fall on Judea and Jerusalem, in consequence of the sinfulness of the inhabitants; the divine vengeance by which false prophets would be overtaken; the approaching punishment of the Ammonites, Edomites, and Philistines, the enemies of God's people; the destruction of Tyre; the conquest of Egypt; the restoration of Israel and Judah; while the whole is closed by the mystical description of the temple, and by a prophecy of the final settlement of the tribes in their ancient land.

To estimate the manner in which Mr. Fairbairn has handled the difficult book he has undertaken, would demand an amount of space which we cannot at present spare. He is, for the most part, a careful investigator, and seldom, if ever, allows his judgment to be misled by the airy flights of fancy and conjecture.

As a specimen of Mr. Fairbairn's manner, we may quote the following passage, which forms part of his comment on chap. iii. 17-21.

"It is only in Ezekiel that we find a prophet formally receiving such an appointment as this, and set by God as a watchman to give timely warning to the people. Habakkuk speaks of standing upon his watch-tower (chap. ii. 1), but this was only in respect to his eager and anxious outlook for the manifestations he was expecting of Divine power and faithfulness. Ezekiel alone, of all the prophets, is represented as expressly called to do the part of a watchman; and in doing it, he was most strictly charged, on the one hand, to receive all his instructions from God as to the existence of danger that might be in the condition of the people; and, on the other, to sound a loud and solemn alarm when he might perceive it actually besetting them. That such should have been the distinctive character given to his position and calling, manifestly bespoke the very perilous condition of those to whom he was sent. It indicated that he had something else to do than merely to sympathise with them in their afflicted state, and speak soothing words to their downcast and drooping spirits. It was to be his, rather to open their eyes to the profounder evils that encompassed them, to break the spell of inveterate and cherished delusions, and raise the cry of danger where none

was suspected. So that the very form of the commission given to him was like the deliverance of a strong and impressive testimony to the people, of the latent corruptions and imminent perils amid which they were involved."

Perhaps the passage in the whole book with which ordinary persons are most familiar, as expounded from the pulpit, is the remarkable vision of the "Dry Bones," in the 37th chapter. We quote at some length our author's remarks on this portion of prophecy.

"The preceding prophecies have unfolded, in all essential particulars, the future salvation of Israel as God's covenant-people—on what conditions it was to proceed, and in what respects it was to develop itself. 'The prophet's eye,' however, to use the words of Ewald, 'still dwells upon the manner in which it is to unfold itself, and beholds with rapture how it arises, how it grows, how it becomes insuperably great. Three stages here present themselves in vivid colours to the vision of the prophet: 1. The new awakening of the people, the resurrection of the dead, (chap. xxxvii. 1-14; 2. Then the re-union of the formerly hostile members of the community, through whose contentions the whole had suffered, (chap. xxxvii. 15-28); Finally, 3. The strength of the community thus again restored, so as to be able to meet the formidable danger which was to come from the hostile assault of Gog with all the inimical heathen forces of the earth,' (chap. xxxviii. xxxix.) This exhibits a brief outline of the leading subjects still before us, and of the relations in which they stand to each other.

"1. The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me forth in the spirit of the Lord, (therefore, not a corporeal, but a spiritual transaction,—a thing done in the visions of God,) and set me down in the midst of a valley, and it was full of bones. 2. And he made me pass by them all around, and lo, there were very many on the face of the valley, and, lo, they were very dry. 3. And he said to me, Son of man, shall these bones live? And I said, O Lord Jehovah, thou knowest. 4. And he said to me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say to them, Ye dry bones, hear the word of Jehovah. 5. Thus saith the Lord Jehovah to these bones, Behold I bring spirit into you, and ye live. 6. And I lay sinews on you, and I make flesh to come upon you, and I cover you with skin, and I put in you spirit, and ye live, and ye know that I am Jehovah. 7. And I prophesied as I was commanded, and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and lo! a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. 8. And I looked, and lo! sinews and flesh came up on them, and skin covered them from above, yet no spirit in them. 9. And he said to me, Prophecy to the Spirit; prophecy, son of man, and say to the Spirit, Thus saith the Lord Jehovah, from the four winds let the Spirit come and breathe on these slain, that they may live. 10. And I prophesied as he commanded me, and the Spirit came into them, and they lived; and they stood upon their feet, an exceeding great force. 11. And he said to me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel; lo! they say, 'Our bones are dried up, and our hope is perished; we are undone.' 12. Therefore, prophecy, and say to them, Thus saith the Lord Jehovah, Behold I open your graves, and I make you come up out of your graves, my people, and bring you into the land of Israel. 13. And ye know that I am Jehovah, when I open your graves, and when I make you to come up out of your graves, my people. 14. And I put my Spirit within you, and ye live, and I make you to rest upon your land; and ye know that I, Jehovah, speak and do, saith Jehovah."

"There can be no reasonable doubt as to the leading scope and purpose of this remarkable vision. It is intended to counteract the feeling of despair which had now succeeded to the opposite one of carnal security and presumptuous confidence, which, at an earlier period, had wrought so disastrously

among the people. Now that they were reduced to so hapless and shattered a condition, the glowing delineations the prophet had been drawing of a happy future, seemed as visionary to their minds, as formerly had appeared his dark forebodings of impending distress and ruin. They felt as if they had become like bones dried and scattered at the grave's mouth, and destitute of everything on which they could build any reasonable prospect of restored felicity. The prophet, therefore, meets them on their own ground. He admits, that, as compared with the elevated prospects he had been unfolding, they were in themselves no better than lifeless skeletons, but, at the same time, shows that even this could raise no barrier against the realisation of the better future, since they had to do with the word of Him who is equally able to make alive as to kill. Carried in spirit into a valley of destruction, he there sees the whole ground covered with bones, the skeletons of slaughtered men, so thoroughly bleached and dried by long exposure to the atmosphere, that all apparent capability of life had left them; and, when asked, whether such bones should live, he could only refer the matter to God, as what belonged exclusively to his grace and power. But presently, on being commanded to prophesy to them, or to proclaim God's purpose to endow them anew with the powers and properties of life, the word is no sooner uttered than it begins to take effect; the rushing sound of God's mighty working is heard; bone is seen starting up and joining itself to its fellow; immediately they are clothed upon with sinews and flesh and skin; and then, in obedience to another word of God, the breath of life from his creative Spirit penetrates the whole mass, and transforms them into a host of valiant men, instinct with the animation, and braced with the healthful freshness and energy of life. Such was the wonderful scene that took place in vision before the eyes of the prophet; and in the application that is made of it, he is told, that these bones are (*i. e.* represent) the whole house of Israel, who were then, indeed, as to all that could be called life, according to the covenant of God, in a lost condition—in a manner dead and buried; but that they should be again resuscitated by the living word of God, brought up from their present temporary graves, and re-settled in their own land to enjoy once more the blessings of the covenant.

“Considered in this natural manner, there is no difficulty in the passage; it is merely intended, in the most lively and effectual way, to remove the despondency that hung over the minds of the people, by exhibiting before them an exercise of Divine power similar to that which was needed to retrieve their ruined fortunes, and put them in a condition to inherit all the good of which Ezekiel had spoken. In the visions of God—the proper region of the prophet's activity—he shows them an effect of the Divine Spirit, adequate to the full wants and necessities of their state; so that they might the more readily re-assure their hearts, and encourage themselves in God as to the issue. If we keep this one definite object of the vision in view, we are in little danger of misapprehending the particulars, or doing violence to the representation. It was certainly doing a kind of violence to it, when the Fathers, almost with one consent, appealed to it as furnishing in itself a direct and explicit proof of the resurrection; (for example, Tertul. de resur. car. c. 30, Jerome in loco; Augustine de Genes. ad. lit. x. 8); in which they have been followed by many distinguished modern divines—the greater part only, after the manner of Jerome, holding that the resurrection here is introduced by way of similitude as an image of Israel's restoration, which it could not have been unless the resurrection itself had been considered certain; while Calov. maintains, that, down to the close of ver. 10, the passage treats distinctly of the resurrection from the dead in the literal sense, and that what follows is entirely another discourse, in which God's promised goodness to Israel is presented under the analogy of that literal resurrection.

This last view is manifestly untenable, as it breaks into two separate parts what is obviously but one discourse, and regards as an independent action what was done only with a view to its intended application. Even the other, and more common view, is not strictly tenable. For it is not properly a similitude that Ezekiel uses in the vision, as if from the certain fact of a future resurrection he would fortify Israel in the belief and expectation of their own similar, though doubtful, (as it seemed), future restoration; but it is the very thing itself exhibited now in vision, that they might be prepared to look for it afterwards in the reality. The mere circumstance of such a resurrection-scene being thus employed by the prophet, for such a specific purpose, could not of itself prove the doctrine of a future general resurrection of the dead;—no more than his employing the machinery of cherubim and wheels of peculiar structure in his opening vision, is a proof of the actual existence of such objects, either in the past or the future, in heaven or on earth. In both cases alike, what was exhibited in the vision was a representation in symbol of something corresponding that might be expected in the transactions of life, and the events of providence; but whether that symbol might have any separate and substantial existence of its own, was not determined by such an employment of it, and in fact was quite immaterial as regarded the end in view. The resurrection-scene here is just a prophecy in action, to render more palpable to the view, and more credible to the apprehension of the people, the corresponding prophecy in word, and stands parallel to the prophetic actions of the sealing vision in chap. ix., or the prophet's going into exile in chap. xii.

“At the same time, while the mere employment of such a scene in a symbolical vision cannot justly be regarded as of itself establishing the doctrine of the resurrection, it should undoubtedly have a place assigned it among the collateral proofs of the doctrine; its introduction in such a free and incidental manner, clearly showing it to be one of the loftier anticipations with which the servants of God sought to familiarise the minds of the people; which they would have them take, in a manner, for granted, as a thing destined one day to be realised. It may fairly be ranked with such brief and familiar allusions as those in Isaiah xxv. 8, ‘He will swallow up death in victory,’ and chap. xxvi. 19, ‘Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise; awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust;’ also Dan. xii. 2, ‘And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.’ And then the principle on which, as its very basis, the whole vision rests, is one that carries in its bosom the hope of the resurrection to all the family of God. For it is the relation of the people, whom those bones represented, to God himself, securing for them an interest in the vital energy and omnipotent working of his hand, on which every thing is made to hang. The resuscitation *must* take place, because the living God cannot let death work in those who are related to him as his own—those in regard to whom he can say, *my people*. But this of course holds good of the literal resurrection from the dead, not less than of any temporary revival out of death-like bondage and degradation; and is in truth the very kernel of the argument used by our Lord against the Sadducees, when, from the declaration of God to Moses at the bush, ‘I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob,’ he showed that the dead *are* raised, because ‘God is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him.’ An argument not so subtle and profound as many would represent it, but level to the apprehension even of the commonest believers! It is simply this, that God having owned himself the God of those patriarchs, their bodies cannot be lost, they must live again; because by taking to himself the name of *their* God, he undertook to do for them whatever omnipotence itself could perform. As if any one were to adopt a helpless orphan into his family, and promise to

be a father to it, should he not warrant the child to expect everything that paternal love or fidelity could do for it? So, when God said to Abraham, 'I am thy God,' he virtually said, Whatever a God can do for thee, that thou mayest look for at my hands. But *cannot* God—he who at first formed Abraham of the dust of the ground, and afterwards breathed life into his dead soul—cannot he also breathe the life of immortality into Abraham's mouldering body? Doubtless he can, and because he can—he will—he must; He is the ever-living God, and life must be the property of all that are his; He, who would have been ashamed to be called their God, if he had not provided for them a city, would much more have been ashamed to be called their God, if their very body, an essential part of their nature, were to be for ever left rotting in the dust. This would not have been to do to them the part of their God.

"It is precisely this relation to God, so pregnant with blessing to those who possess it, on which the promise of good in the word before us is founded. And it must have been impossible for any thoughtful and pious Israelite to enter into the application made of it, to the temporal resuscitation of Israel's prostrate condition, without perceiving how it also involved, for all true believers, the future resurrection of their bodies from the power of death. But, along with this higher instruction enwrapped in the prophecy, let us not overlook the honour ascribed in it to the Divine word, at whose proclamation from the lips of a man of God, the dead hear, the scattered bones move into their proper places, the spirit of life breathes and quickens. How does the Lord here show that he magnifies that word above all his name? It is his peculiar and chosen instrument of working. Where it alights, there darkness becomes light, death itself is turned into life again. Let all who wield it in God's name remember this, and they too shall find it 'quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword,' mighty alike to the pulling down of strong holds, and to the building up in peace and righteousness to everlasting life."

The Book of English Songs, from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century.
London: Office of the National Illustrated Library, 198, Strand. 1851.

THE ballad-poetry of a country is no unmeet reflection of national feeling, and cannot be accounted as unworthy the notice of any one who would study the habits and manners of a people. It has stirred the feelings of national pride, or melted the heart by strains of tenderness. The associations with which a song has become connected in early life, render it delightful when repeated, even after a lengthened period of years; while the years of infancy have been soothed by the dulcet strains that fell on the ear, uttered by the voice of maternal tenderness. If song-writing has been abused to most unworthy ends, it has also served to kindle emotions alike generous, gentle, and noble; and without going so far as Fletcher of Salton's well-known assertion, the influence often excited by this lesser and often fugitive species of poetical literature is by no means to be despised.

We cannot think, therefore, that the labour and care of the editor of this selection have been thrown away. He has collected not a few gems which are to be found only after laborious search; and if we meet with many songs in the collection with which we are quite familiar, we prize them the more highly on account of the company in which they are found. This collection is ranked under different heads: Songs of the Affections—Songs Poetical and Rural—Convivial Songs—Moral and Satirical—Sea Songs—Patriotic—Military—Mad—and Miscellaneous. We could have spared the second last assortment.

Of course we have not, in this volume, the homely pathos and heart-touches of our Scottish song-writers. The imagination of English writers is decidedly less lively; the softer scenes of nature, and the green recesses of the wood—the haymaking time or the corn-field—the jugs of old October and the Christmas carol—are to be found largely celebrated. Prefixed to each division of the book are a few prefatory remarks, in general judicious; and the editor has accompanied each song quoted with the author's name, and the date, so far as this could be ascertained.

It would be superfluous to quote any of the established favourites which the volume contains. We shall give a specimen or two, with which our readers may not personally have met. The following love-song of the sixteenth century is of no slight merit; the author was Thomas Carew:—

“ He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.”

With the convivial songs we shall not meddle, as being rather beneath the grave complexion of a theological review. To quote any of them would, we fear, be calculated to bring down upon our hapless head the indignation of the whole Temperance League, by whom this journal, so distinguished by its advocacy of all that is sound and proper in politics, literature, and theology, would in that case be exposed to the censure of advocating the “drinking customs,” at whose door so much mischief is placed. But as we have refrained from giving any of those roistering ditties under which many a roof-tree may have rung, we shall extract from the Nautical department an amusing cantata, with which we do not remember to have met before, and the simplicity of which is not unamusing. It is entitled “The Sailor’s Consolation,” and was written by Dibdin:—

“ One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn’d his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
‘ A strong nor-wester’s blowing, Bill;
Hark! don’t ye hear it roar now?
Lord help ’em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

‘ Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I’ve a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

‘ And as for them who’re out all day,
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home,
 To cheer their babes and spouses ;
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying. ”

We quote from another song the following stanza, as singularly happy in expression. We should premise that, as the book is largely illustrated, the appropriate heading of this is a hard-a-weather blue-jacket, greeting his heart’s-delight in the prospect of a lengthened absence :—in the distance the gallant vessel, which is to be manned by her “ hearts of oak : ”—

“ The needle, faithful to the north,
 To show of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man ;
 The needle, time may rust—a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can ;
 My love in worth shall higher rise :
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.”

We do not remember to have met before with a capital military song by the late Thomas Campbell :—

“ Upon the plains of Flanders,
 Our fathers long ago,
 They fought like Alexanders
 Beneath Old Marlborough ;
 And still in fields of conquest,
 Our valour bright has shone,
 With Wolf and Abercrombie,
 And Moore and Wellington.

“ Our plumes have waved in combats,
 That ne’er shall be forgot,
 Where many a mighty squadron
 Reel’d backwards from our shot.
 In charges with the bayonet,
 We lead our bold compeers ;
 But Frenchmen like to stay not
 For British grenadiers.

“ Once boldly at Vimiera
 They hoped to play their parts,
 And sing *fal lira, lira*,
 To cheer their drooping hearts.
 But English, Scotch, and Paddy-whacks,
 We gave three hearty cheers,
 And the French soon turn’d their backs
 To the British grenadiers.

“ At St. Sebastiano’s,
 And Badajos’s town,
 Where, raging like volcanoes,
 The shell and shot came down,

With courage never wincing,
 We scaled the ramparts high,
 And waved the British ensign
 In glorious victory.

“And what could Buonaparte
 With all his curassiers,
 In battle do, at Waterloo,
 With British grenadiers?
 Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
 That march unto our ears,
 Whose martial roll awakes the soul
 Of British grenadiers.”

Original Poetry.

MODERN ÆSOP.

THE FROGS PETITIONING FOR A KING.

THE commonwealth of Frogs, a discontented race—weary of liberty, and fond of change—petitioned Jupiter to grant them a king. The good-natured deity, in order to indulge this their request, with as little mischief to the petitioners as possible, threw them down a log. At first they regarded their new monarch with great reverence, and kept from him at a most respectful distance; but perceiving his tame and peaceable disposition, they by degrees ventured to approach him with more familiarity, till at length they conceived for him the utmost contempt. In this disposition, they renewed their request to Jupiter, and intreated him to bestow upon them another king. The Thunderer in his wrath sent them a crane, who no sooner took possession of his new dominions, than he began to devour his subjects one after another in a most capricious and tyrannical manner. They were now far more dissatisfied than before; when applying to Jupiter a third time, they were dismissed with this reproof, that the evil they complained of they had imprudently brought upon themselves, and that they had no other remedy now but to submit to it with patience.

I.

A goodly colony of Frogs, I've read,
 Amid a marsh for centuries had bred;
 Benignant laws had smiled upon their state,
 And made and kept them happy, good, and great.
 No taxes there incite to bile and blood
 The croaking tenants of the oozy flood;
 That hallowed place no corn-law meeting knows—
 Begun in eloquence, wound up in blows.
 No liberal quack the free-trade banner rears,
 And sets the madden'd nation by the ears;
 But all is happiness, and all is peace.
 The palmy days of Macedon and Greece,
 Ere yet a thundering Alexander fought,
 Or Aristides mourned a venal vote—
 These blessed days, long banished to the dogs,
 Smiled fresh and fair o'er those contented Frogs!

II.

But Frogs in Eden cannot long remain
 From sadness free, and ignorant of pain ;
 And living much in marshes seems designed
 To fill the stomach with rebellious wind,
 Whose only medicine's a bilious speech,
 As bawling Cobden to the world can teach.
 An empty stomach makes a noisy head—
 Just cram a Chartist, and the rascal's dead ;
 No more he glories at a burghal poll
 To vote, to fight, to thunder forth his soul—
 His noble envy to be hail'd the chief
 Of beggar, braggart, idler, rogue, and thief !
 No more the starveling damns the lenient laws
 For grinding poverty—himself the cause.
 With generous food the patriot's maw is stored,
 And all is right from commoner to lord !
 So crawls the boa—pestilential thing !
 So coils his famished length for deadly spring—
 So flame his eyes with green, malignant fire—
 So his sting quivers with envenomed ire—
 Till gorged at last with sadly-mangled prey,
 Droops his dread crest, his rigid coils give way ;
 Dim burns the wildfire of his reeling eyes,
 And, like a pensioned Whig, the monster lies !

III.

But to our tale :—One long-remember'd morn,
 A vagrant Frog, upon a bulrush borne,
 Disturbed a junta of his croaking race,
 And, like a corn-law leader out of place,
 Made an oration loud, and long, and harsh,
 Against their ancient residence, the marsh !
 Speeches were made of dire portentous length—
 Some famed for feebleness, and some for strength ;
 Rhetoric some, and some with venom tipt,
 For frogs, like men, have souls in satire dipt.
 And he who might have heard that sage debate—
 So fell, so false, so deeply drenched in hate—
 Had thought—apart the genus of the foes—
 A corn-law league had come to lusty blows ;
 For Cobden's quackery, and Bright's appeal,
 Hume's paltry plan, O'Connell's spurious zeal,
 Peel's crooked policy in trick profuse,
And he still loudest who has least to lose—
 All, all were there ; while cutting, caustic, keen,
 D'Israeli's lightning flashed across the scene.

IV.

Blood soon had deluged that pragmatic strife,
 When an old Frog who'd seen a deal of life,
 Cool from his lengthened sojourn in the water,
 Induced them thus t' accommodate the matter :
 Said he, " Our monarch, blest, imperial Jove,
 In power and wisdom other kings above,
 Seated apart on yonder cloud-robed hill,
 Him let us seek to rectify our ill."

Forth went three Frog ambassadors of state,
 And just returned in time to quell debate,
 For some staunch croakers had resumed the fray,
 All with a view to while an hour away.

v.

The king, wise soul ! in half a twinkling guessed
 The Frogs were wretched, for the Frogs were blessed !
 And Cobden, liberal-minded man ! can tell
 A nation's danger lies in being well !
 Whereas a country's happiness is made
 By pillaged fields and unprotected trade !
 What though your gallies plough a hundred seas ?
 Though every field waves, golden, in the breeze ?
 Though rural labour earns the fruit of toil,
 And learns to lean upon a gracious soil ?
 In these the sage repealer only sees
 Increasing poverty and wan disease !
 And drives his country forth to bide the storm,
 Clothed in the specious rags of vile Reform.

vi.

This was the case with every peevish Frog ;
 Therefore the King presents them with a Log !
 The froward child, vexed with unwonted play,
 Sighs for new toy, and throws the rest away.
 The cautious nurse, in infant tactics wise,
 A different toy the squalling brat supplies—
 Her only care to see the new-born charm
 Lacks the dire power her tender charge to harm.
 Thus dealt the Monarch with the croaking crew :
 Would that all potentates the like would do !
 Humour the public—pulling, childless thing ;
 But have a care its toy possess no sting !

vii.

Yet, mark the end—even as the urchin pries
 Into the broken toy with tearful eyes,
 And casts the rifled mystery away—
 No longer grateful—and no longer gay ;
 So prized awhile the harmless Log remained,
 And the whole marsh tranquillity regained ;
 Till one unhappy morn a vagrant Frog,
 Steering on business through the dusky fog,
 Foundered against, and climbed the lumpish Log !
 Ere noon, like limpets on a stranded bark,
 A band of Frogs, perched on their quondam ark,
 Held high divan anent their common ill ;—
 And now they wait fresh tidings from the hill.
 Repeated drops the rock of patience wears—
 Repeated croakings gall the Monarch's ears.
 " And thus," he cries, " you waste my precious time,
 Unsightly creatures ! born of filth and slime.
 You spurn my gift because in peace it floats,
 Nor hears, blest dullard ! your contentious notes.
 You crave a governor all life and fire ?
 Hence, then, and mourn too late your vain desire."

The hobbling messengers, abashed, withdrew,
 When, lo! a sight of horror burst in view,
 A crane, of lengthy leg and savage bill,
 One formed to wade, and one designed to kill,
 Strides, like a feathered Death, through sedge and bog,
 And bolts at every stride a quaky frog.
 In fearful haste th' ambassadors return,
 And croak, and cringe, and supplicate, and mourn.
 In vain their lustrous eyes in tears they steep—
 "No!" cries the King, "you've sowed, so let you reap.
 Not mine, but yours, the sad desire to range,
 And blest in vain, to sigh for treacherous change.
 Wearied, no more I charge me with your care;
 The ill ye coveted, go learn to bear."

MORAL.

I.

Let restless politics the moral glean,
 Nor take for honesty what comes of spleen,
 And learn how oft a country's grievance lies
 In some bold plotter's vile necessities.
 The dismal downfall of our marshy friends
 Is no child's tale that with the nursery ends.
 Ev'n purpled kings may find a counsel in't,
 And full-grown Nations take a timely hint,
 Who, crowned with peace, and far remote from war,
 Know not, vain fools! how truly blest they are.
 Ere some such bilious frog as Cobden came,
 Without a sixpence, and without a name,
 And croaked of national interests deprest,
 We only knew that we were wondrous blest.
 But now, alas! we ope our eyes, and see
 How sad the effects of weak credulity;
 And own, too late, of all your worldly schools,
 Prosperity sends forth most dupes and fools.
 Adversity retains whate'er he gets—
 Prosperity lies down on gold, and frets.
 "I'll ease you of your plague!" some rascal cries—
 And the too-pampered dupe a pauper dies.

II.

What think you now of this your envied boon,
 Ye craving dupes? as changeful as the moon!
 Ye rural swains! behold the gain you've made,
 And bless your rulers for divine Free-Trade—
 That hallowed presence, at whose daring tread
 Each national wrong would hide its craven head!
 Say! while you turn the soil, and sow the grain,
 How like ye that insatiable crane,
 Who takes the virtue from heaven's beams and showers—
 Dwarfs all your labours—all your bread devours—
 And bids each lumbering Hollander outrun
 Britain's once proud and matchless peasant son!
 Alas! too late ye mourn—too late ye rue
 The power bestowed on Cobden's scheming crew:—
 Your team, go sell—your wain, your harrows burn:
 Let nature back to wilderness return:

From your fair fields, and grassy glades retire,
 And pant and slave o'er yonder furnace fire :
 Begrim your face in vile commercial smoke,
 Where hundred belching stalks the city choke,
 No more field labour's cheerful livery wear—
 And your own yoke of iron learn to bear!

—PETER LELY.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Induction.—A special meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh was held in St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday the 8th, for inducting the Rev. Robert Henderson, of Newton-on-Ayr, to the junior Chaplainship of the Scotch Church, Calcutta. The Rev. Dr. Macfarlane of Duddingstone was appointed to preach and preside on the occasion; who preached an impressive sermon from Revelation xxii. 20. At the conclusion of the sermon, Dr. Macfarlane intimated that the Rev. Mr. Henderson, having been appointed to the Office of Junior Chaplain in the Scotch Church, Calcutta, had preached before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, with a view to his being inducted into the Office; that his discourse had been unanimously approved of, and that Tuesday the 8th had been appointed for his Induction into the charge.—The usual questions were then put to the presentee, and satisfactory answers having been given, the Rev. Gentleman was then declared junior Chaplain of the Scotch Church, Calcutta, and received the right hand of fellowship from the members of Presbytery.

Induction of Mr. M'Leod at Glasgow.—The Presbytery of Glasgow met in the Barony Church, on Thursday the 17th, and inducted the Rev. Norman M'Leod, late of Dalkeith, to the pastoral charge of that Church and parish. The Rev. Dr. Barr preached and presided on the occasion. There was a very numerous attendance of members and friends of the Congregation, who listened most attentively to the impressive services. On Sunday the 20th, the Rev. Gentleman was introduced to his new charge by his father, the Rev. Dr. M'Leod of St. Columba. The newly appointed pastor preached himself in the afternoon. At both diets the Church was densely crowded.

The Queen has presented the Rev. George Murray to the Church and Parish of Balmaclellan, in the Presbytery and Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Wilson.

The Queen has presented the Rev. Wm. Purdie Dickson to the Church and Parish of Cameron, in the Presbytery of St. Andrews, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. William Brown.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. John Gibson to the Church and Parish of Kirkhope, in the Presbytery of Selkirk.

Clerical Presentation.—The Rev. James Cuthbert, Minister of Newington Chapel, Edinburgh, has been presented by Lady Scott of Lochore, to the Church and Parish of Ballingry, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Greig. Mr. Cuthbert has received his presentation at the unanimous request of the parishioners, and the settlement will consequently be a gratifying one to all parties.

Induction.—The Presbytery of Arbroath met in Lady-loan Church, on Friday, the 4th, and inducted the Rev. Mr. M'Dougall to the Pastorate of that Church. The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Caesar of Panbride.

The Rev. John Orr was ordained on the 4th, to the pastoral charge of St. Stephen's *quoad sacra* Church, Glasgow. The Rev. Dr. Hill presided on the occasion.

Parish of Barry.—The Rev. Mr. Somers of St. James's *quoad sacra* Church, Forfar, has been presented by the Crown to the Church and Parish of Barry, vacant by Mr Simpson's deposition.

Died at Abbey Manse, Paisley, suddenly, on the 22d inst., the Rev. Dr. Robert M'Nair.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXVIII.

SEPTEMBER 1851.

DR. PUSEY AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

(Continued from No. LXVII.)

WE are thankful that Dr. Pusey was interrogated, as also that Mr. Dodsworth was provoked. Indeed we do not rejoice at all in disputes and differences—for their own sake. But these misunderstandings among the leading Tractarians, are the sources to which we are indebted for our information, copious and satisfactory, respecting the whole party, its principles, and proceedings at large; and the disclosures have not come abroad an hour too soon. The subtle mischief was spreading like a pestilence, in England chiefly, but in Presbyterian Scotland also, where the old Nonjuring school of divinity was rearing its crest once more with a somewhat ludicrous, yet portentous self-importance. The papal rescript excited a seasonable alarm; still, without the disclosures in question, even it might have failed effectually to awaken the sleepers. A people moving on the spur of mere indignation, may perhaps successfully resist the open aggressions of a foreign power; but if conquests are to be won against domestic treachery, they must be directed by something far wiser, calmer, more wary, more perspicacious, and more enduring, than any indignation.

Unhappily, the Prayer-Book of the English Church has been suffered to retain, through all its successive revisions, a few expressions and passages of worse than dubious import,—a residuum of the old leaven,—a perilous concession to the popish element which continued to linger obstinately in the national faith. Dismantled fortresses yielded up to the possession of the hostile faction, because they served to conciliate it for the moment, and were deemed incapable of defence, these have nevertheless from time to time become the active centres of rebellion, discovering a rude strength, all the more formidable that it had not been anti-

E

pated or calculated on. It is to one of these half-ruinous strongholds that the Tractarians have betaken themselves in support of the revived practice of auricular confession. The general absolution contained in the orders for morning and evening prayer is fortunately quite unexceptionable; as indeed is, in point of doctrine, everything else that occurs in those beautiful forms of public devotion. Even that portion of the "exhortation" in the communion office, (for the absolution contained in that office requires no remark,) on which so much reliance is placed by the Tractarians, *admits* of a perfectly innocent interpretation. As many of our readers probably are by no means familiar with the Prayer-Book, we extract the greater part of this "exhortation," underlining those expressions of which a perverse use has been made at Oxford.—"The way and means thereto (that is, to a worthy partaking of the holy table) is, first, To examine your lives and conversations by the rule of God's commandments; and whereinsoever ye shall perceive yourselves to have offended, either by will, word, or deed, there to bewail your own sinfulness, and to confess yourselves to Almighty God with full purpose of amendment of life. And if ye shall perceive your offences to be such as are not only against God, but also against your neighbours, then ye shall reconcile yourselves unto them, being ready to make restitution and satisfaction according to the uttermost of your powers, for all injuries and wrongs done by you to any other; and being likewise ready to forgive others that have offended you, as ye would have forgiveness of your offences at God's hand; for otherwise the receiving of the holy communion doth nothing else but increase your damnation. Therefore, if any of you be a blasphemer of God, an hinderer or slanderer of his word, an adulterer, or be in malice, or envy, or in any other grievous crime, repent you of your sins, or else come not to that holy table; lest, after the taking of that holy sacrament, the devil enter into you as he entered into Judas, and fill you full of all iniquities, and bring you to destruction both of body and soul.

"And because it is requisite that no man should come to the holy communion but with a full trust in God's mercy and with a quiet conscience; therefore, if there be any of you who, by this means, cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, *let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's holy word, he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.*"

Now, beyond all dispute, this, with the exception of a single ambiguous clause, is sound advice,—precisely such advice as every Protestant minister not only might give, but is by his solemn duty bound to give, to the members of his flock. Those who purpose to partake of the holy sacrament are admonished to prepare themselves for the ordinance, by self-examination, *confession to Almighty God in private*, acts of brotherly reconciliation, and of restitution if necessary;—in short, by a course of ingenuous and devout self-discipline. *That is the normal case, and expresses the principle adopted by the Church of England.* But

there is the probable, and in fact the not uncommon, exception of those who cannot find peace in this way,—who are scrupulous, unenlightened, feeble-minded, doubtful, despondent. And these are invited,—in no disciplinary way, in no judicial sense, simply for the sake of paternal and loving help,—to open their griefs, either to their own pastor, or, if their inclination lead them so, to some other discreet and learned minister; that through his ghostly instructions and aid, they may, if possible, attain a solid tranquillity in humble reliance on God's mercy. Thus far, everything is clear, and not satisfactory alone, but eminently laudable. The Tractarian plants his footsteps on the ambiguous clause,—“that by the ministry of God's holy word, he may receive the benefit of absolution;” and narrow as such a foundation is, Dr. Pusey and the rest have endeavoured to rear on it the whole odious fabric of auricular confession. Had this been the only expression of the kind in the Prayer-Book which needed explanation, we, for our own part, would have been disposed, without hesitation, to gauge the meaning of the term *absolution* here, by its undoubted meaning in the morning and evening services, where it is used declaratively and not otherwise. But there is another passage which complicates the question, and increases the difficulty. Of course we refer to the absolution in the “order for the visitation of the sick,” which is prefaced with this rubric:—“*Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession, the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort: Our Lord Jesus Christ, who both left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*”

It is our clear opinion that this absolution is unjustifiable in itself, as well as unsafe by reason of the countenance which it lends to Popish error. Besides, it stands directly in the way of every attempt to rescue the ambiguous clause in the communion-service from Tractarian abuses. For the sake of Protestant truth, and for the sake of the Church of England, we sincerely wish that the word *absolution*, with all kindred and equivalent expressions, were banished from the Prayer-Book. Nevertheless, we rejoice at having it in our power to say, explicitly and confidently, that in wresting these passages into an authority for the practice of auricular confession in the Romish sense, the Tractarians are guilty of a manifest perversion of words,—a perversion which, if it be not wilful and wicked, is hardly to be accounted for except on the hypothesis of mental weakness. Exceptionable as we deem the language in question to be, it seems to us that the only fair and candid interpretation of it is that adopted by the Bishop of Ripon, in the following extract from a letter of date 23d January 1849, addressed to Mr. Minster, then of St. Saviour's, Leeds. “As regards the former of the special cases referred to,” (that of the sick) “you cannot fail,” says his Lordship, “to have observed how carefully fenced and guarded is the permission there expressed. The conditions are such as will assuredly make it a case of very

rare occurrence. The special private confession of the party's sins is to be invited only if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter ; and the form of absolution which follows, is only to be used if the sick man humbly and heartily desire it. But, mark how entirely you deviate from the wise and cautious counsels of your church. You assume to yourself the power of setting aside these her jealous restrictions, and use this form of absolution indiscriminately for all persons, whether sick or well, whether specially troubled with any weighty matter, and on this ground, humbly and heartily deserving" (desiring?) "it or not. Because the very rare exception is allowed, you claim the right of making the exception the rule, and of turning the special permission into a general license. How would it fare with law, government, or discipline in general, if such a principle as this were universally acted upon ? You plead, however, the exhortation in the service for the holy communion as your further authority ; but the passage you refer to does in fact contain the most direct refutation of your practice. For, in the first place, the passage alluded to applies to those only, who cannot quiet their own consciences, in preparation for the Lord's supper, by private exercises of penitence and faith, but *require* further comfort and counsel ; and, instead of supplying you with any form of absolution of human composition, it directs you to afford them the benefits of absolution *by the ministry of God's holy word*, by pointing out to the troubled in conscience those numerous passages in holy writ, which give assurance of pardon and absolution to all who heartily believe, and truly repent ; such, for instance, as the four texts which immediately succeed the absolution of the communion service. Secondly, the special directions given for the particular case, clearly contradict the notion that our church countenances any system of periodical private confession to a priest ; for the directions would be entirely superfluous if habitual confession were contemplated as the rule and not the exception." *

Whether this interpretation of the phrase, "*by the ministry of God's word*," be certainly the correct one, may admit of question ; in other respects, as it appears to us, nothing could be more satisfactory than the Bishop of Ripon's views. Nevertheless, on the narrow basis of these two fragments from the Book of Common Prayer, Dr. Pusey rests, and attempts to justify, his practice of "encouraging everywhere, if not enjoining, auricular confession." Nay, let us not forget that he objects to this account of his conduct by Mr. Dodsworth. "I could not *enjoin*," he says, "what the English Church leaves free. I recommended it in my University sermons to those who felt that their case needed it. Else, I have not given the impulse to it ; it came from within. To individuals, when consulted by them as to its use, I have advised what their case, and the peace and well-being of their soul, seemed to require, or to pray God to guide them."†—At the meaning of the last sentence in this quotation we can only guess ; but what it may chance to signify is of little moment. We really never suspected Dr. Pusey of *enjoining* auri-

* Letter to the parishioners of St. Saviour's, Leeds, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon, pp. 24, 25.

† Letter to Richards, p. 6, note.

cular confession with any other *authority* than such only as his deluded penitents voluntarily conceded to him; nor do we suppose that Mr. Dodsworth intended to affirm anything more. And that Dr. Pusey *did* no less, is put beyond all doubt by his own statement,—or rather statements; for, as we shall immediately see, his memory, somewhat weak and treacherous at first, rallied considerably under the gentle treatment of Messrs Maskell and Dodsworth. It is always idle—for him it was foolish—to contend about words. When the weak dupes of the Oxford school applied to the Coryphæus of that school in quest of ghostly counsel, and were advised to seek peace of conscience by the way of confession and absolution, we humbly apprehend that to advise, to encourage, to recommend, to prescribe, to *enjoin*, became one and the same thing. By condescending to palter thus about a phrase, Dr. P. has given proof to the world that, with all his celebrity, he is but a very small man, and in a totally false position. Who else, holding such a place as his, earnestly and with any just appreciation of its importance, would have cared one brass farthing whether he was understood to have *enjoined*, or to have merely encouraged, the revival of a practice which, he says, he felt to be “the work of God on the souls of men?” Really great minds are ever true to themselves, and to their own leading principle.

“It is now some twelve years, I suppose,” says Dr. Pusey, “since I was first called upon to exercise this office” (of confessor). “The more earnest preaching and teaching of repentance which began in Oxford about 1835, drove people to look for a remedy for post-baptismal sin. The grievousness of ‘deadly sin, willingly committed after baptism,’ had been dwelt upon; but no other remedy pointed out than repentance proportioned to the sin, that so it might be washed out by the blood of Christ. But persons’ consciences needed some present comfort. They could not ‘quiet’ them for themselves. They found the peace they longed for in the teaching of their prayer-book, God taught them through it. The Church spoke to them by a ‘living voice;’ for God made her words live in their ears and in their hearts. In this place, as you know, we are under no bishop. There is no jurisdiction. The colleges are extra-parochial; the university is exempt from episcopal jurisdiction. Here, as you would suppose, there must be many tender hearts, anxious about their salvation, to minister to, and here has been my chief ministry to souls in this way. Then also priests came to me, who are plainly under no jurisdiction; many, because having been asked to receive the confessions of others, the office of ministering to these made them think the more that they themselves needed the same remedy. In like way, when residing elsewhere, I could not but conceive myself included in the Church’s words, ‘or some other;’ and so, when any came to me, I ministered to them. But not having a parochial cure, I have not led others to confession. I felt too that God’s work is deeper than man’s. Except before the University, in which I was preaching on the comforts for the penitent, I have preached repentance, review of life, rather than confession and absolution, because the soul must first feel itself wounded, before it can look for a cure; the heart must be broken first, before it can be bound up.

"Again, as to continued confession, I suppose that there was no office, from which we at first shrank so much, as the receiving continued confessions. This too (as you know) was not produced by any scheme or system of our own, but against our wishes (so much did we shrink from the office), by the very necessity of the case. For, as I have before said publicly, 'It is well known that one who has once tasted the benefits of absolution for heavier sins, and found good for his soul in the special counsels of God's ministers, longs mostly to continue to 'open his griefs' for slighter sins into which he afterwards falls; that he finds it a healthful discipline for his soul, a safeguard often, by God's grace, against sin; that God gives him thereby lightness and gladness of heart, 'to go on his way' through the wilderness 'rejoicing.' Is such an one to be repelled? Is he to be told that the remedy he seeks for is only for those more deeply wounded, or bid go into other folds, if he still would have it?'

"I mention this now, because it has occasioned me to continue to receive confessions, from time to time, in other dioceses than my own. For all who have any experience, know that he can most effectually minister to a soul, build it up, speak to it, comfort it, who knows the whole extent of its griefs."*

Oh, the meek innocence, and mere helplessness, of poor Dr. Pusey!—how little have they been appreciated by a cruelly misjudging world! And yet, let him be comforted. He has enjoyed the rare felicity of becoming the victim of a necessity which he had done his utmost to evoke, and which wrought in concurrence with his most ardent wishes. In other dioceses than his own too;—how quietly he meets the charge insinuated against him on that score!—"In the cases in which I have myself exercised this office, I know of no case in which I had reason to think that the parish priest would have objected to it. I had often the use of their churches for the office. Again, with respect to our bishops. We ought not to assume that our bishops would object to what we do by virtue of the directions in the Prayer-Book. We ought rather to assume, that so long as we keep strictly to those directions, they would approve of what we do."† This surely is candour itself. Honest Dr. Pusey could not imagine that any of "our bishops" would ever suspect his practice of being *strictly* contrary to the directions in the Prayer Book;—a supposition so very extraordinary and inconceivable never entered his unsuspicious thoughts. So much, then, for his first effort of memory. We turn to Mr. Maskell's *refresher*.

"In page 6. of your letter to Mr. Richards," says that gentleman, "you blamed Mr. Dodsworth for having said in his published letter to you, that you have 'enjoined' auricular confession: and you say that you could not *enjoin* auricular confession. Suffer me to say that, in connection with the other words of the same sentence, Mr. Dodsworth's use of the word *enjoin* was just and reasonable. He does not use it simply and without limitation; he says that you have encouraged if not enjoined auricular confession: by which it is evident that, in the sense

* Letter to Richards, pp. 134-136.

† Ibid. p. 132.

of compulsion, he knew, as well as yourself, you *could not* possibly enjoin auricular confession. And he knew also, *as I know*, that to say merely that you have encouraged it, would fall as far short of what your actual practice is, as the word *enjoin*, in the sense of *compelling*, would exceed it. He knew that you have done more than *encouraged* confession in very many cases: that you have warned people of the danger of deferring it, have insisted on it as the only remedy, have pointed out the inevitable dangers of the neglect of it, and have promised the highest blessings in the observance, until you had brought penitents in fear and trembling upon their knees before you.

"There are some other parts of your letter to Mr. Richards, which, I must own, have somewhat more than startled me. I have begun almost to doubt the accuracy of my memory, or that I could ever have understood the commonest rules of plain-speaking upon very solemn mysteries and duties of the Christian faith.

"I mean such passages as these: 'we are not to obtrude, nor to offer, our services; not to set up ourselves as guides, or depreciate others; we are to be passive, ready to minister to any who 'come' to us, but not to cause confusion and heart-burning by intruding, through any act or word of ours, into the ministry of others,'—p. 119. Again: 'in the cases in which I have myself exercised this office, I know of no case in which I had reason to think that the parish priest would have objected to it.' And, 'with respect to our bishops. We ought not to assume that our bishops would object to what we do by virtue of the directions in the Prayer-Book. If any of us did not go to the bishop, it was, *I doubt not*, because, the Church having given leave already, there was no occasion to apply to the bishop, who could only direct us to the rule of the Church,'—pp. 132, 133. In like way, 'when *residing* elsewhere,' from which, of course, no one would suppose that you go from home into other dioceses for the express purpose of receiving auricular confessions, —'when any came to me, I ministered to them. But not having a parochial cure, I have not led others to confession,'—p. 135. Of that revival of the confessional which you are accustomed to recommend, you say, 'because it is so very sacred, it has been practised in silence.—The religion of the English is especially retiring,'—p. 196.

"Now, pray, do not misunderstand me: far be it from me to say that I suppose that, in your own heart, you do not believe every word of these sentences to be strictly and verbally true: what I do say is, that, so far as I have known it, they do not in any adequate or real way represent your practice. It is idle to discuss them; there is one sentence, however, which will surprise many besides myself: I mean that in which you speak of the bishops of your communion, and the simple confidence which you express regarding their not interfering with your practical method of interpreting some words of a certain clause in the exhortation appointed to be read in the English office of communion.

"Do you really mean to say that you know any one single bishop of the English Church, who would *not* strongly *disapprove* of it? Have you ever ventured to ask the Bishop of London? or your own bishop, the Bishop of Oxford? or, again, the Bishop of Exeter? And if you

did speak or write upon this subject to a bishop, was it in the guarded language of your pamphlet? With respect to the last of these, I do not see why I should hesitate to speak—and, to you, there are special reasons why I should speak—of what the Bishop of Exeter thinks should be the rule in such matters in *his* diocese. I do not see (I say) why I should hesitate to tell you that, very lately, in a somewhat public and judicial way, the Bishop of Exeter has condemned, even by curates licensed in his own diocese, the practice of receiving persons in auricular confession, except in order to quiet their consciences before admission to communion. Even in this exceptional case, the Bishop of Exeter would repudiate (I think) with horror, *the system of particular and detailed enquiry into every circumstance of sin, which, in correct imitation of the Roman Catholic rules, YOU DO NOT FAIL TO PRESS.** Of such a system, before giving absolution, ‘God forbid,’ are his Lordship’s words; ‘that we do so!’ What then, let me ask, do you conceive that the Bishop of Exeter would say, of persons secretly received against the known will of their parents, of confessions heard in the houses of common friends, or of clandestine correspondence to arrange meetings, under initials, or in envelopes addressed to other persons? And, more than this, when such confessions are recommended and urged as a part of the spiritual life, and among religious duties; not in order to quiet the conscience before receiving communion.

“Think not that I write all this to give you unnecessary pain: think not that I write it without a deep feeling of pain and sorrow in my own heart. But there is something which tells me that, on behalf of thousands, this matter should now be brought before the world, plainly, honestly, and fully. I know how heavily the enforced mystery and secret correspondence regarding confessions, in your communion, has weighed down the minds of many to whom you and others have ‘ministered’: I know how bitterly it has eaten, even as a canker, into their very souls: I know how utterly the specious arguments which you have urged, have failed to remove their burning sense of shame and deceitfulness. And, for their sakes, forgetting both myself and you, I speak as plainly as I have.”†

Dr. Pusey’s answer to these allegations extends to about twenty-eight pages;‡ and we cannot possibly make room for it. Willingly would we have allowed him to defend his conduct before our readers in his own way; but those of them who may consult the publication to which we have referred below, will see that we should do him no injustice by leaving the case where it is. Some things he slightly modifies, some he partially explains, some he distinctly defends, and of some, nor these the least grave, he takes no notice whatever. With respect to his non-communication with the bishops in whose dioceses he received confessions, he says, “I heard incidentally (although not from the bishop himself,) what left me no doubt, both that the Bishop of London knew what I did; and I knew that a practice, precisely identical with my

* The Italics and Capitals are adopted by the writer of this article.

† Maskell’s Letter to Pusey, pp. 17–21.

‡ Letter to Richards. Postscript, pp. 264–292.

own, had been fully explained to him." He afterwards adds that, to another prelate whom he does not name, he had in part explained his procedure; and he concludes, on this particular, by saying, "if Mr. Maskell have anyhow come to think that I ever had the slightest wish to withhold anything from any bishop, he is simply mistaken." He says nothing whatever of the "clandestine correspondence, &c.;" but he denies having ever recommended mystery or countenanced deceitfulness, and declares that he does not know to what Mr. Maskell refers when he speaks of "the burning sense of shame and deceitfulness." He is a very remarkable man—for his ignorances no less than for his knowledge; since, notwithstanding such statements, he admits the fact and vindicates the necessity, in particular cases, of concealment from parents and other relatives! On the point of honour, too, he is extremely sensitive.—"I do most solemnly protest," he says, "against any such allusions to private histories, which ought to be so very sacred. In any case in which I knew any details independently of confession, I should be bound to be silent by the sacredness of my trust, and the common feelings of the human heart. If confession had been used with me, it would be a simple duty, as one would avoid deadly sin, to be wholly silent as to the whole case." Now, we heartily acquiesce in the justice of this statement. Most Christian ministers become occasionally the objects of confidences which it would be scandalous and wicked to betray. But we cannot allow Dr. Pusey the benefit of this plea. The whole question here is, whether he acted as a Protestant minister is sacredly bound to act, when he courted, instigated, encouraged, recommended, the minute details and exposures of a sacramental confession, with a view to *absolution*? "When a person," says Dr. P. himself, "has in ignorance spoken of confession only as a means of 'guidance,' I have said that not 'guidance,' but absolution, was the object of confession, and that it would be to pervert the institution of Christ to use it merely for 'guidance.' The knowledge of the soul which is so acquired, of course enables the priest to give ghostly counsel and advice; but such must not be the end of confession." He is undoubtedly bound, even on such a view of the case, to observe secrecy; but if this obligation shall interfere with his means of vindicating his conduct, he has only to thank himself for his embarrassment.

Our readers are probably, by this time, eager to ask us two distinct questions, respecting, severally, the precise doctrine held by Dr. Pusey on the subject of the confessional; and the exact practice which he pursued—the special method which he adopted—in confessing and absolving his penitents. We hope they are so; for we are in a condition to answer both questions, to, as we trust, their entire satisfaction. As respects doctrine, Dr. P. has himself supplied us with the following deliberate and methodized statement:

"1. I fully believe that any sin will be forgiven by God upon a deep and entire repentance, for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ alone, and that those merits are the only source of all forgiveness.

"2. I also believe that 'our Lord Jesus Christ hath left power with

his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him.' This power I believe to be ministerial, as in baptism, since it pleases God to employ visible instruments in conveying his mercies to the soul.

"3. This power I believe to be conferred on priests in their ordination, in the solemn words, 'receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands: whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained: and that which is done in His name, and according to His will, He confirms in heaven, as He says, 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'

"4. I believe that absolution is not only a comfort, but is a means of grace to the soul; or rather, is a comfort, because it is a means of grace to the soul; and that God, through man, pronounces forgiveness of sins upon all who truly repent and turn to Him.

"5. I believe that, being a means of grace with an outward visible sign, it does, according to the teaching of our Church, in a secondary sense, come under the title of 'sacrament,' and that our homilies in that secondary sense do so call it, as having 'the promise of forgiveness of sins' (although not exclusively), and an outward sign, imposition of hands, although the grace of forgiveness is not tied or restricted to that act."*

Dr. Pusey has drawn up this *credo* of his with a degree of sagacity which would have done credit to the skill of Loyola, availing himself of certain expressions in the ordination service and one of the homilies, with a dexterity which cannot but be embarrassing to those members of the English Church who impugn his teaching. But, artfully as his propositions are arranged, and mildly as they are expressed, his doctrine differs from the rankest Popery in no more than one very trifling particular. He does not maintain that confession to a priest is an indispensable condition of forgiveness, and therefore does not propose that it should be made universally compulsory on Christians. The whole difference between him and Rome is, that in urging the use of the confessional, he would invoke the aid neither of civil nor of ecclesiastical penalties, neither of the inquisition nor of the consistory. Moral suasion would content him—moral suasion, carried to the utmost of its powers, or, on occasions, *a little further*. Yes; *a little further*. "Dr. Pusey and I," says Mr. Dodsworth, "had been associated together in the establishment of a sisterhood of mercy; and it was certainly an implied and understood thing, though not absolutely enforced, that the sisters should use confession; as they all, in fact, do. I believe that both he and I should have suggested, at least, confession to any applicant for admission, as likely to contribute to her spiritual welfare and comfort in the sisterhood."† "I am quite sure," responds Dr. Pusey, "that the accurate statement would have been, 'we certainly anticipated that the sisters would use confession.'—"I should expect this of any institution

* Letter to the Bishop of London, by Dr. Pusey, pp. 19-22.

† A few Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London, by W. Dodsworth, p. 6.

formed by any one in the English Church, which (on whatever principle it was established,) should propose as its end and aim, to serve Christ Himself in His poor and sick, I should expect that it would either melt away, or that its members would sooner or later, one by one, come to use confession."* "Soon after the establishment," rejoins Mr. Dodsworth, "of the sisterhood of mercy in my late parish, a young woman came to the house with the view of being admitted as a 'lay' or 'serving' sister. On my calling to see her soon after her arrival, she told me at once that she could not stay, because, from a conversation which she had had with Dr. Pusey, she found that she would be required to use confession; and under this impression she actually left the institution. Dr. Pusey tells me that he does not remember this case." "Again, in the original rules drawn up for the sisterhood, under which they lived for some time, and which were read over every week in the community, there was a rule, a copy of which is now before me, "on confession."—It begins as follows: "Whenever you use confession, make your preparation as follows," &c. This rule was afterwards withdrawn, on the ground of economy."† Moral suasion, and a little more. Why not? Dr. Pusey would expect that, without the use of confession, such an institution would melt away.

So much for the point of doctrine. We shall allow Mr. Maskell to tie the knot between Dr. Pusey's theory and his practice. "In hearing auricular confessions," says that gentleman, "in giving absolution, and in assuring those who come to you that the grace which they so receive by your ministry is sacramental, and effective of the removal of the guilt of mortal sin—in thus speaking and thus acting, you cannot have any other guide, or authority, or teacher, than the Catholic Church. To her documents, canons, and decisions, and to the voice of her theologians in their books upon the subject, you *must* and *do* refer. Whatsoever you hold upon this great Christian sacrament is derived from that source, and from that source alone; and if this be so as regards your theory of absolution, much more is it as regards your *practice* in hearing auricular confessions. I shall not enter into this last point: it would give you as well as myself sorrow to be obliged to do so. All that need be said is, that the rules of the Church of Rome, and no other, are your rules; rules which the common cry of Protestants, and the voices of countless ministers and bishops of your communion, have denounced in terms so blasphemous and fearful, that they are not to be spoken of."‡

Here, at last, we seem to be on the very eve of learning how Dr. Pusey proceeded in the practical work of hearing confessions,—of ascertaining what, in method and kind at least, transpired between him and his agitated penitents, when he had "brought them in fear and trembling on their knees" before him. Let England think of this. Let English husbands and fathers consider the case of wives and daughters, crushed in spirit, lacerated in heart and in conscience, and dragged down on their knees by the lessons of a wretched fanaticism to open the secrets

* Renewed Explanation, by Dr. Pusey, p. 21.

† Further Comments on Dr. Pusey's Renewed Explanation, p. 6.

‡ Letter to Dr. Pusey, p. 50.

of their lives there. Let England think of this ; and if the true faith of the gospel, and the true affections of humanity, be not dead throughout the island, Dr. Pusey will be sent to the obscure corners of it in shame—and left there to the superstitions and mummeries of a system which has earned the hatred of the race.

"The rules of the Church of Rome, and no other, are your rules." Dr. Pusey has admitted that it is so ;—not frankly indeed,—rather in his own peculiarly shuffling, Jesuitical way ; but in effect, he has fully admitted it. The use of confession, he says, is not by him represented as compulsory on any,—it is left free to the choice, or the rejection, of all. Be it so. The Christian people may resist his most artful persuasions, may defy his most elaborate rhetoric. No doubt of it. But when he has succeeded in bringing them *before him on their knees in fear and trembling*, does he leave them then to open their griefs in their own way ? to propose their perplexities, and take the best advice they can get ? No, Dr. Pusey has them between the jaws of the vice, and does not fail to turn the screw. "I knew," says Mr. Dodsworth, "what was also known to hundreds of other persons, that clergymen of the Established Church (I myself was one,) were in the habit of—receiving confessions, both from men and women, of their whole lives, in details as minute as any that can possibly be made to a Catholic priest ; of enjoining penance, and giving priestly absolution. Dr. Pusey (I mention it to his honour,) was one of the foremost to commend the restoration of this salutary practice, both by precept and example. He was the first Anglican clergyman who spoke to me of its revival in the Established Church ; and I know of many persons whom he has led into the practice. With regard to what English Protestants most object to,—the minute detail of sins in confession,—it is only right to say that, so far as I know, confession is required to be at least quite as minute, when observed in the Established Church, as it is in the Catholic Church."* All this, Dr. Pusey concedes, and *defends*. No doubt, there is shuffling again. When he says, however, that "the Church of England does not require any one to make confession, but if he makes confession, the confession which she contemplates is a *real* confession ;"—and again, "private absolution is not allowed by the rubric to any but a *full* confession ;"†—why, when he says this, there is nothing left to dispute about. Still, besides this, the fact does get squeezed out of him, that he *questions* his penitents in the Popish fashion.

From the heap of publications before us, we have not been able to ascertain conclusively what Popish treatise or treatises Dr. Pusey has honoured with his confidence as a guide-book in hearing confessions. But we infer from his frequent references to the "*Manuel des Confesseurs*," that he holds that compilation in high esteem, and probably employs it. This manual is extensively used, and relied on as an authority, in France,—facts which had led us to acquaint ourselves with its contents, long before we had any suspicion of these Tractarian practices. It consists of seven, or perhaps, since one of them is twofold, of

* A few Comments, &c., pp. 5-6.

† Renewed Explanation, p. 11 and p. 17.

eight distinct compositions, collected and interblended methodically by the Abbé J. Gaume, vicar-general of Nevers. They are, 1st, the anonymous treatise "of the priest sanctified by the charitable and discreet administration of the sacrament of penitence;" 2d, St. Alphonso Liguori's "practice of confessors;" 3d, "notices to confessors," and "treatise on general confession" by the blessed Leonard of Port-Maurice; 4th, "instructions to confessors" by St. Charles Borromeo; 5th, "advices to confessors" by St. Francis de Sales; 6th, "counsels" of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians; and, 7th, "advice to confessors" by St. Francis Xavier. Now, most of our readers have heard of the "theologia moralis et dogmatica" of Peter Dens, as well as of the "theologia moralis" of Liguori. In these notorious works there are abominations, grosser perhaps and more revoltingly naked, but assuredly not worse, than in the "*Manuel des Confesseurs*." And here it would be easy to vindicate our statement by references,—which, however, we must, for obvious reasons, be allowed to withhold.

We have stated the grounds on which we apprehend it to be probable that Dr. Pusey uses this manual as his guide in hearing confessions,—grounds which, all things considered, amount nearly to absolute proof. But we have still some further evidence to produce respecting the particulars of Tractarian confessions,—which makes it quite certain that nothing in the Romish books was deemed too bad to be copied, or closely imitated, by the Oxford penitentiary-general and his numerous coadjutors. These gentlemen, had they so pleased, might have been much more communicative than they have been, without the slightest violence to the sacred seal of confession. But since they have chosen to stand upon their privilege and maintain a strict reserve, we and the Protestant inhabitants of Great Britain at large are much indebted to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Ripon, for having put one of their penitents into the witness-box.

The intimacy of Dr. Pusey's connection with the Church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and with the system established there, is well and generally known;—in short, that was one of his normal schools for the propagation of the new Romanism. The bishop of the diocese consequently felt himself constrained to interfere, and instituted an enquiry into the conduct of the clergy, viz. Messrs. Rooke, Beckett, and Minster, touching several things indeed, but mainly in reference to their practice of receiving confessions. Long as the following extract is, we are sure that our readers would scarcely forgive us, if we did not afford them an opportunity of perusing entire the evidence of the principal witness.

"M—— A——, the wife of —— ———.

"We have resided in the parish of St. Saviour's five years next February. I was a candidate for confirmation in the year 1849. Mr. Rooke and Mr. Beckett instructed me before my confirmation. After I had been under Mr. Rooke's instruction, he directed me to go to Mr. Beckett, that I might confess to Mr. Beckett. I went to Mr. Beckett accordingly. He asked me my commandments. He asked me to think over what I had done, what sins I had committed; and he asked me if I had been disobedient to my parents, and if I had ever been running out

of nights, and caused my parents uneasiness on that account. He then asked me if I had had any indecent connexion with any young men, and if I had had any thing to do with any person but my husband, and if I had had anything to do with my husband before I was married to him. I made a confession to him of such sins as I could remember to have committed. He then replied he was sorry, and would pray for me. He told me to kneel down and he would absolve me. I knelt down, when Mr. Beckett held his hands over my head, and in doing so he touched me, which alarmed me, and I jumped up. He said to me, 'Don't be alarmed, I won't hurt you.' I knelt down, and he then said he would give me a blessing. I thought I heard him saying something to himself, but I could not distinguish any words. When I rose up from my knees, Mr. Beckett shook hands with me, and I left the room. It was in the middle room, called Mr. Minster's room. Before this happened, Mr. Rooke had told me that he was not a priest, and that I was to go to Mr. Beckett to absolve me; that was the reason of my going to him at that time. I felt very much ashamed of the questions put to me by Mr. Beckett, and was greatly distressed. I never told my husband to this day what were the questions which Mr. Beckett had asked me. Shortly afterwards Mr. Rooke came to our house, and told me he was about going to the bishop of Ripon to be made a priest. He told me I was to prepare myself for confession, and that I was to go and confess to him when he returned, that I might take the sacrament on Christmas-day. I had not been to Mr. Rooke before he called upon me. I did not call upon him on his return. He came to our house, and asked me the reason why I had not been to confess to him. I said I had been to dine at my mother's on Christmas day. He asked me if I had been to the sacrament. I told him I had not. He called upon me one day shortly afterwards, but some person being in the house, he asked me to go down to the vicarage. I went down to the vicarage the same night about seven o'clock. We had a good deal about confession. I told him my husband did not hold with confession, and would not allow it. He said I must think about it myself. I replied, that I thought if a person confessed to God Almighty it was sufficient. He said he and the other clergymen were set there to teach us. I replied, I did not believe any one could forgive sins but God Almighty. He then asked me if I believed the Testament? I said, I did. He then said, had I never looked at that portion of scripture, in which our Saviour, before he ascended into heaven, gave his disciples power to forgive sins? I said, yes; but I thought our Lord only gave them that power because they had dwelt with him upon earth, and I did not believe any body had that power now. He replied, Oh, yes, if our sins are ever so great, and they were confessed humbly, they (meaning, as I supposed, himself and their clergymen) were able to forgive them. Mr. Rooke was apparently offended with me, and I told Mr. Beckett so, and afterwards Mr. Rooke called upon me again. Upon one occasion, the last but two or three, Mr. Rooke said, you must not think when you come to confess to me that you come to a man like yourself, but to confess to God Almighty, they being set there as chosen by Him. I never went to confession after the first

time. I never came to holy communion except immediately after my confirmation. The reason why I did not do so was, that I had understood from Mr. Rooke that they did not admit persons to holy communion except they had previously confessed a day or two before. At the time I told my husband I had been to confession he was displeased, and I mentioned it to Mr. Rooke; he replied, I had no right to tell anybody I had been to confession. I told him I thought we ought to tell our husbands everything. He said, True; they should not be deceived; but confession was a thing we ought not to tell them—it concerned our souls, and not our bodies. I told Mrs. Hardisty, either the same night or the next morning after I had confessed to Mr. Beckett, the questions that had been put to me. I was much distressed.

“Cross-examined by Mr. Rooke.

“‘I had been ill before my confession to Mr. Beckett. I was very miserable when I came away. I did not feel relieved in my mind after confession. I cannot say I felt a weight off my mind. I did not feel as I hoped to have done after what you had said. I thought I should have felt as a new person. I was unhappy on account of the questions which had been put to me.’

“Cross-examined by the Rev. Thomas Minster.

“‘Did you at the time of confession feel more deeply than before?’

“‘I cannot say that I felt that I was any more pardoned by confession.’

“‘Did you not at your confession and before shed many tears?’

“‘I shed many tears to think of the crimes I had done, and the questions put to me.’

“‘Did those questions make you think much of your sins?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Did you ever feel your sins so much before?’

“‘No, sir; I had never thought of all these sins so much before.’

“‘It seems, then, that these questions created in you a feeling of sorrow and repentance?’

“‘I felt troubled, and was anxious to know whether I had done right in confessing to man or not.’

“‘Did you feel, then, at the time much sorrow and repentance?’

“‘Yes; I felt sorry for my sins, but not that true repentance I ought to feel.’

“‘Seeing that you felt repentance and sorrow on these questions being put to you, you could not suppose that Mr. Beckett put these questions from an improper motive?’

“‘He never used any improper actions towards me, but the questions were very indelicate ones.’

“‘Did he question you on the whole of the commandments?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Do you suppose these questions were put to you from an indelicate motive?’

“‘I hope not. I never saw anything.’

“Cross-examined by Mr. Rooke.

“ ‘ Did I ever tell you that confession was compulsory before coming to holy communion ?’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ Were you ever refused the holy communion because you had not previously come to confession ?’

“ ‘ By what you said to me, I understood that I was not to come without confession.’

“ ‘ Did I recommend confession before coming to holy communion ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Did I not state to you when once in your house, when talking of the difficulties of confession on your part, that it was better to come to holy communion without previous confession, rather than stay away from holy communion altogether ?’

“ ‘ I remember a conversation something to that effect. I did not understand that I was to go to communion without going to confession.’

“ Now, from this evidence,” says the bishop of Ripon, “ I gathered, 1st, that Mrs. ——— offered herself as a candidate for confirmation in 1849, but never offered herself as a subject for the confessional. 2nd, that after a certain period of examination, she was directed by Mr. Rooke to go to Mr. Beckett for confession and absolution. 3rd, that Mr. Beckett received her under these circumstances, though not spontaneously offering herself, but being required so to do ; and that he made her submit to confession, as well as to painful and indelicate questioning ; that he then told her to kneel down, and that he would absolve her. 4th, that Mrs. ——— was told by Mr. Rooke that she ought not to tell her husband that she had been to confession, still less to tell him what had passed in confession. 5th, that Mr. Rooke pressed Mrs. ——— to go to confession, even after he knew her husband disapproved of it. 6th, that Mr. Rooke pressed her on the subject of confession in such a way as to leave her under the impression, that she never ought to go to holy communion without going to confession to a priest previously ; and that, in consequence, she never went to holy communion more than once, through dislike of confession.

“ Now,” the bishop proceeds, “ that such has been the public teaching at St. Saviour’s, is evident from the following extract from a sermon of the Rev. J. Rooke’s which was handed in to me during the investigation, and which I had an opportunity of perusing together with the evidence. Having enumerated other grounds of complaint against the clergy of St. Saviour’s, he (addressing the whole congregation) proceeds to say, ‘ Another grave charge brought against us is, that we teach it to be a duty that you should confess your sins to your priest, by way of preparation for receiving the blessed sacrament and for dying, in order that you may receive the benefit and blessing of absolution. Even our good bishop has asked with surprise if it be true that we do so—extraordinary to say ; why, of course it is true, how could it be otherwise ? In the Prayer-Book, the Church puts the instruction into our very mouths ; for open your books at the first exhortation in the communion office, which begins, ‘ Dearly beloved, on —day next, I purpose, through God’s assistance . . .’

and at the end of it the priest is commanded *to say to each flock*, 'let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's holy word, he may receive the benefit of absolution.' It will not fail to be observed, that Mr. Rooke entirely omits all mention of the special circumstances and conditions, under which parties are to come to their minister."*

Strictly speaking, we have nothing to do here with the results of this investigation. But in justice to the Bishop of Ripon, we should mention—what our readers will be glad to learn—that he promptly applied his official authority for the correction of these gross abuses. Mr. Rooke, who had not been licensed, was forthwith inhibited; and the licence of Mr. Beckett, the other curate, who has, however, appealed to the Archbishop of York, was revoked shortly after the close of the inquiry. Mr. Minster was, and we suppose is, the *Vicar* of St. Saviour's. In his case, therefore, discipline cannot be so easily or so summarily enforced. It is painful to think that, in the Protestant Church of England, such conduct as this of the Bishop of Ripon, should have fairly earned for him the special approbation and gratitude of his countrymen. *O si sic omnes!*

For these things at Leeds, Dr. Pusey is responsible. Minster, Beckett, and Rooke, were his tools, quite as much as his co-adjutors; and their share of the *guilty* burden—for we cannot otherwise deem of it—does not lessen, it rather increases, his. For similar things in London, Dr. Pusey is responsible again. Everywhere, his is the subtle, seducing, perverting spirit; everywhere, he is "one of the foremost" to lead others on. Excesses may have been committed, which he was ignorant of, and might have disapproved; still he who impelled the whole movement is, in a secondary sense, responsible for its wildest extravagances. Yes; even for the following, and worse if worse may be. "The offices of my ministry," writes the Dean of Bristol, "brought me into contact with the practices of the Tractarians. I found books circulated, containing, on the holiest subjects, the most exaggerated tone of Roman error. I found doctrines spread, connected with the asserted change of the eucharistic elements into the most blessed body of our Saviour, *more deeply degrading than any to which heathendom has sunk*. I found that one, calling himself a clergyman of the Church of England, in my close vicinity, could solicit secrecy before he administered the communion—that he desired confession to him, *because, without confession to him and absolution from him, he could not answer for the efficacy of the sacrament, or the salvation of the soul; that he could cross himself and the recipient before each prayer; and at the reception, that he could cross the elements, giving as his reason why he did so, that it was the custom of St. John so to do; and that it was proved to be a wise custom by the fact, that on St. John once doing so to the cup, a devil issued and fled from it; that also he could not be satisfied with the directions of his own Church, but, with that of Rome, must mingle water with the wine.*"†

* Letter to the Parishioners of St. Saviour's, &c. pp. 31—36.

† No Peace with Rome, &c., by the Rev. Fred. Ford, M.A.

This then, as regards the confessional, is our case against the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford. Whether Dr. Pusey have proved himself a traitor to his own Church, is a question which, though on it also we have formed a very decided opinion of our own, does not concern us here. But we confidently denounce him as a traitor before a much wider tribunal—the whole evangelical churches, namely, of the Reformation; and what we charge him with, is an attempt, deliberately made, pertinaciously prosecuted, and mournfully successful, to subvert the fundamental principles on which that great deliverance from priestly thralldom was achieved for us by our fathers.

Incidentally we have said already, that we do not accuse Dr. Pusey of being, in this particular of his belief and practice, simply a Papist. Were that our indictment, we are quite aware that the evidence we have produced would not sustain our claim when we now demand a verdict of ‘*guilty*.’ Between him and the Vatican there is still one untrodden step; a short step, it is true, but long enough to verify, even in his instance, the old French proverb—

“Jamais ni cheval, ni homme,
N’amenda d’aller à Rome.”

That is—

“Nor horse nor man e’er turned home
Ought bettered by the sight of Rome.”

He disavows, in part, the doctrine of the Tridentine Fathers, and willingly incurs the anathema launched by certain canons of their XIV. Session;—thus: Can. VI. “*Si quis negaverit, confessionem sacramentalem vel institutam, vel ad salutem necessariam esse jure divino; aut dixerit, modum secreti confitendi soli sacerdoti, quem ecclesia Catholica ab initio semper observavit et observat, alienum esse ab institutione et mandato Christi, et inventum esse humanum: anathema sit.*” Can. VII. “*Si quis dixerit, in sacramento pœnitentiæ ad remissionem peccatorum necessarium non esse jure divino, confiteri omnia et singula peccata mortalia, quorum memoria cum debita et diligenti præmeditatione habeatur, etiam occulta, et quæ sunt contra duo ultima decalogi præcepta,* et circumstantias, quæ peccati speciem mutant . . . ; anathema sit.*” Can. VIII. “*Si quis dixerit, confessionem omnium peccatorum, qualem ecclesia servat, esse impossibilem, et traditionem humanam a piis abolendam; aut ad eam non teneri omnes et singulos utriusque sexus Christi fideles juxta magni concilii Lateranensis constitutionem semel in anno, et ob id suadendum esse Christi fidelibus, ut non confiteantur tempore Quadragesimæ: anathema sit.*”—Now, Dr. Pusey does not assert the divine institution of auricular confession; he does not maintain that it is absolutely necessary to salvation; and he does not propose that it should be made compulsory on all Christians. He adopts as his model what is assumed to have been the practice of the Romish Church prior to the year 1215, when the imperious Pope Innocent III. dictated this, among other canons, to the Council of Lateran: “*Omnis utriusque sexus*

* It will be recollected that the Romanists split the tenth commandment into two precepts.

fidelis, postquam ad annos discretionis pervenerit, omnia sua solus peccata confiteatur fideliter (saltem semel in anno) proprio sacerdoti, et injunctam sibi poenitentiam studeat pro viribus adimplere." That is : *let every Christian of either sex, after he shall have attained the years of discretion, faithfully confess all his sins in private, at least once a year, to his own priest ; and to the utmost of his ability, endeavour to perform the penance imposed on him.* By this celebrated canon, auricular confession was, for the first time, made universally imperative in the Popish Church.

Again, it is almost superfluous for us to say, that we harbour no suspicion whatever with regard to the purity of the motives which induced Dr. Pusey to aim at the revival of auricular confession. He could not possibly be ignorant, indeed, of the abominable abuses to which, under the best regulated system, and in the most trustworthy hands, the practice is necessarily liable. But he must have deemed, most erroneously as we believe, that the (scarcely) contingent hazards of it, were greatly outweighed by its clear and positive advantages. That benefit may often result from it, we have no occasion, or wish, to deny. It is, in truth, our firm conviction, that any vigorously healthful state of religion among us, will be attended by, what unhappily does not exist at present, a free use of mutual consultation and conference by Christians with one another, and with their pastors, respecting their difficulties, weaknesses, temptations, hindrances, and discouragements, in the service of God. The disburdening of a troubled conscience, simply in the confidences of friendship, will frequently, by reason of the strengthening sympathy which it secures from without, and the benign affections which it stimulates within, prove powerfully instrumental in curing the sick soul. And no doubt, in many instances, confessions, as received by Dr. Pusey and his friends, may have possessed all the conditions requisite for the attainment of this result ; and that apart altogether from the wisdom of the ghostly counsel administered, and from the notion of a valid absolution. That some real and much apparent benefit accrued from the practice, we were therefore quite prepared to expect. But we would have had far more reliance on the fundamental and permanent character of the alleged effects, had they stood clear of the formalities and details of the confessional, and the delusion of a priestly pardon. All the real advantage, whatever it may have been, supervened in spite of these ; and by these, an amount of mischief, utterly beyond man's reckoning, has undoubtedly been propagated. While, then, we willingly acquit Dr. Pusey of all impure intentions, we do by no means acquit him of the heavy guilt which must rest upon every one who promotes a practice so manifestly, notoriously, and necessarily, corrupt as that of auricular confession. Even in the hands of a married clergy, such as that of England, our human instincts tell us that it is not to be trusted or tolerated ; though obviously it would be safer there, than under the administration of men in whose imaginations an enforced celibate has generated an unnatural pruriency. That there have been pure confessors and holy directors here and there in the world, may be perfectly true ; but it is also nothing to the purpose.

Once more ; while we are on the exculpatory side, we may as well admit that, so far as we know, having no evidence one way or other, Dr. Pusey is free from the coarse and vulgar superstition of those legends which Romanists do not scruple to employ in their advocacy of the confessional. We suppose that the Dean of Bristol's friend moves in a far lower sphere of thought than the Regius Professor of Hebrew. "We read that the devil was unable to repeat the three words to which a certain worldly knight owed his deliverance from him, who had died contrite, crying, *Domine miserere mei*. 'How came that knight to escape from you?' some one asked the demon. 'He said three cursed words,' replied the fiend, 'which delivered him from our hands, and which, if God would enable us to pronounce in the same manner as he did, we ourselves should be saved; but the power is taken from us.'—"A youth about to commit a crime, was moved by a vision of Christ to go to confession. Issuing from the wood with an intention to confess, he met the demon waiting for him; but the latter did not recognize him, and in reply said, 'you are not he whom I am waiting for; he is all mine, and I shall break his neck on this spot.' The youth, comprehending the mercy of God, withdrew into a cloister, and there persevered."—"Two brethren, wandering on mountains in Ireland, met a man of short stature, who fled from them as they asked the way; but, as they outran him, he began to tell them that for thirty years he had served the demon, to whom he had made homage, and whose seal he bore on his hands. Struck with compunction at their holy words on hell and heaven, he promised them to confess his sins, and then the demon's seal was effaced from his hands. By their desire, to prove the power of confession, he rode into the woods and waited for the demon, who came, and in answer to his question, 'do you not know me, your servant these thirty years back?'—replied, 'I never saw you; but I am looking for him who has my seal on his hands.'—"Brother Bernard, our monk," says Cæsar of Heisterbach, "related to me the fall of the steward of a certain rich man, who, after sinning, did not wish to rise; and perchance, did not wish, because he could not, not being able, from not having the gift of contrition in his heart. The name of the man was Hildebrand, living in Holchoyn. One day, being in a wood with another, with whom he had an ancient quarrel, by the devil's instigation he rose on him and killed him. When the crime was known, he was arrested on suspicion; and being interrogated, his countenance so betrayed him, that he was unable to deny his guilt; so he was sentenced to perish on the wheel. Meanwhile Bertolph and John, two priests of the town, took him aside and exhorted him to confession and contrition; but he miserably answered, 'what could that profit me?—I am condemned;' thus replying as a man hardened and desperate. After his death, he appeared, all encompassed with flames, to Bertolph sleeping, while round the house in which he lay, there was such a tempest and crash of trees, that even animals in the stables were terrified. He declared that he was eternally condemned on account of his despair in his last moments." These legends are culled from K. W. Digby's "Compitum," Book V. Chap. V., where the curious may find much that will interest them. Our readers may deem such

things unworthy of their attention; and perhaps our readers are right. But they are fables nevertheless, by which Popery has mightily profited. Dr. Pusey, we presume, would look upon them, as we do, with a faint smile and a deep sadness. We have cited them simply for the purpose of being able to say, that we do *not* charge *him* with believing them.

Our accusation is restricted to two particulars. But in respect of these two particulars it is meant to be broad, direct, and unequivocal. 1st, We charge Dr. Pusey with the guilt of a deliberate endeavour to corrupt our Protestant religion, by the introduction into it of the abominations of *auricular confession*; not confession in the sense of a confidential conference on the state of his soul, spontaneously sought by a Christian man with his Christian pastor; not this at all, nor anything like this, but a repeated, minute, inquisitorial investigation, by special interrogatories, into the secret recesses of human consciousness and human error. Dr. Pusey does not affirm that such a scrutiny should be enforced on all Christians, by physical, or legal, stringencies. No; but if his practice of it be correct, and if his views of its importance be sound, he is bound to seek its enforcement by every resource of ecclesiastical power. And, 2dly, Dr. Pusey claims for the priesthood, the Popish, *and the blasphemous*, prerogative of forgiving sins—or granting absolution; not hypothetically, on condition of a true evangelical repentance; nor declaratively, as setting forth the terms of a sinner's acceptance with God; but judicially and effectively, by the virtue of an assumed sacerdotal privilege. What shall we say, what can we think, of the delusive serenity of conscience resulting from such an *absolution*? A miserable delusion it must be; but a strong, and an abiding delusion likewise. If it were not a delusion, the following thanksgiving after confession would not be too strong, startling as its language is.—“Ah, Lord! I have confessed; I thank thee. All the fire of hell throughout an eternity would not have sufficed for my guilt; and thou hast given me a remedy *so easy*; O Lord, I thank thee. This word—*ego te absolvo*,” (I absolve thee,) “rich in power,—O how much good has it brought me! It has set me free from hell, it has confirmed in me the adoption of God, the inheritance of paradise, and the friendship of angels; it has brought consolation to all heaven, and has made me so full of peace, that, if great was the grief for having offended, an hundred times greater is the joy of having repented and confessed. For so great favours, should I not thank thee heartily, O my dear God, my dear crucified Love? Ah! would I had not offended thee! It is, however, true that I will offend thee no more. He offends thee who has the mind of the devil; but I resolve at thy feet to die rather than offend thee. I am so happy that I desire never more to trouble the quiet of my conscience with a new sin; nor to disgust thee, Love so dear; by four tears of repentance thou hast pardoned me so great injuries done against thee; where in the world can be found any one who, though offended in but a little, would pardon for so little? I say within myself,—If the words of absolution proceeding from the mouth of a priest in the person of Christ, bring me so much good, so much consolation, then what will it be to stand with thee in heaven, to rejoice with thee in paradise? Accursed sin! thou hast deprived me of

my God ; I abhor thee, I curse thee. Blood of my Jesus, thou hast restored me to the favour of my God : I adore thee, I thank thee, dear Crucified ; I embrace thee, dear my God, I love thee. I will love thee ever, I will offend thee no more."* Such, in Italy, is the thanksgiving after confession ; and such, on Dr. Pusey's principles, might it, for all we can understand, be at Oxford.

Dr. Pusey, then, may not be a Papist. But he believes, and he practises, rank Popery. The confessional is the right arm, and the left also, of the Romish power ; the mightiest instrument ever wrought or invented, for the spiritual enthrallment and degradation of mortals. Let it prevail, and the world lies prostrate, exanimate, and terrified, at the feet of a despotic priesthood. The man to whom you have confessed is your master in such sort as the worst Oriental tyranny never dreamt of. You have surrendered your soul to him ; your soul, and consequently your religion. For you have no religion at all—simply none, unless you have it as your own, a living thing between the great God and yourself. The priestly theories of religion, are the most intensely and incurably irreligious theories ever conceived, more so than deism—than speculative atheism itself. They involve a personal renunciation of God. Put a priest in the place of God, by confessing to him and receiving his absolution, and you are tied to him, dependent on him, a part of him,—as his own limb, or his own finger, is his member. Sleep on, if thou wilt, in thy recklessness, poor Protestant England ; but suffer thyself to be told, that Dr. Pusey and his myrmidons are on thee like a night-mare ; and unless thou wilt awake violently, they will strangle thee in thy dreams.

The Spirit and Scope of Education, in promoting the Well-being of Society. From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. Stapf, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c. By ROBERT GORDON. Edinburgh: Marsh & Beattie, 13 Hanover Street. London: Charles Dolman. 1851.

The Bible : Its use and abuse ; or an Inquiry into the Results of the respective Doctrines of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, relative to the Interpretation of the Word of God. By the Rev. PAUL MACLACHLAN. London: Charles Dolman. Edinburgh: Marsh & Beattie.

WE have placed these works together, because they are closely connected, nay, emanate from the same source, and evidently have one purpose to serve. Will our readers credit it, that Popery can write books on the subject of Education and the sacred Scriptures ? And yet this is one of the signs of the times. It would fain have us believe that it is not what it was in the dark ages, when the Word of God was studiously kept alike from priest and people ; nor what it was at the Reformation, when it put to death its victims by thousands ; nor what it was at the close of the last century, when it enacted the horrors of the Inquisition.

* Via al Paradiso, Milano et Venezia, pp. 68, 69.

The old serpent is at work again. He is seeking to change his skin, but change his nature he cannot. Popery educate! Why, its great object ever has been to enthrall the mind. It knows too well that ignorance is the mother of that devotion which it commands on the part of its worshippers. Its whole genius is opposed to light,—the light of science—the light of literature—the light of philosophy—the light of Scripture; and hence it has ever been the foe of the Light-bringer. Look at its treatment of Galileo, whom it made recant his errors on his bended knees. It has ever been the enemy of men of genius,—and remarkable enough, it has few. It has no historian—no philosopher—no men of science. True, it can boast of a Dante, but look at its horrid treatment of him; and a Fenelon and a Bossuet, but they felt themselves trammelled. It scowls into subjection every mental effort, except in one direction—blind devotedness to Mother Church. The priesthood of the Romish Church have been in all ages and in all countries an ignorant and uneducated class of men, and are so at this day, with very few exceptions; but one in a thousand of them is really a man of education, and when such an one is found, they make the most of him. They put their best men always in the foreground, leaving a miserable squad behind. Look at the priests of Ireland at this moment: many of them can scarcely spell. Those of Spain and Italy are little better. And how can it be otherwise!—they are forbidden, on pain of the highest censures of the Church, to go beyond a certain line in their reading. The whole field of literature, with the exception of a very limited space, comes under the ban of the *Index Expurgatorius*. They are confined to Aristotle's philosophy, and the silly legends of the Fathers, and the rubbish-mass of monkish tradition. In philosophy, they repudiate such names as Bacon; in science, as Sir Isaac Newton; in poetry, as Shakespeare. The only literary man we are acquainted with among them is Lingard; and, at the beginning of this century, Geddes, who, by the bye, was half a Protestant, for he used sometimes, as we learn from his memoir, to attend the parish church. Where were our poets—our philosophers—our men of science and literature, before the Reformation? Perhaps our Romish friends will tell us of Chaucer and Erasmus—the one only illustrious, because he is the first English poet we have; the other all but a Protestant. But see what the Reformation wrought in this respect: It broke off the fetters with which Popery, for ages, had been enchaining the mind, and with which it was weighed down to the dust, and under which it was groaning, and bade it go free. Scarcely had the Reformation dawned on the world, when a rich harvest of mental fruit was gathered in. Learning in all its departments made vast advances, and the schoolmaster came abroad. In ten years, education made greater progress in the land, than it had done in ten hundred before. We therefore affirm, that it is contrary alike to the spirit and the practice of Popery to educate, in the true sense of the term. Educate, and its occupation is gone. It is education—Bible education—that will be its downfall, and that it knows full well. What meaneth, then, the writing of such works as these, and their translation too into English? We answer, it is a sign of the times. It is an artful stroke of the enemy. This is an

educating age, and for Popery to hold back would be to betray its base character. It, therefore, comes forward, and throws dust in the eyes of the public, by lustily bawling out with the crowd, "Educate, educate." But, ah me, what a substitute for education! It is indeed the "giving a stone for bread, and a serpent for fish." We have first, in the book before us, some fine-spun liberal sentiments. This liberality rolls on, until it comes to a dead halt. And when the writer thinks he has you fairly impressed with the liberal opinions of the Romish Church on the subject of education, and you have been brought into a nice unsuspecting frame, then he slyly introduces you into the real arcanum of the system. We hear a great deal about the cultivation of the intellect and the moral affections—a great deal about gymnastic exercises and good manners, and even about the Bible, but "woe worth the day," we finally end in the quagmire of penance and confession, and the lives of saint "this" and saint "that," beginning with the worship of Mary the Virgin. What will our readers say to the following? "The most powerful of these is the feeling of child-like and pious veneration for the *Virgin mother of Jesus Christ*. The purity and benevolence of her maternal character, the deep meaning both of her words and her silence, as mentioned by the Evangelists, her sincere humility, and the unspotted veil of virginal purity, which is spread over her whole existence, possess charms, which are peculiarly attractive for young and feeling souls, and which, far from estranging them from God, raise them powerfully towards Him. For, if they love and honour her, whom the messenger of heaven hailed as "Mary, full of grace," they love and honour her as the Mother of Jesus Christ, consequently they love and honour her for his sake. Accordingly, the more affectionately they cling to the Redeemer's Mother, the more warmly are they attached to their Redeemer himself, and the more horror-stricken do they start back from sin. Nor is it to be supposed that the intercession of the most lovely and beloved of mothers should be disregarded by Him, who is her son, and who is also charity. But facts speak, and experience shows, what an impulse was formerly given to the religious feelings of youth, by practices of devotion to the mother of God; for instance, by the congregations which were formed in educational institutions, and by occasional pious exercises, performed there in her honour.

"Another feeling, with which children should be inspired, and which is similar in its nature and effects to the former, is that of a lively veneration for their *guardian angels*. The educator should, therefore, habituate his pupils to the frequent remembrance of their angels' presence. This habit will greatly heighten and refine their feeling for what is heavenly, and will be a powerful preservative for their innocence against the allurements of seduction. Much is contained in the short admonishment, which Jesus Christ gives when he says, "See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." There is, in fact, nothing more easy for children than to acquire a habit of thinking of their guardian angels. A friendly intercourse seems to be kept up between children and the angel world. Innocent and happy children love

to speak of angels, to think of them, and to dream that angels flit around them. The angels, on the other hand, must necessarily love the unsullied innocence of childhood, and feel a lively interest in its preservation. "They are the beings, who," to use the language of a flowery writer, "hold familiar converse with the soul of the slumbering babe, and who soften with softest smiling the ruddy purple of its lips." Almost the same remarks might be made on the honour to be paid to the *saints*, as also to their *images and relics*, according to the spirit of the Catholic Church. What a powerful influence was not, and is not still in many places, exercised upon the religious sentiments of youth by the veneration paid to Saint Louis Gonzagna, and by the pious exercises during the six weeks preceding his festival, instituted in his honour?—After this we need only say, from such a system of education may God defend our country and deliver our children! What have we here but the inculcation of the grossest idolatry, as rampant as that of the fire-worshipper of Persia, the devil-worshipper of Ceylon, the sun-worshipper of China, or the idol-worshipper of India! Verily we have here "Gods many," which the child is to be *educated* to fall down and worship, the Virgin Mary—guardian angels—saints—images—relics—the old shoes of some profligate, but sainted nun—or the big toe of some profligate but sainted monk. Is this education—religious education? Yet it is the education—the only education of Popery. A more arrant insult to mind, a more flagrant imposition on the immortal spirit of man, the arch enemy could not invent. It is an abuse of the term to call such trumpery "education," and a perversion of the word to say that the system which inculcates such trumpery is a religion.

We turn now to the other work before us. Think of Popery writing on the Bible. Why, the thing is a great public farce. Popery, whose whole history is one of bitter and blood-thirsty antagonism to the Bible, whose entire energies have been expended in seeking to oppose and put out of being the Word of God! The Bible, we affirm, has had no greater enemy on earth, than Popery. It has garbled it in translating it. It has mangled it in adding to and taking from it. It has concealed it from the people, and attached a curse to the reading of it. It has chained and locked it. It has banished it from its churches, and prevented, by imprisonment and confiscation and fine, its circulation, as witness the fate of Count Guacciardini. It has committed it to the flames. And yet we have here a champion for its use, and a protester against its abuse, in the person of the Rev. Paul Mac-lachlan! Could history be extinguished, and the past fifteen hundred years of Popish apostasy and Popish doings be obliterated, then the Rev. Paul Mac-lachlan might have, perhaps, made bold to come forward in the attitude he now assumes; but, as unfortunately neither of these things can take place, we merely say that his coming forward, in connection with the Bible, is simply ridiculous. Until he can silence the voice of the past, it is rank presumption to come. Will the public—will the varietal simpleton believe in his sincerity? They will take facts in preference to his statements, however lustily affirmed; and on the ground of these, they will judge for themselves. Why, the sovereign distinction of Popery is this, that it is, and ever has been, as we have already said, the un-

wearied, implacable enemy of the Bible. It well knows, that if the Bible be true, it must be false. It instinctively shrinks from approximation to the Word of God. In the mirror of divine truth it does not, and dare not look, for fear of discovering its own hideous deformity. It seems to have the nervous suspicion, that there are latent here the elements of its coming destruction. Yes, herein is the rod of God's power, which shall smite the impious lie into the dust for ever. Popery an advocate of the Bible ! Why, there could not be a greater misstatement of fact, and certainly not a more ludicrous association of things. But we have her in the book before us putting on her softest smiles, and addressing us in something like the following :—" Dear friends—you are all in a mistake ; I have ever loved the Bible, and do love it, and desire to spread it. Don't believe that lying vampire History. There never was such a thing as a Pope's Bull against the Bible, nor such a thing as any one imprisoned for the reading of it, nor such a thing as any one tortured and put to death in the dungeons of the Inquisition, on account of it. No ! nor such a thing as an Inquisition at all !" Notwithstanding these smooth things, and that shower of smiles, which the scarlet lady would seek, in these days, to shed down upon us, we are pertinacious enough to believe that her fine speeches are gilded falsehoods ; and we cannot help adding, concerning herself, that, if there be a father of lies, she is the mother. The author of the book before us—a piece of the silliest rhodomantade from beginning to end—attempts to come forward to the rescue of the Romish Church, which, he says, in the matter of the Scriptures, has been foully aspersed. He makes the bold assertion that " the Catholic Church uses the Bible, but that Protestantism abuses it," and that in this lies the distinction between the two. This may be said to be the text, on which the book is written,—with what vulgar impotency we shall in a few sentences show. From first to last the whole work is a rude Irish tirade, full of blundering misstatement, malignant falsity, and laughable grandiloquence. The author begins by declaring that tradition is on an equal footing with the inspired Scriptures, and that, being of equal authority, no matter however inconsistent with the written word, or however much opposed to it, it is to be equally believed and obeyed with the contents of the volume which we call the Bible. He has not the sense to see, at the outset of the argument, that there can be no parity of reasoning between Popery and Protestantism on such premises. The premises are enlarged beyond what Protestants admit, and, therefore, there can be no argument between them. We would seriously advise this said priest, Mr. Paul MacLachlan, to go through Dr. Whateley's Logic. Is there any logic at all in the Romish Church ? We fear not, from the specimens here presented. Protestants deny that anything whatever has a right to the name or authority of the Scriptures, except what has been given to man in the inspired and completed Record. Had the author started in his argument from these premises, then the argument might have gone on in fairness ; but widening the premises to embrace anything else, it is manifest that the argument is instantly at an end. Men might call anything they like the Bible, as the Mormons, for instance, do ; but to do so, and then attempt to argue with others, who repudiate

such an opinion, or belief, as on equal grounds, is just sheer absurdity. We deny out and out that tradition has any claim whatever to be attached to the sacred canon ; or that any limitation, by the control of the Church or otherwise, is to be put on the searching of the Scriptures, by each man for himself : and this we shall prove by two passages from the Scriptures themselves. As to the first, it is expressly declared, " And I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this Book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book." And as to the second, the command is, " Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." And what were the Berrans commended for by the inspired penman, above the Thessalonians ? Was it not for this, " that they searched the Scriptures for themselves, to see if these things were so ?" If tradition be of equal authority with the Scriptures—be in fact the Scriptures—how comes it to pass that in almost everything it opposes the written word ? Can the Scriptures oppose themselves ? Can they speak truth and falsehood at the same time ? for if two things be opposite, the one must be true, the other false. The author goes on to tell us that the Church of Rome pays the utmost reverence to the sacred Scriptures ; that, as a proof of this, " the sacred volume is placed with great pomp on some desk or table in the midst of the Holy Fathers of the Church, when they meet to discuss ecclesiastical questions ; that there is nothing that Catholics reverence so much, next to the Holy Wafer." What childish blasphemy ! Here a piece of bread, baked by human hands, and which one may carry on the tip of his finger, is exalted above the Word of God. He informs us that the Romish Church was the great preserver of the Bible, and promoted its circulation in every age. He seeks to astound us with the fact, that " Charles the Bold caused one copy of the Gospels to be written for the Abbey of St. Denis, and another for the Abbey of Fleuri, and that from 1457 to 1546 there were 265 editions of the Bible." Has he read Layard's *Nineveh* ? Does he remember what is said by him of the Nestorian Christians ? of the attempt to proselytise them to Popery by Jesuitical missionaries ; and of what they put into their hands, as their manual of faith—not the Scriptures, but some silly legends of saints, and some picture daubs of the Virgin and the Apostles ! He boasts of two hundred and sixty-five editions of the Scriptures, in nearly a hundred years—and what was this ? Why, the British and Foreign Bible Society alone has issued, in less than half the time, nearly twenty million copies of the Scriptures ! comprising at least a thousand editions, and in 138 languages ! We oppose fact to fact, and we need not ask on which side the weight of argument lies. Add to these what the various Bible Societies, and the various sections of the Protestant Church have done, in the cause of Bible circulation, and this boasted fact is literally demolished !

We are next introduced to what the author terms the happy results of the teaching of the Catholic Church, and we are told at the commence-

ment of this chapter, that it was by the circulation of the Scriptures that the immediate successors of the apostles succeeded in converting the nations to the faith of the gospel. Why, what has this to do with the Romish Church? She had, at this time, no existence whatever. What had the immediate successors of the apostles to do with the Church of Rome? literally nothing. They knew there was a Church *at* Rome, the same as *at* Antioch and Ephesus, and so on; but they recognised not her jurisdiction, and had no connexion whatever with that Church; and when she began in the third century to put forth her claims to superiority, they uniformly repudiated and resisted her authority,—until that repudiation took form and body in the Greek Church, a standing Protest against the presumption of Rome, in the matter of assumed pre-eminence, at this day. Then, we are told of the continued triumphs of the Romish Church in the conversion of the heathen, by the means of the Scriptures. We are reminded of her success among the Moors of Spain,—all by the employment of the Scriptures. We declare, as established by every Historian and Traveller, that the conversions, which took place among the heathens by the agency of the Romish Church, were never, in any one case, by the Scriptures;—but in this wise: Wherever an army was victorious in conquering a country or a people, Romish priests uniformly followed in the track of victory. Romanism was therefore generally enforced at the point of the sword on the conquered—as in this very instance of the Moors, which he so confidently quotes,—as by the Spaniards also, in their conquest of South America, among whose inhabitants there is scarcely a vestige of the Scriptures to be seen. Another plan was this; they artfully suited their teaching to the idolatrous notions and practices of the natives, whom they sought to convert. This is amply proved by the semi-heathenism of the South American Indians, who all profess to have been converted to Christianity; and also by the conduct of the Jesuit missionaries in China. Conversion is not, and never was, the result of Bible teaching by the Church of Rome, but the very reverse. But we ask, how is it possible that such could be the case, when the use of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue is positively forbidden by the Bull *Unigenitus*, and is declared by said Bull to be “heretical and pernicious?”—The author passes on from the use of the Bible by Popery, to its abuse by Protestants; and we have, for the first specimens of this abuse, the innumerable divisions that exist among Protestants. We deny that these divisions exist to the degree that the Rev. Paul MacLachlan and Popery represent. There is no division at all as to taking the Bible as the only and inalienable rule of Faith,—all are agreed to a man on this. Then, all are equally agreed as to the essential doctrines of Revelation contained in their respective Confessions of Faith,—as for instance, the Augsburg, Belgian, Scotch, English, and Westminster Confessions are the same. The divisions that exist are only superficial; like the rents in the earth’s surface, but which terminate there, and which do not interfere with the solidity of the globe itself. When a common foe, in the form of Infidelity or Popery, has to be assailed, then the unity of Protestants is brought out and evinced. The union of Protestants is real, though not, it may be, at all times apparent. The union of Popery is apparent, not

real. Why, we have to begin with the fathers contradicting each other, as well as sometimes contradicting themselves. We have Augustine contradicting Jerome, and Chrysostom contradicting Origen, and Athanasius Cyril of Alexandria, and so on. We find Augustine, the greatest favourite of Popery, enumerating, in his day, as many as ninety-nine different heresies. Then we have the Augustinians, the Franciscans, the Eremites, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, and the Jesuits, each varying with each other; and further, we have the Stylites, the Flagellants, the Portroyalists. Is this unity? It is the unity of the "Happy Family" that one may see in the streets of London, where birds and beasts of prey are confined with the animals on which they feed. Remove but the cause of their unity—well-filled stomachs—and the stronger instantly fall on the weaker, to the total destruction of the helpless victims of their ferocity, notwithstanding all their seeming satisfaction with each other a little before. There really was no unity, though there appeared to be so. The boasted unity of Popery is a mockery and a lie. It is the unity of the Happy Family.—The author then passes on to the hazardous statement that Protestantism engenders civil strife; and he begins most luminously to prove his proposition by affirming "that the reformation, at the period of its introduction into any country, *either found that country in a state of civil commotion*, or threw it into that state." Was there ever anything so childish as this—"either found that country" in a state of civil commotion? We are here informed, that there were countries, in which, when the reformation visited them, civil dissension reigned,—and yet he charges this dissension home to Protestantism. This is a specimen of the utter exaggeration, and oftentimes absolute nonsense, with which the book is written. The veriest boy at school would not, and could not, commit such egregious blunders. But having admitted the fact, "that there were civil dissensions in countries to which the reformation came," pray, where is the difference? Supposing it true that Protestantism was the cause, in some instances, of civil strife,—what was the cause in the other? Popery; so that here they are on a par. We deny, however, that Protestantism in itself is, or can be, the cause of warfare of any kind; but was it to be expected that, enslaved as the nobility were by the Church, politically as well as religiously, and in bondage, as the populace were to the Church and the nobility together, either the one or the other should be able to pass from their state of servility into a condition of liberty, without a struggle; or that they should all at once settle down into the calm possession of this newly-gained freedom. But why accuse Protestantism of what Popery is directly and alone the cause? It was Popery that excited the people to rebel, by its ambition, and rapacity, and cruelty combined. Who aroused the popular indignation by the burning, in Smithfield, of Latimer and Ridley, and hundreds more in England; and of Patrick Hamilton, and George Wishart, and Walter Mill in Scotland? And even after the Reformation had advanced, did not the Popish Pharaoh still struggle to detain the people in bondage, and would not let them go? Did not Popish princes and Popish nobles, incited by the blood-thirsty cruelty of Mother Church, unsheath the sword, and put it not up again, until it was drunk with

blood? and were there no civil wars before the reformation—no wars of the Roses—no wars of the Medici—no wars of the Guelfs—no wars of the Condés—no Crusades—no Thomas A'Kempis—no Peter the Hermit? Alas for thy reading, or thy memory, or thy authorship, Mr. Paul MacIachlan! and we give thee these as a mouthful to chew the cud upon in the meantime! Poor innocent Popery!

The fourth chapter of this precious book informs us that Protestantism is hostile to literature, and the arts and sciences in one.—The man who could make this assertion must be little short of a born fool. Every one knows, that up to the Reformation, learning was in the most miserable condition. Literature had had no accessions to its stores since the time of Thucydides, and Xenophon, and Homer, and Æschylus, and Virgil, and Horace, and Cicero, and Livy; and were these the disciples of Romanism? Point out a single work of literary importance from the origin of Popery to that of Protestantism. Throughout that long dreary night of upwards of a thousand years' duration, where was the single literary production of acknowledged merit? We have the writings of Bede, and Scotus, and John of Fordoun, but they are nothing remarkable; and we have the poetry of Dante, the best and the bitterest portion of which is directed against Popery itself. Where is the single discovery in science that it sanctioned? Not one!—But we will be told of Carlo Doltschi, and Murillo, and Raphael, and the Carracci, and the Medici, and Benvenuto Cellini. Yes, and read the lives of these illustrious men, and where such have been written, they uniformly tingle with bitter scorn of their Popish patrons—popes, cardinals, and what not. What says our author to the following *morceau* from the life of the last of these: "This stupid cardinal (Salviatri) sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my book with me, but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence, he said to me, 'Where is this fantastical work of yours? have you finished it?' I answered, 'Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it, nor can I finish it, unless you give me wherewithal to enable me.' Scarce had I uttered these words, when the cardinal, whose physiognomy was more like that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before, and immediately proceeding to abusive language, said, 'I'll confine you on board of a galley, and there you will be glad to finish the work.' As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows: 'My Lord, when I shall be guilty of crimes deserving the galleys, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid. Nay, I will tell you more; on account of this ill-treatment, I will not finish the work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, unless I am dragged hither by the city guards.'—We add to this, that these same Popish patrons of art were the death of the most celebrated of the Carracci,—having, out of spite, paid him the price of his last picture in copper—the weight of which was so heavy to carry, that perspiring much, and catching cold, he fell into a consumption, and speedily died. True, there have been some splendid productions of genius connected with the Church of Rome, but were they produced from the pure patronage of the

Arts? Was it not for the purpose of scenically representing the superstitions of the System? She fortunately had genius to deal with, but a daub or a master-piece was all the same to her; and the fact of the matter was, that the reverend fathers did not know the difference.—The great masters—whose works we, Protestants, so much admire, were allowed to pine and perish in obscurity. And as to sculpture she has no illustrious names. The specimens in this department of art, which she possesses, are chiefly those of ancient Greece. Perhaps she lays claim to Phidias!! But see what advances literature, and art, and science have made since the Reformation. The Illustrious in each were Protestants. There is not a single name of eminence on the other side. Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Scott, Wordsworth, Johnson, Swift, Goldsmith, Sir Humphrey Davy, Cadogan, James Watt, Holbein, Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir David Wilkie, Baillie, Bacon; the Sculptor, Chantrey, and so on; were all Protestants! What did the Reformation do for learning in Scotland? It doubled the number of Colleges; it planted a school in every parish. What in England? It has increased the number of Colleges there; it has multiplied beyond number institutions of every name; more books are printed in one month, than were written and printed by Popery during the whole of its previous history. Is all this like hostility to the Arts? Which, from this picture, is the more hostile of the two?—But, as the work advances, its absurdity and falsity increase.—We are told, in the next chapter, that Protestantism leads to immorality. This is verily Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance. Popery talking of immorality! Why the very essence of the system is to encourage and perpetrate all that is immoral! Look at the murders in Ireland, and the facts, which have again and again come out in the prosecution of the murderers, in reference to the priest. It has been declared over and over again, that the priest has been informed of premeditated murders, and yet did nothing to prevent them—if the victims were “heretics.” Was this not being accessory before the fact? Let the individual commit crime of the deepest dye, is he not incited to its committal by the assurance of the Church that the priesthood have the power of forgiving sin? Is it not the fact, that at this moment, there is an express command in her statute-book, “to persecute even unto death, ‘heretics;’ that no faith is to be kept with them; that they may be lied unto; unjustly dealt with; assassinated, without sin?” What is this, but the foulest immorality? Does not every Priest, at his ordination, declare and swear that he will do this? And what of that grand instrument of sinning—the confessional? Will its vile corruption of the heart, and gross sensuality, and violation of all that is sacred in the relations of life, and the obligations of religion, be ever revealed? Never till the judgment-day. Have our readers read the life of Rebecca Reid, a nun; or Priests and Women, by Michelet, the historian of France? Let them do so, and they will there find the morality of Rome. The author talks of Cardinal Beaton, in this same chapter, as being a pattern of all that was excellent. Does the man really know what he is writing about. Does he know that Beaton was living in open debauchery with Marion Ogilvie, a member of the house of

Airlie, and that he had, at the moment of his death, several bastard children; nay, that his descendants are in Scotland to this day, under the feigned name of Bethune? Why, it is Protestantism that has restored morality to the face of the earth, from which it was banished by Popery. Where its doctrines are preached and realised, there is morality at its highest. Look at the Sabbath-breaking, and licentiousness, and total abnegation of all the relations and duties of life, as well as the obligation of the divine law, in Popish countries, in France, in Spain, in Italy—the theatre and focus of the Popish faith? No doubt there are exceptions, but we fearlessly ask where, in any Popish country under heaven, is the Sabbath more sacredly kept, or the duties of life more sacredly discharged, than in Scotland, the most Protestant of the Protestant nations of Europe? We answer, nowhere. Alas, for this boast of Popish morality, and Protestant immorality! Why, the immorality of Popery has passed into a proverb, and it is the very nature of the system that it should be so. The marvel is, not that it is so immoral, but how, with its principles, it has the faintest shadow of morality left.

And now come we to the last and crowning accusation of the book, that Protestantism leads to Infidelity. This is a charge, on which it would be alike silly and useless to expend words in its refutation. We are told that this infidelity, which is the offspring of Protestantism, is especially traceable to that free use of the Bible which Protestantism enjoins. Why, what is this but a direct libel against the Bible itself? It is to say that the truth of God is the source of infidelity,—a blasphemous position in the first instance; and in the next, it is one which is not substantiated by facts, but, on the contrary, is triumphantly refuted by them. We have shewn that the most illustrious names in literature, in science and the arts, are those of Protestants. We have only to appeal to those same names, and to thousands else, and ask, “were these infidels?” We further demand at this blasphemous accuser, where is the single instance of a truly Protestant Church, or a country, where Protestantism was vital, becoming Infidel? Is Scotland Infidel? Is England Infidel? Are the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland Infidel? Is America Infidel? They have had a long probation; and yet this terrible result of Protestantism has not appeared. That there are Infidels in each and all of these, we do not deny. But this is nothing to the point. Judas Iscariot did not make the other eleven apostles all traitors; nor Ananias and Sapphira the rest of the hundred and twenty, liars. There always have been, and ever will be, these individual instances of unbelief,—the effect of combined pride and ignorance where Protestantism is concerned; not so with Popery. It is the natural and necessary tendency of Popery to make men infidels. And as we have asked for a church or nation, previously Protestant, becoming infidel, without such an instance being produced, we shall now give an instance of a nation, previously Popish, becoming infidel. Look at France. For half a century before the Revolution, the entire priesthood were infidel. Who produced the Revolution—the priests! Who went over to the people at the eventful meeting of the *Tiers Etats*—the priests! Who were the first to abjure religion, and deny in the *Champ de Mars* the very

existence of a God, amid the shouts of an infidel rabble—the priests ! Who were Abbé de Sieyes and Talleyrand—priests ! Let any one read Horace Walpole's Letters, or George Selwyn's Memoirs, or Hume's Life, not to speak of Rousseau and Voltaire's, and they will have ample evidence of the fact asserted. The Revolution of France was the terrific explosion of its infidelity. Its infidelity was the consequence of Popery. Popery was the cause of both. Infidelity is, at this instant, though on a smaller scale, but operating in a similar way, rampant in Italy and the Popish Cantons of Switzerland, and in South America, and every now and then we have an irruption of the smouldering volcano. But should any one wish to be informed of the operations of Popery on an individual mind, let him read the truly painful memoir of Sterling, who, but a few years ago, made so great a sensation in the literary world. From Puseyism he went to Popery,—from Popery to infidelity, and died most miserably in consequence. His sun set amid the blackness of despair.—Our author speaks of Germany. Germany ! Its neology is traceable, not to Protestantism, but to what Mr. Paul MacLachlan will be startled from his propriety to hear—Popery ! Had Germany kept by its Protestantism, neology would have been unheard of and unknown. This was the cause : After the peace of 1815, the national mind had rest, and being naturally earnest and imaginative, it betook itself to literary and theological investigation. It went to the Fathers for arguments and proofs in favour of the Christian faith. It became bewildered amid the mazes of Patristic errors, the great fountain of Popish corruption,—and this was the cause of its fall. But, even in Germany, it can never be affirmed that either the Lutheran Church as a Church, or the nation as a nation, became infidel ; and even now, there is a great revival going on, and a rapid return to the truth. But the fact is unquestioned and unquestionable, that France became totally so—ecclesiastically and nationally. And with this we leave the author.—His work, as weak as it is false, will do no damage whatever to the cause of Protestantism, and no good whatever to the cause of Popery. If the great apostasy have no better advocates than these, she must be verily at a stand ; for a lamer, looser, sillier production, it has not been our lot to read, for a very long time.—We are delighted to see that the Church of Scotland has once more lifted up her ancient testimony against the Man of Sin. She has presented a petition to the House of Lords. This is so far well, but let her not end here. Let her continue valiant for the truth. Let her Synods and Presbyteries and Sessions be, together animated by one spirit, the spirit of holy resistance to this enemy of God and man. Let them be found resisting it in every form and at every step. To affirm that by such resistance we persecute men for their opinions is mistaken charity, to say the least of it. Popery is not a system of opinions. It is an organized system of civil, as well as religious oppression. Its whole history proves this, and nowhere more forcibly than in our own country. It must be met, therefore, with *civil* resistance, as well as ecclesiastical : —We were delighted with the recent admirable speech of the venerable Duke of Wellington on the subject in the House of Lords. In his old age he has, at last, retraced the false and fatal step which he took in the

Catholic Emancipation Act, and we are thankful for his testimony before he was taken away. The testimony of such a man is valuable to posterity.—But what can be the meaning of the Duke of Argyll opposing the amendments of Sir Frederick Thesiger? This is scarcely in keeping with the views which he has already enunciated in connection with this question, and the part which he has already taken. And what of Dr. Robert Lee in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, the alone dissident? On a former occasion we expressed our satisfaction with his writings on the subject of Popery, in our notice of his recent publication; but we here take leave to differ with him in his remarks, and the position which he assumed in the Presbytery of Edinburgh. Both proceed on a total misconception of the nature of Popery. It is not toleration to tolerate such a system, no more than it would be to tolerate Thuggism. Popery is an outrage on religion—on the charities of life—on civil liberty; and it is wrong religiously, and wrong civilly, to extend to it the same toleration which we award to other Protestant denominations. It is a foe that seeks our bondage, and must be resisted. It is a false though specious liberalism, to talk of letting it alone. Let it alone, and we are undone. We advise Dr. Robert Lee to abandon his position; and with such views as he seems to have on the subject of Popery, we cannot see how he can occupy such an attitude. It is an egregiously wrong one, and possibly events may teach him, as well as others who indulge in the theory of “let-alone,” that it is also a perilous one. Dr. Muir’s position, in reference alike to Popery and Puseyism, is undoubtedly the sound one. His stand against the assumption of Titles by Scotch Episcopalians as well as Papists, is worthy of the highest praise; and we suspect that the whole subject is one which will shortly be forced upon the notice of the entire Church. The allowing of Scotch Episcopal Titles is but the letting in of the wedge, and it is for the Church to resist it at the outset—to nip the whole thing in the bud.

MESMERISM, BY A CANDID INQUIRER.*

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN our last Number, we gave as full a view of the phenomena of mesmerism as our space would admit of: we now proceed to inquire how these phenomena are to be accounted for. The most common method with sceptical minds, is to dismiss the matter as a piece of palpable deception. The usual argument is, that there are no doubt many impostors in the world, that mesmerism has all the appearance of imposture, and that it is hardly worth while to trouble one’s head further about the matter. Now we admit, that men must often act on this principle in regard to many of the subjects that solicit their attention. Life is too short to afford time to pause and sift every apparent imposture that

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer, on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, & Maberly. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart. 1851.

crosses our path. We must often be guided by our moral and intellectual instincts, in giving our verdict upon any doubtful case that may come under our notice. We may feel that we have a sufficient warrant for rejection, although we have no inclination or ability to give to the ground of our disbelief a philosophical aspect, or to maintain it with logical accuracy. At the first blush of Mormonism, for example, we feel that we are warranted to reject it as a monstrous delusion: we do not consider it at all necessary to examine in detail, the external evidences which its devotees adduce in support of its pretensions. Our spiritual instincts at once reject the system as not worthy even of examination. Now, we would not admit that our disbelief of Mormonism is irrational, because we have not minutely examined all its claims and its evidences. Our disbeliefs as well as our beliefs may be thoroughly rational, although they do not assume the reflex logical form. According to Laplace, the calculus of probabilities is just common sense reduced to calculation; but the exercise of common sense may be perfectly valid and unerring, although we may be utterly incapable of reducing the matter to mathematical calculation. The common sense of a man may therefore, with scrupulous accuracy, put the stamp of imposture on any particular system of belief, while he may be unable by logical argument to defend his position. This very obvious principle, which the conditions of human belief necessarily imply, has been much overlooked in the recent mesmeric excitement. It has been assumed by the apostles of mesmerism, that it is utterly irrational to reject its claims unless we thoroughly sift them, and shew clearly in what other manner the phenomena may be explained. This charge is, however, by no means well founded. It would not be irrational to disbelieve the feats of the juggler, though we are unable to shew how the feats are performed. Herr Döbler, or Professor Anderson, may appeal to the testimony of the senses, that it is in their power to swallow knives and forks, or convert boys into pigeons; but it is not necessary, in order to disbelieve the reality of the feats, that we should be able to detect the sleight of hand practised by the conjuror. There may be abundant ground for disbelief, though not for the exposure of the deception. We hold, therefore, that the charge of the mesmerist is not warranted, when he denounces the scepticism of the unbeliever as irrational, when the claims of the science are not thoroughly sifted. We insist on this point, chiefly because we have frequently met, in the course of our candid inquiry, with persons utterly bewildered on the subject, and chiefly from the circumstance that they thought themselves bound to admit the claims of mesmerism, if they could not account for the facts and experiments in some more satisfactory way.

While we hold, then, that our disbelief may be quite rational, though we are unable satisfactorily to explain the alleged phenomena, we at the same time think that these phenomena possess so many points of interest, that the inquirer must be abundantly rewarded by a thorough examination of the matter. Besides, in dealing with the mesmerist, we must, in order to convince him of his delusion, examine impartially all the evidence he has to bring forward, and on which he grounds his belief. We must discuss, not merely the ground of our own disbelief, but of our

opponent's belief. The missionary, in dealing with the Hindoo mind, finds that the views of Hindooism, which have convinced his own mind that it is a system of delusion, will by no means serve to bring home a similar conviction to the Hindoo believer. Points that he would deem altogether unworthy of his notice, as far as his own conviction is concerned, must be gravely dealt with in arguing with one whose early convictions are to be shaken. In like manner, those views that may satisfy our mind as to the unfounded character of the claims of mesmerism, may not be of the slightest avail in shaking the faith of the believer. To denounce the whole as a piece of imposture, will only serve to make him cling more doggedly to his opinions. If he be quite honest in his convictions, as most probably he is, he will feel the injustice of the charge, and imagining that no better argument can be used against the phenomena in question, he naturally has his original convictions in the matter strengthened.

In whatever way the points in dispute may be decided, the investigation must necessarily bring to light facts and principles of the deepest interest. If mesmerism be true, then we have revealed to us powers and capacities of our nature of the most marvellous character; and it would be morally wrong for any one to be willingly ignorant on the subject. If mesmerism be an imposture, then we have revealed to us the great regulating principles of human belief, which in themselves are fraught with as deep an interest as any physiological phenomena can possibly possess. As far as the great moral problems of man's being are concerned, the laws of human belief have at least as deep an interest as those new laws on the physical side of man's nature, which the mesmerist asserts he has discovered.

The important bearings of mesmerism on religion, ought not to be overlooked in considering its claims to a calm and impartial consideration. The recent excitement on the subject, is one of those signs of the times which ought to be well weighed in estimating the real state of religion among us. We cannot but regard it as one of those reactions which the history of religion so frequently exhibits. The modern history of Protestant Churches reveals to us an under-current of rationalism, which has been gradually obliterating the supernatural element in Christianity, and thus eating out its whole vitality. This tendency has shewn itself in the most disastrous form in Germany, but our own country has not been exempt from the fatal influence. Although our creeds have retained the doctrinal forms, the teaching of our churches has too often sunk the supernatural, as not congenial to the rational enlightenment of the age. Is the teaching even in orthodox Scotland at the present day, such as to give an adequate expression of the genius of Christianity? Take, for example, the momentous doctrine of the Spirit's supernatural influence on the souls of men. This doctrine is ridiculed, not only by a great proportion of the sects of America, but by much of the dissent of this country; and even in the Church of Scotland, where the dogmatic form is rigidly maintained, there is no doubt that it has not had that prominence assigned to it which its vital importance demands. A reaction from this state of things was to be expected, and that reaction assumed

various forms. One branch of this reaction happily assumed the form of a warm evangelism; but other disastrous forms appeared simultaneously with it. In the English Church, the demand of the human heart for the supernatural, shewed itself in the belief of the thaumaturgy, and the practice of the incantation, of the middle ages. The same reaction can be traced in the Church superstition which convulsed the National Establishment of Scotland. In Germany, as soon as the vital doctrines of Christianity were expelled from the pulpit, the press abundantly supplied the demand for the supernatural, by works on mesmerism, and all kinds of diablerie. The German works on such subjects would of themselves form a considerable library. And the ghost literature which has recently sprung up in this country, is only an off-shoot from the parent stem in Germany. In America, where the Church Idea, being obsolete, does not afford a nucleus for superstitious crystallizations, the mesmerism mania has found a congenial soil, and has flourished with amazing vigour. We cannot be much surprised, therefore, that mesmerism should be gladly hailed even in this country, as affording an outlet for the belief in the supernatural, which forms an inherent principle in humanity. It may be thought by some, that this belief in the supernatural, cherished by mesmerism, cannot be unfavourable to true religion, seeing that it lies at the root of all religion. This is the ground taken up by the learned Glanvill in his *Sadducismus Triumphatus*. This work is devoted to the defence of ghosts, under the conviction that a belief in apparitions is favourable to Christianity. The history of superstition, however, shews that it invariably exercises a baneful influence on the moral character of man. Superstition perverts the natural instincts of our nature, and forms a formidable barrier in Christian countries to the cultivation of holiness. Christianity, in its genuine vital form, supplies the legitimate demand for the supernatural in man's heart; and it is only this form of the belief in the supernatural that promotes holiness of life. The gracious influence of the Spirit, is necessarily linked with holiness of life in the case of the Christian. Superstition gratifies the demand for the supernatural, but imposes no restrictions on the sinful propensities of humanity. The believer in the transcendental phenomena of mesmerism, is hampered by no such unpleasant restrictions; he can enjoy the luxury of the belief in the supernatural, without having holiness of life imposed upon him as a necessary condition. Can we wonder, then, that mesmerism should be so popular in an age when the flame of genuine religion has ceased to burn with its wonted brightness, and has failed to meet the demands of our common humanity? We hold, that mesmerism is one of the reactions from a dead Christianity. How strange are the cycles through which the human mind in its aberrations runs! It revolted from the miraculous facts and the supernatural influences of Christianity, and it has at last landed in miracles demanding an amount of faith infinitely greater than those of Christianity. One-tenth of the faith of Miss Martineau in mesmerism, would make her a good Christian if exercised on the gospel facts and doctrines.

Mesmerism claims our attention as a form of religion. Its advocates strongly insist in its religious tendency: and we grant this, if mesmer-

ism be taken as a religion *per se*. We hold that mesmerism, in its developed form, must be regarded as a religion. All religions are but theories of the constitution, or histories of the government of the world. Mesmerism gives its theory, both of the moral and physical constitution of man and nature; and in this sense it must be regarded as a religion. No doubt the philosophic mesmerist is an atheist, yet he speaks of a God. He ridicules a personal God, but he speaks of a Great Cause, and of moral obligation. In the wide sense of the term, therefore, mesmerism must be regarded as a religion. Some of its supporters may say, Why not deal with it as a science? Why hamper the discussion of its claims by religious metaphysics? Why not draw a clear line of demarcation between the two territories of religion and science? Now, if by science nothing more is meant than the logic of induction, then we at once admit that religious difficulties ought not to interfere with the progress of scientific inquiry. But science, in its proper sense, cannot be dissociated from religion. All science converges towards one point. The apex of the pyramid is philosophy, which is the *scientia scientiarum*; and religion is but the highest form of philosophy—it points to the First Great Cause, and the relations subsisting between God, man, and nature. Now, mesmerism appeals to us, not so much as an induction of facts, as a philosophy; and as that philosophy deals with the highest moral problems of man's being, we must regard it as a religion. We look upon Mr. Lewis, the Negro mesmerist, as a religious missionary—the missionary of Obi, for it is admitted that Obi is but one form of mesmerism. We have sent our missionaries to the dark regions of Africa, and they have toiled nobly, though with but indifferent success. Africa has returned the favour, and we have missionaries amongst us proclaiming the mysteries of the Fetisch and of Obi; but how very different is the success! While the heralds of the cross can boast of but one soul after another, at long intervals, dropping into the fold of Christ, the superstitions of Africa can boast of hundreds of converts in the midst of an enlightened Christendom. When we saw the Professor of a distinguished university sitting in humble faith at the feet of the African missionary, we witnessed a spectacle suggestive of the strangest thoughts. Such a strange phase in the religious beliefs of our time, is surely worthy of candid reflection and inquiry.

While examining the pretensions of mesmerism, we must disclaim all intention of discussing in detail the varied and strange phenomena of which we gave a *resumé* in our last Number. Our limits and the patience of our readers render this out of the question. All we can do is to furnish some general principles of solution, which may be applied to the various cases in question. We hope that our readers have not lost sight of our remarks on the *facts of mesmerism* in our first article. Dr. Gregory, and all writers and lecturers on the subject, exhaust their eloquence in declaring that they are chiefly interested in the *facts* of the science. When they are baffled in their attempts to establish their peculiar theory, they invariably turn round and say, "It is a matter of little consequence what theory is held on the subject, if the facts be admitted." Now we have endeavoured to shew that such is not the case

that the chief interest consists in the theory given ; and that mesmerism, as a science, stands or falls by the theory which it furnishes. Let us take, for illustration, a case already adverted to, viz., the blowing up experiment of Mr. Lewis. The objective fact in this case was the raising of a boy several feet in the air. The demonstrator argued that here was a fact, the reality of which could not be doubted, and that he was more concerned in the admission of the fact than of the theory. Now we at once admit the reality of the fact. We could not distrust our senses so far as to doubt that the boy actually was raised from the ground. We maintain, however, that the chief interest of the experiment lies in the theory or explanation. Many theories may be given to account for the fact, and the whole interest consists in assigning the true one. Mr. Lewis gave three different theories: the first was, that a pressure was produced on the glottis by the breathing of the operators ; the second, that a vacuum was produced in the body of the boy ; and the third, which was the one held by Mr. Lewis, that the body was raised by an ascending current of warm air. Dr. Gregory would explain such a case by the Od force counteracting gravity. But several other theories might be held. The theory of deception might be urged, and this general theory might be branched into subordinate ones, according as the lecturer, the operators, or the boy was the deceiving party. Collusion might also be urged, and this also would branch into several cases, according as the three parties, or any two, were supposed to be acting in concert. Our own theory is, that the feat was performed by the physico-physiological action of Mr. Lewis's hands placed under the youth, or, in common language, that he lifted him up with his arms, the gaze of the spectators being rivetted upon the panting operators. Now, we insist that we are concerned in something more than the reality of the fact. We fully admit that there was a mechanical feat performed, to which our senses testified ; but we hold that it is a matter of some interest to know the precise source of the mechanical power. It is of great scientific interest to know whether the boy was raised by Od, by a stream of air, or by Mr. Lewis's arms.

The above distinction between fact and theory is of importance, chiefly in drawing the boundary line between the lower and higher phenomena of mesmerism. In regard to the lower phenomena, we are in a great measure at one with the mesmerist as to the facts of the case ; the only point of difference is the theory or explanation. In regard to the higher phenomena, we differ as to the facts. In illustration of this, let us take the simplest case.—After a certain process, a subject falls asleep, and in this state is asserted to be able, with the pit of the stomach, to descry—like Davis the Poughkeepsie seer—the inhabitants of other planets ; or, like the young woman quoted by Dr. Gregory, to describe the movements of Franklin and his men in the Arctic regions. The lower phenomenon here is sleep, the higher is the new sight, or clairvoyance. Sleep is a natural phenomenon, with which we are familiar ; and the only point of interest has reference to its cause or explanation in the particular case under consideration. Clairvoyance, as far as the belief and experience of the majority of mankind are concerned, is a supernatural phenomenon ; and the interest

of the investigation in reference to it, consists chiefly in the inquiry, Is it a fact? Is it beyond doubt that distant objects make an impression, even through opaque bodies, on the pit of the stomach, corresponding to the formation of the image on the retina? It is all-important that there should be a clear conception of the difference existing between the lower and higher phenomena—the natural and supernatural—the rational and the transcendental. It has always appeared to us one of the most inexplicable things, that popular assemblies, consisting of the average intelligence of the community, should be almost totally insensible to the vast gulph fixed between the two classes of phenomena; that they should consider nothing more wonderful than the setting of a man asleep, the gift of reading, with the pit of the stomach, Babylonian bricks buried under a heap of rubbish; and that they should demand no stronger evidence for the one than for the other. No one, however, can study the matter intelligently, without having a clear conception of the totally different character of the two kinds of phenomena. They possess nothing in common, further than that they are said to be exhibited by the same individual and at the same time. The one class offers not the slightest explanation of the other. If miracles be at all admitted in nature, the higher phenomena of mesmerism are miracles of the most wonderful kind; the miracles of Scripture are very ordinary feats, compared to them. Hoping that the vital distinction thus pointed out may not be lost sight of, we proceed to consider, first, the lower or natural phenomena of mesmerism.

The lower phenomena consist principally of sleep, anæsthesia, and sympathetic or suggested actions and ideas. The last, or the phenomena of suggestion, are those which have chiefly created the recent mesmeric excitement; and they are by far the best adapted for dramatic exhibition. They form a source of great amusement, apart altogether from the science of the thing. Indeed, from the advertisements in the *Times* of the exhibitions of Messrs Stone and Darling, and the Rev. Theophilus Fisk, in London, it is plain that the science is altogether merged in the amusement. The phenomena of sleep and anæsthesia, being the most readily explicable on natural principles, claim our notice first. In regard to sleep, the great question is, Do the processes employed necessarily imply the exercise of some new agency; or may the phenomena be explained on the same principle on which natural sleep is accounted for? There may be abnormal phenomena, but are they of such a character as to compel us to discard the rational principles on which sleep is explained? Now, we shall give some of the processes employed by the most esteemed authorities; and our readers, we are sure, will not be in the least surprised that they should produce sleep without the mysterious aid of Od. Deleuze, who is perhaps the highest practical authority, gives the following rule,—“Cause your patient to sit down in the easiest position, seat yourself before him, if possible in a seat a little more elevated, so that his knees may be between yours, and your feet beside his. Demand of him that he be passive and easy; to have no fear, indulge every hope, and be not discouraged if the action of magnetism produces in him temporary pains. After having brought yourself to a state of self-collected-

ness, take his thumbs between your fingers, so that the inside of your thumbs may touch the inside of his ; steadily fix your eyes upon him, and remain in this situation a few minutes, until you perceive that there is an equal warmth between your thumbs and his ; you will then withdraw your hands to the right and left, waving them so that the interior surface be turned outwards ; you will raise them as high as the head, place them upon the shoulders, leave them there for a minute, and then draw them along the arm to the extremity of the fingers, touching gently. You will then commence the passes, or downward movements of the hands, at a little distance from the body, over the face and chest, to about as far as the pit of the stomach, sweeping them off a little before ascending ; then descend slowly along the body, as far as the knees, and, if convenient, to the ends of the feet. You may repeat the processes during the greater part of the sitting.”—Dr. Elliotson gives the following instructions,—“ I shewed his wife how to make *very slow* passes, from opposite his forehead to opposite his stomach, with her hand held at the distance of a few inches from his face, both parties looking at each other in perfect silence, and all in the room being perfectly still, for at least *half an hour*, and at least once a day. I told her that she might change her hand when it was tired, and that she must either stand before, or at one side of her husband, or sit a good deal higher than he was, or her hand would soon tire. That if he should go to sleep, she had better continue the passes till the sleep was deep ; and then contentedly allow it to expend itself, as it was sure to do, sooner or later. At the same time I begged him to omit all medicine, and live just as had always been his habit. This was done, and he obtained a complete recovery.”—The following is from Barth's *Mesmerist's Manual*:—“ Place your patient in an easy-chair, supported by a pillow if necessary ; seat yourself comfortably in a chair opposite to him, and as near as you conveniently can : his knees may be opposite or between your knees ; or, if a female, on the right side of your knees. Then take the patient's right hand in your left, and his left in your right, in such a manner that the fleshy cushion of your thumbs and his are in contact, and the inside of your finger-tips on the palms of his hands. Grasp his hands in this position firmly, and look at his face earnestly ; tell him to look intently with both his eyes at one of yours—say the right eye—and you fixedly at his right eye with both of yours. You sit as directed, eyes intent upon eyes, and hands locked in hands. Now commence mesmerising him in earnest. Throw, by volition, your nervous energy—or the power which actuates your muscles when exercised—into your arms and hands, respire strongly and firmly, and try to feel as if you can also throw this nervous energy into the patient's hands and arms,—at the same time that you sit motionless, eyes still fixed upon each other's, all your attention and thoughts concentrated upon your subject, and directed, as it were, through your eyes into his. Look straight into the pupil of his eye, as if your vision could penetrate to his brain ; wink not ; be firm and determined though quiet, and maintain the process and position for fifteen, or even thirty minutes, if necessary. If you become fatigued, if your patient's eyes remain unaffected, desist, and ask him how he feels.

If he declares that he has not felt anything unusual, and the appearance of his eyes and general state confirm his declaration, you may discontinue this process; you must rather try to soothe him to sleep by quiet passes. This process is in general the most speedy way of shewing mesmeric states; but it will not succeed with some persons who are susceptible by another process; in certain instances it rather produces vigilance than sleep. An unexperienced operator must also be watchful for himself, lest he become the mesmerised person instead of the mesmeriser;—should he close his eyes, you may then quietly commence making gentle passes with one or both hands over the forehead and eyes, down to the chest; should the eyes re-open, you may softly touch the eyelids; close them with two fingers of one hand; continue this process until the eyes seem decidedly closed. If, instead of closing spontaneously, they remain fixed and open—which is often the case—you may softly close them with your finger, and continue as if they had closed without your assistance. You may then make slow passes from the head to the chest, knees, and feet. Another method I have tried with success, and generally use with difficult patients. I place them in the recumbent position on a sofa in a quiet room, cover them with shawls, if needful, and make them as comfortable as possible. I give my patient a thorough mesmerising, until I see him placid, and disposed to sleep. Still my presence seems to disturb and prevent sleep. I therefore apprise the patient that I am about to quit him for a short time, and require that he remains still until I come to him again. I draw the curtains, and make the room quite dark, and leave the patient alone, taking care that there shall be no noise to disturb him. In a quarter of an hour I return, and frequently find my patient asleep—in true mesmeric sleep. I have left him with a strong dose of the influence; he understands that he is to stay where he is until my return: he is in the dark, with nothing to amuse or disturb him; he falls into a reverie, and the influence, no longer resisted by activity, produces its required effect.”—Dr. Elliotson insists much on the important condition of warmth to induce sleep:—“The apartment, the two parties, and the mesmerising hand, should be comfortably warm. Patients have frequently assured me that the effect of my passes was much less when my hand was cold, though I felt elsewhere warm and comfortable. Steady perseverance, day after day, be it for weeks or months, for at least half an hour, is the greatest point. It is best to try all ways in turn, till an efficient way is found.”

It is nothing wonderful that sleep should be induced by the above processes. Many of them are evidently borrowed from the nursery: an experienced nurse will recognise in the rules above given, the principles on which she has always acted. For what are the points chiefly insisted upon? The subject operated upon must be in an easy position, such as reclining on a sofa with shawls thrown over him, and a pillow under his head: He must be kept as comfortable as possible: There must be no noise or disturbance: The room must be dark and kept warm. These conditions being fulfilled, a reasonable time is allowed for the patient to fall asleep. The nurse produces the feeling of monotony favourable to sleep, by rocking the cradle or singing a lullaby. The mesmerist effects

the same object by fixed vacant gazing, or monotonous passes of the hands. He thinks that he does very well if he gets the patient to fall asleep in half an hour, that being the average time; but any skilful nurse would, we are sure, consider this as an extravagant allowance, except in the case of very obstinate subjects.—We have purposely selected the above processes from the highest scientific authority, instead of appealing to the methods of itinerant adventurers, who are utterly unknown, and on whom little dependence can be placed, in regard to the *bona fide* character of their exhibitions. The processes in question have, then, the stamp of the very highest authority in mesmerism; and we are now called upon to say whether we believe that they are capable of producing the alleged phenomenon of sleep. We have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative. So far from there being any *a priori* improbability, we would consider it a very marvellous thing if sleep were not induced by such means. The daily, or rather nightly experience of every man, testifies to the strong probability of the alleged results. We are disposed fully to acknowledge the facts, but we protest against being called mesmerists because of our admission. If mesmerism means any thing, it must maintain a theory different from that which explains natural sleep. Now, we hold that there is no need of any such theory; that there is no reason why any new agency, such as Od, should be called in to explain the phenomena. It is sometimes argued, that we cannot fully explain the nature of ordinary sleep, and that we should not object to the mesmeric theory because of its inexplicable character. Now, this is an evasion of the question at issue. The real question is, Can we reduce the mesmeric phenomena to ordinary cases of sleep, or must we look for some new source of causation? We are not at all called upon to entangle ourselves with an inquiry into the nature of the causation; all that we have to do is, to determine whether there are two, or only one source of causation.

The mesmerist, however, holds that there are certain characteristics about the sleep induced by the mesmeric passes, which distinguish it from natural sleep; and among others that anæsthesia is one of the most remarkable. Now we may consistently admit that what is called the mesmeric sleep may depart from the ordinary type, while at the same time we hold that there is no essential difference as to the nature of the phenomena. There may be disturbing circumstances producing abnormal effects while the identity of the phenomena may be recognised. The hyperbolic orbits of the comets are remarkable departures from the elliptic type, yet we know that the general principle of gravitation explains both kinds of motion. In the case of natural sleep we have remarkable abnormal phenomena, in which mesmerism is not concerned. The ordinary type of sleep is the unconscious state: But we have remarkable departures from this in the case of dreaming, night-mare, somnambulism, &c. Now the question is, may not anæsthesia be one of these abnormal phenomena, produced in peculiar circumstances? It is a fact universally admitted, that the nervous system may be thrown temporarily into such a state as to be insensible to pain. Catalepsy and hysteria are familiar examples, where the phenomena are often connected with mental appliances. Chloroform

affords an illustration of the same effect being produced by a purely physical agency. The mere fact, then, of anæsthesia is a familiar and natural one. Any doubt that may exist on the subject can have reference only to the means by which it is produced. There are various well-known methods by which it may be produced, but the mesmerist professes to have discovered a new source of anæsthesia, viz. Od; and the inquiry turns upon whether there is such a distinct cause or not. We hold that it is altogether superfluous to seek such a cause, as in all well-ascertained cases the phenomena can be explained on formerly recognised principles. But is it an established fact, that the processes above described are sometimes successful in producing anæsthesia as one characteristic of the mesmeric sleep? This is a matter purely of evidence. There is no *a priori* consideration which would render the thing very improbable. It is a familiar fact, that one individual, by acting on the mind of another, may produce hysteria, and the anæsthesia which accompanies it. And it would therefore require no violent effort on our part to believe that the mesmeric passes should produce anæsthesia, if we had only a moderate amount of evidence. It is a complaint of the mesmerist, that injustice is done to him when we doubt his power, at the same time that we at once believe in the power of chloroform, to produce the very same phenomenon which we consider so very improbable in his case. Now, this argument, in our opinion, tells all the other way. The first announcement of anæsthesia by etherisation at once produced universal belief, and now no sane man doubts the fact of this wonderful power put into the hands of the medical practitioner. This clearly shews a perfect willingness in the public mind to believe in such a power. When, therefore, general doubt is expressed in reference to the anæsthetic power of mesmerism, the most natural conclusion is, that there is some serious defect in the evidence. When the members of the medical faculty, without a single exception, believe in chloroform, and ninety-nine hundredths of them scout the pretensions of mesmerism as a delusion, we are forced by the fundamental principles of human belief to conclude, that the evidence in favour of mesmerism is by no means of a very conclusive character. Perhaps the best authenticated cases of mesmeric anæsthesia in recent times, are those furnished by the researches of Dr. Esdaile, who has, with rare zeal and perseverance, devoted the energies of a gifted mind to this subject. The phenomena which he exhibited in India, appeared so striking, that a committee was appointed by order of the Deputy Governor of Bengal, to observe and report upon surgical operations to be performed by him upon patients under alleged mesmeric influence. The committee consisted of the most competent men which the presidency could furnish, and they performed their difficult duty with every possible caution. The report of such a committee must then be of no ordinary value, and it perhaps affords the most satisfactory evidence presented by the whole history of mesmerism. Their object was to report on the reality of the phenomena produced, and they therefore abstain from all theoretical explanations. The report is too long for extract as a whole, but we shall give the more essential parts of it. We may observe that

in the appendix to the general report, the details of each particular case are given with great minuteness.

"The committee have assembled on fourteen successive days, and have have had under their observation 10 surgical cases taken by Dr. Esdaile from the general wards of the native hospital, all needing operations of more or less severity.

"To each patient a separate mesmeriser was assigned. The room in which they operated was darkened, but from time to time the committee was enabled to witness, through small apertures made in the door panels, the manner in which the process was carried on. The patient lay on his back, the body naked from the waist upwards, and the thighs and legs bare; the mesmeriser seated behind him at the head of the bed, leaning over him, the faces of both nearly in contact, the right hand being generally placed on the pit of the stomach, and passes made with one or both hands along the face, chiefly over the eyes. The mesmeriser breathed frequently and gently over the patient's lips, eyes, and nostrils. Profound silence was observed. These processes were continued for about two hours each day in ten cases, for eight hours in one case in one day, and for six hours in another case, without interruption. Three cases of the ten were dismissed without satisfactory effect.

"In seven cases, in a period varying from one to seven sittings, deep sleep followed the performance of the processes above described.

"This sleep, in its most perfect state, differs from ordinary natural sleep as follows. The individual could not be aroused by loud noises; the pupils were insensible to light and heat; and in some cases apparently perfect insensibility to pain was witnessed on burning, pinching, and cutting the skin and other sensitive organs.

"This sleep in its general character differed from that which would be produced by narcotic drugs, in the quickness with which, in eight cases out of ten, the patient was awake, after certain transverse passes and fanning by the mesmeriser, and blowing upon the face and eyes; in the natural condition, if the pupils of the eyes and the conjunctiva in all the cases after awaking; in the absence of stertorous breathing, and of subsequent delirium or hallucination, and of many other symptoms familiar to medical observers, and which are produced by alcoholic liquors, opium, hemp, and other narcotic drugs. It is right, however, to add, that in two cases the patients shewed much confusion and disinclination to answer, and complained of giddiness for some time after being aroused.

"In seven cases surgical operations were performed in the state of sleep above described.

"In the case of Nilmony Dutt there was not the slightest indication of the operation having been felt by the patient. It consisted in the removal of a tumour. It lasted four minutes. The patient's hands or legs were not held. He did not move or groan, or his countenance change. And when awake after the operation, he declared he had no recollection of what had occurred.

"In another case, Hyder Khan, an emaciated man, suffering from mortification of the leg; amputation of the thigh was performed, and no sign of its causing pain was evinced.

"In a third case, Merali Doss, (the operation he underwent being very severe) he moved his body and breathed in gasps, but his countenance underwent little change, and the features expressed no suffering, and on awaking he declared he knew of nothing having been done to him during his sleep.

"A case of tapping one side of a double hydrocele is passed over as insignificant and inconclusive; for although apparently painless, the operation was

repeated on the other side when the patient was awake, with the same result. The operation too is one daily borne without material suffering, by numerous patients in all our hospitals.

"In the three other cases observed by the committee during the performance of operations in the state of sleep above described, various phenomena were instanced which require to be specially pointed out. While the patients did not open their eyes, or utter articulate sounds, or require to be held; there were vague and convulsive movements of the upper limbs, writhing of the body, distortion of the features, giving the face a hideous expression of suppressed agony, the respiration became heaving with the deep sighs. There were, in short, all the signs of intense pain, which a dumb person undergoing operations might be expected to exhibit, except resistance to the operator.

"But in all these cases, without exception, after the operation was completed, the patients expressed no knowledge or recollection of what had occurred, denied having dreamed, and complained of no pain till their attention was directed to the place where the operation was performed.

"It therefore became a question whether the writhings and distorted features, in the three cases above described, are to be regarded as proof that the operations occasioned at the time the actual agony of which such symptoms are the usual evidence; or whether they were mere 'instinctive movements,' as Dr. Edaile represents them. But our province is only to record facts, and not to enter upon that of the physiologist or the metaphysician.

"The general result arrived at, then, on the question of pain during the mesmeric surgical operations we witnessed, amounts to this; that in three cases there is no proof whatever that any pain was suffered, and in the three other cases *the manifestations of pain during the operation are opposed by the positive statement of the patients, that no pain was experienced.*

"The medical members do not consider that the after treatment of the individuals operated upon, was in any degree endangered, or the case accelerated, by the operation having been performed in the mesmeric sleep.

"There are further and serious considerations involved in this subject, to which the committee feel it their duty briefly to advert.—Admitting the existence of a natural power of producing the mesmeric sleep, there are strong grounds, even in the facts before the committee, for supposing that persons thus treated become more and more susceptible to its influence; their nervous systems are, it appears, brought into a morbidly impregnable condition. The professional members of the committee regard this point as one deserving of attentive notice. If the increase of sensibility and susceptibility exposes the patients to numerous nervous maladies, too much caution cannot be observed in extending the practice to the ordinary and often trivial exigencies of surgical practice. It is, however, only by prolonged experiments skillfully practised and faithfully recorded, that conclusive evidence can be gathered in this most important question.

"In conclusion, the committee are unanimously of opinion that great credit is due to Dr. Edaile for the zeal, ability, and boldness with which he has taken up and pursued this enquiry."

The fullest confidence may be placed in the above report as giving an impartial view of the phenomena submitted to the consideration of the committee: The utmost care was taken that no bias should influence their minds. Is the report, then, decisive of the question? Does it put the fact beyond doubt, that by mesmeric passes painless operations may be performed? We have been permitted to inspect drawings of some of the more remarkable cases, and certainly we could not conceive more

frightful surgical operations. In some cases the tumour appears to be at least half as large as the body of the patient, and still the operation appeared to be painless. They therefore bear very strong testimony in favour of the anæsthetic power of the processes through which the patient passed. It may, however, be objected by the sceptical inquirer, that this insensibility to pain might be feigned, and that there might be some collusion between the mesmerisers and the patients, both parties being Hindoos. The untruthfulness of the Hindoo character is well known. A distinguished legal authority, writing on this subject, says, "There the awful spectacle is presented of a people totally corrupt, destitute not only of truth, but even of the influence of a morality externally devout. The code of morals not only presents, but in some instances enjoins falsehood. In courts of justice falsehood is the rule, truth the exception. A native is not to be believed unless he is corroborated. Witnesses may be purchased, and are trained to the artful recital of falsehood. The judge picks out the truth as he best can from the mass of contradiction."—It would have been satisfactory had the committee given a deliverance on this subject. They took measures to prevent collusion, but they do not state whether they thought collusion impossible or not. It may be maintained by the mesmerist, that in the circumstances of the case it would be impossible to feign insensibility,—that if the patients felt pain, they could not conceal it. We do not attach much weight to this argument. We know that the Hindoo, in practising the rites of his religion, has a wonderful power of enduring pain with apparent pleasure. Even in the case of our own race, the most excruciating pain is frequently endured without the least expression of suffering. The military lash perhaps inflicts the keenest torture of any mode of punishment, and it has been very frequently borne without the slightest symptom of pain—the culprit considering it manly not to appear to feel the cat. Sometimes soldiers, in order to be dismissed from service, sham a palsied limb. A medical gentleman, belonging to an Irish regiment, informed us that he was on one occasion baffled in his attempts to discover whether a limb was really insensible to pain; as the patient professed. Needles were thrust in to the very bone, and yet not the slightest pain was betrayed. A comrade of the shamming soldier solved the doubt, though in a rather questionable way. He decoyed him into a dram-shop, where, being thrown off his guard, he shewed that he had the perfect use of his limb. Many cases are on record, too, where soldiers have held their own legs when sawn off by the surgeon, without the quivering of a single muscle. We believe it possible, therefore, to suppress all feeling of pain; and we regard all pricking with needles in public exhibitions, as of little value as a test. But is it necessary to revert to the theory of deception or collusion, in order to explain the phenomena in question? Are the phenomena so improbable, that it would be the lesser improbability to suppose that the whole was a piece of imposture? Now we have all along in this inquiry felt the utmost repugnance to the theory of imposture, unless it was absolutely forced upon our mind. We cannot well conceive how Dr. Esdaile, a gentleman deservedly eminent in his profession, should

fail in detecting the collusion, if any existed, between the native mesmerisers and the patients. This consideration must have weighed with the government, for it was resolved that a mesmeric hospital should be established under Dr. Eadaile's superintendence, who has since issued several annual reports, giving details of the cases under his treatment. It does appear to our minds very improbable, that a system of deception should be carried on in such circumstances for a series of years without detection. But then, on the other hand, we have the medical faculty as a body denying the anæsthetic power of mesmerism. They have investigated many alleged cases in this country, and yet they are unbelievers. The very persons who at once believed in the extraordinary power of ether and chloroform, almost to a man scout the idea of a like power in mesmerism. We have personally witnessed a good many alleged cases of rigidity and anæsthesia, but we must confess that not in a single instance was conviction brought home to our mind. It may be objected that our *a priori* convictions as to the improbability of the phenomena are so strong, that no reasonable amount of evidence would satisfy us. Now this is by no means the case. A very moderate amount of evidence would satisfy us. There is nothing repugnant to the constitution of our nature in the phenomena in question. Let us have evidence in the least degree approaching that in favour of the power of chloroform, and we shall at once avow our belief.

The question however at once arises, How are we to dispose of the facts, to the truth of which we have such a mass of evidence? Now we think the most tenable position is, to hold that there are genuine physiological facts which give some colour to the claims of mesmerism, and account for so many respectable adherents; but that at the same time these genuine facts are so mixed up with mesmeric delusions, that they are too much overlooked by the opponents of mesmerism. As is usual in such circumstances, the one party looks at only one class of facts, and the other only at the opposing facts. We have only to consider the relations subsisting between body and mind, in order to have the mystery removed from some of the mesmerist's facts. Body and mind are so correlated, that the play of action and reaction goes on with wondrous precision. We are most familiar with the action of the body upon the mind, as the phenomena are very obvious. A few glasses of wine change a wise man into a fool: Fatigue drowns his faculties in sleep: Disease excites or deranges the mental powers. But the action of the mind upon the body is quite as remarkable. Shame makes the blood mantle in the cheek: Fear spreads a pallor on the face: Hope quickens the pulse: Sorrow dims the eye with tears: Disgust acts as an emetic. Let us however take the case in question, viz. anæsthesia. This state consists in a disturbed relation between the mind and the nervous system, by which the patient becomes insensible to pain. Now, in the case of chloroform, we have this state induced through the nervous system by a material agent. No doubt exists on this subject, but why should we doubt the possibility of the same state being induced through the mind? Indeed, there can be no doubt on this subject. We have, in the case of hyteria, the power of a purely mental appliance producing

insensibility. Mere terror, a mental agency, may produce the disturbed relation in question. There can be no doubt that, by working on the mind, a change may be produced in the nervous system, and that the character of this change may depend on the manner in which the mind may be wrought upon. All the mesmeric processes are admirably adapted for working powerfully on weak and susceptible minds. And it must be kept in view, that the mesmerist frankly acknowledges that, to insure success, the subject operated upon must have a peculiar temperament, characterised by great susceptibility. Baron Von Reichenbach operated on sick sensitives—that is, patients whose nervous systems were diseased. The triumphs of mesmerism are confessedly accomplished in the case of individuals verging on insanity. We can then readily understand how some minds should be painfully affected by the mysterious processes of the mesmerist, and the nervous system at the same time deranged, while in the case of others not the slightest effect is produced. It may be said that, although the patients be sick sensitives, or bordering on insanity, still the phenomena are interesting, and demand calm scientific inquiry. We quite concur in this sentiment, and we regard it as a matter of regret, that a person so competent as Dr Esdaile did not professedly enter upon his researches with the view of advancing the rational science of psychology, instead of throwing the weight of his name into the scale of empiricism by hoisting the flag of mesmerism. There is no subject so intensely interesting in itself as medical psychology, and a wide range of very strange phenomena will reward the cultivator. No one can peruse the remarkable work of Feuchtersleben, without feeling that it is a subject too much neglected in this country, and that there are some wonderful laws in our nature which must be more deeply studied, if we would deal aright with some of the most momentous questions which affect man's social and religious position. But while making this acknowledgment, we must express our deep regret, that the cultivation of this important department of science should be impeded by the miserable superstitions of mesmerism.

It may be held by the mesmerist, that if we admit that his processes can induce anæsthesia, rigidity, &c., we virtually give up our position, and embrace mesmerism—that all that mesmerism contends for is the reality of the phenomena produced. Now we again maintain, that the matter is not one of mere objective facts,—that the whole interest of the inquiry turns on the question of causation. If the cases in question were treated psychologically, as cases merely of insanity or mental aberration, there would be no noise on the subject. Everything would proceed quietly, as in the ordinary course of scientific investigation. The whole excitement arises from the circumstance, that mesmerism comes in and supplies a theory of its own to account for the phenomena. It is the peculiar nature of this theory that threatens to corrupt the morals of the country, to sweep away the nursery delusion of Christianity, and to deluge the land with the superstitions of the dark ages. As an illustration that the acknowledgment of facts may be quite harmless, while the admission of the theory would be fraught with danger,—let us turn to another delusion of our times, countenanced by a good many of the medical profession;

and to a great extent by the more aristocratic classes in the country, viz. homœopathy. It may be said by the homœopathist, "I don't care whether you admit my theory of infinitesimal doses or not; look only to the facts, and you cannot but admit that many remarkable cures are performed by my prescriptions." Now we are quite willing to admit many of the facts the homœopathist builds upon. It is said that, if a grain of the medicine used in this system were diluted in the Caspian Sea, and were a drop of the water employed to make one pill, this would represent pretty accurately the infinitesimal quantities employed. Now we do believe that such pills often work cures. Nay, we shall go farther. An extensive druggist in England, who was in the way of supplying homœopathists with bushels of pills, acknowledged that he did not go through the farce of mixing up the infinitesimal and inappreciable doses with the vehicle employed. He gave nothing more than the vehicle, simple flour. We shall even admit that these pills worked many cures, and there is no doubt that the practitioner boasted as much of the potency of them as of the genuine article. But while we admit the facts—while we hold, that many patients have been able to trace their recovery to the use of the pills, we nevertheless consider it of some importance to inquire into the *vera causa*. Was it the infinitesimal dose, or something else, that effected the cure? They were cured,—that is admitted, but what cured them? It may be said, that if they were cured, it is all the same whether they were cured one way or another. Now we do not admit this: A cure may be effected, but by means morally wrong. It is morally wrong to persuade a patient that a pill will cure him, while you know that there is no virtue in the pill itself, and that the cure must be wrought only by the *belief* in its virtue. We are glad to find that the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Colleges of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, have acted on these views, by declaring that they cannot regard the homœopathic practitioner as a member of the Medical Faculty. If we can judge from the temper of the times, we are sure that if Queen Victoria were to recommence the practice of touching for the kings-evil, she would be equally successful with her royal ancestors, who performed hundreds of undoubted cures simply by the touch of the royal fingers; but we are sure that such a practice would not raise her in the estimation of her loving subjects, though she could please the woes of suffering humanity. All this has an obvious application to the cause of mesmerism. Its physiological facts may be safely admitted, but the evil lies in admitting the mysterious power of Od. This Od is nothing in itself—it corresponds to the invisible quantity of the homœopathist; but it is the assertion of its power that works all the mischief. Were there no theory of Od, there would be no delusion on the subject. The patient would not have his mind wrought upon by the belief in this awful power, and the sad aberrations of the human mind would be quietly investigated by the man of science, instead of being dragged before popular audiences, as if to make a mockery of humanity. We hold, then, that the physiological facts we are disposed to admit do not constitute mesmerism, but that mesmerism is the theory of Od, which attempts to account for these facts, and others of a questionable character.

But let us now proceed to the phenomena of suggestion, which still belong to the lower class of mesmeric facts. It is in this department that Mr. Lewis, the negro mesmeriser, chiefly excels. It is one admirably adapted for dramatic exhibition, and affords a source of much, though not very refined amusement. The exhibitions consisted chiefly in making the mesmerised subject do whatever the operator wished. He danced, squared with his fists, staggered like a drunken man, sang, wept, recited poetry, &c., just as the operator desired. Now we admit the phenomena without the least hesitation. Our senses bore undoubted testimony to the fact, that whatever Mr. Lewis told the mesmerised subjects to say or do, they obeyed with wonderful precision. He, for example, commanded the person operated upon to open his mouth, which was accordingly done. He sometimes put his command in a different way, and defied him to keep his mouth shut. In either case implicit obedience was given. It appears to us to be but a very small admission indeed, to admit that one man opened his mouth at the request of another. Yet at the popular meetings we attended, the audience seemed to have their consciences relieved, and to take at the same time an important step forward in science, when, at the request of the lecturer, they admitted the facts, whatever might be the theory. It was plain, from the earnest pleading of the lecturer for the facts, that he hoped the theory would at the same time be unconsciously swallowed. Now we hold that it is altogether childish to take refuge in the mere facts. No one can dispute the facts of suggestion. The interest of the question altogether turns upon the theory or explanation. Many theories have been resorted to, of which the following are the more prominent—collusion, imagination, faith, sympathy, suggestion of ideas, &c. In regard to collusion in the ordinary sense, it certainly cannot afford a satisfactory explanation. We are quite satisfied that, in most of the cases we witnessed, there was no previous communication between the parties. The subjects were selected from the audience. A dead silence was maintained for ten minutes by all present, while they fixed their gaze upon Mr. Lewis, who all the time directed his piercing and glaring eyes to various parts of the room, and at the same time worked his hands as if discharging through the points of his fingers a stream of some invisible agency towards the crowd before him. He then paused, and invited those who felt any extraordinary sensation to come up to the platform to be further operated upon. There were always a few who confessed to some queer sensations, perhaps one per cent. of the number present. In all this we believe there was no concert. But there was no need of any collusion. The feats that we saw performed required no rehearsal: The collusion was all above board: nothing was concealed from the audience: The transaction took place before the eyes of the whole audience. It would be surprising candour on the part of a conjurer to invite the spectators to examine his secret strings, and his cups and balls, by which he effected his feats. Now this was what Mr. Lewis precisely did; and it gives us a very high conception of his genius to think that his feats, notwithstanding, were perfectly successful with the audience. Such things are better understood on the other side of the

Atlantic. It is there that we meet the highest development of this of as of genius. Mr. Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormonites, and kind new State in America, performed feats equally bold. A second-rate man would carefully exclude the *profanum vulgus* from behind the scenes, but Mr. Smith boldly admitted them, and trusted to his own genius to extricate him from the awkward revelations. On the plea of "spiritual wives," he indulged in Oriental licentiousness. He was greatly addicted to drinking, and often his devout followers had to carry him home on a shutter through the streets of Nauvoo, but his genius was always ready for such emergencies. He at once made out a case of spiritual trance or extasis, so that his extension on the shutter was only a particular mode of receiving another divine revelation. Mr. Lewis evidently brought across with him some of this transatlantic genius. No talent of home production could match this. Would Professor Anderson, of Balmoral notoriety, have ventured upon the blowing up feat of Mr. Lewis? He indeed tried, we believe, something of the kind. He professed to sustain a boy in the air by means of chloroform, but he no doubt required a good deal of delicate apparatus. He baffled the spectators' attempts to discover the means employed, but yet after all they would not believe in the power of chloroform. Mr. Lewis comes, and scorns all trumpery apparatus. He boldly puts his hands under the boy, and tells the audience that it was some mysterious current that raised him, and they at once believe. This triumph of Mr. Lewis is one among many other proofs that our Transatlantic cousins are fast going ahead of us.

But to return to the phenomena in question; it appears to us that they are quite explicable on natural principles, without supposing that there was any collusion between the parties, or that there was any premeditated deception on the part of the magnetised subjects. It must, however, be observed, that all the phenomena in question could easily be counterfeited by any one who intended to deceive. Indeed, at one of Mr. Lewis's exhibitions, a person came forward to be operated upon, and after he was exhibited as an admirable specimen of the powers of mesmerism, he declared that all was a hoax,—and that his design was to shew how easily the public could be deceived. The case was, however, so far a testimony in Mr. Lewis's favour, for it clearly shewed that he was not guilty of collusion, for if he was, he would certainly have been on his guard against this individual. The case, however, also shews that we are thrown entirely on the honesty of the party operated upon. There is no objective test to distinguish the genuine case from the counterfeit. It may be said, what motive could people have in coming forward to exhibit such strange phenomena? Various motives can readily be conceived. In the above case, the person in question averred that his motive was the love of scientific truth. But we can easily conceive that vanity or the love of frolic, in the young mechanics that usually come forward, might afford in many cases sufficiently strong motives. We, however, do not rest our case on this ground. We are willing to admit that many of the cases were genuine; that is, that the party did not come forward with the intention of practising a deception. Nay, we have valued personal friends, who have exhibited some of the phenomena in

question, and in regard to whom we would deem the theory of deception altogether monstrous. How, then, are the phenomena in question to be explained, on the ground that the veracity of the subject may be thoroughly depended upon ! Let us, for illustration, take the case of opening the mouth at the command of the operator. Now we hold that there is here nothing more than the natural phenomenon of one individual obeying the command of another. You present a sugar plum to a child, and tell it to open its mouth, and the child opens accordingly. This is a familiar case of ordinary motive and action. You supply the motive, and the child acts in accordance with it. In all such cases there are essentially four terms. There are two acts of will, and two external symbols corresponding to these acts. You will the child to open its mouth, and the corresponding external symbol is a word, or look, or the exhibition of the sugar plum ; this constitutes the motive. The child, in obedience to the motive, exercises an act of will, and the outward symbol of this is the opening of the mouth. Now this phenomenon, exhibiting sequences so familiar, contains mysteries which we cannot explain. We must just accept it as the constitution of our nature, and, as far as we can see, the necessity of the four terms lies at the basis of man's constitution. The great question in regard to the mesmeric phenomena is, Can they be reduced to the above category of ordinary motive and action ? The mesmerist says no ; and it is upon this negative that all the interest of mesmerism hangs. We have, confessedly, viewed the whole subject from a theological point of view, and we say that it is precisely in the settlement of this point that theology is chiefly concerned. As far as the interests of morality and religion are involved, it is comparatively of little moment how many or how few of the physiological phenomena are admitted, supposing we come to a right decision on this subject. Now the mesmerist holds, that in the case of the action of one mind upon another, two of the terms may be obliterated, while a third new term is substituted. He holds that his mind can act upon the body of the mesmerised subject directly, that there may be only one act of will, viz. that of his own mind, and only one external symbol, viz. the bodily movement of the person acted upon. For example, Mr. Lewis, in America, wills at a certain moment that the mouth of some individual on this side of the Atlantic should open, and that moment it opens. He can thus, at any distance, work with the jaws of another, as if pulling the strings of a puppet. This wondrous feat is effected through the mysterious intervention of Od. In the phenomena we chiefly witnessed, only one term was professed to be obliterated, viz. the will of the individual operated upon. In this case the operator not only wills, but expresses his will by word or sign ; but the movement produced in the mesmerised subject is not by the influence of ordinary motive, but by Od,—that unfailing mysterious power. The achievements of the silent, or unexpressed will, belong to the higher phenomena of mesmerism, so that they do not immediately come under our notice. The grand question, then, is, Are we to supersede the ordinary power of motive by the influence of Od ? When a person opens his mouth at the command of a mesmeriser, it is held that his own will is in abeyance, and that it is Od that opens

it. When the ground is asked for such a frightful violation of man's moral and physical constitution, the answer is, that he cannot but open his mouth; that he must open it, though against his own will; and that therefore his own will cannot be the acting power in moving his muscles. It is astonishing that a fallacy so palpable should, in this age of enlightenment, gain such currency among the intelligent classes who witnessed the exhibitions, and that it should be indorsed by learned professors in the most distinguished universities. One would naturally conclude that such men as Jonathan Edwards had lived in vain; and that the world is not worthy of such names. The well-known distinction between natural and moral inability, at once explodes the fallacy. We shall take it for granted that the mesmeric subject was quite sincere when he said that it was impossible for him to resist the command to open his mouth. Was this a physical or a moral impossibility? Did it arise from the physical power of Od, or from the ordinary power of a paramount motive? We hold that there is not a tittle of evidence to shew that there is here a departure from the recognised constitution of man's nature. The child, were it to express its feelings, would say that it was impossible not to open its mouth for the sugar-plum, but no one would think of calling in the aid of Od; and yet the cases are essentially the same. When a glass of spirits is placed before the drunkard, he feels it impossible to resist the temptation; but does this impossibility imply that his will does not act when he stretches forth his hand to the glass? does it imply that his act is not a voluntary one, and that he ceases to be a moral agent? Again, take another form in which the mesmeric experience is put to shew the necessity of Od.—“I acted against my will in opening my mouth.” This is held as a demonstration that, in the given case, the will was suspended,—that the physical influence of Od overpowered it. But why not apply the same reasoning to the ordinary actions of life: for there is no expression more common than, “I acted against my will.” The philosophy of human nature is very much wrapped up in the forms of human language, and a glance at this form of expression at once affords a refutation of the fallacy. In the above expression, what is meant by “I acted?” does not the *ego* here just mean the acting will? All, evidently, that is meant by such a form of expression is, that the dominant motive of the moment is superior to any other desire. It indicates a struggle, but it just intimates that the will obeys the stronger motive. We feel it to be almost an insult to the capacity of our readers thus to dwell on a point so very clear and palpable. Our only apology is, that this is the fallacy on which the whole question turns; and that it is a fallacy which has bewildered many a well-educated audience. On the whole, we conclude that there is not the slightest evidence to prove that, in the cases in question, the physical power of Od supersedes the moral power of motive.

But it will now be asked, how we can account for the implicit obedience to the will of the operator, if the power exercised be merely one of ordinary motive? Now, all that we can say is, that such a surrender of one's own will to that of another, is one of the most common phenomena of life, and that there is much in the circumstances of the case in

question to lessen the wonder. When the party is called out from the audience, he goes up to the platform with the express understanding that he is in everything to follow the suggestions of the operator; thus apparently engaging in an overt act of collusion. He goes up too with the belief that some irresistible power is to constrain his will, and all the gestures of Mr. Lewis are admirably adapted to impress weak minds with the belief in this superior irresistible power. It cannot be then matter of surprise that he should feel an impulse to obey the will of the operator, and that it should appear to him irresistible. It may be objected, that there is a great improbability that a person would voluntarily give himself up to such a delusion. We admit that it is improbable that any one taken at random should give himself up to such a delusion. We acknowledge that the improbability is at least a hundred to one. But the parties operated upon were picked individuals, the proportion that volunteered was not more than one per cent. Now we think it by no means improbable that such a proportion should manifest a striking susceptibility to delusion. This is by no means a large proportion to manifest a proclivity to mental aberration. It is probable that mental infirmity is just as prevalent as bodily disease; and certainly the above percentage for bodily ailment in some shape, is not large for any miscellaneous meeting. Just as all who have some bodily infirmity are not laid up in hospitals or sick rooms, so there are many labouring under mental infirmity who are not confined in asylums, or kept in private restraint. There are many imperceptible gradations down to the decided insanity of the asylum. There are, no doubt, many bordering on insanity, who require only the excitement of mesmerism to precipitate the mind into the abyss of delusion. The physical influence of wine illustrates this subject. A quantity which would have no effect whatever on a strong-headed man, quite upsets the man who at any time is trembling on the verge of imbecility. There is no difficulty in conceiving how mental excitement should have a similar effect.

Besides all this, the whole history of fanatical delusion shews that the belief in a supernatural physical power, like Od, is calculated to produce the most remarkable physiological effects. In the camp meetings of America, the belief in the influence of the Holy Spirit is sadly perverted. Instead of a belief in a gracious influence acting in harmony with the moral constitution of man, there is cherished the fanatical faith in a physical, fatalistic power, manifesting itself in involuntary bodily exercises. The consequence is, that the victims of this delusion practise the most absurd exercises, under the conviction that they are under the control of this power. A commencement has only to be made by some deluded creature, when the exercise, whatever it may be, spreads like wild-fire throughout the camp. The more orthodox forms of these exhibitions are the falling exercise, the spinning exercise, the jumping exercise, and the jerks. Besides the regular exercises, there are others of a still more remarkable kind. The following is the statement of an eye-witness: "In one, the affected barked like a dog; in another, they boxed with closed fists, striking at every body or thing near them. The running exercise was also one of the varieties, in which the person was impelled to run

with amazing swiftness. There were other singular motions imitative of persons playing on the violin, or sowing with a needle, &c." Any one who has witnessed Mr. Lewis' exhibitions must be struck with the similarity of the phenomena, and have a shrewd suspicion that he must have served an apprenticeship at these camp meetings. The means taken in both cases to produce the phenomena, are identically the same; viz. a belief in an irresistible physical power acting upon the mind—the only difference consists in the name given to that power.

The next phenomena of the lower kind to which we shall refer, are suggested sensations. For example, the operator tells the subject that he is cold, and he shivers accordingly. He tells him that he is sitting on a hot surface, and he immediately starts from his seat with a burning sensation. He puts a coin into his hand, and tells him that it is very heavy, and the feeling of great weight is at once experienced. Now there are genuine physiological facts, which countenance these phenomena, though the public exhibitions greatly exaggerate them. There is nothing more familiar than the tendency of the mind, especially when there is any nervous derangement, to confound a vivid idea with an external reality. Disease, of course, furnishes the most obvious examples, such as the seeing of spirits in delirium; but illustrations may be supplied from healthy experience. If told to sit away from the draught of a door or window, you may at once feel a cold current, though the window and door be shut. Here the suggested idea is confounded with an actual sensation. But besides this, it is firmly established by physiologists, that the mind steadily directed towards certain parts of the body, may produce a real physical action in these parts. Dr. Haygarth, "*On the Effect of Imagination in the Cure of Bodily Diseases*;" and Dr. Holland, in his "*Medical Notes and Reflections*," give abundant illustrations of this curious subject. We quote the following from Dr. Bennett, who was claimed as a disciple of Mesmer, but who, we are glad to say, repudiates the Od theory. "If at night, owing to some unusual position, we feel a beating at the heart or at the temples, we easily imagine there is something alarming; the respirations are altered if we think about them; if we suppose the mouth is dry, we immediately swallow the saliva, and render it so; if we fancy we have a cough, we cough immediately, and clear the passages; and if we suppose any source of irritation exists on the skin, we involuntarily apply our hand to and rub the part. Nothing is more common for medical students, when first studying individual diseases, than to imagine themselves the victims of each in succession. Then, in certain conditions of the system, it is well known that actual pain may be produced in a part by fixing our attention upon it. Hypochondriacs are martyrs to these erroneous impressions. Supposed pain in the limbs or stomach prevent their walking or eating, and their health suffers from want of exercise or want of food. Sir Benjamin Brodie has given some singular cases, where so-called nervous pains of this description have actually led to tenderness and swellings of the integuments covering the part."—The following are also illustrations from the same authority. "Mr. Macfarlan, the druggist on the North Bridge, informed me that on one occasion, a butcher was brought into his shop from the market-place opposite, labouring under a

terrible accident. The man, on trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head, slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was suspended. On being examined, he was pale, almost pulseless, and expressed himself as suffering acute agony. The arm could not be moved without excessive pain, and in cutting off the sleeve, he frequently cried out; yet when the arm was exposed, it was found to be quite uninjured, the hook having pierced only the sleeve of his coat.

A clergyman told me, that some time ago, suspicions were entertained, in his parish, of a woman, who was supposed to have poisoned her newly born infant. The coffin was exhumed, and the procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odour of decomposition, which made him feel faint, and in consequence he withdrew. But on opening the coffin it was found to be empty; and it was afterwards ascertained that no child had been born, and consequently no murder had been committed."

These illustrations clearly shew that the sensations produced by suggested ideas are phenomena fully recognised by rational science, and that they do not need the peculiar theory of mesmerism to explain them. We can well conceive how the weak subjects selected by the mesmerist, and the extraordinary means displayed to work on the imagination, should produce the phenomena in a very exaggerated form.

The sum of our whole argument in reference to the lower phenomena of mesmerism is, that as far as they are genuine, they may be explained on natural principles, without the aid of any objective physical agency such as Od. Our great aim has been to shew that the physical phenomena in question result merely from the play of the human mind itself; that the real agency is entirely subjective, and therefore moral.—We have thus endeavoured to rescue humanity from the charge of being made the sport of a purely physical agency, by which its moral character is destroyed. If our conclusion be then a right one, the mesmerised subject is only the victim of his own delusion. He, by his own direct agency, throws himself into a state exhibiting all the marks of temporary insanity, and all parties are agreed, that if he persevere long enough, he will induce a state which can be regarded in no other light than imbecillity. That the process is essentially a subjective one is evident from the fact, that by Mr. Darling's method, the person mesmerises himself, by looking intently upon a metallic disc or any distinct object in the palm of the hand. The Fakirs of India effect the same object by fixing their gaze on the extremity of their nose. Mr. Braid produces hypnotism, as he calls the mesmeric sleep, by looking steadily for some time, on an object placed a little above the eyes, to fatigue them. The same thing also appears from the different processes adopted when a mesmeriser is employed. One author gives minute directions how to make the passes: another is equally minute, but he reverses the whole matter, and yet both processes are equally successful. This is altogether inexplicable on the supposition that some physical fluid is pumped into the body, but it is quite intelligible if the process is a subjective and mental one; while the passes merely influence the mind as any suggestive signs do.

The phenomena we have been investigating are deeply interesting, both in a theological and scientific point of view, and deserve the gravest consideration ; but we regard mesmerism, not as the philosophy, but as the cause of the delusion. It is not to Od, but to the *belief* in Od, we must have recourse for the solution of the matter. If we can disprove the existence of Od and establish the entire subjectivity of the phenomena, then the moral constitution of our nature is preserved intact. It has been our great aim to establish this point, and if this is accomplished, it is a matter of little importance, at least in a theological point of view, how far we extend our faith to the genuineness of the alleged facts of mesmerism.

We find that we have not left ourselves space in this our concluding article, for the discussion of the higher phenomena. We have so far trespassed on the patience of the reader that we cannot think of protracting the inquiry further, at least for the present. Suffice to say in the meantime, that we reject the higher phenomena *in toto*. We do not admit any of the alleged powers of clairvoyance and the silent will. The inquiry, however, is one fraught with the deepest interest, as throwing most valuable light on the laws of human belief. We have some compunction in parting with our readers, for not formally introducing Od to them. There is something in a name, and we are sure the name of this personage, as well as our frequent allusions, must have excited a wish for further acquaintance. We regret that we must postpone the gratification of this wish. We may, on a future occasion, take up the subject of clairvoyance, when we shall assign a niche to Od and the Odometer.

We cannot conclude without expressing our high sense of the literary merits of Professor Gregory's book. It is undoubtedly the most interesting and intelligible work on Mesmerism. Most books on the subject are evidently written by men who are little conversant with scientific inquiry, and they consequently deal in loose rambling statements, which fatigue, without satisfying the reader. The "Letters to a Candid Inquirer" are exempt from this fault. All the statements are very clear, and the subject is made as intelligible as it can be. An interesting child-like faith runs throughout the whole, so that an unusual charm is communicated to the work. One must go back to our old authors on ghosts and witchcraft, if he would enjoy the treat of a genuine faith in the supernatural. One feels, in reading the works of Mrs. Crowe, Miss Martineau, and others of this class, that this faith is only a make-belief—that it is as factitious as the feeling of a Cockney, who, in order to enjoy with superstitious gusto the late eclipse, might have coaxed himself into the belief, while gazing upon it, that he was a Red Indian with a scalping-knife in his girdle. There is little or no trace of the spurious in Dr Gregory's faith : It is deep and earnest, as if welling fresh from the fountains of the middle ages.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Autumnal Rambles among the Scottish Mountains. By the Rev. THOMAS GRIERSON, Kirkbean. Second Edition. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

WHAT will Mrs. Maclauchlan say? seems to have occasioned some little anxiety to the worthy minister of Kirkbean, when he indited the, in other respects, manly preface to these Rambles. We do not think Mr. Grierson was called upon to interject an apology for the manner in which he spent his vacations. Pray, what is the difference between the man who loiters along the sea-shore, and fritters whole days away "in seeing others, and in being seen;" and the man who passes his time climbing mountains? The latter is surely more conducive to the health both of body and mind, and a man may surely recreate himself according to his own fancy in ascending or in descending mountains, without giving offence to any one? But what will Mrs. Maclauchlan say? Ay; there's the rub!

Mr. Grierson has acquitted himself well of his self-improved task. He has written a most readable book, an interesting book, more entitled to the character of *Adventures* than *Rambles*. We do not see why we should not have a *Guide to the Scottish Mountains*, as well as a *Guide to the Scottish Lakes*; and to the adventurous pedestrian we could not recommend a better book than Mr. Grierson's. It abounds in hairbreadth escapes, and has all the excitement of romance, with the stern reality of fact. Our author only describes what he has seen with his own eyes, and encountered on his own legs. In those days, when Railways take us away from our own doors, and in a few hours set us down at the base of Ben Lomond, such a work is peculiarly acceptable; and, if we mistake not, there will ultimately be a greater demand for a descriptive guide to the hitherto all but inaccessible recesses of the Scottish mountains, than our readers may imagine.

Mr. Grierson details his adventures with great gusto, and excites envy in the breast of his readers as he expatiates on the glorious panorama of mountain scenery which rewards his patient and laborious ascent to the summit of some Scottish Alp. But as most pedestrians must yield the palm to Mr. Grierson, and probably none will contest with him—the merit of having ascended the greatest number of mountains in our island;—he ought to turn his knowledge to account, and favour the uninitiated, in his next edition, with a chart of the mountain passes. Probably, the best Alpine chart now published is that of Keller, in which every footpath is laid down with so much accuracy, that the traveller, in Switzerland, can almost dispense with a guide. As lovers of mountain scenery ourselves, we throw out this hint to Mr. Grierson, certain that it will add materially to the value of his work as a guide-book for pedestrians. We can imagine the feelings of pleasurable recollection, and of exultation too, with which our author chronicled the following achievements:—

"Besides many others in and near Rannoch, I have been on the tops of Ben Aulder, Ben-a-Hallader, Ben Molloch, Ben Oudleman, Garraval, Carey, Craig Calliach near Killin, and no less than five times on the top of Schihallion; twice on the top of Ben Lawers; on Ben More, Ben Voirlach at Loch Earne, Ben Ledi, Ben Venn, Ben Chochan, Ben-y-Vracky, Faragon twice; Ben-y-gloe, with many others of inferior note in all parts of that county. I have also been on the tops of Cairngorm, Belrinnea, Craig Phadrig, Ben Wyvis, Ben Nevis, Ben Cruachan, Duniquaigh, Ben Lomond twice, Ben Cluch, Dummyat, the Lomonds in Fife repeatedly; Carnethy, and many of the Pentlands; Walston Black Mount, North Berwick Law,

and Traprain Law, Goatfell in Arran twice; Barone Hill in Bute; the Storr and Quirang in Skye; Tinto, the Lowthers, and several of its neighbours, Queensberry, Cairnkinnow, Hartfell, White Coomb, Tinnia, Mellenwood, the highest in Liddesdale, Ruberslaw, Scrape, and many on the Tweed; the Eildons, Cairnsmuir of Carsphairn, Cairnsmuir of Fleet, Merrick, Ben Ghairn, Screel, Lotus, and Criffel, oftener than for my credibility I dare mention. I have also climbed Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Sca Fell in England, with several others among the lakes there; and Snowdon in Wales.

The Rambles commence with three days in Arran, where "Goatfell, the hero of ten thousand tempests, rears his bald, majestic head to the clouds, surrounded by his staff of thunder-split peaks, 'towering in horrid nakedness,' companions amidst the war of contending elements for numberless generations. Far from scathless, however, has been his career of glory. In some respects he seems to have had decidedly the worst of the set-to with old Father Time. His very summit indeed consists of immense blocks of hard imperishable granite; and a little down are seen huge Cyclopian walls of the same material. But the latter are shaken, as if by some great convulsion; and the whole surface of the conical top of the mountain is strewn thickly with riven rocks, stones of all sizes, and granitic sand."

In the preface, we find the following hints to pedestrians, regarding the free use of stimulants, accompanied with a caution equally worthy of attention, and productive of frequently dangerous consequences, namely, the indulging in potations of rich milk.

"In closing these prefatory remarks, which have swelled greatly beyond my original intention, I would warn pedestrian tourists against a free use of whisky, or any such deceitful means of excitement and support. No doubt aprudent and temperate use of spirits may fit a man for occasional extraordinary exertion; but if that exertion is to be long sustained, he is much better without it. Such stimulants, frequently resorted to, always produce languor, enervate the frame, and thus do more harm than good. Often, indeed, the incautious pedestrian, without by any means having a liking for the liquor, has sacrificed his life to what he conceived was the best means of preserving it, and of invigorating his exertions.

"Another caution worthy of attention is, not to indulge too much in drinking rich milk—a beverage most tempting to a hungry and thirsting pedestrian, and which is often pressed upon him by the kindly mountain dames. Oftener than once have I suffered in this way, more especially on my return from Ben-a-Hallader, at the source of the Orchy, after crossing and re-crossing the horrible moor of Rannoch. The day was one of the hottest, and, for want of better, I had partaken largely of moss water, having scarcely tasted food since an early breakfast. The consequence was, what I got from a good woman at a shieling, near the east end of Loch Lydoch, would have finished me, had I not soon after fallen into the hands of kind and judicious friends."

Our space will not permit us to follow our author in his numerous rambles from Dee-side to the mountains of Galloway, but we beg to refer our readers to the book itself, with which we are sure they will not be disappointed.

Mr. Grierson is what Dr. Johnson calls a good hater, "and the effects of the Free Secession are boldly canvassed in his pages." In "A Few Days of Recreation," Mr. G. visits Iona, "once the luminary of the Caledonian regions," which it appears did not escape the furies of the late epidemic.

"Here are two respectable-looking mansees, with as many churches, *free and bond*. It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy effect of the late

Secession than is exemplified in this wretched island. Its poor, half-starved, ignorant population has not escaped the late epidemic ; for we were informed that, few and mutually dependent as they are for comfort, those visited by the new light will scarcely recognise their former friends as beings of the same species with themselves ! This sad state of things is to be observed throughout the whole of the Highlands, and prevails just in proportion to the ignorance of the inhabitants. I asked a highly respectable Highland clergyman, if there was no hope of proving to them its incompatibility with true religion ? He replied, that ' it would be very difficult, as their Gaelic preachers had crammed them with such gross misstatements in regard to the Established Church ; and as their ignorance and prejudices were such, that they could not read refutations of what they had heard, nor would they listen with patience to any one who was disposed to enlighten them.'

" On returning to the Dolphin, the sailors handed about a begging-box, to which we were all disposed to contribute on account of their civility. A letter, however, accompanied the box, stating that the contributions were in aid of a Free Church School in the island. This intelligence being made public, chilled the intentions of nearly the whole party, as we could not conceive the place destitute of either a Parliamentary or Parochial School, and as one must be quite sufficient where there are only three or four score children, and these concentrated in one corner of the island ; moreover, we had just seen and heard enough of the effects of Free Kirk tuition, to induce us not to connive at its extension."

We cannot, in conclusion, help quoting the following pertinent observations which occur in our author's account of the Capital of the West.

" Though in former years well acquainted with Glasgow, I was not fully aware of its present merits, as I am sure all who have been there of late will agree with me in asserting, that it has progressed wonderfully in everything generally attractive to strangers. Its public buildings have multiplied astonishingly, and many of these are surpassingly elegant. The Exchange Reading Room has for a number of years been much admired, and there seems to be no objection to the free admission of respectably dressed visitors. Among other handsome edifices, large and splendid Normal Schools, *free and bond*, attract the attention ; while the mushroom architecture of the Free Church meets the eye in every direction. The aspect of these imposing and costly structures contrasts strikingly with the model churches of Culsaumond, for country parishes, and that of Dr. Candlish, in the Lothian Road, Edinburgh, which was to be the *ne plus ultra* of expenditure in towns, the plainness of the external structures being incalculably compensated by the purity of doctrine poured forth within. Poor human nature, however, soon put an end to the fanciful notions. Vanity and pride must be pampered, and take the lead even in the most pure and spiritual sects ; and thus Glasgow, like Edinburgh, is largely indebted to her Free Church zealots for many of her gayest and most costly places of worship."

The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints ; with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the " American Mahomet." London : Office of the National Illustrated Library.

This is a dangerous book. The author or editor is evidently one of the utilitarian school of writers ; and whilst he does not positively declare his belief in Mormonism, he seeks to explain away all the objections, which, on rational, and scriptural, and social grounds, may be brought against it. Even the very evidence of witnesses, solemnly rendered and sworn to in a

court of justice, is, as far as possible, invalidated ; and the correct aim of the writer is evidently to exalt this monstrous imposition to the rank of one of the systems of the age, even placing it side by side with the divine religion of Jesus. Nothing goes down with this class of writers,—Mayhew, Jerrold, and so forth, but what is of “the earth, earthy.” The Mormons are a hard-working, industrious, go-ahead community, and therefore they are exalted to the skies, regardless of the vile falsehood of their professed revelations, and the base and beastly tendency of their principles ; as, for instance, their practice of what they call the “spiritual wife” system ; of which there cannot be a doubt, though the book before us more than insinuates that this is a calumny. From beginning to end of it, Mormonism is not once contrasted with Christianity, by whose sublime and holy purity its abominable immorality may be exposed, and by whose doctrines of celestial truth its flagrant falsities may be condemned,—but with very close approximation to the blasphemous, this childish, contemptible, brutal system is named in unison with the Christian Faith. That it has its adherents, we do not doubt ; as what tom-foolery will not ? But that men will continue to be deluded by it, we no more believe than we believe that the moon is made of green cheese. If the volume before us is to be considered one of a series, bearing the name of “*Standard Library*,” we do think that such publications are not calculated to do much good, but, on the contrary, much harm ; and we do trust the publishers will be more careful in the getting up of the succeeding volumes. The following we give as a specimen of the utilitarian, semi-favourable, semi-condemnatory style of the book.—“We have, also, considered Mormonism as a social and secular institution, which already plays a note-worthy part, both in this country and in America. The west has had its prophets, as well as the east ; and whatever may have been the original character of the man, the sect, which he founded, has arrived at such a growth, that no argument, founded on the fraud or absurdity of his pretensions, will be of the slightest avail in preventing the development of Mormonism. The sect, established in its home, treats all adverse criticism with the same indifference as the Mahometans or Buddhists shew to all who impugn the truth of their religions. They pity the objectors, treat their arguments as folly or blasphemy, and entrench themselves in the impregnable fortress of their own faith. If this were not the natural course of things, and strictly in accordance with all experience, there would, at this time, be but one form of religion in the world. That there are many forms of religion, each of which believes itself, and it alone, to be the true one, may explain, though it will not justify, the faith and position of the Latter-Day Saints. Whatever the world may say of the Mormons, the Mormons may say of themselves that they have succeeded in establishing the third political system that has grown out of Christianity. The Pope, the Queen of England, and Brigham Young, are alike heads of states and of churches : and what is perhaps as remarkable a fact, the only state church in America is that which has been founded by Joseph Smith.”

The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal, a New Translation, with the Life of the Author. Published by William Collins, North Montrose Street, Glasgow, and Paternoster Row, London.

The publication of these letters is opportune. Pascal was certainly the greatest genius of his age, and equal to any that any age or country has produced. Even Voltaire has styled him the Prince of Satirists. A mathematician, a philosopher, a wit, he was nevertheless a simple-minded,

earnest believer in the gospel ; and although, in these letters, there are things which a true Protestant would reject, and ought to reject, yet these are incidental to the system of Popery, in which he had been reared, and in accordance with which his habits of thought and expression were framed. Such blemishes are to be considered by the reader as subservient to his love and defence of the truth. Like A'Kempia, he is to be regarded as standing alone in the midst of the falsities and abominations of Popery, and to be beyond his age and his nation alike in the perception of intellectual and spiritual truth. The occasion of his writing these letters was the quarrel that then raged between the Jansenists or Portroyalists, as they were called from the monastery which they inhabited, and the Jesuits, to whom they did tremendous damage. Learned, witty, brilliant, fearless, they fell like bombshells in the Jesuit camp, and had the same result in their day religiously, which the letters of Junius had politically in our own country, and in more modern times. We have said that Pascal was a mathematician. This reminds us of what Madame Perier, his sister, mentions in his life. She states that he invented an instrument, which could make all manner of calculations.—“There is no new thing under the sun,” and thus the celebrated machine in the Crystal Palace is but a copy. We do not know if the life, annexed to the letters, be a translation too, or an original sketch. If the latter, and from internal evidence we suspect it is, we decidedly object to certain expressions to be found in it ; such as, speaking of Pascal,—“His attachment to what he believed to be the truth, was as inflexible as the truth itself.” No man's attachment to the truth can be so. This is impossible. This is to place divine truth on a footing with human excellence, which is manifestly wrong. And again, from certain statements, we would suppose that the Protestant writer believes in the reality of Popish miracles. Alluding to the cure of a little man, who was affected with a lachrymose complaint in his eyes, by being touched at Portroyal with a relic of what was said to be the Crown of Thorns, and which said crown turned greatly to the advantage of the Jansenists, by proclaiming that, in consequence, God was on their side. The writer says,—“It is not usual for persons of ardent faith to behold a miracle, wrought under their eyes, without being struck with astonishment, and impelled to glorify God, by communicating it to others. The reserve of the members of Portroyal, on this occasion, may appear, by some persons, to cast doubts upon the fact itself ; by minds favourably disposed, it will be considered no argument that the cure was not one of those pious frauds, which were adopted by the leaders of a party, in order to gain over a credulous multitude.” The cure was undoubtedly effected by natural causes. God neither would nor could work a miracle by superstitious means, and for the purpose of confirming superstition. We advise Mr. Collins, in the next edition, to suppress such passages as these, if the Life has been written by an editor for the present publication. If not, let it be distinctly stated that the Life is a translation, as well as the letters. In the present day, the whole system and tactics of Jesuitism need to be exposed, and we know of no work better calculated to put Jesuitism, and all its arts, *hors de combat*, than Pascal's letters. Their publication is timely, and we wish them every success ; not forgetting to thank the publisher for this additional contribution to the “*Force of Truth*.” May its triumph over error in every form soon come !

Original Poetry.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

The beauty of the earth, Oh Lord, is thine,
 Thou didst conceive the whole
 Of the vast, beautiful design,
 In thine eternal soul.
 Its lovely forest bowers,
 The green strength of its everlasting hills,
 The joy that all its living creatures fills;
 Its scents, and songs and flowers.
 When all so fair thy ruined world we see,
 What joy, what beauty, Lord, must dwell in thee

 The beauty of the sky, Oh Lord, is thine,
 The outer court of heaven;
 The spaces where the great lights shine,
 To waiting spirits given.
 There are the roots and forms,
 That float around the sun at morn and eve,
 Its rainbows, which the light and darkness wave,
 Its clouds, and stars, and storms.
 When all so full of light, thy marks we see,
 What light, what glory, Lord, must dwell in thee!

 The beauty of the sea, Oh Lord, is thine,
 Its depths unsearched, unknown,
 Where strange things move, and grow, and shine,
 And live with thee alone.
 Thou movedst on the sea,
 Before its waters dark had formed a place,
 And the deep shadow fell upon its face,
 Of thine immensity.
 When all so measureless thy works we see,
 What depth, what fulness, Lord, must dwell in thee!

 The beauty of the soul, Oh Lord, is thine,
 The soul once most like thee,
 Formed in thine image all divine,
 Perfect, and pure, and free.
 Its wisdom and its might,
 All but thy changeless laws may move;
 And, strong as death is still its love,
 And glorious still its light.
 If yet, so good, such fallen creatures be,
 What love, what goodness, Lord, must dwell in thee!

ISA.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presbytery of Jedburgh.—The Presbytery of Jedburgh, at their meeting on Wednesday last, sustained the Presentation of Mr. Stewart of St. Mary's, Dumfries, to the Church of Wilton, and appointed him to preach on Sabbath the 17th, and Monday the 18th instant, and a call to be moderated in his favour, on Friday, the 29th, thereafter.

Kilmodan.—The Duke of Argyll has

presented the Rev. James Dewar to the Parish of Kilmodan, in compliance with the unanimous solicitation of the heritors and parishioners.

Died at Killean Manse, Argyllshire, on the 20th July last, the Rev. Donald Macdonald, in the 80th year of his age, and 54th of his Ministry in the United Parishes of Killean and Kilkinzie.

M A C P H A I L ' S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXIX.

OCTOBER 1851.

THE SONG BIRDS OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

"Birds, birds, ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings,
Beautiful poets of freedom and light !
Oh, where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats ?
The poesy, truest, and best ever heard,
Is the eloquent song of a beautiful bird."

Not a doubt of it ! And in these days of economic and mechanical, and most prosaic devisings, when men are universally busied in converting days, hours, and minutes into pounds, shillings, and pence, and the soul of song was thought all but quenched in the great heart of the world by a keen and hard-pushing thrift—in these days of busy bargain-driving and base aims, "the eloquent songs of our beautiful birds" are to be received by us with very special thanksgivings for the boon.

And there is no lack, we tell thee, of "beautiful birds" to quench our song-thirst by their liquid notes of thrilling harmony. The spring-time of poesy has again come round in spite of steam ; and the blackened herbage has assumed fresh tints in spite of free trade and the Pope. "The beautiful birds," true to their instincts, and obedient to the skyey influences, are carolling their "*Lays*,"

"Till all the woods do answer, and their echoes ring."

"*Lays of Ancient Rome*," "*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*," "*Lays of the Covenant*," sonnets, leaves, mysteries, dramas—all varieties of song, are warbled forth by "beautiful birds" of all varieties of feather and power of wing. Notes, diverse exceedingly the one from the other, are uttered from every house-top, and from the waving branches of the

leafy trees—some of them stirring the heart like the hoarse bray of the war-trumpet, and the shout of a host rushing to battle—others soothing the soul like softest summer winds, or the sweet musical tinklings of the viol—others piercing and controlling the charmed spirit,

“ With many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

Oh, our benison upon “ the beautiful birds ” that are singing like “ young-eyed cherubins,” to cheer and better man’s estate—that sing in this age of iron their “ wood-notes wild,” to be heard above the rush of business and the din of machinery—that sing, in an age of gross calculation and earthy tendency, to man the immortal, quickening the diviner impulses of his soul, and wooing him to rise up in the greatness of his immortal strength, and the glory of his lofty future destiny ! Meanwhile, however, adieu to them, one and all, save and except the song birds of Parliament House.

Parliament House ! Who could have imagined that the song birds of poesy could have ever taken a liking to so unpoetic a locality, unless indeed, with a most proper and befitting calculation, they had determined to feather their nests before they began to sing ? For such a purpose as this, we frankly admit the mysterious corners and voluminous old records of Parliament House furnish forth most marvellous and rare facilities. But that Parliament House should become the chosen habitat of the birds of poesy, and its fretted vault be made to echo with the glorious harmonies of song instead of the sharp accents of discordant janglings—can such things be without our special wonder ? Yet there they are—on the bench and at the bar, and in all the snug retirements which Themis wisely provides for her votaries, all bent on exchanging the lawyer’s wig and gown for the poet’s singing robes—all bent on making music like the music of the spheres ! But after all, our wonder is perhaps misplaced ; for where, if not in Parliament House, can we look for a due mixture of *sharps* and *flats* and *naturals* ?

Well, then, the Muses have certainly taken a special fancy to Parliament House, and to the dry hard heads that frequent it. They have bid adieu to Parnassus, and all their ancient resorts, to enjoy a season’s daffing with the lawyers, among whom they are playing the oddest pranks imaginable, for the special entertainment of all lovers of fun. They have brought with them all the sprites that gambol throughout the extensive realms of laughter. Some are disporting themselves in the lawyers’ wigs—throwing amusing somersaults on the tops of their heads, or lying coiled in the curls behind, or swinging airily and jauntily from the queue. Some have climbed up to the bench, and are looking slyly into Lord Robertson’s face with the drollest expression of waggery. Meanwhile, the eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, is glancing from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, under the impulse of the muse divine, and volume after volume is given forth full of the precious fruit of this strange and unlooked-for intellectual travail.

O, Thomas Babington Macaulay, grave is thy offence, and serious thy trespasses, in setting before the gentlemen of the long robe the evil

example of idle dalliance with the muses ! Evil was the day when thou didst step forth as a poetical *debutant* on the high stage of poesy and song ; and luckless the hour when the plaudits of thy country greeted thy efforts, and rewarded thy toil ! Content, it is true, wisely content with thy laurels, thou didst not jeopard thy reputation by a second essay in the same field. Quietly yielding up the scene of thy poetic triumphs to any other actors who should covet to share thy honours, thou hast sagaciously met the public demand by an offering of another sort. But alas ! the inspiration of thy wicked example has in the meantime worked its effects. Numbers, whom even their most intimate comrades never suspected of being addicted to what one of the Fathers somewhat profanely styles *vinum dæmonum*, have begun sedulously to cultivate the muse, and to stir up the gift that is not in them. Goodly tomes, tricked up in all the finery of the publishers' craft, meet us at every counter. Goodly tomes gleaming with blue and purple and gold — with their "rivulets of text flowing through meadows of margin," and, embellished with all rare device for the boudoir of the fair and the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, are thronging upon us so thickly, and from quarters so unexpected, that we are forced to have recourse to the estimable Dominie Samson's limited, but emphatic vocabulary, and exclaim "Prodigious !"

Shall we ever forget the exquisite feeling of the ludicrous that titillated the bosoms of all onlookers, when the big and burly form of Lord Robertson hove in sight, as a claimant of poetic inspiration, and a candidate for poetic honours ? Not that we disbelieved the inspiration of the new candidate, or the possibility of his having long and even unconsciously possessed the vision and the faculty divine ; but we were taken all aback at the particular mode of its manifestations. To the wit and humour of genius he had long ago established an undisputed claim. Had his genius given out its wit and humour in the measured combinations of poetry, our surprise would not have exceeded our expectations. But when the idiocratic elements of his genius were left in entire inaction, and other elements evoked, whose existence in his mental constitution had never been previously detected, then, we confess, our astonishment was great, and we could not conceal certain symptoms of scepticism concerning the success of his novel undertaking. To see such an one stand out before the world, with "eye severe, and beard of formal cut," and to hear him utter himself, not in witty and broad sallies, but in the sonorous music of full-swelling hexameters, were very strange things to see and hear. When surprise had in some measure abated, and the actual product of his muse had been deliberately weighed, it was interesting to find one of Lord Robertson's station, after the activities of successful professional effort, cheering his riper years with the amenities of literature ; and more interesting still, to find the disadvantages of a late beginning so remarkably overcome, and a graceful strain of thought poured out with easy fluency, and a charming aptness of illustration.

The author of "Nimrod," too, carried away by a similar poetic enthusiasm, commenced to warble his wood-notes in chorus. Originality was scarcely to be hoped for in the walk selected in this instance, for in

the creation of angels—a task which fell to be performed before the needful complement of *dramatis personæ* could be had—there was great risk of coming most unbeseemingly in contact with the numberless artificers of that article of traffic—of seizing, for example, a leg or a wing, or eyes and hair, which other manufacturers might claim as *their* property. Most skilfully, however, did the author keep his own course, and make his own angels; and the only reason why they have not been entertained with so much hospitality as they merit, is, that, like the Irish beggars, they have become too numerous and too talkative of late. The author of *Festus*, too, like others we wot of, has much to answer for in rearing such a numerous and noisy family of angels; and, according to all appearances, he is not disposed to let us off with these. Really, if the production of angels proceed in the same ratio of progression for a few years to come, the republic of letters is likely to be uncomfortably thronged with them, unless, in the mean time, a mortal epidemic could be quietly introduced into the “angel-world” to thin their ranks. In spite, however, of these airy denizens of spirit-land, Nimrod possesses human interest enough to engage our heart, and a glow of thought enough to fire the imagination, and please the understanding.

Professor Aytoun’s constitution was not proof against the prevailing epidemic. The afflatus which had fallen upon so many of his brethren, fell upon him with more than ordinary power. Looking around for a befitting theme of song, he was attracted, in an evil moment, to those dark scenes of Scottish history, which no genius can ever glorify, and no patriot can ever contemplate, but with strong repulsion. Undeterred by the utter failure of Sir Walter Scott to invest the memory of Claverse and the “Great Marquis” with popular interest, he donned his singing robes, and did his best to bring these detested names into good odour. But who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? “The memory of these wicked” persecutors continues to “rot” still, and the verses of their self-constituted poet-laureate are now sharing the same fate. The Professor is not without the fire and vision of the true poet, although he failed to shew either in the apotheosis of Dark John of the Battles. When the work of corruption, therefore, is complete, and the laudatory verses are buried in the grave provided for all noisome things, we comfort ourselves in the confident assurance that this loss, however it may be designated, is most certainly not the loss of poetry.

Another claimant of poetic inspiration has quite recently stepped forth from the same class to entertain the public with his singular performances. “*Marican*”^{*} is one of a thousand. We do not mean to aver that the excellencies of this production exalt it pre-eminently above a thousand competitors. Nay, we are far from affirming in the formula, that any qualities of excellence are discoverable in it at all; nor do we mean to deny the proposition either, by any preliminary intimations which we may choose to give forth. We mean simply that it is not a solitary and isolated creation of poetic activity, but comes before us as one sample of the multifarious offerings to the muses, by which the gifted worshippers are

^{*} *MARICAN*; and other Poems. By Henry Inglis. William Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1851.

laying the world under obligation in these latter days. Taken as a type of the thousand, it merits some little attention from the obliged party, both token of grateful respect to our benefactors, and in the view of ascertaining the precise extent of our obligation.

The author plunges into his subject without preface or preparation, and makes acquaintance with his readers with an abruptness somewhat startling.—

“ ’Tis night ; and the night is still in her prime ;
The glittering cross of a southern clime—
The sky clock tells the hours
To dwellers in a land that is not mine—”

We must here break off, in order to guard the reader against supposing that the story is told in the first person. The word “*mine*,” under other circumstances, might have afforded a fair presumption to this effect, but here it is called into use simply on account of the exigencies of rhyme. The rhyme required it, and hence, in reading these lines, *mine* is to be viewed as not more applicable to the narrator than to the reader himself, provided always that the reader resides not within the tropics :—

“ Where cloud and ocean through the darkness shine,
And laughing lustrous bowers
Of clustered stars in constellations bloom,
Distinct and distant flung,
Like beacon lamps upon a sea of gloom,
Or diamond crescents hung
At intervals in some Sultana’s hair ;
So sparkling are the gems, so deep the blackness there.”

We confess frankly, that such epithets and imagery go quite beyond our ordinary waking experience. We have a hazy recollection of having witnessed laughing lustrous bowers and blooming constellations, and a thousand strange, incongruous, and picturesque figurations, once or twice in dreams. The verse of a great master of song well describes our visions of dreamland,—

“ The shadow of the dome of pleasure,
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure,
From the fountain and the caves.”
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome—those caves of ice,
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware, beware ;
His flashing eyes, his floating hair,
Weave a circle round him thrice.”

We do not wish, however, to place our ignorance in opposition to our author’s knowledge. A denizen of our cold and cloudy country is not entitled to judge of the glowing tropics by the frigid and common-place standard of the north temperate zone. The garden of the Hesperides lies far “*down west*”—somewhere near the scene of our story—and we have

no doubt whatever that starry constellations and diamond crescents grow in it as luxuriantly as pansies and ten-week stocks grow with us. The luxuriant imagery therefore, above noted, is in all likelihood a faithful transcript of tropical scenery "far down west."

"The perfumed breeze of the land is dying,
And a warlike ship asleep is lying
Upon a sleeping sea;
And an armed launch astern lies towing,
In the tideway up the river flowing
With calm rapidity."

We should like our author to tell us, quite in confidence, if the ship was really asleep or only pretending. She must have been merely pretending, and probably with some cruel and bloodthirsty purpose at heart,—for how could she tow along the little armed launch at her stern, if she lay fast asleep? To be sure, she might be a somnambulist. This supposition would provide for the requisite towing motion; but then what are we to make of the assurance that she was "*lying* asleep?" To *lie* asleep suggests the idea of motionless stillness and rest. Probably a typographical blunder has occurred—we really mean no disparagement to Mr. Blackwood, for a typographical blunder will happen with the most careful—by which the letter *f* before *l* has been unluckily dropped. Supply the missing letter, and you have the ship, not *lying* but "*flying* asleep upon a sleeping sea." We have precedent for a flying ship, for all the world has heard of the Flying Dutchman. By this emendation and correction, we are enabled to account for the "calm rapidity" of the text—the calmness is secured by sleep, and the rapidity is obtained naturally enough by *flying*.

But after all, it was not the *sea* that the ship was sleeping upon. Instead of being asleep on a sleeping sea, she was in "the tideway up the river flowing," pulling ruthlessly along the poor dear armed launch at her stern. It was somewhat queer that the lighter craft did not float faster with the tide, and run foul of the frigate a-head; but we presume that she had been so roughly handled in the morning's fight that she made an effort to keep back and yield her formidable conqueror as wide a berth as possible. But what was it that was flowing up the river? *The tideway*? A tide no doubt *flows*; but a tideway, like all other *ways*—whether railway, highway, or waterway, is a stationary thing enough. *The armed launch*? No; it cannot be. The launch is lying "*towing*" behind the frigate—which means, we presume, "*being towed*,"—and even should the frigate considerably slip her stern hawser, and leave the launch to shift for herself, *flowing* is not an epithet applicable under any conceivable motion of the craft. *The river*? It may always be predicated of a river that it *flows*—not, however, that it flows *up*. And the *flowing up* of the aqueous vehicle is requisite to account for the direction in which the sleeping ship and the armed launch are moving "with calm rapidity." We beg the learned author to clear up these mysteries at his earliest convenience.

The first Canto is entitled *The Escape*, and is taken up chiefly with the story of Marican's cruel captivity in this frigate, and ultimate escape from it.

He is of course the hero of the poem,—an Indian, brave, noble, and true-hearted; and erewhile the captain of the armed launch, though how the noble-minded fellow came by it originally, deponent saith not. At dead of night, Marican's awarthy love, yclept Ulmen of Encol, or rather *Green Bush*, climbed quietly on deck, and loosing the cords by which her lover's arms were bound, plunged with him overboard. Ulmen's generous devotion leads to the following panegyric on the fair sex, with which the second Canto opens:—

“ There are who doubt Omnipotence above;
There are who disbelieve in woman's love;
For such let Christians pray.
Consistent sceptics well may doubt of both,
Since He hath shed o'er woman's love and troth,
His superhuman ray.

Though fashioned from the rib of man she was,
And first her God defied,
And doomed through time's existence for that cause,
To sorrows multiplied.
For her endurance here, her sins forgiven,
Purg'd of man's dross, she's more akin to heaven.”

The author evidently deems it a serious misfortune for woman to have been fashioned from the rib of man. He would quarrel outright with the worthy old commentator, whose domestic trials led him to see in the *rib*, a prefigurative emblem of the crookedness of woman's temper and ways. The *rib*, according to the settled faith of the afflicted old worthy, showed what a crooked, *thrown*, unmanageable thing, man would find her to be; but our author is clearly of opinion that the disadvantage is all on the other side. Her unlucky original cannot be denied; but still, in spite of man's rib and man's dross, she is a most magnificent creature after all. The dear suffering thing is doomed, it is true, to a lifetime of trial and endurance; but mark the result. She gets rid of man's drossy rib, and all the debasing materialities of her human relationship, and succeeds to establish a most endearing kindred with the angels.

“ Woman, through every age, and every clime,
Glorious in virtue, terrible in crime;
Rarely thy noble loving is repaid
By him, in fondest fancy thou hast made
An image to adore.”——

Well, perhaps not: but why will the foolish little thing see in man an image to adore, even when she must be conscious that all that is drossy in her own nature is derived from that unfortunate crooked rib of his? Even while she is enduring unheard of sufferings for the purpose of purging off man's dross, why does the inconsistent, perverse, provoking little chit, still turn her melting eye to man with a look of adoration? If our author's testimony be accepted, man is anything but the paragon of animals, and leaves the little fool not even a shadow of excuse for her misplaced homage. To suffer intensely, and, at the same time, to cherish and nourish the rough and unloveable source of all her

sufferings with blind idolatry, looks really like infatuation ; and is, to say the least of it, such a piece of absurdity as we could not have believed even woman could perpetrate. Yet she does so, offering herself as a sacrifice on the altar of love, while the selfish monster, the lord of creation, for whose weal the sacrifice is made, is wholly insensible to her worth. Oh the monster ! Surely Bloomerism is a pardonable offence after all !

Every man, however, even on our author's own shewing, is not totally unworthy to be woman's mate. Marican was a fine exceptional specimen of the male sex,—so richly endowed with every manly grace, as really to leave to his Green Bush little merit for her intensity of admiration :

“ Such is the man who, with his brother brave,
Breasts the flood tide ;
Drifting securely on the rapid wave ;
And by his side,
Glowing her grateful heart with joy and pride,
Close to her rescued lover, swims his bride.”

And thus commences “ *The Swim by Night.*” But how comes it to pass that Marican and his friend *breast* the flood, and, at the same time, “ drift securely on the rapid wave !” To breast a flood, or anything else, is surely to bear the breast up against it ; while, to drift on the rapid stream, is to float or be driven along with it. Now both of these things cannot surely be done at one and the same time, by one and the same individual. We devoutly believe in Marican's powers to cope successfully with all things possible, and get the better of some few impossibilities too ; but to go contrary ways at one and the same instant, is an achievement which not even Marican could perform.

Marican, thanks to Green Bush, escapes for a time the perils of captivity, and enters again the happy scenes where his word is law, and his presence is the cynosure of all eyes. After many variations of fortune, however, Marican is again taken captive, and led forth to execution—

“ Upon a mule-drawn hurdle, gagged and bound,
His life-blood welling out from mortal wound,
Lay Marican :
But not a shadow o'er his visage stole,
Though pain and deepest anguish wrung his soul,
And tho' between him and his earthly goal
Existence was a span.
A hooded monk sits closely by his side,
And whispers secretly,
And clasps his hand, as lover clasps his bride ;
Oh can it be,
That under suffering's all-chastening rod,
The Indian has abjured his country's God.”

Not a bit of him ! The hooded monk actually turns out to be Green Bush, who is the perfect model of a wife ; and finds her way, through bars, and bolts, and hosts of angry men, in search of her soul's idol, Marican. She, with the hardihood of an old Roman matron, exhorted

Marican to die like a hero ; and the gallant fellow did it, to the inexpressible disappointment of his enemies, and the exquisite satisfaction of his Green Bush. After witnessing Marican's gallant bearing, and seeing him die, Green Bush, as in duty bound, faints clean away. She is able, however, to get up eventually, and perform the last offices to him whom she had long and faithfully loved—

“ The widowed wife stood by the husband's tomb,
The living bride beside the dead bridegroom,
And thus her wild farewell came wailing thro' the gloom,
Marican, my love,
Thy heart is still,
Thy form is cold,
Thy spirit free and bold,
They could not kill ;
But they tore the arms that used to hold
Thy Green Bush in their circling fold—
So she was told :
Oh blame her not that her vision failed,
That her pulses ceased, and her courage quailed,
Marican, my love.”
&c. &c. &c.

In mercy to our readers, we must forbear further quotation from this rare and unique specimen of Edinburgh verse manufacture. Our esteemed author is better able to draw out warrants and charters, than to indite woful ballads or poetical lucubrations. He is sadly perplexed by the difficulty by which, according to Butler, the writers of rhyme in general are gravelled—

“ Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake ;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.”

And now, O gentle readers, can you tell us,—can any of you in pity tell us,—what infatuation has invaded the sober and shrewd intellects of Parliament House, that they are going off from the proper business of the profession, “ a-stringing blethers up in rhyme,” with a sedulous and painstaking activity that fills the spectator with some little anxiety for their saneness? We are really alarmed at the prospect before us ; for we anticipate that, unless a drastic alterative is brought copiously to bear upon the parties affected with the rhyming malady, it may increase to greater violence, to the serious detriment of all law and justice. We may possibly soon hear our counsel pleading at the bar, and the Judge delivering his opinion from the bench, *in verse*. Matters are getting serious. What jury is there but would be utterly jumbled, and unfitted for the satisfactory performance of their duties, were they charged from the bench in blank verse, or addressed from the bar in furious iambics? We can figure the utter bewilderment of the honest jurymen when addressed from the bar, and spoken to from the bench, in tropes and figures, and in the regulated cadence and jingle of verbal and vocal correspondencies. And who knows whereunto this thing may grow? These

volumes of verse are not offered as light airy trifles,—the recreations of leisure moments. They are regarded as the pet efforts of their authors,—as the Koh-i-noor that must needs attract all eyes in admiration. Else wherefore the costly decking, and busking, and embellishing of these gay books, and wherefore the long serious appendices and notes at the end, unless to illustrate these marvellous products of genius for the gratification and enlightenment of a world that will not, of course, willingly let them die? The anomalous propension of the staid and hard-headed class we speak of to verse-making, is so perplexing, that it must needs be—

“That with some mixtures powerful o’er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
They’re wrought upon.”

The bard of Twickenham has given perpetual blazon to Granville’s authority and favour with the sacred Nine—

“Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring;
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?”

But Granville is for ever cast into the shade, by the vastly superior authority and acceptability now a-days of all who wear the wig. Yielding all the advantages which may fairly be expected for those who are “at the lug o’ the law,” it must still strike every observer as the most notable phenomenon of these latter days, that the muses should discover a partiality for them, and that the afflatus of the muses should be found, even by minds trained and disciplined as theirs have been, irresistible. Some of them, it is true, are found casting at the public a sheep’s eye ever and anon. We don’t wonder at this,—*not* because they have no other eye to cast, but simply because the awkward capers which they are made to cut, by reason of the irresistible afflatus that has come upon them, must breed occasional suspicions that they are laughed at; and such suspicions are apt to bring the bashful blood tingling, and pricking, and stinging to cheek and ear. Now, we do therefore ask them to pause, and seriously ponder the propriety of continuing to warble their wood-notes wild; lest their usefulness as lawyers be thereby compromised, and the credit of poesy, which ought to be dear to them, be thereby damaged. Our farewell counsel, therefore, to our song-birds is, that they do cease their chirpings and warblings, at least for a season; and, for their own sakes, as well as ours, place their heads under their wings, and go to sleep.

MEMOIRS OF DR. CHALMERS.

As we predicted from the first, the memoir is not comprised within the promised three volumes. The third volume brings us down to the year 1885. The memoir proper, according to Dr. Hanna’s intimation, will be concluded in the fourth: but a supplemental volume, it seems, will be required for the publication of “the most important notices in

Dr. Chalmers' common-place book," together with his correspondence, and other varieties. We should not wonder though ~~two~~ supplemental volumes be needed !

We would not complain of the length of the memoir, were it the fair result of abounding suitable material. But it is scarcely fair to serve us up, as Dr. Hanna does, large and copious extracts from Dr. Chalmers' published speeches and pamphlets, and thus assess the purchaser of the memoirs for an article which he has already dearly paid for in another shape. "The princely merchants of the west," who have more money to purchase books than time to read them ; and the fair worshippers of genius, who shut their eyes with the most enchanting constancy against all the transgressions of their favourites, may despise our economic scruples. But for ourselves, as it has been the most perplexing study of our life hitherto, and is likely to continue so to the end, to expand and economise any available funds at our command, so as to increase our book-stock in something like a respectable ratio to the supply-market on the one hand, and our own special personal cravings on the other, such scruples as we state must always start indignantly to our lips, whenever an unfair and undue appropriation of said funds is made by any one of the bookmakers to whom we extend our favour. This Dr. Hanna has done. Holding out to us the prospect of completing the *Memoirs* in three volumes, he thereby ensnared us into the expenditure of so much of the precious metals as was needful for obtaining possession of the anticipated treasure ; and now that we are entered upon a course from which we cannot easily recede, we have the prospect of seeing our little store, through Dr. Hanna's mismanagement, get "small by degrees, and beautifully less." No wonder that we demur to the republication of speeches and pamphlets which have long lain upon our shelves, and with which we have been long familiar ! It reminds one of the not very creditable exploits of certain adroit venders at fairs and markets, who sell you your own horse or cow at a high premium, after having put the animal under a process of transfiguration, and imparted certain needful embellishments for the nonce. Only, in Dr. Hanna's case there is no deception. He acts with cool and remorseless openness, dovetailing our old penny-worth so ingeniously with the new, that we are shut up to the necessity of repurchasing the old before the new can possibly be brought to rank among our goods and chattels personal. We hope that Dr. Hanna, in consideration of the wrong which he has thus perpetrated, as well as in grateful recognition of our benevolence in reproving him when he deserves it, and telling him the plain unvarnished truth about the literary and other merits and demerits of his work,—a benevolence the more to be prized on account of its rareness, and on account of the plentiful supply by others of the opposite quality,—we hope that Dr. Hanna, for these reasons, will bestow upon us all the subsequent volumes as a free unbought gratuity, and a token of his good-will and tender regard. And this of course he will do, if the separation of 1843 has left him one drop of the milk of human kindness.

Save and except these equivocal expedients to swell the bulk of the memoir, and to diminish the bulk of our carefully cherished book-fund,

we are pleased with this continuation of Dr. Hanna's biographical labours. There is no attempt, as yet, to sectarianise his subject, nor to suppress the genial outflowings of Dr. Chalmers' large-hearted liberality. He has not, it is true, reached the critical period of his public career, when his violent separation from former brethren occasioned such exacerbation of feeling, that he indulged in keener invective against his old yoke-fellows than he had ever done before against any living party. We do not expect these fervent outbursts to be softened down, or studiously veiled from view. It is his biographer's duty to disclose to us the actual developments of belief and sentiment as they awoke and grew strong within him, or as they came to be embodied in a series of living acts. We expect to hear again of the "moral nuisance" philippic, and the various perfervid denunciations which he poured forth in those days of excitement and madness. At the same time, we do hope that his biographer's fidelity and candour will reveal to us the doubts, and fears, and hesitancy with which he viewed the independence movement at the first,—the contradictory and inconsistent opinions which he then gave utterance to,—the various *arguments* employed to carry him fully along with the movement at the last,—and the deliberate results of his final experience. All we wish for, and what we have a right to demand, is a fair and faithful portraiture.

The volume opens with the account of his surprising exertions to meet the necessities of his first session at St. Andrews. Here is an interesting parallel between Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Thomas Brown.

"Both began their winter labours almost wholly unfurnished with written preparations; but the one came to them from the retirement of the country, and after a summer of quiet reading and reflection; the other from the whirl of city life, and from the tumultuous occupations of a different and most engrossing profession. Both, under the excitement of the occasion, and with the same rare facility of rapid composition, threw off writings which scarcely required or admitted of emendation, in which speculations the most original and profound were invested with all the charms of a fascinating eloquence. But Dr. Brown trusted much more than Dr. Chalmers to the spur of the moment. He seldom began to write his lectures till late on the evening of the day which preceded their delivery. Upon the subjects of many of them he had not reflected till he sat down, and many of his most ingenious theories occurred to him in the course of composition. Dr. Chalmers seldom began to write without a distinct and matured conception of the topics which he intended to discuss, and with certain broad outlines of thought laid down, which he seldom if ever traversed. From an early period in the morning he studied at regular intervals throughout the day, and the hour which saw Dr. Brown fastened to his midnight task, found Dr. Chalmers relieved, and at leisure to enjoy, with all the freedom and freshness of an unburdened mind, the society of his family and friends. One cannot follow the progress of either throughout the first season of their professorial toil, without the feeling that we are contemplating a singular intellectual feat, performed by a marvellously gifted operator. Yet to the mode of operation there attaches, in the one instance, a natural healthiness of tone and manner which belongs not to the other; and if to the *opus operatum* in the latter case, there belongs a scientific completeness and finish which the other cannot claim, this may be ascribed to Dr. Brown's greater antecedent familiarity with his subject, and to the well-digested plan on which his labours were commenced and carried through."

We are by no means prepared to assent to the latter part of Dr. Hanna's estimate. By what standard is an author's "healthiness of tone and manner" to be tried? The charge of unhealthiness of tone and manner in his "mode of operation," here brought against Dr. Brown, seems to be founded upon the fact, that when he sat down to write his lecture, he continued at his desk till his task was completed. And the claim advanced in behalf of Dr. Chalmers to superior healthiness of tone and manner, is founded upon the fact, that he began to write earlier in the day, and was consequently under no necessity to sit up so late at night. This is certainly a very narrow ground on which to rest his opinion. It were better to ascertain their comparative "healthiness of tone," by collating the fruits of their respective efforts; and, judged by this standard, it will be somewhat difficult to make good the allegation of Dr. Brown's comparative inferiority. Equal to Dr. Chalmers in conducting synthetic processes, Dr. Brown greatly excels him in strict analysis; while, within the same compass, he traces out a far greater variety of distinct lines of thought, and combines them into a more observable unity and method. Delighting, like Dr. Chalmers, to expatiate upon a favourite theme with accumulated stores of illustration, he yet differs from him exceedingly in the characteristics and intended uses of these. He never yields to the temptation of heaping up imagery and illustration for the revelation of the same phasis of truth; he is never led aside by his love of graphic phraseology to the multiplication of sentences of precisely similar import; he never permits himself to be dazzled or delayed by the mere witchery of words, from a most determinate prosecution of his argument. On the contrary, his illustration, ample though it be, is so subordinate to his ratiocination, that distinct sequences are often, indeed almost always, wrapped up in it; so that, to lose the illustration of his argument, is to lose a distinct step in the order of succession. Not so with Dr. Chalmers. He generally traces out, with luminous accuracy, the position which he proposes to defend and illustrate. He puts us in possession of it in a few graphic sentences at the opening of his prelection; and however afterwards we may be brought to yield him more unreservedly our sympathy, we are not a whit farther advanced than we were as soon as we apprehended his initial proposition. This amplitude of mere illustration, we admit, however derogatory to the *philosopher*, was of service to the *orator*, in enabling him to produce his wonderful effects upon a popular audience. Dr. Brown is always marching forward to new conquests, his forces admirably disciplined, and always alert and active. His progress is marked by subjecting the territory over which he marches to the orderly arrangements of right rule, traversing it with lines of communication, levelling down mountains and filling up valleys, and rendering it safe and comfortable to all who follow him. Dr. Chalmers entrenches himself at once in some strong position, and is so well satisfied with its impregnable strength, that he cannot be brought to abandon it till long after the enemy has retired. After choosing his ground with admirable generalship, he sets about throwing up strong lines of defence, and then, with the most joyous complacency, displays his forces on parade, their gay pennons fluttering

in the breeze, and heart-stirring music filling the air. Dr. Chalmers' copious vocabulary was often a snare to him, leading himself and his admirers often to accept musical and graphic words for things. The deputation who were sent from Glasgow to make inquiry about Dr. Chalmers of Kilmany, with a view to his translation to the Tron Church, were told by one party that "Mr. Chalmers never said any thing like any other body." We find an illustration of this in the rebuke which he administered to his students at St. Andrews, for "*rusting*," and to one of them for bringing a dog into the class-room. It reads like a veritable specimen of the mock-heroic.

"There is a practice which is now making sad desecration in some of our most famous universities, in some of which every eloquent passage, every poetical quotation, or what is more ridiculous still, the success of every experiment,—and especially, if any flash or explosion have come in its train, is sure to be followed up by so many distinct rounds of pedestrian approbation. Even the cold and unimpassioned mathematics, I have been given to understand, are now assailed by the din and disturbance of these popular testimonies; and on asking a professor of that science whether it was the trapezium or isosceles triangle that called forth the loudest tempest of applause, I learned that the enamoured votaries are after all not very discriminating, but that they saluted each of these venerable abstractions with equal enthusiasm. It is a new and somewhat perplexing phenomenon in the seats of learning; and whatever diversity of taste or of opinion may obtain as to the right treatment of it, my friend and I agreed in one thing, that if any response is to come back upon the professor for the effusions poured forth by him, it is far better that it should come from the heads than from the heels of the rising generation.

"I must allude to the further indecorum of yesterday. It is not of a certain obstreperousness of yours that I now speak, against which I have already made my remonstrances during the progress of our course, and which perhaps, if permissible at all, might, by way of easing the restraint under which you have been laid, be humoured with one tremendous bellow at the termination of it. But what I speak of, is the presence of a certain noisy admirer, who added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within these walls was so monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that dog was a great breach of all academic propriety. I dared not trust myself at the time with the utterance of the indignation that I then actually felt, but it might be lowering your sense of those decencies that belong to a university were I to pass it unnoticed now. A visit from the first nobleman of the land were disgraceful to us all, if it turned out to be a visit from the nobleman and his dog."

Really the criticism applied by the satirist to Dr. Samuel Johnson is in some measure applicable to Dr. Chalmers. There is frequently a ludicrous disproportion between the lightness of the subject, and the gravity of manner and ponderosity of diction in which it is treated.

"I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a knat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore."

No doubt the description of trifles in big swelling words and ponderous polysyllables was frequently practised by Dr. Chalmers as a species of humour; but certainly where no humour was intended, very trivial and common-place thoughts were arrayed in very high-coloured and massive folds of verbiage. *Humour*, however, was certainly a very prominent element of his character; and it is pleasing to find it continuing in unrestrained play through his whole life. The species of humour above referred to, he could call into exercise with inimitable effect, as the following fair enough sample shews. It occurs in the narrative of a tour through England in 1833, and which he sends home, addressed to his daughter, Miss Anne J. Chalmers:—

“Then, as I did not like to be far away from my luggage in an open and crowded coach-office, I had to keep my station near the door, where, as fortune would have it, there was a large circular assemblage of swine, on the margin of which I stood, and contemplated their habitudes and politics; for I could perceive an action and reaction, a competition for food, a play of emotions reciprocating from the one to the other, of which emotions, however, anger is far the most conspicuous, prompting to a bite or a scart, and even an occasional engagement. Speaking of politics, you have heard me say, that a man of refinement and education won't travel through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a Tory. My Toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, travelling from their boarding-school home; and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and woolstaplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only pursy and vesicular projections on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infraction of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks.”—P. 365.

This, however, was not the only mode in which this quality was expressed. It betrayed itself in the ordinary current of conversation, in the quiet suggestion of unexpected ludicrous associations—sometimes, too, in arch playfulness of manner—sometimes in mere sportiveness and good-natured waggy—and often, broadly, in racy and strong-flavoured anecdotes. The following was interjected during a philosophical refutation of Hume's argument on miracles before his students, for the purpose of illustrating the “futility of all attempts to improve upon nature's own simple method of sustaining herself in her primary convictions!”

“Professor Walker of Edinburgh illustrated his criticism on this new method for the destruction of caterpillars, by the anecdote of a quack doctor, who went about the country with a powder for the destruction of a still humbler, but more agile insect. He was at great pains to demonstrate the virtues of the said application, and the powder was bought by the people in great quantities. In a few days, however, they came back to him, complaining that they had made use of the powder, but without any effect. At no loss for his vindication, he replied, that it certainly would have had its effect, but that they might not have taken the proper method of applying it; for if you had only caught hold of them, said he, by the nape of the neck, and blown the prescribed quantity of the powder into their mouths

and eyes, I assure you it would have killed every one of them. When, in return, they said, that could they only get hold of them by the neck, they thought they could manage them without his powder, he dryly told them that either way would do."

Dr. Chalmers was elected by the Magistrates and Town-council of Edinburgh to the professorship of divinity in the Edinburgh University in October 1827, and was inaugurated on the 6th of November 1828. Some public questions of the highest national importance, and deeply affecting the most vital interests of the community, were then keenly agitated. Among these, the question of Roman Catholic emancipation engrossed the attention of politicians, and awoke a feeling of deep anxiety in the minds of not a few, who viewed the measure as a great national sin, and at the same time dreaded the effects of introducing Popery into the Legislature.

It was considered of some importance by the advocates of Catholic emancipation, to obtain the public support of Dr. Chalmers, now in the zenith of his popularity, and at the principal seat of ecclesiastical influence in Scotland. Accordingly, Sir James Mackintosh wrote him a flattering letter, earnestly urging him to support publicly the liberal opinion which he was understood to entertain. He further suggested the mode of support which would be most acceptable, namely, the preaching and printing a sermon in behalf of the Roman Catholic claims, and concluded with the assurance, that "*nothing more is absolutely necessary than general reliance on Parliament, to secure the Protestant establishments, Episcopal or Presbyterian.*" Dr. Chalmers immediately replied, in a letter, beginning,—“My Dear Sir James Mackintosh—feel myself much honoured by your communication;” and after “lamenting the obliquity of understanding which obtains on this topic among religious people,” he promised to give his cordial support to the proposed measure, not in the pulpit, but on the platform, as soon as the opportunity arrived. “This I would do,” says he, “on religious grounds only, believing, as I do, that nothing has more impeded the progress of sound and scriptural Christianity in Ireland, than the unseemly alliance between such Christianity on the one hand, and intolerance on the other.” The opportunity was not long in presenting itself; and in the Assembly Rooms, on the 14th of March 1829, his famous speech in support of the Catholic claims, which, according to Jeffrey, produced effects which nought in the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or Sheridan could be conceived capable of surpassing, and whose most telling passage was the well known climax:—

“Give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of Majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.”

There is nothing more fitted to captivate a popular assembly than a gallant concession to an enemy, an indignant denunciation of oppression, and a heroic boldness of hope in the future triumph of truth and good-

ness. It is to be lamented, however, that the concession is sometimes made, and the rewarding plaudits won ; but the promised compensatory advantages meanwhile remove like the rainbow, hopelessly away as we advance. The orator was at liberty to perambulate Ireland with the Bible, or to adopt whatever plan he pleased to have the Romish territory permeated with the waters of life, but, whether it was his fault or not, one thing is certain, that the tyranny of Antichrist is not yet overthrown, nor is the fair form of Christian truth yet established on its ruins.

The error of Dr. Chalmers, and of many others who adopted a similar policy, arose from a generous sympathy with a suffering people, and an equally generous confidence in the honourable feelings of our nature. This confidence might possibly be deranged by systematic or social restrictions ; but it was surely an error of the very gravest kind to overlook the influence of the system in which they were wrapped up—and that system Popery !—in restraining the fair action of the ordinary moral forces by which the finer sensibilities of our nature are called into play, and the higher qualities of personal character brought out. Popery has a set of feelings of its own, which it imparts to all its votaries, so that the independent impulses of the individual, however honourable, must, if incompatible with them, succumb to the gigantic selfishness and tyranny of the system. It is of the very nature of Popery to impose this yoke on the heart and soul of man ; to supersede every honest emotion ; and to superinduce a new and stronger nature, thoroughly responsive to its own every utterance, and faithful to its own every claim. To reckon, therefore, upon conciliating the good-will of its victims by undoing the restraint which had heretofore obstructed its operation, if it discovered an amiable generosity of temper, at least betrayed a sad misapprehension of the real nature of the Romish system, and forgetfulness of the terrible consistency of its historic developments. To read Dr. Chalmers' famous speech now, in the light of our riper experience, awakens a feeling of painful surprise at the sanguineness and simplicity of his anticipations. We are all now able to determine how little of political forecast or prophetic sagacity he possessed, who could give expression to such views and expectations as the following.

“ It is to force those now difficult and inaccessible strongholds that I want this wall of separation taken down. When I speak of force, it is the combined force of truth and charity that I mean ; and it is precisely because I believe it to be omnipotent that I am an Emancipationist. It is precisely because I agree with the Duke of Wellington in thinking that, if the political distinction were done away, the result would be the spread of Protestantism in Ireland. Had we been permitted to mingle more extensively with our Catholic fellow-subjects, and to company with them in the walks of civil and political business, there would at this day have been the transfusion of another feeling, the breath of another spirit amongst them ; nor should we have beheld as now, the impracticable countenance, the resolute and unyielding attitude of an aggrieved and outcast population. I am sensible of one advantage which our opponents have against us, and that is, a certain command over the religious feelings of the population ; and yet I am not aware of any public topic, upon which the popular and prevailing cry ever ran so counter as it does at present to the whole drift and spirit of Christianity.

K

It is not because I hold Popery to be innocent that I want the removal of these disabilities; but because I hold that if these were out of the way, she would be tenfold more assailable. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want, that freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men, how firm a support she has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments."

There is on this occasion, in Dr. Chalmers' mode of conducting the controversy, a very observable feature of character which stood out still more prominently in subsequent contests. We refer to the cool superiority which he affects over his opponents, and the philosophising air of wisdom with which he analyses their position and views. He here "*laments the obliquity of understanding* which obtains on this topic among religious people," and commiserates those who differ from him, for the woful ineptitude of their faculties for comprehensive analysis and accurate deduction. We have often, when listening to his cool commentaries on the views and mental habitudes of opponents, doubted whether he might not be adopting this mode of discussion, more as an irritating expedient to provoke the adversary, and a fetch of policy to assure his friends, than yielding to it in the natural action of character, and under the genuine impulse of native feeling. But it did look, however, singularly like the subtle self-flattery of an overweening conceit, to arrogate to himself all that was perspicacious in intellect, and correct in sentiment and feeling; and, on the other hand, to treat his opponents as men of perverse disposition and impracticable understanding. His popularity, and the thorough-going support on which he could calculate from his followers, bore him through, and served very much to palliate and soften down what would have been deemed not only reprehensible but intolerable in another. In the case before us, it needed no little assurance to speak as he does of the opposers of "Catholic Emancipation," and to trace their opposition to "*obliquity of understanding.*" They were men whose praise was in all the churches—whose acquaintance with divine truth far surpassed his own—and whose opinion on any question of faith or duty, would have been relied upon far sooner than his throughout every section of the church. His frequent disappointments, and the oft-experienced falsity of his anticipations, might have taught him to express his own judgment with somewhat more modesty, and to ponder the opinions of conscientious opponents with somewhat more deference. He was candid enough to confess his error in reference to "Catholic Emancipation," which he latterly designated as "*a historical blunder.*" Upon this phrase, however, his biographer offers the following observations.—

"I have inserted these extracts, in order to shew in what a liberal spirit Dr. Chalmers and those who thought and acted with him were at this time willing to deal with their Roman Catholic countrymen. That liberality of conduct was accompanied with the belief, that by mingling on friendly terms with Protestantism, Popery might come at last to lay aside her prejudices against the truth, and be readier to receive and acknowledge it. The whole spirit, policy, and actual procedure of Popery during the last ten years, painfully prove that this expectation was misplaced. Dr. Chalmers, in his

later years, readily but sadly acknowledged that he had been disappointed. I have been credibly informed, that when spoken to about the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, not long before his death, he said that it was a historical blunder. I have good reason to believe that he never altered his opinion as to the wisdom and policy of that measure, but he would readily acknowledge (and it was to this I apprehend that the declaration reported to me pointed,) that it had been a historical blunder to expect, that gentle treatment would either strip Popery of its natural intolerance, or deaden its desire to rule."

We doubt the justice of Dr. Hanna's limitations. It was certainly not immediately before his death that Dr. Chalmers confessed Catholic Emancipation to be "*a historical blunder.*" The phrase was currently quoted as his in 1838, and it was certainly at that time understood to refer, not to the hopes of its supporters, but to the merits of the measure itself. To confine the application of the words to the mere feelings with which the bill was advocated, is to deprive them of all significance and value, besides putting on them a sense somewhat unnatural and far-fetched. We believe, that though he had had at the time the clearer light and riper experience which after years furnished, he would still *not* have left the Catholic claims unattended to; but he, as well as many more, would have *examined* before deciding, in order to ascertain the exact condition and precise relations of Roman Catholics, before determining the kind of relief which it were wise to grant. The rash and unenquiring concession to a bold and clamorous demand would not have taken place; but the very first step towards a righteous determination of the question at issue, would have been to require an authoritative exposition of the Romish canon law, and of the exact extent of allegiance which a Roman Catholic owns to the Pope. The discovery of an alien authority which usurps the first claim to obedience, and domineeringly subordinates every other claim to its own, would have somewhat modified his opinion about "Catholic Emancipation;" and he and other good men who then lent a helping hand to promote its accomplishment, would have shrunk from admitting an antagonistic and disturbing element within the sphere of the hitherto free and independent British Legislature.

That such ought to have been the cautious policy of government, even the most liberal statesmen have been of late compelled reluctantly to acknowledge, by "the insolent and insidious aggression" of Popery in its late "developments." But good men, and true-hearted Protestants, who in 1829 looked not at the *political* at all, but only at the *religious* aspect of the question, and judging of it simply in the light of Protestant truth and by the clear lessons of the Word of God—did, notwithstanding the "obliquity of understanding" charged upon them, clearly foresee and faithfully foretell the evils that would result from the emancipation of Roman Catholics. They could not see it in any other light than as the emancipation of Popery itself, and consequently a deliberate departure from the fundamental principles of our glorious Protestant constitution. To lend national succour to the doomed, guilt-stained Antichrist of Scripture, was, in their opinion, to incur the most serious national guilt; and from this simple point of view, they had no difficulty in desecrating

the sure and speedy visitation of national correction and judicial chastisement. They read this lesson in the unerring pages of divine revelation ; they saw it deeply traced in the history of every nation of Christendom ; they beheld it written as with a sunbeam in the illustrative annals of their own country ;—with which party, therefore, the “obliquity of understanding” lay, let our own time now determine.

About the same period, the Row heresy broke out in the west of Scotland, and created for a season an extraordinary degree of painful interest. Dr. Hanna introduces his account of it in a passage of so much eloquence and beauty, that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of perusing it.

“In the religious world, this was a winter of doctrinal waywardness, perplexity, and strife. Not satisfied with those excursions over the vast and obscure field of prophecy, on which he had so adventurously but so confidently entered, Mr. Irving had broached strange sentiments regarding the mortality and peccability of Christ’s human nature. Mr. Erskine’s treatise on the “Freeness of the Gospel,” had appeared to many to run counter to the strict doctrine of Calvinism ; while, from the sequestered banks of a lovely Highland loch, rumours arose of still wider doctrinal deviations, which took at last so definite a form, that the Gareloch heresy became matter, not only of much public discussion, but of judicial investigation by the courts of the church. The Reverend Mr. Campbell of Row, a young minister of ardent piety, but of slender theological discrimination, in preaching on the extent of the atonement, in asserting that all men’s sins were already pardoned, and insisting on assurance of personal salvation as being of the very essence of saving faith, was teaching doctrines at variance with the standards of his church. Against all these different errors, numberless sermons were preached, reviews written, and pamphlets published. Amid this conflict of opinion, Dr. Chalmers preserved unbroken silence. From the daring speculations of Mr. Irving, he sensitively shrunk back ; but his strong convictions as to the unconditional freeness of the gospel-offer, and his substantial agreement with many of the leading doctrines of those generally denominated ‘*Marrowmen*,’ disposed him to judge mildly of the errors of Mr. Erskine and Mr. Campbell. It was during this winter that an intelligent friend residing generally in the country, called upon him in Edinburgh. It was a holiday, and Dr. Chalmers proposed that the two hours he could devote to conversation should be spent in sauntering through the Museum of the University. ‘We had some conversation,’ says this friend, ‘about the heresy. Dr. Chalmers said over and over again, that he thought Mr. Erskine’s *Freeness*, one of the most delightful books that ever had been written. It seems to me that the gospel had never appeared to him in any very different light from that in which Mr. Erskine represents it.’”

Our extract is somewhat lengthy, but we thought it likely to interest the reader as touching upon a passage of much importance in the life of Dr. Chalmers. Many of our readers will remember the suspense occasioned by the “unbroken silence,” which Dr. Chalmers chose to maintain on the occasion above referred to. He was suspected of entertaining a preference for a somewhat freer interpretation of certain points of Calvinistic doctrine than usual ; but, what was far more serious, his views upon the peccability of Christ’s human nature were also regarded with suspicion. Even at a much more recent period of his career than that at present under review, it was rumoured that he had sent to press, con-

vary to the earnest remonstrances of his friends, certain opinions on this point that did not accord well with the standards of his Church; that after pushing them through the press, he was induced at last to restrain their publication; and that the loose sheets are still to be seen on the shelves of a respected bookseller in Glasgow. We are glad to find, in the above extract, an apparent disavowal insinuated by Dr. Hanna of the more serious error; but whether, from the delicacy of the subject, or a wish to shield the memory of Dr. Chalmers from comment, the disavowal is not so explicit as in our humble opinion was necessary to the Doctor's full vindication. His views upon the peccability of Christ's human nature might very well verge to laxity, and yet the affirmation of his biographer, that "from the daring speculations of Mr. Irving he sensitively shrunk back," be strictly true. For, alas! poor Edward Irving's heretical eccentricities had by this time hurried him into still more "daring speculation," and into strange fanatical mazes and manifold error. In the last meeting which Dr. Chalmers had with Irving, his remonstrances, so far as it appears from any record of the conference, were directed against Irving's "implicit faith in the restoration of miraculous gifts to the church."

Upon this latter point, Dr. Chalmers was not likely to err. He had been led to give very full and earnest consideration to the evidences of divine revelation; and the exactness of his intellect, and the practical habit of his understanding, enabled him to appreciate the true nature of evidence, and to lay down its laws and properties with luminous precision. He, therefore, determined to deny or affirm nothing as to the claim set up to miraculous gifts, until he should first subject it to the application of the acknowledged canons of evidence. The claim was warmly supported by Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, in a pamphlet entitled "Gifts of the Spirit," and by Edward Irving from the pulpit, with all the force of his high-toned and rolling periods. On the alleged gift of tongues, Irving spoke as follows:—

"But no one hearing and observing the utterance could for a moment doubt it, inasmuch as the whole utterance, from the beginning to the ending of it, is with a power and strength and fulness, and sometimes rapidity of voice, altogether different from that of the person's ordinary utterance in any mood; and I would say, both in its form and in its effects upon a simple mind, quite supernatural. There is a power in the voice to thrill the heart, and overawe the spirit, after a manner which I have never felt. There is a march and a majesty, and a sustained grandeur in the voice, especially in those who prophesy, which I have never heard even a resemblance to, except now and then in the sublimest and most impassioned moods of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil. It is a mere abandonment of all truth to call it screaming or crying; it is the most majestic and divine utterance which I have ever heard, some parts of which I never heard equalled, and no part of it surpassed, by the finest execution of genius and of art exhibited at the oratorios in the concerts of ancient music. And when the speech utters itself in the way of a psalm or spiritual song, it is the likeliest to some of the most simple and ancient chants in the cathedral service, inasmuch that I have

been often led to think that those chants, of which some can be traced up so high as the days of Ambrose, are recollections and transmissions of the inspired utterances in the primitive church. So far from being unmeaning gibberish, as the thoughtless and heedless sons of Belial have said, it is regularly formed, well pronounced, deeply felt discourse, which evidently wanteth only the ear of him whose native tongue it is, to make it a very masterpiece of powerful speech."

Dr. Chalmers, in fulfilment of his resolution to subject the whole claim to a fair and unprejudiced examination, got possession of one of Mary Campbell's manuscripts, which was alleged to be written in an unknown tongue, under an irresistible impulse of inspiration. This he submitted to the inspection of Sir George Staunton, who, along with Dr. Lee of Cambridge, declared it as their opinion, that "it contained neither character nor language known in any region under the sun." It was after such a candid process of investigation as this, that Dr. Chalmers set himself against the Gareloch delusion, and condemned its foolish and absurd extravagancies.

We have in this volume some interesting notices of Edward Irving. Chalmers seems to have greatly deplored his fall, and to have done what he could to recover him from his fanatical heats and wayward speculations. He speaks feelingly of the gleams of ineffable beauty, which ever and anon would break through the clouds and darkness which had now begun to veil up the life and genius of Irving, but wonders at the utter and woful folly of his enthusiastic opinions and melancholy courses. We ourselves remember with what emotion, after the death of Irving, he referred, in presence of his students, to the departure of a "mighty spirit from amongst us," even while commenting severely on the evils to which his unbalanced and ill-regulated fancy exposed the cause of truth. Coleridge, with whom Chalmers became acquainted, spoke to him in highly laudatory terms of Irving.

"The half hour with Coleridge was filled up without intermission by one continuous flow of eloquent discourse from that prince of talkers. He began—in answer to the common inquiries as to his health—by telling of a fit of insensibility, in which, three weeks before, he had lain for thirty-five minutes. As sensibility returned, and before he had opened his eyes, he uttered a sentence about the fugacious nature of consciousness, from which he passed to a discussion of the singular relations between the soul and the body. Asking for Mr. Irving, but waiting for no reply, he poured out an eloquent tribute of his regard—mourning pathetically that such a man should be so throwing himself away. Mr. Irving's book on the "Human Nature of Christ," in its analysis, was minute to absurdity; one would imagine that the pickling and preserving were to follow, it was so like a cookery book. Unfolding then his own scheme of the Apocalypse—talking of the mighty contrast between its Christ and the Christ of the gospel narrative, Mr. Coleridge said that Jesus did not come now as before—meek and gentle, healing the sick, and feeding the hungry, and dispensing blessings all around, but he came on a white horse; and who were his attendant? Famine, and war, and pestilence."

The part taken by Chalmers in the annuity-tax controversy of 1833, is opened up at considerable length, in chapter twentieth; and in justice

to Dr. Hanna, we must admit he has treated the matter with great impartiality and fairness. It was a time of virulent strife and agitation; and Dr. Chalmers, as usual, flung himself into the very thickest of the fight. Little anticipating the kind of escape that awaited him from the evils of tithes and taxes, he entered the arena in full panoply; and dealt his blows with such hearty good-will, that we cannot now retrace the controversy, without surprise and amazement at the utter and entire revolution to which his feelings were subsequently subjected. At the present time, when the same unfortunate controversy has been revived, it says much for Dr. Hanna's candour, that Dr. Chalmers' opinion and judgment upon it have been revived too; and instead of being slurred over, are again, when most needed, brought before the country with a prominence proportioned to the time, pains, talent, and feeling which the discussion cost Dr. Chalmers in 1833.

The passive resistance to payment was the mode adopted by the volunteers to express their hostility, and to render the tax still more odious. "In one year," says Dr. Hanna, "no fewer than 846 persons were subjected to prosecutions. When the attempt was made to sell by public auction the goods of the recusants, a mob assembled round the officers of justice, the auctioneer was assailed by all kinds of contumely, and the sale was hindered. Imprisonment had at last to be employed. Rather than pay the small sums they owed, a few submitted to be incarcerated. They remained, however, but a few days in gaol, the tax having in the meantime been paid by themselves or their friends. The day of their liberation was made a day of public triumph, processions of from 8000 to 10,000 persons having attended two of these voluntary martyrs from the Calton gaol to their homes."—One would think that this was the history of a much more recent disturbance than that of 1833. Dr. Chalmers took as deep an interest in this affair as in any other to which he had ever given his attention; and he exerted his every faculty to bring about such an adjustment of it as would secure the rights of the clergy. He was appointed convener of a committee to meet with a committee of the Town-council, for the purpose of mutual deliberation and conference. The object of the Town-council then, as now, was to effect the abolition of the annuity-tax altogether, and provide for the payment of the clergy from some other source. The final judgment of the Presbytery was looked for with great interest; and the Lord Provost himself, and many members of the council, were present when it met. Dr. Chalmers prefaced the reading of the report with the following observations, which must have sounded oddly in the ears of the worthy magistrates who heard them.

"Allow me to depute to the perfect urbanity of our reception by the committee of the Town-council. In fact, I was exceedingly delighted by the cordiality of our meeting; and the courteousness we met with, has made a deep and indelible impression upon me. But I think it quite consistent with this recognition to say, that while we rejoice in this cordiality and courteousness, we must not suffer ourselves to be altogether fascinated or carried away with it. On this subject, I may state a small circumstance in my own history. It so happened that the Professor of Divinity in this city was at one time accommodated in a respectable house, with a large

domain attached, consisting of nearly an acre of land, which, unfortunately for the present Professor of Divinity, is no longer in his possession. The present magistracy offered L.550, and when I coupled this with the expression '*to be accepted in lieu*,' I certainly thought it my duty to make inquiry regarding my rights to the piece of ground which is situated between the college and the infirmary, and now covered with houses, yielding a plentiful revenue of feu-duties to the present corporation. Now, I never experienced any thing in this negotiation but the greatest courtesy, and plenty of bowing and rebowing; but mark, in the midst of all their complaisance, they always keep a sicker hold of these feu-duties: and to shew the meaning of the phrase '*in lieu*,' I may explain that the feu-duties have arisen to the amount of several thousand pounds, and the present professor receives '*in lieu*' thereof L.36. I am willing to defer to the utmost to the cordiality, complaisance, and gentlemanly feeling with which I was received; and with a feeling akin thereto, I could not help being reminded of a Glasgow story, relative to a Bailie Anderson, who resided there fifty years ago, and Lady Betty Cunningham. The Bailie happened to be an elder in the church of St. Enoch's, and Lady Betty a hearer. One of Lady Betty's old servants had fallen into decayed circumstances, and applied to the bailie for parochial relief. The bailie said that Lady Betty should relieve her own servants herself, and declined to accede to her request. When this was told to Lady Betty, she retaliated by going to church on the following Sunday, with the firm determination of giving nothing to the plate, and the bailie happening to be officiating at the door, she made the most profound curtsy, and sailed most magnificently up the centre of the church. The bailie was at first so much struck, that he stood aghast, and took a moment to recover himself; he then entered the church, and addressed Lady Betty, but in a voice so loud, that the whole congregation might hear him, '*Gie us less o' your manners, and mair o' your siller, my lady.*'"

As is too well known, the conferences, and committees, and bills of 1833, led to no practical result. The annuity-tax still continues to be the most fertile source of agitation and bad feeling. Another proposal has been submitted for consideration, but still coupled with the condition of a reduction of the number of ministers,—a condition to which no church could assent without a sense of humiliation, and an implied confession of weakness,—so that, whether the present be a more successful attempt than the former to effect a satisfactory adjustment of the question, is doubtful. For our own part, we do most earnestly desire to see a less obnoxious mode of recovering the revenues of the Church, and would make any personal sacrifice to attain it.

We looked in this volume, with great interest, for Dr. Hanna's account of the Ecclesiastical proceedings of 1832 and 1833, which formed the initial steps of that lamentable deviation from the constitutional practice of the Church, that issued ten years later in excitement and strife, separation and schism. Dr. Hanna enters very fully into the question, and in order to vindicate the proposers of the *Veto*, attempts to shew, from the form, nature, design, and history of the *call*, that it was part and parcel of the constitution of the Church, and that the *Veto* was the mildest possible mode of reviving the ancient practice. After detailing the various steps which, according to the immemorial usage of the Church, are taken in the settlement of her ministers, Dr. Hanna draws the attention of his readers to the form of the call, and to the

question put to the presentee before ordination. "Do you accept, and close with the call to be pastor of this parish, and promise, through grace, to perform all the duties of a faithful minister among this people?" He then emphatically points out to his readers, that it is upon the call that the spiritual act of ordination is founded, and that with ordination are inseparably connected the cure of souls, and the enjoyment of the benefice. He affirms, that even for long after the restoration of patronage, "full effect was given to the popular voice," and "that not a single instance occurred in which the attachment of three or four signatures barely to the call was held to be sufficient." He then describes the fatal laxity that gradually crept in after 1712,—the declension of religion that ensued,—the forced settlements that took place,—the disgust of the people,—the scornful and overbearing demeanour of their spiritual rulers,—the rapid secession from the Church,—the constant testimony of a faithful protesting minority,—the forced admission by the Assembly of 1782, that "the moderation of a call is agreeable to the immemorial and constitutional practice of the Church, and ought to be continued;" and arrives at the conclusion, that the call was a true and proper element of our Ecclesiastical constitution, and that it was the duty of the protesting minority to give it practical effect as soon as they became a ruling majority.

He, however, acknowledges that other causes were operating, besides the gradual progress of the "Evangelical" party, to bring about the same result. The demand for political reform had become loud and imperative. To quiet the agitation which was shaking the whole country, and exciting serious apprehensions for the stability of our institutions, the Reform Bill was passed: and as the agitation was beginning to extend to the Church, and men were beginning to inquire wherefore the rights of the people, which were conceded in civil and secular affairs, should be withheld from them in the more important concerns of the soul and eternity, it was deemed advisable by the true friends of the Church to popularise her constitution as much and as speedily as possible. This purpose was further strengthened by the formidable attack made upon the Establishment by the Voluntaries; for it was supposed that it would weaken the force of that attack, and conciliate popular favour, to give the people a more direct and positive status in regard to the appointment and settlement of ministers. It was in these circumstances that the Veto was proposed by Dr. Chalmers in 1833, and lost; and by Lord Moncreiff in 1834, and passed into a law of the Church. Dr. Hanna informs us that Dr. Chalmers, while undertaking to introduce the measure, yet strongly and repeatedly urged the propriety of seeking to obtain the sanction of the Legislature at the same time; and that it was only in deference to the judgment and reiterated assurances of Lord Moncreiff, that he ceased any longer to press the adoption of his proposed course. Dr. Hanna further however affirms, that this urgent and reiterated counsel of Dr. Chalmers, which strong assurances and remonstrances were needed to induce him to fall from, was not indicative of his own distrust of the legality of their proceedings, but was designed merely to relieve the fears of others. We can scarcely deem this a suffi-

cient motive for, or explanation of, the obstinacy with which, for a time, he persevered in urging an application to Government, and resisted Lord Moncreiff's expostulations and reiterated assurances. Be that as it may, Dr. Chalmers was won over at last to propose the *Veto* law, and to enforce its adoption with all his energy and eloquence. We shall see, in next volume, Dr. Hanna's explanation of the motives and circumstances which led him subsequently to propose to the Church to retrace her steps, and abrogate the very *Veto* law which he had urged upon her acceptance.

But while Dr. Hanna associates the popular call with all that was pious and praiseworthy in the Church, and patronage, with all that was violent and unchristian, he forgets the terms in which Dr. Chalmers spoke of both, in the very speech in which he proposed the *Veto* law. It may be useful to recall these terms to Dr. Hanna's memory. The following is the way in which he dealt with the anti-patronage men of 1833.

"They are forgetting all history and all observation. They are not even looking to the present state of those numerous dissenting bodies, which, under a system of popular election, though retaining the form of sound words, have become spiritually dead; or if they still own any fire or fervour at all, it is but the fervour of earthly passions, the fire of fierce and unhallowed politics. Neither are they recollecting those numerous Presbyterian bodies in England, which, under the same system, have even cast the form of sound words away from them, and lapsed into Socinianism: or the Presbyterian Church in the north of Ireland, where, with that very constitution which is held up as a specific against all sorts of evil, a large proportion, both of the ministers and congregations, have lapsed into Arianism. But I hold it a far more serious inadvertency than this, that so many of my best friends should be looking, and with an anticipation quite unwavering, to a sort of latter-day glory, and that on the stepping-stone of a mere constitutional reform.

"Let me here remark, that though the First Book of Discipline vests the initiative in the people, this seems never to have been regularly acted upon, or at least for a very brief period, in the history of the Scottish Church. The truth is, that it had only the vacancies of eighteen years in which it could be exemplified, for," &c. &c.

He deliberately, and with characteristic fervour, denounces the evils of popular election; and decidedly declares his preference of the responsible *one* to the irresponsible *many*.

It may further help somewhat to modify Dr. Hanna's opinion of the call, to remind him that a great proportion of the very ministers who came to hold it an essential element in the settlement, virtually unfracked themselves; for such a call they themselves certainly never got. Just as an example, we may specify the settlement of Mr. Alexander Beith at Stirling, author of a remarkably able book on Prophecy, in which he traces the witnesses in history to the Free Church. The fervent, amiable, and pious hatred with which this accomplished and polished theologian regarded, and still regards, every evil thing, is well known; the deep guttural breathings of his mortal enmity to moderation have also been bruited abroad; and it never can be forgotten, the awful aspect of solemn prophetic denunciation with which he took leave

of the Old Church in 1843, shattering her poor old nerves by the most terrible fiery darts from the Apocalypse. Now, this muscular and robust witness,—this singularly loveable, gentle-hearted, and balmy saint, had only *seven* names to his call, and the most of these probably the names of officials. Wherefore, then, insist upon a call as indispensable, when, in this case, we have a perfect specimen of a minister,—a pure unbroken chrysolite,—*without* one? We do not, however, mean to insinuate aught against the call, or the propriety of giving it all due prominence in the settlement of ministers, but only to hint to Dr. Hanna the extreme frailty of the argument by which he supports and vindicates the Veto and Secession movement. The author of “The Witnesses” is one of many who are living monuments of the fallacy of their own doctrine.

We have some notices in this volume, of Dr. Chalmers’ sentiments on the question of National Education; and if his sentiments did not undergo a revolution at a later and more stirring period of his career, they err sadly who adduce his authority in support of the exclusively secular theory. The greatest latitude in practice recorded of him in this volume, is his appointment of a Roman Catholic teacher over one of his schools in Glasgow: but he deemed himself well recompensed by the daily use of the Bible as a school-book, for which he had stipulated with the priest in return for his own liberality. Dr. Hanna, however, in a foot-note, promises to give, in the forthcoming volume, his “final and mature judgment” upon this subject. It is evident, therefore, that we have not the final and mature judgment of Dr. Chalmers before us. It is useless commenting upon his immature hints and imperfect efforts. We will therefore reserve our comment, till we see what mutation his opinions underwent, and what the precise shape which his matured judgment took upon the question.

Our remarks upon the more serious portions of this volume have extended to such a length, that we have reserved for ourselves no space for the lighter and more entertaining. The journals of his various tours, which he draws up for the use of his family, are very amusing. The style is free, easy, and natural,—it has all the graphic force, and little of the stiltedness of the genuine Chalmerian periods. Yet it is a significant trait, that, when forwarding the separate sheets in epistolary form to his children, he gives directions that they be put together, and kept carefully, as *his* record of the various scenes he witnessed. This would seem to indicate that he was as conscious of their value as his publishers are; and we at once admit, that we have seldom read anything of the kind with so much relish. There are some points, however, connected with his journals, on which we purpose to animadvert on a future occasion. Meanwhile, we close our review with the following amusing extracts from his journal of a tour through England:—

“I should have mentioned that I had to put on (in visiting one of the caves of Derbyshire), another coat and hat at the guide’s house, and a worse coat or worse hat I never saw on the back or head of any carter or scavenger in the land, insomuch that I was a spectacle to the children of the village, who shouted and laughed behind me: and even the driver of my gig, though a grave, silent, and simple lad of twenty-two, could not restrain his merri-

ment. By the way, though it is a little more expensive, I always take him to the sights along with me: first, because I found a great ignorance of Derbyshire curiosities in Huddersfield, and I want to make him more enlightened and enlarged than his fellow citizens: second, because I always feel a strong reflex or secondary enjoyment in the gratification of other people, so that the sympathy of his enjoyment greatly enhances my own: and, thirdly, because I get amusement from the remarks of his simple wonderment, and not very sagacious observation; and it has now passed into a standing joke with me, when leaving any of our exhibitions, that 'there is no such fine sight to be seen at Huddersfield.'

"I got further leave from the servants," (at Chatsworth,) "to drive a good deal more through the grounds than is commonly allowed to visitors. The following circumstance will perhaps explain this deference of theirs to my wishes. I took my gig-driver with me through the whole exhibition, nor was any objection made to shew him every thing, even the finest rooms, going with me everywhere. I gave him my hat and silver-headed stick to carry, and he kept behind at a most respectful distance, while I walked before with a book in my hand, which I consulted, and in which I jotted down all the remarkables that I saw. There were several numerous and highly elegant parties that were seeing the house at the same time; and I learned afterwards, from a gentleman belonging to one of them, to whom I was introduced at Derby, that my appearance, which I have no doubt, in conjunction with my Huddersfield post-boy, was sufficiently picturesque, had excited a great deal of speculation; and that the conclusion which one and all of them came to was, that Margaret P. Chalmers' papa was a foreign nobleman. Left Chatsworth about three; and my companion, the knight of the whip, confessed, as we drove off the ground, that 'there was no such sight to be seen in all Huddersfield.'

"London.—Started at nine much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humourist: he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair, and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of very clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces, the heavy complaints of a bad hay harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing, that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other. Went from this to the warm bath, where a German had the management. He told me, that he understood me better than most of the English who came to him. I was at pains to explain to him the reason of this, and tell Miss Parker what my explanation was,—that our island was named Great Britain,—that English was the *patois*,—and that I came from Scotland, and our Scotch was the pure British dialect."

We must, however, now lay aside our pen. Were we to present our readers with all that is entertaining in these journals, we would behave to transcribe them all. We must leave the reader, therefore, to make further acquaintance with them by a perusal of the volume itself; and it is our parting wish, that, when we renew our acquaintance with Dr. Hanna, we may have it in our power to congratulate him on his success

in piloting his course through the rocks, and shoals, and whirlpools of the *mare magnum* of party politics and strife upon which he has now entered.

DR. THOMSON'S LECTURES ON ST. LUKE.

THERE have been many speculations as to the causes why Scotland, pre-eminently a religious country, should have achieved so little in the literature of religion. The fertility of the Sister Church has generally been pointed to as presenting an honourable contrast; and reflections are not unfrequently drawn from this comparison, upon "the Sister of the North," whom "the chill air of the mountains of Samaria" may be supposed to have blighted in this, as in other respects. Without denying the fact, we are disposed to think it has been considerably exaggerated; and so far as it is correct, we imagine that it admits an explanation much more satisfactory, and much less dishonourable to our clergy, than either indifference to the great cause of religion, or want of literary qualification.

The number of works published by ministers of the Church of Scotland is no doubt very much less than those which the ministers of the English Church produce. But, in the first place, we must not forget that the English clergy amount to some sixteen or seventeen thousand, whereas the parish ministers of Scotland scarcely exceed one thousand. There are, we believe, more parochial clergymen in the diocese of Lincoln alone, than in all Scotland. But the mere comparison of numbers does not exhaust the subject. In our own Church, there is not one minister unembarrassed with the labours of pastoral duty. These, however small his parish, require his continual presence, and his constant care: they occupy his thoughts. The weekly return of the Lord's day brings with it the regular demand for two discourses, or at least one; so that, while his days are occupied with pastoral duties, the composition of sermons must generally fill up his hours of study from week to week, and year to year. That men so engaged should produce few learned and elaborate books, is perhaps, on the whole, less wonderful than that some of them have had resolution, and found means, to write works of great and enduring value.

Besides the want of leisure, there are other impediments which beset our clergy in the prosecution of literary and theological investigations. One of the most serious of these is the want of books. Except in the University seats, there are not to be found anywhere in Scotland, large collections of standard works in literature, science, history, criticism, or any of the subjects more or less closely connected with the studies of clergymen. Though the Universities are generally liberal in this respect, yet the clergy have no right to the libraries possessed by those bodies, and which are designed for the use of their members, the professors and students. This circumstance alone proves a complete obstruction to literary progress in the case of many. The mental food is

withheld till the appetite for it decays, and at last perishes. The poverty of the clergy acts in the same direction in several ways. It prevents them forming libraries for themselves. The great problem for our ministers now is, to feed and clothe their families without running into debt. Their circumstances, which were poor enough before the repeal of the corn-laws, are now rendered doubly straitened. No class of men has suffered by that change so much as they have done; and yet, strange to say, no recognition has been heard from any party of their loss,—no parliamentary orator has thought their interests worthy of a passing allusion; and, stranger still, none of the Protectionist party, in all their noisy brawlings, has once alluded to that class of men who were the chief and most helpless victims of the new order of things. This is written by one who has no sympathy with the late corn-laws, and is not one of the victims of their repeal,—one whose opinions and whose interests are opposed to those laws, but who has looked on with some wonder to find that the parochial clergy, who suffered from the late changes more in proportion than any class of men whatever, were the only class which uttered no complaint; and that the community generally neither had generosity enough to applaud such honourable self-denial, nor even leisure to notice so singular a forbearance. But the studious omission of this topic by the Protectionist orators and scribes will bear harder constructions. They could not possibly overlook it; why then so studiously suppress it? They, no doubt, had good reasons of their own.

In England the great book-buyers are the clergy. Seventeen thousand men, many of them possessing rich benefices, and able to indulge literary tastes, form a great public, among whom any work of merit bearing upon professional subjects is sure to find at least a remunerating sale. But in Scotland there is no such public. The clergy are so few in number, and with a dozen or a score of exceptions so poor, that they can do almost nothing to encourage any of their brethren in any literary enterprise. Works written in Scotland may indeed find a market in England. In a few instances they have done so, where the subject was particularly interesting, or the author of great celebrity. But the examples of this are very few. Blair and Campbell are almost the only Scotch theological writers of the last century, whose works are read or known in England; and, of the present century, none, we think, have attained any considerable circulation there except the writings of Dr. Chalmers. Edward Irving, and Dr. Cumming, are not exceptions; being, though Scotchmen, both resident in London, and enjoying great celebrity, or, at least, notoriety there.

The same causes which hinder our clergy from purchasing books, prevent those of them who may have the disposition from publishing them. Very few of them can afford to risk two or three hundred pounds on the chances of a publication, but unless they can, their works must generally remain unpublished, very few booksellers thinking it prudent to take the risk of so uncertain a commodity, and with which the market is so glutted. This holds particularly respecting books of a solid and learned character. In proportion as they possess these qualities, the market for them is necessarily limited. Flashy, exciting rubbish, ad-

dresses itself to a far wider public, and naturally commands a more extensive and a far quicker sale. Works which treat of the topic which happens for the hour to be uppermost, and which affect the dashing style of the leading articles of a newspaper; or bold and reckless speculations on the meaning of unfulfilled prophecy; ingenious adaptations of passing events to the prophetic language, whereby the ignorant are amazed, and sober-minded Christians are weakened and scandalized—for prophecy has for ages been the staple commodity in which your theological quack finds it profitable to deal—party histories and apologies, which express and inflame the worst passions of religious factions, the most irreligious of all factions—these are evidently the sorts of productions which meet the readiest sale, and which therefore are most frequently produced. It is indeed melancholy to observe the extent to which the taste of the reading religious public has been debauched by this species of food, stimulating yet more the appetite which craved for it, till at last books seem to sell for the very bad qualities which should strangle them in the birth. Solid learning, accurate knowledge, acute reasoning, manly eloquence, sober judgment, rational and unaffected piety, taste simple and severe,—these qualities the favourite teachers of the multitude have taught them, both by precept and example, rather to suspect than to commend. So that if any one desires a rapid and extensive sale for a religious book, he must descend to the worst style of platform exaggeration—must put forth things that will tell in the most telling manner—must stimulate the jaded sensibilities of his readers—must not be nice as to topics, or delicate in allusions—must have no scruples in regard to taste; above all, his pages must be well seasoned with spicy hatred, and good round denunciations of those who oppose the truth, that is, the opinion of the author, or of his sect or party. Let a book be composed on any religious topic, with moderate cleverness, and well spiced with fanaticism, genuine or assumed, and animated with what some one has called “good Christian hatred,” disguised, if possible, under the cloak of zeal or charity, and such a compound will hardly fail to find a large public eager to devour the welcome poison.

Besides these causes, which limit the circulation of really good religious books everywhere, we have, in Scotland, many adverse influences peculiar to ourselves. Of these, we have mentioned the smallness of the buying public, arising from the limited number of the clergy, and yet more, their miserable incomes, reducing the great majority of them to a condition which painfully approaches to absolute poverty. Nor are there any prospective advantages to be hoped for in our Church, which can tempt men of talents to encounter the almost certain loss of publication. They who look into the matter will find that, in England, the vast majority of works of merit, connected with theology, emanate, not from that class of ministers to whom the more eminent and lucrative posts have secured a considerable degree of leisure, and the other means of study and writing, but from that class, who may hope to occupy such situations? It is incredible how few learned books proceed from the Right Reverend Bench, from the Deans, Prebendaries, Canons, and other members of the Cathedral establishments, or from the learned leisure of

Heads of Houses, and Fellows of the numerous colleges and halls which compose the two great Universities. At Cambridge and Oxford, it will be found that by far the greatest number of books of standard value, and indeed of books of any kind, are the productions of tutors of colleges—of men actively and laboriously engaged in the business of tuition; and that the best works of those who afterwards occupied eminent posts in the Church, were either written when they filled lower and more active situations, or received from these that impetus which carried them through, in spite of the somnolence and apathy which easy circumstances and dignified leisure are apt to engender. The only works of considerable importance in Biblical Literature which the Church of England has given birth to of late years—the edition of the Greek Testament by Bloomfield, and that by Alford,—and the somewhat commonplace, but useful and laborious compilation of Mr. Hartwell Horne, are all from the pens of parochial clergymen. Even Paley, whose ardour of study neither age nor suffering could quench, produced most of his works before he received his greatest preferments. These, to the amount of more than two thousand a-year, were conferred upon him by three several bishops, as the reward of his most popular work—that on the Evidences of Christianity. Surveying the history of theological literature in England in all its departments, we shall be satisfied that the high stations and great wealth, which certain positions in that Church confer, have acted as powerful stimulants, not upon the actual holders of them, but upon that numerous class whom the consciousness or the conceit of superior talents and acquirements prompted to distinguish themselves in the defence and illustration of the Christian religion; and thus to shew that they were worthy to fill the posts of honour and influence.

Such motives, it may be said, are not those which should actuate Christian ministers. For it is a recognized principle among the bulk of the laity everywhere, that whatever carnality may be indulged to themselves, the purest spirituality is indispensable in the clergy. One would fancy that the Christian religion contained two laws, one for ministers, the other for the people; and that the rigour of the former was as remarkable as the laxity of its counterpart. Thus a whole class of actions, and motives also, is denounced in the teachers, which the bulk of the Christian community not only tolerate in each other, but consider as their unquestionable privilege. It is the duty of a layman to be rich if he honestly can; but in a clergyman, it is a sin. To desire eminent and influential positions, is honourable and laudable ambition in the laity; but in the clergy it is condemned as inconsistent with their sacred calling—as if the love of the world were not forbidden equally to all Christians, or as if the “calling” of both parties were not the same. A minister is, indeed, bound by higher obligations than other Christians, but not by a different law or rule of duty; and it is mere self-delusion and hypocrisy which tempt men to think otherwise. Applying these remarks, then, to the matter which occasioned them, such motives, it may be said, as desire of temporal honour, wealth and influence, should not influence Christian ministers. The answer is, that they do influence all classes of men; and they who most loudly blame them, are often most under their in-

fluence. The good things of this life become occasions of sin when they are pursued by wrong means, or in degrees which are inconsistent with our higher interests ; but it is a rigid casuistry which would condemn a person who did good to himself, by the same means by which he also benefited others. We must not seek our own advantage at the expense of our neighbour's hurt ; but surely it is an allowable condescension to the weakness of human nature, that we may mingle some regard to our own interests with our efforts for the instruction and improvement of our fellow-men. For the Christian law, instead of excluding self-love, makes it both the reason and rule of our love to our neighbour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour *as thyself*."

The chief reason, therefore, why so few really laborious, substantial, learned, and enduring works have ever proceeded from ministers of the Church of Scotland, is to be found in the circumstance, that no prospective advantage was to be gained, which might compensate for the self-denial and labour of years of painful study, and for the risk and almost certain pecuniary loss which must be counted on in the first instance. What the Church of Scotland wants most, is some ten or twenty livings of a thousand or fifteen hundred a year each. Though only ten or twenty men could actually hold these at once, yet some hundreds might expect or hope to hold them ; and the influence of such a hope would produce powerful and extensive effects, both upon the literature of the Church, and upon its character and position in various ways. As things now stand, literary and intellectual stagnation is not wonderful ; it is inevitable.

We are led to make these remarks by the appearance of the third and concluding volume of Dr. Thomson's Lectures on St. Luke. Unless the author had possessed private means, such a book would probably never have been published in this country ; for though its eventual success cannot be doubted, it has none of those bad qualities which often render religious publications popular at first. Yet such a book is highly honourable to the venerable author, and even to the Church of Scotland itself,—of the best class of whose ministers he has so long been a favourable specimen.

The work, which is now finished, consists of three 8vo volumes. The first contains, besides an introduction extending to 64 pages, thirty-seven lectures, bringing down the narrative to the Transfiguration, Luke ix. 36. The second volume comprises fifty-two lectures, and carries on the commentary to chap. xx. 19 ; and the third, besides completing the exposition of Luke's Gospel in twenty-two additional discourses, embraces also twenty-four lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew. To the present volume there is prefixed "A Sequel to the Introduction," which was mentioned as beginning the first volume.

The reader of the second and third volumes will find them to be distinguished by the same excellent qualities which we ventured to commend in the first. To the piety, justness, and candour of the thoughts are added a clearness, simplicity, and animation in the expression, which render the work not only highly instructive, but most interesting and attractive. Even where we do not agree with the author in his inte

pretation, as for example, where he adopts the common notion of a double prophecy in Luke xxi. 25,—one referring to the destruction of Jerusalem, the other to the end of the world,—a hypothesis which no ingenuity can ever reconcile with the explicit affirmation, “this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled;” the word *generation*, *γενεή*, having no such meaning anywhere as that interpretation has driven its advocates to put upon the word; even in such cases, we are constrained to admire the candour and moderation of the author; and his expositions always instruct us, even in those cases, and they are very few, in which we may question their soundness. Dr. Thomson everywhere writes like a man who has well and maturely considered the subjects of which he has undertaken to treat; hence there is none of the rambling, incoherent prolixity of those who are groping their way, not knowing whither the road they are following may conduct them. The fine qualities of these volumes cannot be illustrated by detached extracts; they steal upon the reader as he peruses page after page.

We shall extract a part of the “Sequel to the Introduction,” with which the present volume commences,—only adding the expression of our earnest hope, that the members of the Church of Scotland, and particularly her ministers, will aid in the circulation of this admirable book, so honourable to the talents, piety, and industry of one of our brethren, and calculated to diffuse so excellent a spirit among those who read it. If theological literature is not to perish in our Church altogether, we must bestir ourselves a little more in cherishing those fruits of the sanctified intellect which may be produced among us. There is hardly a sect in the country which does not make it a point of honour to promote the sale and circulation of books which their ministers may write; and some of the smallest of them accomplish in this way what may well put us to shame. By this apathy we are injuring ourselves and our Church in various ways, and we are paying the penalty. It is not often that we have it in our power to recommend to our parishioners and hearers a book, written by one of ourselves, which the youngest person may read with interest, and the wisest with instruction and profit;—and we trust we are guilty of no presumption in expressing a hope, that when such opportunities do occur, we shall not fail to improve them.

The following extract on Pure Revelation is from the Sequel to the Introduction, and will be read with interest.—

“1. We may lay down as the first peculiar distinguishing quality of pure revelation, that it communicates supernatural knowledge previously unknown to man, and not discoverable by his natural faculties and unassisted exertions. For, to repeat what was already known was unnecessary; and to dignify it with the name of revelation, would be a contradiction in terms. We must not, however, neglect to observe, that it was also a peculiar province of revelation, to give us more complete and satisfactory knowledge of important truths, formerly, though imperfectly known. Accordingly, though for four thousand years man's knowledge of a future state was confined to glimmering notions, wishes, and hopes, we are now assured that our Saviour abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

“It is true also that, among the civilised Greeks and Romans, some indi-

viduals possessed valuable though imperfect knowledge of the Divine Being ; of right and wrong ; of moral duty ; and first principles of law, which are usually comprised under the name of Natural Religion. For we are entitled on the authority of the apostle Paul to say, that, from the works of creation, some did discover the true God ; yet he declares them inexcusable, ' because, though they knew God, they glorified him not as God.' But, blessed be God, the Christian revelation has supplied all omissions, cleared up every thing dark and doubtful, and completed an admirable and perfect system of knowledge and duty.

" 2. Pure revelation consists of knowledge expressed in such plain words as will be intelligible to the great body of mankind. For if the language employed were mysterious or ambiguous, it would not serve the important purpose for which it was avowedly intended. Neither was revelation designed solely nor chiefly for men of talents or learning ; for had that been the case, they would have received exclusive authority to be interpreters to the rest of the world. But revelation is addressed equally to all, and therefore must be fitted for all. Consequently, it must be intelligible to all men of sound understanding, if they employ the requisite means of care and reflection which duty requires.

" It may be objected, that prophecy, though undoubtedly a divine communication, yet it is confessedly not expressed in plain terms, and therefore was not intended to be understood till its accomplishment ; which may sometimes refer to a distant period. It is true, prophecy was not meant to be completely understood, very early, or to such a degree as to interfere with the free agency of man. But as this does not happen in all cases or in all particulars, it is incumbent on Christians to be acquainted with the outlines of the most important prophecies, which are easily distinguished.

" It seems therefore to have been a duty, as well as a beneficial employment, for those who were blessed with prophecies, to begin the study as soon as they were issued. This is particularly requisite in chronological prophecies. Accordingly, the seventy weeks which respected the period of the first coming of the Messiah, had been evidently examined with care, and well understood by the Jews, before our Lord actually came. It is surely not less incumbent on Christians, to compare extraordinary events as they pass, with remarkable prophecies. There can scarcely be a doubt, that the distinguished chronological prophecy of the twelve hundred and sixty days, will be found to furnish an invaluable key sufficient to open up the most important prophecies. And let it not be overlooked that, as the prophecies of the Old Testament chiefly regard the first coming of the Messiah, so those of the New Testament evidently respect his second coming ; while, at the same time, they exhibit a series of the most remarkable of the preceding events, as if intended to prepare the world for that wonderful period, as well as to announce its approach.

" 3. Pure revelation consists only of declarations or injunctions, proceeding *directly* from God, or from those whom he has commissioned. It does not therefore include or acknowledge mere inferences, or conclusions, or deductions, formed by the exercise of the human understanding. For, in fact, these belong to a distinct and separate class, removed a step from pure, direct revelation, which alone has a rightful claim to be acknowledged as containing first principles. Inferences then, or conclusions, or deductions, or whatever partakes of the same character, even though allowed to be true, yet being formed by fallible, uninspired men, cannot be received as primary and fundamental, or appealed to as ultimate and decisive authority, in settling doubtful or disputed questions. For, in such cases, nothing but direct Divine authority ought to be admitted.

" 4. Pure revelation is also accompanied by supernatural evidence, suffi-

cient to demonstrate to all reasonable and unprejudiced men, that it did not proceed from any inferior being, but undoubtedly came from God.

"Under the Old Testament, the proofs of revelation and divine interposition consisted chiefly of miracles of power, and occasional prophecies. Under the higher dispensation introduced and presided over by the Lord Jesus Christ, the proofs of Divine agency given, were miracles of mercy, as well as of power, important additional prophecies, and the nine extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit. These astonishing credentials are distinctly exhibited only once in the New Testament, namely, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and the twelfth chapter, though frequent reference is made to them in other passages. It is strange, that those gifts have been, in a great measure, overlooked, not only by the great body of Christians, but by the learned, to whom such knowledge is indispensable, to enable them to understand and explain many parts of the Epistles.

"Having now endeavoured to define and arrange, under four heads, the peculiar qualities of pure revelation, as distinguished from what is accessory, we proceed to apply them shortly to the books of the New Testament.

"We begin by directing our attention to the revelation imparted by our blessed Saviour. None can doubt, that whatever he was pleased to say on divine subjects is, in the strictest meaning of the phrase, pure revelation; for it contains superhuman knowledge, expressed in language singularly simple, plain, and unambiguous, communicated directly by himself in person, and supported by the highest evidence.

"The book entitled the Acts of the Apostles, exhibits a history of the travels and transactions, chiefly of the Apostles Peter and Paul, while employed in publishing the grand truths of Christianity over a considerable portion of the Roman empire. It is evident, that such a narrative must often refer to the truths, and facts, and events, recorded in the Gospels, as well as recite the proceedings peculiar to the Apostles. We cannot then expect to find there so many original revelations. Still, such as are recorded are of great importance.

"In relation to the writings of the Apostle Paul, it is obvious that they are avowedly addressed to societies or churches, as well as to individuals, who had been previously converted to Christianity, with the exception of the Epistle to the Hebrews. It was to be presumed, of course, that such letters would be principally designed, not so much to present those fundamental truths and principles with which they were already acquainted, as to supply additional knowledge, in order to raise them from their infant state to an advanced stage.

"At the same time, as Paul is declared to have been the great Apostle of the Gentiles, many special revelations must consequently have been made to him, which were not necessary to the other Apostles. Thus, he was appointed to foretell the rejection of the Jews as the peculiar people of God; and the exorbitant apostacy of the descendants of the Gentile converts, or Popery, under the appellation of the Man of Sin. He also communicated divine truths of the greatest value, as well as original and interesting views of human duty.

"It must not, however, be forgotten, that the Apostle Peter has declared that, in the writings of his beloved brother Paul, some things are hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest. It is, however, just and right to observe, that this warning is not exclusively confined to the writings of Paul. For, while it is asserted that some wrest the epistles of Paul to their own destruction, it is added, that the same class wrest also the other Scriptures in such a manner, as to be equally productive of the same sad consequences. We must then consider this caution given by the Apostle Peter as a wise and useful recommendation to all readers of the Holy Scrip-

tures, not to draw hasty and dogmatical conclusions from difficult passages, which have received interpretations contrary and inconsistent ; but to suspend their decision till the meaning is understood and settled by the judicious and candid."

A GERMAN'S GLIMPSE OF US.

THE student of German Theology must, at the beginning of the past year, have received with considerable sorrow the *last* number of Tholuck's *Anzeiger*. It is not the only scientific journal to whose prosperity the times are wholly unpropitious ; and it is a remarkable sign of the influences at work, that the want of writers is as much complained of as the want of readers. The recent revolutionary storm has greatly affected the literary character of Germany. Popular excitement has for ever put to flight the dreamy quiet of its academic groves. Its mightiest minds are no longer to be exclusively engrossed with thinking ; the sternest realities of life summon them to action. That scientific theology may, in consequence of this, for a while languish—that it may be permanently affected, and never again be restored to its former peculiar condition, may be looked on as most certain ; but the result we anticipate, is not one we contemplate with pain or misgiving. We believe it is destined, in contact with popular life and activity, to receive a sounder development. Without necessarily becoming less deep and thorough, we look to its becoming more attractive and practical. Cloudland, confessedly, can be the name of Germany no more. The clamant necessities of the age, the rising waves of democracy, are convincing its theologians, to some extent, of their past errors. They are reminded, as they never thought of it before, that there is a people to deal with, whose weightiest interests, and whose mighty, perilous, self-destructive power, if left without adequate guidance, alike demand, that more pains shall not be taken in the satisfactory establishment of truth for the plodding and meditative student, than in striving to secure for it a favourable hearing from the ill-informed and passionate multitude. They are no longer permitted to look on their audience as confined to some small literary coterie. They have gained nothing, unless they have triumphed in the market-place. The important questions with which they have to do, pertaining to Christianity and the church, have extended their interest to a wide sphere, and must be discussed and decided before the new and critical public tribunal which has been erected, and before which all are summoned perforce to appear. It will no longer do, accordingly, to deal with the gospel professionally. There must be something else aimed at and achieved in the treatment of gospel truth. Their pulpit must throw aside its perfunctory heartlessness, and namby-pamby sentimentalism ; their theology must cast away its dry scholastic formality and repulsiveness, with its absurd and ensnaring affectation of exhaustiveness ; and the instructors of the youthful clergy, must be more earnest in qualifying them for presenting the deep things of God,

with simplicity, and fulness, and power, to the minds of plain thinking men, instead of wrapping them up in a miserable jargon, which it has generally been the very first effort of the preacher to forget, too often, along with the deep views of truth which that jargon disguises, but which he knows not how to separate entire from its repulsive husk. To a great extent, simple and elegant German must supplant the slovenly pie-bald text of German Greek and Hebrew; the pungent essay, the dry pedantic critique, the light popular treatise, the heavy tome, and the popular journal, the musty lumbering review. So far as the Germans are alive to all this, we have it as an omen of good; and nothing pleases us more than to think, that such convictions are becoming extensively operative amongst the disciples of Schleiermacher. If they work amongst these their proper effects, we believe the day of the glory of his school is yet to come, and that it shall yet burst forth, with all the moral influence and popular power which essentially belong to it, and with the want of which, in visible manifestation, hitherto it has been too often and justly twitted. The theologians of this tendency, have confessedly done little as yet to justify the superciliousness with which they look down on more popular and useful men. Strange, that the mighty seeds of truth they have been so laboriously casting abroad should lie so long cold under the clod, and that hardly more than one or two fields, and these very small, are yet green with it! One reason, we must certainly look for in the somewhat superabundant error, which yet adheres to them, and which is of a character to incline them to indifference. Another, is their affectation of philosophy, after the peculiar fashion of fatherland. In Germany itself, they are thus as high and dry as Aquinas, and looming dimly through mists, he would not, and could not have dwelt in. In England, they are cumbering and suffocating themselves with the rubbish of Churchism. In America, they are allowing themselves to be swallowed up in controversies with ignorant people, who have begun to argue with them, ere they have studied them; so that, as it seems, they have postponed the day of usefulness till the Greek Kalends, or till they have settled, to the satisfaction of these perplexed intellects, the interesting questions, whether they are supranaturalists or rationalists; humanitarians or trinitarians; Christians or heathens; deists or atheists. In Denmark alone is it seen, what power there is in an earnest and deep-grounded appeal to the spiritual nature of man, in its aspirations and wants, as they recognize it. Their grand excellence and service is, that they are fixing the view on this with a keen and spiritual discernment, and are thereby casting a wondrous reflex light on scripture truth, its reach of spiritual vision, and its adaptations to our condition. Their spirit, as yet, has been too inert; but from this relation and precious peculiarity of their theology, we are convinced, that in some way there slumbered amongst them the hidden fires, to which we will have to trace the next religious up-heavings amongst us, and the new creation they are to introduce.

From the new spirit at work amongst them in Germany, contemporaneously with the cessation of the more scientific and strictly professional *Anzeiger* of Tholuck, we find established at Berlin the *Deutsche*

Zeitschrift, under the editorship of *Schneider*, and the special patronage of Neander, Nitzsch, Müller, Tholuck, Sack, Jacobi, who have hitherto been almost the sole contributors. It shews, on the part of such men, a step in advance in the right and necessary direction. It is not, indeed, a popular journal, in the very widest sense of the term; it is, on the contrary, specially addressed to the more cultivated class of the non-professional part of the community; but it is one amongst many other happy evidences, that even such men—though in our own land pedantic fools, with some modicum of learning but a sad lack of common discretion, seem striving as for a palm of honour, who shall be harshest, and driest, and heaviest—are, with the whole of that highly-furnished school to which they belong, wisely bending to the popularising influences and popular necessities of the day.

The first six monthly numbers contain two series of papers by one *Köstling*, on Scottish churches and Scotch Theology, which have their origin in a visit paid by him to this country in 1849. The title of this article will point to these, as that part of the contents of the journal we mean at present more particularly to notice. The first series of papers professes to give a condensed view of the past ecclesiastical history of Scotland; but as he is so candid as to state, that he has drawn his materials from Struthers, Thomson, Hetherington, Buchanan, &c., those who are very anxious for the instruction these writers can give them, will spare us reproducing it. It is in his second series, when he comes to speak of the state of doctrine amongst us, and to give us his own reflections on our present position, that we find any thing interesting. Here, at last, we find him writing in a spirit of independence, and giving us something new. There is no difficulty in recognising it; the true German mode is so peculiar, that as we go along saying, that is Hetherington, that is Buchanan, or, that is Thomson; we every now and then, where theological judgments are involved, have to stop short with an emphatic—Now, that's yourself. His views on our present theological and ecclesiastical state, may be called slight or able, trifling or deep, according to the different prepossessions with which they are read; but in any case they will not be unwelcome, for people have always a keen curiosity regarding the most cursory remarks of an intelligent foreigner, and are ever inviting the criticism of strangers. The interest, too, with which we listen is increased, when the critic's mental habitudes are so very different as are the German's from the Englishman's; and even though the reader should be pleased to decide all at once, that *Köstling's* remarks are both too foolish and too heterodox to call for much attention, he may well consent to hearken a little, for certainly they cannot be more unworthy of attention than what our well-meaning countrymen are in the habit of writing about our brethren of Germany; which yet these hitherto have received with laudable command of countenance and temper. A disciple of the German evangelical school, apparently a close follower of Neander, our theology must of course appear to our author very deficient in point of freedom and elasticity; and he can be expected to have very little sympathy with that stern devotedness to system and orthodoxy, and that earnest occupation with the objective

matter of doctrine, which are so very characteristic of our theologians and people. Amongst his first remarks on our theology, are the following:—

“ There is nothing so distinctive of the Scotch, and so striking to every German, as the great preponderance given in their religious treatises, and especially in their sermons, to objective doctrinal matter ; while the mode in which that may be appropriated by the subject—filling and glorifying the whole soul, is, in marked contrast to the German practice, left comparatively untouched. In accordance with this, their doctrine itself handles far more fully the objective, than the subjective elements which belong to it. It indeed has its subjective starting point in the consciousness of human sinfulness, on which it lays great emphasis, and the strenuous enforcement of which constitutes a remarkable feature of the whole style of Scotch thinking on religious subjects ; but when it comes to treat of the salvation from this by Christ, the outward fact of reconciliation is far more largely insisted on than the subjective appropriation of redemption by man. As to reconciliation and redemption themselves, prime importance is attached to their reference to their ultimate ground, the decree of God, and the election of those to be redeemed. The whole interest of the religious spirit is directed toward this ultimate objective, divine thing ; the starting and turning point of all dogmatic representations is ever this, the divine holiness, the divine power, the divine will, *the divine predestination* ; and the mediating between the divine and the human, the process by which they are made one, falls as far into the back ground, as it is wont, in the labours of German Theologians, to be placed in the foreground. Hence, when Merle d'Aubigny declares that the Scottish doctrine places itself in the very centre of evangelical truth, since it makes essentially prominent the sacrifice of Christ ; the consciousness of guilt being placed on the one side of this, and the divine decree on the other, we can by no means allow, that in assigning such a prominent position to the latter point, though certainly very characteristic of Scotch views, he adduces what is equally necessary to every mode of genuinely evangelical conception. Were we simply to place Christ in the centre, and in contrast to the life in sin on the one side, set the life in Christ on the other, a representation equally evangelical, we believe, would thus be given ; and one, by which the divine decree would by no means lose its significance as the stay of faith, though not obtruded on the very apex, nor allowed to issue in an extreme doctrine of predestination.”

German Theology, however, should read a lesson to all the world, we think, of the extreme dangers connected with an inordinate subjectiveness, and must make every Scotchman pray, that our theology, whatever changes it may pass through, may never lose that preponderating objectiveness which is its present characteristic. We do not believe there is any danger of becoming too objective ; or that the subjective will find itself seriously neglected, even though we should seem not to be particularly minding it. To be much occupied with the subjective element, is not the surest mode of fostering and advancing it ; and most will be ready to allow, that the religion of Scotland has been in the most satisfactory state, when the attention of men has been more occupied with the object of faith than the manner of believing. And to the right and full apprehension of this object, even an objective doctrine, if scriptural, is not unimportant. The bitterness of our minute controversies—from a sense of the danger of speculating objectively beyond what is written—is abating ; the most orthodox are disposed to aim at a far

less general and precise uniformity than of old, and to exercise, on a multitude of points formerly fiercely debated, a great measure of tolerance, shewing the feeling is growing amongst us, whether the new philosophy, to which the Germans profess to owe it, be known to any number of us or not, that the objective exercise of religion must be directed far more specifically than it has been, to the *person* of the Saviour, and less stringently to the minutiae of doctrine. But we should fall into a serious error, did we look on doctrinal forms as of little moment, or even the treatment of what is called its objective matter as having little connection with the inner-man. We believe that the powerful influence the grand object of faith has exerted on our people, has in no small degree been owing to that frame-work of general doctrine, in which we have been accustomed to see him set forth to our contemplation. Our author himself ascribes much of the robust energy of character which belongs to Scotchmen, to their stern Calvinism; and he even asserts that we are determined wholly by practical interests in favour of the peculiarities he notices in our doctrinal system; from our reverence for the Word of God, springs our theory of literal inspiration; from our abhorrence of Pelagianism, springs our doctrine of predestination; and the same practical feeling, he intimates, has the tact and power to make us sist all further speculation regarding the consequences of this or any similar doctrine, whenever it ceases to have any interest in, or begins to fear, the results. Subjective religion has even thus a deep interest in even such doctrines as election, which seem furthest removed from a direct exhibition of the Saviour; and in being occupied with which, we seem most exclusively objective. An earnest Christian feeling, it seems, evokes them, demands them, presides over them, and nourishes itself by them. To it they may owe their existence, and to it pertains the power, it would appear, whenever their conclusions threaten to become dangerous or absurd, however logically they may think they are evolving themselves, of calling an effectual halt.

What our author charges on our theology generally, as its fault, most will allow some truth in, when he says, "In the Scotch handling of dogma, there is a strong striving after a clear, logical, well-defined unfolding of the substance of doctrine, by which indeed is obtained, formally considered, a most perfect division and mapping of single doctrines, but an abstract, formally intellectual, and somewhat juridical colouring, is given to the doctrinal system as a whole. That unity of the divine and human, which is so deeply seated in the experience of faith, and yet vanishes in abstract thinking, can in this systematic way be less easily apprehended than in any other; and the result accordingly is, that all the difficulties presented to abstract thinking, by the doctrines of sin and free-will, of the divine decree and human responsibility, must present themselves only the more strongly."—A good deal of influence over our theology, in producing that unbending combative attitude, which it maintains towards a multitude of nice divergencies from orthodoxy, is traced, not so much to our views of inspiration, as to our Confession, which, composed at a later period than the other important confessions of the reformed church, and with a silent reference to controversies through

which she had passed, was framed in a manner to meet the slightest approaches to error, and draw the bounds of orthodoxy as narrowly and exactly as possible. He seems to have watched, with some curiosity, the zeal with which the most stringent view of inspiration is defended by our theological gladiators. He very quietly says, as if he could enjoy himself without much ado about it,—“The opinion, that there is any essential distinction between one part of scripture and another, and in particular, between the Old and New Testaments, is earnestly opposed. There is an essay in the United Presbyterian Church Magazine, which places inspiration in the same relation to the sacred writings, in which dictation stands to a letter written by an amanuensis; and yet the essayist has failed to please the Free Church Witness, because the expression has dropped from him, that the authors of the sacred volume *in general*, and of the New Testament *in particular*, so wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. This his critic condemns, as placing the New Testament, in point of inspiration, before the Old. In every respect, this is a delicious morsel to be carried home by an evangelical German. Yet bricks have been carried away, which would give a worse specimen of Babylon. We do not wonder to find him, nor does he seem to wonder to find us, rejecting such attempts as those of Dr. Davidson,—he mentions him alone; Dr. Hampden, and Dr. Pusey in his first work, are others of the same tendency,—to introduce a distinction between the local and temporary in the contents of Scripture, and what is doctrinal. Such a distinction he calls *mechanical*; and certainly it is only through a less artificial and more spiritual mode of contemplating the subject, that the scientific theologian can overcome satisfactorily its difficulties, or return to an intelligent, conscientious adherence to the broad ground of the doctrine of the Church. He refers to the witness of the Spirit, on which ultimately the divinity of the Gospel must come to rest, according to our standards; and he shows what importance was attributed to this evidence by Dr. Candlish, in a lecture given to the students of Edinburgh; but he accepts this only as evincing a consciousness on the part of such men, that the foundations of the old doctrine will not suffice in these days of doubt and questioning; and he urges, that such evidence may satisfy every believer, of the divine origin of the scheme of salvation which the Bible reveals, but that it does nothing to prove *full inspiration*, or the infallibility of everything contained in it; and that something else must be done to point out what relation this inward witness bears to science, and how it establishes the heart when assailed with its objections.

Much of what our author says we must pass over, as it is only expository, being only designed to give his countrymen a correct idea of the state of theological opinion in this land, and containing of course nothing new for us; we only mean to reproduce some of his criticisms on what thus passes under his eye, in order that we may understand the position in which we stand to the theology of a country, with which we have such close and extensive spiritual communication as we now have with Germany. When speaking of the person and work of Christ, he says,—

"As to the doctrine about Christ now, as the mediator of the new covenant, and unfold of the whole divine counsel in general, the confession repeats the common doctrinal statements of the church, regarding the unity of the persons; and, in accordance with the Protestant creed, describes his mediatorial work as consisting in rendering full satisfaction to the righteousness of the Father, by perfect obedience, and the sacrifice of himself. In treatises on the latter doctrine, the idea of active and passive obedience is fixedly held. Now and then, Scottish theologians themselves (as an essayist in the *Free Church Magazine* does,) may be found speaking of their theory of redemption, as that of Anselm; but that can proceed only from ignorance of what Anselm's theory really is. The Grotian theory of redemption, of which Gemberg speaks, the author cannot remember to have met in any of their late theological or religious treatises. But since all consideration of the person of Christ is limited to the one point of its bearing on reconciliation through his righteousness or his sacrifice, the prominent exhibition of which as the saving principle of the Reformation was certainly of the utmost necessity and importance,—since all interest in theology, and the common religious feeling, is, with a certain exclusiveness, concentrated upon this. Another important element is most strikingly kept out of view—the significance, which the union of the divine and human in Christ continually has, even for the subjective redemption of the individual; for the actual uniting of man with him and with God. It wears the appearance as if indeed that union were nothing essential to the Son of God, but as if, in the assumption of human nature, he had taken to himself something wholly external and alien to him, only necessary for the act of redemption, accomplished once for all; while the advancing salvation and sanctification of individuals is, without further reference to his God-man personality, to be referred wholly to a work of the Spirit. The God-man thus appears simply as the temporal mediator of the eternal counsel of God; and when with this is connected that opinion held by them, regarding the connection between the Old and New Testaments, according to which this counsel essentially revealed to God's chosen people under the law, this finally leads to the conception that, by the real influence first issuing from the person of the incarnate Son of God as such, we are not warranted to understand anything specifically different from the earlier workings of the Spirit of God.—In connection with this, we may be able to explain the fact, that in Scotland, prayer is so seldom heard addressed to the person of the Saviour, and that in preaching, the revelation of the Son of God in the flesh, the human history of the Saviour, is very little treated of."

After a reference to the doctrine of the Confession on *faith*, which gives him occasion to remark, that he thinks we err by adopting the psychological falsehood, that the faith which really has Christ, can be present in all its extent before repentance; and some remarks on our Christian ethics, and amongst other things, on marriage and divorce, which lead him to express his surprise to find us holding the law of Moses, respecting the degrees of relationship within which marriage is forbidden, as still binding; he comes to the subject of the Sabbath. The mode in which he saw the sanctification of it enforced and observed amongst us, he hesitates not to condemn by implication, as inconsistent with Christian freedom. Yet he candidly adds, "It is true, that earnest conscientious sanctification of the Sabbath must fill us with a feeling of shame, when we contrast with it, that abuse of Christian freedom which elsewhere prevails." We should think, from the statements of many, that

our rigid Sabbath observance was a great evil, and that we should, on passing beyond the limits of our own land, be at once struck by some delightful contrast ; but we rather find that it is to others the delight and surprise are appointed, whenever they enter Scotland ; and that they cannot repress their conviction, that we have in our Sabbath, something they need to have, but which they strive in vain to discover how to secure, without the adoption of that sabbatical doctrine, which too often, like this Köstling, they affect to look down on with an air of scorn. Yet he cannot avoid confessing the great abuse among his countrymen, of what he calls Christian freedom ; and he allows, that it is rebuked by our conduct, in what he would call unchristian bondage. And in this he is not peculiar ; he is only giving expression to the feeling of all truly good men who visit us from fatherland. What strikes them all is the holiness of the day amongst us ; when they look back on their home, what have they to remember with heaviness of its Sabbath, is its excessive wickedness. The most vehement lamentations over this, may not unfrequently be found on the part of German Christians, who are by no means disposed to adopt the only remedy. We do not find them describing a German Sabbath in the light fascinating colours in which some late tourists would present it to us ; but in the darkest, as a day in which the few hours which most contrive to snatch from their pitiless bodily slavery, is, as we might expect, for the most part spent in the lowest indulgences. One Kraussold, in an essay on the Lord's day, in a late Number of Harlesse's Protestant Journal, though he attempts to found its sanctity on independent grounds, and subjects the common arguments in behalf of it to, we shall candidly admit, the acutest criticism we ever read upon them, yet sets out with thus strongly deploring the present state of things. "Celebrated is the day, aye, celebrated as a carnal festival, but sanctified certainly it is not ! A minuter description of what is meant is superfluous. Would to God it were not. But one might well affirm, without any overweening boldness, that in that one day which should be sanctified, there is more sin committed among us, than in all the other days of the week put together ; and it is greatly to be wondered at, that this is not far more generally lamented and deplored than it is." Such revelations are much needed ; and deserve especially to be deeply pondered by those, if any such there can be, who have been at all affected by the statements of certain characters, who dare to pretend, for their unhallowed ends, great familiar acquaintance with the vice, which, in Scotland, a godly population shames into unseen hiding-places on our holy day. We need no one to issue from its orgies, to tell us that this secret wickedness must be rioting ; but it would betray an inconceivable ignorance of the evil tendencies of the depraved heart, and of the actual state of things in other lands, to believe that any remedy is to be found for it, in the relaxing the sanctity of that day, which alone has power to frown it out of countenance.

To Herr Köstling our theology is as destitute of learning as of freedom and spirituality. Of our works on the Church, and on the Puseyite controversy, he pronounces they stand very low, and, what we are less surprised at, of our eschatology,—our treatises on the second advent, mil-

lennium, &c., he declares that a scientific theology will look in vain, in that whole field, for anything worthy of its notice. The chief parts of his judgment on our theological literature, and some of the causes determining the character he ascribes to it, are the following paragraphs.—

“The mode of viewing religious and theological subjects, which has met us in our review, is to be explained, as we have already said, from the late religious impulse, which has thrown new energy into the old principles of the Scottish Reformation, without, however, the intervention of any theological science, to lay hold on them in an independent manner, expand them, and build them up anew. Irrespective of the fact, new forms of theological doctrine could not be expected to be matured during the great Ecclesiastical conflict. The progress of Scottish Theology has all along been greatly crippled by the very close relationship, in Scotland, existing between the general religious convictions of men, and theological science; the deep interest taken by all the members of the Church in theological questions, and their results, and the earnestness wherewith all set themselves to watch over the purity of their creed. There is no people amongst whom theological ideas are so extensively circulated, who are so familiar with theological subjects, or with whom they are so frequently the subject of conversation; and if, on the one hand, this has the advantage accompanying it, that science is thus quickened with life, in contact with the prevalent religious feeling of the people, and maintains a state of harmony with it in its results, it has, on the other hand, the manifest disadvantage, that whenever the public identifies any idea with the essence of faith, the slightest departure of science from the fixed dogmatical form, is apt to be at once denounced as apostacy from the faith; especially in the case of a people so zealous as the Scotch, and so prone to insist on firmly settled and logically defined doctrinal forms, and preserve their authority in the Church. A similar detrimental influence, in a scientific point of view, must be exerted by the nature of their theological curriculum, and the limited time assigned it. No wonder if, throughout it, attention is found concentrated on that which has the closest bearing on the immediate calling of the preacher, on doctrine namely; and directed to other things only, so far as related to this. Their theological literature partakes of the same character. We should soonest of all expect a free development for historical Theology, as that stands so closely connected with dogma, and must be felt most important to every theologian; yet Scottish authors have never extended their efforts hitherto beyond their own Church, to an independent elaboration of general church history; and even here, as might be expected, are strongly influenced by their peculiar dogmatical tendency. As to Biblical exposition, all criticism of the sacred writings has its course directed, from first to last, by the first principles of their creed. In their very formal and extremely expansive mode of treating Theology, the lectures of Dr. Hill, a leader of the moderate party, mild in his doctrinal principles, but attached to the gospel; and those of Dr. Dick, a member of a strong Secession community, are esteemed the chief works. The former enjoy the greatest celebrity; but I was struck by the hesitation I found, both on the part of the theologians of the State Church, and the Free Church, to recommend them to me, as means of obtaining a full acquaintance with Scottish Theology. Of late, posthumous lectures by Dr. Chalmers have been published, distinguished by the clearness, freshness, and splendour, which are this man's grand characteristics; but they suffice to shew that he opened up no new scientific path. We have already remarked how destitute their Ethics are of independent scientific form. The general principles of Ethics are committed to a moral philosophy; and, severed from them, the specifically Christian ideas are to be sought for in

their dogmatics. Of a fully formed science of pastoral Theology, there has as yet been so little thought, that no chair has been founded for it in any Scotch University."

He notices some of the heresies which, in some churches in Scotland, have sprung up, side by side, with that stronger inculcation of the Calvinism of the Reformation to which all parties are returning:—

"But with respect to the excessively defective condition of the Theology of the Scotch Presbyterians, it is not to be overlooked, on the other hand, that it embodies elements of late, in sufficient measure, especially taken in connection with the great agitation of the whole religious, ecclesiastical, nay national life of the people, to necessitate a further development of theological science. Precisely in those communities which have determined to hold the church dogma most firmly, has it first of all been assailed; and a tendency has asserted itself, in opposition to its rigid enforcement, which, not contented with this, has even passed over to the opposite extreme. New in itself this tendency is not; it has the old Arminian character; and what doctrines it propounded, had already prevailed in the Presbyterian Churches of North America;—that, namely, the work of Christ has respect to all mankind, that every one has by nature the power to believe, and that regeneration first follows faith as its effect. It is a striking fact, that the introduction of such doctrines into Scotland was coincident with the renewed establishment of an abstract Calvinism, as if this must always be accompanied by its counterpart in an abstract intellectual Arminianism. In 1846, a young clergyman of the Free Church, was accused of teaching in his discourses, that faith is simply an intellectual act, that there is no natural inability on the part of man to understand spiritual things, and that he appeared to deny altogether the subjective operation of the Holy Spirit. In his defence he manifested a remarkable confusion of thought on obligation, faith, &c. Yet more strongly had the same tendency, before this, appeared in the United Secession Church, now joined with the Relief Church, in the United Presbyterian Church. Morison, a clergyman of this Church, had taken offence at the limitation assigned by the common doctrine of predestination to the death of Christ. With three other clergymen he was expelled. The question, however, caused great excitement. The treatises before us, which it called forth, are remarkable specimens of the rigid formal manner in which dogmatical principles are apprehended; and shew that those, whose views have essentially diverged from those most prevalent, have been incapable of bringing themselves to a really new living mode of conception. Two of their professors, Balmer and Brown, were also accused of holding the doctrine of Universal Atonement, and that they had made heretical assertions respecting the extent of the condemnation which has passed on all men from Adam. The latter point was fallen from. The Synod enjoined the disuse of the ambiguous terms, '*universal*,' and '*limited atonement*;' the professors abjured all Arminian error on the doctrine of Salvation; and, as positive doctrine, held alike by all, it was declared, that the Redeemer, when he accomplished redemption, stood in a special relation to the elect, bore a special love to them, and secured to them, and to them alone, salvation; that he moreover at the same time, by his obedience, rendered such a perfect satisfaction to Divine justice, as to lay thereby a foundation for a full offer of salvation unto all mankind. Any one may see that there is not the slightest progress made here, towards the solving of any difficulty, or removal of any inherent contradiction pertaining to this subject. Even the attempt of Dr. Brown to define more accurately the latter principle, by saying, that all '*legal obstacles*' are taken out of the way of man's salvation, so that this can be freely offered to

all, is perfectly futile ; inasmuch as, between God and the non-elect, the barrier of their own will remains, which opposes the reception of the offered saving grace. But people were glad, in this way, by new formally defined principles, to end the conflict, into which a practical interest was falling with a doctrine of the Church."

Such controversies are to Herr Köstlin a premonition of the keen inquiries, which we may immediately expect to find directed to doctrinal subjects. He may be mistaken both as to our present and our future, but it must be confessed, the Germans have rather a knack at reading the course and tendencies of history. The ready and extensive reception found amongst us for many works of his countrymen's Theology, could not escape his notice ; but there are some things which seem to damp his joy, and moderate the good hopes he entertains regarding us on this account. These works, he finds, are mostly in the departments of exegesis and church history. They are all authors only of a believing tendency, that enjoy any repute. "We say of a *believing tendency* ; for whatever cannot be ranked decidedly as belonging to this, whatever, to use a common expression of the day, falls in the slightest to the left of Schleiermacher, is classed, without further ado, with *rationalism* and *neology*, and thrown aside as utterly useless." He is oppressed with a foolish dogged antipathy he found cherished by us, against all German philosophical speculation which transcends the firm grounds of faith and experience. "For this the Scotch shew uncommonly little susceptibility. Chalmers rather gave utterance to the general feeling of his countrymen, when, evidently without any personal acquaintance with it, he gruffly said, he knew not what good was to be got from German philosophy." Clergymen he met, who were extensively acquainted with German Theology, but destitute of thorough sympathy with it ; and who could not repress their astonishment, that Evangelical Germans were so prone to Sabellian views regarding Christ, and to the idea of a restitution of all things. He wonders at the repute which Mosheim still enjoys, whose history, to his immense astonishment, he found in a retired Highland inn, provided with other books in general literature, for the perusal of the guests. Morell's "Philosophy of Religion" he looks on as presenting Schleiermacher's fundamental principles, in a superficial and diluted form ; but he does not seem to be well pleased that it is not objected to on this ground, but on a rigid principle, which is essentially opposed to Schleiermacher's views themselves. But he is firmly convinced, that it is only in a deeper philosophical grounding, a larger acquaintance with, and heartier appreciation of, German Theology, that our faith is to be saved from destruction, from the heavy assaults which he sees preparing for it. He heartily acknowledges the universal return of Scottish Christians from the evil tendencies of former times ; but he looks on it as a manifestation of weakness, and as also a source of future peril, that this has issued in such a stringent subjection, as it has done, to the systematic views of the Reformers and the old Confessions. "This happened through a very essential distinction, between the mode in which an Evangelical reaction against the spirit of the old Moderatism was effected in Scotland, and the mode of the contemporaneous German

development. In that country there appeared nowhere amongst the opponents of rigid orthodoxy, men who, with a genuine interest in Christian faith, sought, with deeper theological labour, to break through the old forms of the same, in order to seize the substance in a more vital manner; hence the religious revival, in a dogmatic respect, just resulted in a return to the firmly established standards of orthodoxy; a return destitute of all scientific mediation, and accomplished immediately through the impulse of practical religious necessities alone." In due time, however, and in a manner the more clamant, the more ardent has been the previous religious excitement, something else than a mere temporary practical interest will demand to be attended to, he thinks. *Science must be satisfied.* As yet, there has been felt no necessity for mediating between it and faith; at least nothing like the same extent to which this must be felt, in the days of outward tranquillity which have now supervened; and unless a reconciliation with it be sought and effected immediately, faith will suffer greatly from its hostility, in the conflict we are to anticipate. We conclude, in the meantime, with the words in which he warns us to turn to the arsenal of Germany, for the armour of which he sees us destitute; and we shall wait for another opportunity of inquiring what it is, which, with their great abhorrence of the letter, and pretensions to greater ground of security, Evangelical Germans really have preserved to us.

"Scottish Theology has before it a course of hitherto unheard of developments, and a rich harvest of results to reap; and a deep ethical feeling will preserve it at least, in its future history, from all misleading groundless speculations. It is however wanting, as yet, in an elastic apprehension of dogma; so that every thing which does not exactly coincide with this, is hardly reckoned deserving of being overcome by argument, but is rather at once cast out as evil; one consequence of which is, that there is far greater danger in Scotland than elsewhere, of the whole foundations of the gospel becoming shaken in public opinion, whenever it comes to doubt of any one element in the church dogmatical system. The time, then, may not be far distant, when, for the exigencies of such conflicts as may then arise, believing Scotchmen will gratefully acknowledge their obligations to a German Theology, which seeks to apprehend the shaking faith scientifically; as Germans, on their part, have always acknowledged, and will yet acknowledge, the elevating influence which Scotland's religious Ecclesiastical activity, and her energetic faith, must, at present, exert upon all religiously disposed contemporaries."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION.*

THIS is a book which professes to produce new and convincing evidence for the divine origin of the Christian religion. It is written by a man who was, or professes to have been, a sceptic on this point, after he came to the ordinary maturity of a cultivated understanding, and after

* The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation; a Book for the Times. By an American Citizen. New Edition. London and Edinburgh.

having been ' conversant with the common evidences of Christianity.' But though he, and a friend equally sceptical, ' thought themselves willing to be convinced by sufficient evidence,' none of the books they studied, it seems, ' convinced their minds of the divine origin of the Christian religion.' He resolved, however, to examine for himself, and in the course of several years, his mind led him into the path of investigation, which he has designated by the title prefixed above, and he considers it to be ' the only true method to settle the question in the minds of all intelligent inquirers.'

The book, then, comes before us with high professions and high claims. It professes to have struck out a new and overpowering light of evidence, which convinced a mind, desirous of arriving at the truth, on a most important point, but which all previous demonstrations had failed to satisfy, and to be calculated to produce the same effect upon every other intelligent reader's mind. It calls for attention, therefore, both on account of the subject itself, and the nature of the claim to originality, which we have no doubt the author conscientiously believes to be well founded.

But before we begin to notice the argument itself, we have some preliminary remarks to make, which are naturally suggested by the author's professed motives, which he here publishes to all the world. We would be unwilling to charge him with the arrogance of supposing, that he has seen more clearly than all other great men who have directed the powers of their mind to the inquiry, the very process by which the Author of revelation designed it, to gain admittance into every intelligent understanding. We will give him credit for knowing, or conjecturing, that the kinds or qualities of intellect, the idiosyncracies of mind, are nearly, or altogether, as infinitely diversified as the individuals of the human family. We will give him credit for believing that all the authors who have written treatises on the same subject, were as firmly and conscientiously convinced as he is, of the soundness of the mode of their reasoning, and of the conclusiveness of their proof. In other words, we trust that he has not the self-complacency of supposing that every other treatise upon the evidences for the truth of Christianity but his own, is inconclusive and unsatisfactory, and ought to be set aside.

We take it for granted, upon an authority which the author will not now call in question, that ' the evil heart' is the origin of all unbelief and all scepticism. This may show itself in a pride of intellect, which will be a law or rule of thinking and acting for itself, as instanced in the cases of such men as Hume, and Gibbon, and Franklin, and the infidel philosophers of the French school. We know of some of these men, and we have reason to believe of them all, that they never turned over the pages of the Bible, except for the purpose of seeking out some objection, to confirm them in the inveteracy of their scepticism. It may show itself in a hardened aversion to the known spirit of Christianity, which is in everything at antagonism with the spirit of this evil heart. These men have an utter disrelish to all that Christianity lays down as the only source of a happy and perfect life ; all their happiness consists in the indulgence of those passions and those ways which it condemns with the severest displeasure. It would be very inconvenient for them to find the Bible

all true, and those the only truly intelligent men, whom they despise and hate as stupid and canting fanatics. With them the old principle holds, *quod volumus facile credimus*, and they become sceptics by necessity or expediency; that is, they know nothing, and resolve to know nothing, of the matter. Were the demonstrations set before them as convincingly as that of any of the propositions of Euclid, they would not be persuaded,—they would not see it. They are intellectually blind, not because they have not mental eyes like other men, but because they shut them upon the clearest light that can be cast upon them.

We have met and argued with men of both descriptions, as most others have done; and it is both painful and instructive to find how utterly blind and insensible they are, or *pretend to be*, to the clearness and force of reasons which have convinced the greatest minds. They have resolved not to be persuaded as yet, and therefore no argument will convince them that they are foolishly unreasonable.

We have no data in this book, from which we can class the American citizen under the one or other of these categories of sceptics. We rather would be inclined to think, that while he was in what he calls his sceptic condition of mind, he was living in that wavering state of mental indifference, in which, without a positive belief or disbelief of the religion of revelation, the clearest and strongest processes of reasoning on the subject may be set before the mind, and even studied as an intellectual exercise, without producing any serious impression,—any practical effect. We have no doubt that there are thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of such a character, who may be met with everywhere, who occasionally go to churches, and hear sermons, and relish them if there is anything attractive, and may, like our author in his sceptic state, read Butler, and Paley, and Chalmers, &c., and yet be as indifferent and sceptical as before. They may say, like our author, that they think themselves willing to be convinced, but the real truth is, that their minds are in such an apathetic, or quiescent, or sleepy state, that they are not in a condition in which conviction or persuasion is a matter of moral possibility, or at least of moral probability.

These may be considered as very obvious or trite remarks; neither would we have made them, had not the author's whole bearing produced on our minds the conviction, that, previously to his engaging in serious inquiry, his mind was in this adiaborous state in regard to the paramount claims of Christianity upon the deepest and most solemn attention of man. He does not inform us what roused him out of his dreamy scepticism, or made him turn his mind in active and reflective investigation into the subject. It may have been a serious friend, as he hints of such an one having recommended him to read books; it may have been the effect of the evaporating of the idle fumes of youthful presumption or superior wisdom; it may have been some of those serious warnings, which the death of friends, or personal sufferings, or sickness, very frequently bring to make men at last reflect that life and time, and death and eternity, are subjects about which all of us ought some time or other to have our mind settled upon solid principles. When the study is commenced in such an earnest spirit as this, and with a serious desire

to be satisfied us to the truth of revelation, we say that its nature and its evidence are such that there can be only one result, and one conclusion to which the investigation must lead. In multitudes of cases, perhaps in every case of the kind, the conviction may flash at once on the mind, like the discovery of a sublime truth in science, or a beautiful truth in mathematics, while the process by which the mind evolves the language or the steps of the evidence, or collects and arranges them, or sets them down on paper, may require months or years.

Such seems to us to have been the way in which this author gradually arrived at the construction of his "*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.*" When he began to think seriously, he did not return to those books of evidences which he had previously read without any good effect, because his mind was not in a state to be affected; but he went to the volume of revelation itself, and read it as its own best witness, as likely to contain within itself the materials of its own best evidence. Others have done the same in all ages, from the days of the early apologists for Christianity, whose minds were trained to the process of reasoning in the porch and the gardens of Academus, to the days of Lyttleton and Scane Jenyns. We do not say that one of those writers grounded their convictions upon insufficient evidence. We do not say that one of them, or all of them taken together, exhausted the whole evidence, or digested it into a system of divine philosophy, or made it so perfect that nothing can be added. We are of the opinion of an eloquent and powerful writer of the author's country, that the more Christianity is developed in its adaptations to all the various circumstances and relations of society, in all its stages of progress and degrees of civilisation, so much the more will it prove itself divinely contrived by infinite wisdom for the perfection of man. We do not quarrel, then, with this author for the course of proof which he follows, or the name which he gives to his book. It is valuable in this respect, as it is one of the multifarious ways by which a serious inquirer may come to satisfy himself. Were it altogether original in the conception, and in the process of evolving his demonstration, or showing his philosophy, we would not wonder at it; we would only say it is another proof of the analogy between the boundless richness of the works of revelation and the works of creation. In the one and the other, discoveries may be made of brighter and more glorious views for countless generations to come, and yet we may then only be beginning to see something of the vastness, the completeness, and the wonderful harmony of the plan in both.

From these remarks it will be seen, that we do not believe that the process of argument followed by our author was that by which he brought his mind, previously in a state of scepticism or unbelief, into one of sincere conviction; or that he was a theoretical unbeliever until he brought the series of his arguments to a close. The argument drawn from the history of redemption, as a plan devised and superintended by divine wisdom and providence, in the various modes of its dispensations or developments, is a very satisfactory way of proving that it could not possibly be of human contrivance. Any one who is able or willing to trace it out in all its bearings and eras, must have his mind confirmed in this belief; and the

more he studies it in all its yet undetected and unthought of adaptations as they are daily arising, will find his convictions become stronger and more incapable of being moved on the point. Peter, and Paul, and Stephen, in their speeches to Jews and Gentiles, most frequently made use of this plain method of proof. Each of the four gospels is a specimen of it to a greater or less extent, and each in a peculiar way. The epistle to the Romans, and that to the Hebrews, with peculiarities adapted to the minds of the people whom the apostle wishes to persuade, are beautiful and perfect models, if we may venture to make use of such language, of this kind of argument. In the one case the whole history and experience of heathen human nature are appealed to, and adduced to prove the necessity and suitableness of the scheme of the gospel as a divine remedy. In the other, the whole of the preparatory dispensation, in all its framework and in all its aspects, is adduced to show that it was intended to have, and must have, its full evolution in the same Gospel; that without such a consummation it was incomplete, material, beggarly, adapted to children yet to be instructed by a slow and gradual process, and therefore imperfect. Now these, we say, are examples of the modern inductive mode of proof. We do not say that the learned apostle of the Gentiles was trained in the schools of Tarsus, or Athens, or Alexandria, or even at the feet of Gamaliel, to practise a mode of reasoning different from the theoretic of Aristotle, or the idealism of Plato; but we do venture to say that he has set before us two aspects, and two applications, of the 'philosophy of the plan of salvation.' Laying aside for the time the assumption, that there can be no fallacy in his principles, and no error in his reasoning, we may assert, without reflecting any disparagement on the intellectual ability of the American citizen, that they are as perfect specimens of conclusive reasoning, and as striking expositions of the philosophy and reasonableness of Christianity, as those of this author of the new world.

We would be sorry to be suspected of bantering or trifling upon such a subject, or of being capable of doing so. We have no objection that our American brethren should untrammel themselves of the old fetters of the schools, when these cramp and confine the intellect. We have no objection that they should cast aside effete and anile forms of conventional prosing and twaddle, which have been too common in religious books, from Papias down to many Papists and Protestants in our own day. We shall be rejoiced to see them follow out in intellectual matters their own favourite national maxim of 'going a-head.' We have a kind of a notion that it may be some generations hence, and that when the national mind shall have been fully 'feathered and fledged,' it will be able for a bolder heavenward flight than it has yet taken, or shown itself capable of taking. America has produced men of great power of intellect, but all of them are cast in the mould, and have sucked the intellectual milk, of the old world. Their Icarian flights have been taken only by the aid of the Daedalion wings of their father, and it is in the nature of things and of men, that, in the juvenile buoyancy of their soaring, they should occasionally, or frequently, encounter the Icarian fate, and plunge headlong. It is a hard lesson to teach men who are

very self-confident, and much inclined to pride, to learn to be humble, to know their weakness, as the best or only way to become strong. We scarcely know whether in this respect we are entitled to say of our transatlantic brethren, even that they have the 'pride that apes humility, or that they are in the condition of the youth whose ideas are beginning to expand, and enable him to move without intellectual leading-strings, only wishing, as Young sarcastically remarks, that 'their fathers were more wise.' We will not follow out the rest of the trite quotation, but hope that they will yet learn to bring down the 'high thoughts and proud imaginations that exalt themselves.' When they shall do this, and know themselves, if human nature in such circumstances as theirs, or in any circumstances, is capable of knowing itself, and estimating itself aright, if they commence aright and start fair, and beware of the moral intoxication to which we have alluded, they may be prepared to run a career, and take a flight onward and upward, far more transcendental than any that has hitherto been taken by the uninspired human intellect. We hope this, we expect it, we know at least that there are elements of a probable perfectibility in the nature of man, though disrupted and disorderly, and there are the exhaustless means of progress within his reach. It is possible, and men in communities and nations must believe it to be so before they make the attempt. Our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have a sufficient degree of self-confidence to believe that, in almost everything, they have already started from the vantage-ground, which all the past experience and observation of six thousand years have recorded and methodised for them. Future ages will know whether the 'go a-head' be the blundering haste of rash inexperience, or the confident exercise of proved strength and disciplined wisdom.

These remarks have been suggested by reading this book, and we have now to substantiate their accuracy, as we think we can easily do, by laying before our readers the line of proof followed by the author of the '*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*.' The general positions or postulates of his moral philosophy of human nature, are these:—

"Man is a religious being—he will worship. By worshipping, he becomes assimilated to the moral character of the object which he worships. The Gods of the worship of all nations were patrons and examples of sensuality and crime of all kinds. There were no means within the reach of human power or wisdom, by which man could extricate himself from the evil of idolatry, either by an immediate or progressive series of efforts."

The problem to be wrought out, then, is this,—“Man must be delivered from this evil influence by means adapted to his nature and circumstances—that is, by placing a pure object of worship before him, and that presented with such a power as to counteract the antagonist corrupt influence.”

These are the materials out of which the plan of deliverance was to be constructed, or rather the ground-work, in confusion and ruin; upon which a philosophical system was to be erected. The author takes up his subject-matter of proof at that advanced period of its history, when the Israelites were in the bondage of Egypt, and increased to the numbers

of a nation. "Here they were so placed as to be united as one people, bound together, like the American States, when they were struggling for their liberty. They are represented as without knowledge of, or attachment to, any system or form of government. In relation to knowledge of any kind, their mind was almost a *tabula rasa*. But man, as presently constituted, cannot believe that a religion has a divine origin, unless it be accompanied by miracles. The miracles of Egypt were designed, as a progressive series, to prove that Jehovah was the only true God. This was done, and then the affections of the nation were gained by deliverance from Egyptian bondage." Then we have the author's theory of inculcating on the *tabula rasa* of the Hebrew mind, abstract ideas of holiness and morality, of which, from the material character of their language, he conceives they must have been totally ignorant. "This was done by the rites and ceremonies of the worship instituted on Sinai. In the same manner was the idea of God's justice, or the evil of sin, communicated by penalties annexed to transgression of positive laws, and ideas of mercy, by the consent to transfer the punishment, in certain cases, to the head of the sacrificed animal."

These are the elements of the 'philosophy' by which the author satisfies himself, that principles sufficient to counteract all the corrupting effects of idolatry were impressed on the national mind of the Israelites. But it was only an elementary system, they were only a model nation on a small scale, a kind of Normal School, in which an infantile and introductory training was necessary, and therefore adopted. But how was the system to be perfected, how was it to be rendered universal? With them, and as it was, it could be only local and limited. After they had been purified of idolatry and its abominations, and instructed as school-masters for the rest of the families of mankind, they were scattered among all the nations of the world, to prepare them for a purer worship and morality. But when Jesus Christ at last exhibited the perfect model of human nature, the whole frame-work of the old economy was destroyed. The medium of conveying such instruction as was necessary, is in such a model character, and by language which man can understand. He shews, by an examination of the character of Christ in the points of humility, of righteousness, of benevolence, as the true sources of happiness, that it was perfect. This whole scheme of the philosophy of salvation is brought into contact with the soul by faith, which governs the conscience and affections. The self-denial and suffering, for the purpose of delivering us from expected or certain misery, are the means continued to produce faith and affectionate obedience. They are as powerful in the moral, as the physical law of attraction is in the material world. From its nature, and the nature of man, this plan is calculated to be universal, and the human means of prayer, praise, preaching, and the divine means, in the work of the Spirit, are calculated to produce the designed effect.—The concluding chapter gives a few instances of the salutary effects of faith upon the conduct of individuals brought under its influence; and his closing words are—"The religion of the Bible is from God, and divinely adapted to produce the greatest present and eternal spiritual good of the human family; and if any one should

doubt its divine origin, still, be the origin of the gospel where it may, in heaven, earth, or hell, the demonstration is conclusive—that it is the only religion possible for man, in order to perfect his nature, and restore his lapsed powers to harmony and holiness.”

This is an analysis of ‘The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.’ It is as full as our limits permit, and as fair as we can make it. We have heard that this book has produced a great sensation among the reading public; that it is considered as a powerful and original treatise, worthy to be classed along with Butler’s *Analogy*, and the works of the great minds in English theological literature. We are by no means inclined to form any such high estimate of the work. We do not deny that the author shews some ingenuity in his reasoning, and that the various steps are consecutive and conclusive from the premises. The author states, that it has produced a favourable change in the views of several sceptics of intelligence, into whose hands it was put. We do not doubt the fact. We grant that it is written in a way calculated to make such men reflect, and the author’s own experience shews him, that when he began to reflect, and read the Bible itself with serious attention, the result was, a conviction that the whole was one plan, and that it must have had a divine origin. We never doubted, and we cannot doubt, that every man who will do so must come to the same conclusion. Making the supposition that the Bible is the work of the divine wisdom, the *a priori* inference we would draw is, that it must be its own best witness—must contain within itself a proof or demonstration of its origin. Another striking and great fact is, that the number of books written to prove that divine authority, by men of such different modes of thinking, and who have all taken views, more or less different, of the evidence which was conclusive with them, shews that the Bible is instinct and pervaded with a light and a power of its own, and will communicate these wherever, and in whatever way, men approach it with minds ready and prepared to receive them. This little treatise is another proof to the same effect; and, perhaps, we would have not taken the trouble of reviewing it, had it not come before us with such very high professions.—“The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation:” The very title bears, that the author supposes that he has entered into the council-chamber of divine wisdom, and has discovered and evolved the whole of the reasons and motives, if we may use such expressions, which influenced the eternal wisdom in the various stages of the economies of his providential government of this world. We question whether prophet or apostle, or angelic intelligence of the highest order, would venture to assume to himself such a privilege. We know that they profess only to know in part, and see through a glass darkly—we know that the plan bears on the face of it that it is only in progress, and we have reason to conclude, that its philosophy will not be fully understood till the close of its history, and the consummation of all things. We have every reason, then, to object most seriously to the assumption or presumption which the title bears on its face. Not that we would put unnecessary trammels on human intellect, or limit human inquiry on this awful subject. God has set his own revealed wisdom before us, in its progressive development, as he

has set his works of material creation before us—he has given us facilities to be improved to an unknown and unlimited extent by exercise upon both. But while we are encouraged and invited to exercise them with all energy, the more childlike diffidence we feel in our own weakness, and the narrowness of our own powers of vision to survey the whole, and conclude as to the very design of the all-wise Author, and the very course he followed, and the end he had in view, the more likely will we be to avoid falling into serious mistakes.

The author thinks he has systematised the philosophy of the Bible in a way that had never been thought of before, and on a plan that exhausts the subject, and sets it for ever in the only correct light. It will not take much labour to shew that there is a great deal in his argument that is not new, and a good deal that is far from being true.

We have no serious objection to his primary positions, that man is a religious being, and will, to a certain extent, regulate his character in act by the attributes which he believes belong to the being or beings which he worships. One of the Roman dramatists puts such an argument as this into the mouth of one of his dissolute characters, *quid ego homuncio, ut non mæchus aut ebrius sim, cum pater deum atque hominum, &c.* But we hold that it is not a settled point, whether the belief of a superior being, who has power to punish or reward man, is an original and innate principle, or a tradition derived from the first of the race. It is unnecessary to question the fact, however, as the belief itself is nearly universal, and some kind of acknowledgment of worship a matter of corresponding universality. But were we to adduce any proof that the fact of man's character, being necessarily influenced by that of the Gods he worships, was not a discovery, we would find it in every book that has been written on the subject. We have nothing to object to the reasoning on this point, in so far as the soundness of the argument is concerned, though we say that it has been far more strongly brought out in many authors than by the American.

The next fact or position, that 'man had no means of extricating himself from the evil of idolatry by any efforts of his own,' is no discovery of a new link or slip in the argument. We venture to say, that there is not a pulpit in Christendom since the days of the apostles, in which the hearers have not been taught age after age the necessity of a divine revelation to enlighten, and of a divine interference to deliver them; and as surely we know of no system of theology or treatise on the evidences of Christianity, in which the topic is not discussed in one shape or another. So much for the facts or principles which the author lays down as the ground-work of his essay. They are such staple elements or common-places on the subject, that we think it unnecessary to be more particular in proof than a bare assertion that such is the case. In carrying out his proof of the divine origin of the Christian salvation, the author expresses himself much dissatisfied with the 'false philosophy written concerning the subject of miracles'—we are left to guess whether by friends or foes, and he proposes to set it in a new and more convincing light. He sets out with the 'following statement:—' (we think the author's terms for abstract propositions particularly inaccurate or un-

felicitous, calling theoretical assertions, which must be substantiated by a statement of facts, by the name of facts and *statements*; but we let it pass with the remark, that one who holds himself to be so mathematically irrefragable in argument, should be somewhat more correct in his terminology)—‘the following *statement* is true beyond contradiction. Man cannot, in the present constitution of his mind, believe that religion has a divine origin, unless it be accompanied with miracles.’ Now, our readers will observe, that this assertion, which is set down as a ‘first truth,’ is directly inconsistent with the author’s leading fact, that ‘man is a religious being, and will worship, independently of any revelation, or of any miracle to convince him that there is a God who ought to be worshipped.’ We will set it down, however, to the inaccuracy of the writer’s thinking, or the looseness of his phraseology. We suppose he means that men who worship, however idolatrously and absurdly, and believe, however falsely, will not be convinced of the falsity of their belief and the absurdity of their conduct, without the evidence of miracles produced for that purpose. But our space does not allow us to analyze his argument from miracles, or to show how others have put it in a stronger light than he has. All that we have to say is, that though his propositions had been more logically blameless, and illustrated with more clearness and power of reasoning, there would have been no new contribution to the argument on the point. He passes by altogether, or at least alludes only incidentally, by way of illustration, to the argument from the great system, or rather series of systems of prophecy, which have ever appeared, and must appear, to every mind capable of reasoning, the most convincing and accumulating of all proofs, that the religion therewith connected and therein embodied is an emanation of infinite and divine intelligence. We cannot see anything new or particularly striking in the proofs he brings of the Messiahship of the Saviour—of his character, as adapted to raise and purify that of man—of his rejection and crucifixion by the Jews, because they did not find in him the person they expected—of the means established to make the doctrines of the Gospel universally known, and the suitableness of these for the accomplishment of the end in view. Any one who looks at the analysis we have given, will see that there is nothing new produced on any of these topics; and we think that, if he had read with candour and with unpreoccupied mind many admirable books by authors both of the old and new world on these topics, he would have found that his own views had been long ago anticipated and set in as strong a light. If he has read those books, and was not convinced by them, we must say that it was not because there was not the clearest light and the most demonstrative reason to be found there, but because his mind at the time was not prepared to admit the light or feel the force of the demonstration. We have no objections to his preferring his own views, and the process of reasoning by which he has shut himself up in the faith by what appears to him a perfect demonstration, or, as he calls it, ‘a series of independent demonstrations.’ This, we believe, is generally, or almost universally, the case with every one who writes a book or constructs a system. In such a case as his, it is generally done to confirm the mind

in a foregone conclusion. We trust that nothing will again shake his mind from its steadfastness. We trust that the book may do good to those who have not time—it may be, have not ability—to study and appreciate more perfect and elaborate treatises. Though his little volume is stereotyped, we may venture to hope that, for his own sake and for the sake of others, he will yet correct it, and supply its great deficiencies, correct its inaccuracies, and remove from it a number of false assumptions which we will now take the liberty to point out.

It will be seen that the weight of the author's argument is taken from a historical survey of God's interposition with the government of man, or a connected view of the successive dispensations in which he made himself known, and revealed his purposes of salvation. This, we have always thought, was a very important and striking way of viewing the subject. It was partially done by Edwards, in his 'History of Redemption,' and by other authors who have written, both before and since, on the old economy. Our author quotes Coleridge as saying that 'The Levitical economy is an enigma yet to be solved.' He believes that he has solved the enigma—has penetrated the depth of the Divine design, and has unravelled the philosophy of the system, and offers the clue to others, which led him out of the labyrinth of his scepticism. Here is the character which he gives of the Hebrews, as they were increasing into a nation in Egypt:—

"If the Jews were to be recipients of new instruction—to obey new laws, and to sustain new institutions, it would be desirable that their minds, so far as possible, should be in the condition of new material, occupied by little previous knowledge, and by no national prejudices against or in favour of governmental forms and systems. Now, in the case of the Jews, the habit of obedience had been acquired. They had no national predilections or prejudices arising from past experience. In relation to knowledge of any kind, their mind was almost a *tubula rasa*. They were as new material prepared to receive the moulding of a master-hand and the impress of a governing mind."

This certainly is an original view to take of the subject—it is the view upon which the whole almost of our author's reasoning is founded, and the philosophy of his plan constructed, but it is nearly as far as possible from being correct in fact. We learn, in chapter iv., p. 42, &c., what he means by the national mind being a blank sheet—that 'their minds were in the infancy of knowledge of God and human duty, about to take the first step in their progress.' In a future chapter he represents them, in accordance with this view, as totally destitute, and necessarily so, from the material character of their language of every abstract idea. According to him they had, and could have, no idea of the holiness and purity of God, and none of what this meant in man. They had no idea, and could have none, of his justice, or of the demerit of sin, and its hatefulness to God. They could, therefore, have no conception of mercy, or of the need of pardon, or of the substitution of an innocent victim for a guilty transgressor, who was to be passed by. We need scarcely use any process of argument from the facts of the sacred volume, to prove what a very erroneous view of the history and economy of God this is. What

in fact was the whole past history of the dealings of God with their fathers, and with the world, but the most emphatic and practical instruction on these very points? Did they not know the great fact, that God had condemned all mankind to death and suffering for the sin of their first parents? Had they not often heard of the sin and atheism of the old world, and of the destruction of all its inhabitants by the flood? Did they not get a lesson in regard to the evil of idolatry in the dispersion at Babel, in the call of Abraham from the land of idolators, in the doom of the idolatrous Canaanites? Did they not know of the destruction of the wicked cities of the plain, of the rejection of Esau for his profanity? Did they not possess, even from the very first of time, the rite of sacrifice, and know the distinction between clean and unclean animals? In short, the whole system of ideas, of which this author declares them necessarily ignorant, till they were set before them, and pressed home on their minds, by the ritual ceremonies of the law of Sinai, had been taught them since the very first. The rite of sacrifice was not then for the first time communicated to them, or its symbolical import explained. It was known to the Egyptians, and practised by them and all other nations, with the traditionary belief, however perverted or diverted from its true object among the idolatrous nations, that the mercy and favour of the gods whom they worshipped was thereby propitiated. In fact, the dispensation of Sinai was the fourth or fifth of the great manifestations, in a progressive and expanding series, which God had already made of the principles of his moral government of the world. In its principles, and in its details, it was more particular and more perfect than any that had gone before, because it was designed to characterize and separate the descendants of 'the friend of God, and father of the faithful,' henceforth from every other people, as a model people, consecrated to God as their present sovereign, their elected king, who dwelt in the midst of them. Their bondage in Egypt, we hold, was designed for a much higher object than merely to bind them together as a people "by interest, feelings, hopes, fears, by bondage, and by faith." Among other objects, it was designed to make known to them the vanity as well as abomination of idolatry,—to make them know that God was the ruler of all nations. It was to give the learned and civilized nation of the sons of Ham the opportunity of knowing the character and the worship of the true God—the God of the Hebrews. Had our author reflected, that, in the course of their history and discipline, this model people were brought into most intimate contact of a similar kind, and evidently for similar objects, with all the great empires of the civilized world, when they were in the splendour of their power, and the greatest advance in their knowledge, in succession,—of the race of Shem, as well as of the bolder and more enterprising race of Japhet in the times of the Greeks and Romans, he would have generalized his views on this point.

We do not say that the material framework of the economy of Sinai was not intended to inculcate constantly on the minds of the Israelites those ideas and sentiments which this author thinks he has for the first time discovered was its sole design to accomplish. It was intended, as every one who has thought or written on the subject knows, to digest

into a code, and to perpetuate, at least for a fixed time, observances of a very sacred though symbolical meaning, which had been long before enacted by the same authority, but which the tendency of man to degenerate had begun to corrupt, and even with the Israelites long afterwards continually threatened, in opposition to all instruction, to corrupt. We do not know whether Coleridge, if he had been yet alive, would have thought that the present author has solved the enigma of the Levitical economy, but to us he seems to have given a very meagre solution of the philosophy of that wonderful preparatory dispensation. Some of the observations are good, and some of the theories ingenious, and the reasoning, so far as it goes, may be correct; but we are far from thinking that the writer has fathomed the depth of the true theory of the *theocracy*. By this name that peculiar government was first most accurately characterized by Josephus, though he, from not knowing the subordinate place which it held in the scheme of universal salvation, was not prepared to see its relation to the great economy of the universal government. We should now, from the high ground to which we are advanced, be able to take a much more extensive and accurate view of the whole as a progressive plan, in its different stages most wonderfully adapted to accomplish the end designed for the time, and to be completed in the salvation wrought out by Him whom all the symbolical rites or most of them shadowed forth, and in whom all of the prophecies were fulfilled. We have already said that it would be presumptuous in man or angel to pretend to have, by searching, found out the philosophy of the plan of divine wisdom and power unto perfection. But it is set before us for our deepest study, and we think that half a dozen of theories, as philosophical as this American one, in regard to the unity and bearing of the whole, might be drawn up. We shall try to give an example of such a scheme, as briefly as we can, and so conclude.

We venture to lay down these general propositions, which we think capable of historic proof. The strong tendency of fallen man, after the elements of sin wrought corruption within him, was to deify himself, and to live without God, and seek his happiness without him. This was speedily manifested in the first ages of the world, by the wicked race of Cain, who called themselves 'gods, and sons of gods,' and broke out constantly in every age, and in most countries after the flood, even till the times of the most enlightened age of Rome, when the ablest of her writers were willing to hold their emperor *presens divus*. This first wayward tendency was terribly checked by the flood, which was sent to prove that God ruled in the world. The next aberration was into idolatry, with all its gross sensualities. Objects of this base worship became almost innumerable very soon after the flood. It indicated a belief in the invisible, now inculcated, but at the same time a strong desire to have some visible representatives. The tendency of this was equally to make God nothing in the world. How was this counteracted? A permanent system of interference was entered upon. One family was chosen, to be under the constant discipline of the true God. They were to be taught that He was ever and everywhere present, viewing all actions, and controlling all events. Miracle, and promise, and prophecy,

turned their thoughts and their faith habitually to the distant and unknown future, and bound them in dependance upon Him. The world itself was without law, without faith, without knowledge. When that family increased into a nation, they were separated from all others; a code of laws, *the first in truth that the world ever knew*, was given to them in the most awful circumstances, by God descending and erecting his throne upon this earth. The spirit of those laws indicates the discipline requisite. Almost all of them are prohibitory,—terrifying by the sanction of punishment to be inflicted immediately. God was present among them, their sovereign, lawgiver, judge. His royal pavilion was in the midst, a gorgeous royal retinue attended, and royal homage and worship was to be daily rendered, and more solemnly on stated days, commemorating high deeds of his interference on their behalf. They were located in the centre of the nations, in a country hedged in by mountain, and ocean, and wilderness, which was commanded to be thoroughly purified from all idolatrous pollution. The government of heaven was brought down to this earth, the light of heaven's truth was set up as a beacon in the centre of the civilized world. For a thousand years the theocratic government was in exercise in all its force, in instruction, in chastisement, in protection, and bestowing every kind of blessing.

But, from the very first, everything connected with it pointed to a perfection that was to come, and a mighty One who was to conquer and bring all into submission. We need not follow out the historical exhibition and gradual expansion into a more and more spiritual form of this scheme, under the successive revelation of prophets and inspired men, who arose, time after time; nor show how, in their various humiliations, and captivities, and conquests, and restorations, the Jews were made to know that Jehovah was the God of all the nations,—that idolatry was the vile cause of all evil. We might shew how those captivities spread the knowledge of the only truth east and west, north and south, over all the civilized world, as the time of the revelation of the promised Saviour and the perfect system drew near. We might shew how he came, at the time when the moral condition of the world loudly called for such a manifestation, and was prepared, by its progress in knowledge, and by the growing contempt for the base idolatry which was becoming effete, to understand and receive a perfect system of spiritual truth. The adaptation of this to the wants and wishes, to the hopes, and reason, and necessary faith of man, could be easily shewn as the full development of the expanding system of preparatory dispensations. We need not extend this farther.

Now we think a book fully as philosophical, and entering in its details as deeply, and, we think, more accurately, into the spirit of the Levitical economy, might be written on the above sketch of heads hurriedly drawn out. We could imagine many other views, perhaps as striking, and embodying truths and probable parts of the design of the divine plan, and multitudes of speculators might devise others, and think theirs preferable, and yet there might be some or much truth in all of them. All this may be done, and a system constructed out of all of

them by a mind of a more expansive range, and combine far more than has hitherto been seen or thought of, in illustration of the power and wisdom of God displayed in this wonderful scheme; and yet we might even then be far from having exhausted, or even comprehended, the whole philosophy of the Bible as a plan of salvation. We designed to have criticized a number of other notions of this author, which he calls "facts or statements," but our limits are reached. Our opinion of the merits of this book will be readily gathered from what we have said of some of its leading positions. With these abatements, and some others which we have not time to substantiate, we conclude by saying that it is a very readable book. It is calculated to do good, by bringing into a short compass a view, which, though narrow, and, in our opinion, particularly defective, yet, so far as it does survey the field in one line, is striking, and may, we should hope, induce any sceptic who reads it, to think, and turn with more serious thought to ponder that book, which professes to teach him the wisdom of the All-wise, and to be sanctioned by the power of the Almighty throughout all its history, and to have the perfection and happiness of man here and hereafter as its chief object.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Olympus and its Inhabitants; a Narrative Sketch of the Classical Mythology. With an Appendix. Containing a Survey of the Egyptian Mythology in its relation to the Classical, and a brief Account of the different Names and Attributes of the Divinities, Demi-gods, and Heroes. For the use of Schools and Private Students. By AGNES SMITH. Edited by JOHN CARMICHAEL, M.A., one of the Classical Masters of the High School of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Being quite satisfied as to the utility and necessity of such a work, we readily hail a treatise coming to us with such a pledge for its elegance and accuracy, as that of the two names which grace the title-page of the volume now before us. Miss Smith is known to all our readers as the authoress of many beautiful pieces of sentimental poetry, which have occasionally, and indeed for years, been printed in this journal; and Mr. Carmichael is admitted to be a classical scholar, than whom, for classical research and correct acquirements, no one else perhaps is entitled to a higher place. The work is entirely by Miss Smith, but has been revised and edited by Mr. Carmichael; so that there is every security that it will be found to be a singularly instructive, complete, and satisfactory treatise.

Of the views which led to the publication of such a work, and of the purpose it was specially intended to serve, we cannot give a better account than in the lucid and elegant words of its accomplished and meritorious authoress. Miss Smith thus prefaces her treatise:—

"The extreme difficulty, or rather total want of success, which attended my efforts to procure to some young friends under my charge, such a work on the mythology of Ancient Greece and Rome as would serve to interpret poetry and the arts, and elucidate the study of ancient history, has been the cause of the present undertaking. At a time when the literary market

seems almost glutted with works on this subject; it may appear presumptuous, as it is unnecessary, to offer another to the attention of the public. As my apology for doing so, I must say that I have, *without any exception*, found the mythological works hitherto published either so laboriously learned as to fatigue and confuse the youthful student, and indeed to require a considerable amount of classical attainment in order to their comprehension; or else, so extremely sketchy and defective as to convey a very inadequate knowledge of a study delightful in itself, and absolutely indispensable in a polite education. My object, in the present little treatise, is to avoid both these extremes, and to present, in a continuous manner, and in a narrative form, the principal features of the popular religion of the two greatest nations of antiquity—a religion which, while it was mixed up with much that was gross and debasing, was yet so exquisitely poetic and artistic, that it appears to have absorbed all the imagery which the mind is capable of conceiving, to such an extent as to have left the moderns no alternative but to recur to it for the illustration of *their* poetry, and the development of *their* art. So entirely does this representation coincide with the fact, that it would be a very difficult thing to conceive what literature or the arts would be without their continually recurring allusions to the enchanting allegories and beautiful myths of that old worship, which, with all its degrading tendencies and absurdities, contained a deep wisdom, that ought to redeem its votaries from the scorn and abhorrence of those who are ‘guided into all truth’ by the light of a Divine Revelation.

“Seeing, then, that it is scarcely possible to open a book—certainly not to enter a picture or sculpture gallery—without meeting with what it requires some knowledge of mythology to understand; and whereas, up to this date, there is no work exactly adapted to *provide* that knowledge to the non-classical scholar, I have thought it might be acceptable to many to have this *desideratum* in our popular literature supplied. How far I have succeeded in the task I proposed to myself, remains to be seen. As I have addressed myself neither to the learned scholar nor to the antiquary, I have aimed at no depth of research either in classical or antiquarian lore. The very nature of the work, indeed, precludes the possibility of its claiming any merit beyond that of selection and arrangement; and my highest ambition regarding it is, that this selection and arrangement may be considered as judicious.”

Thus far an extract has been taken from Miss Smith’s well-written but modest preface. But, besides the merit of judicious selection and arrangement claimed for the work by its author, we think ourselves called on to say, that it is farther remarkable for the elegance of its diction, the completeness of its materials, and the fascination it is fitted to throw over a department of study which has not always been treated in a style corresponding with its intrinsic worth and extensive applications. We believe that Miss Smith has here supplied a want which has been greatly felt, both by private students and by the teachers of academies and schools. For ourselves, we intend that her work shall be one of frequent reference in our classical readings; and we think justice will not be done to it, if it is not speedily placed among the most useful and alluring of the volumes that grace the tables of our fashionable drawing-rooms.

We expect to have some future opportunity of alluding to the contents and merits of the work at greater length. Had our limits permitted, we would willingly have quoted as specimens of the style and manner in which the work has been executed, the very satisfactory accounts of Ceres, or Diana, or of the events of the Trojan war—or the connection between the mythology of Greece and of Egypt. The casual reader, however, may in the meantime glance over these articles for himself. At all events, we cordially

recommend the work to the consideration, and, we doubt not, to the ultimate adoption, of all schools and seminaries of learning—at least of all such schools and seminaries as deal in these more advanced branches of knowledge, which require a pleasing and clear conception of the beautiful myths of ancient Greece and Rome.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil.—A *prore nata* Meeting of this Presbytery was held on the 2d inst., for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessary steps for the ordination of the Rev. George Thomson, Schoolmaster of the Parish of Cluny, previous to his induction and settlement as Pastor of the Church of Macnab and Horton in Canada West, through the appointment of the Committee of the Colonial Scheme. Mr. Thomson having acquitted himself in all his trials to the satisfaction of the Presbytery, was ordained with the usual formalities.—The Rev. John Middleton, Moderator, then delivered an address to Mr. Thomson on the duties of the pastoral office.—The Presbytery were joined in the act of ordination by the Rev. Mr. Eadie, Minister of Dun, and by the Rev. Mr. Hay, Minister of Lunan. Mr. Thomson having been for many years a preacher within the bounds of the Presbytery, the members set a-going a subscription for a testimonial to be presented to him before leaving his native land for the scene of his future labours; they were afterwards joined in this matter by several members of the Presbytery of the Chapel of Garioch, to whom, as well as to the members of this Presbytery, Mr. Thomson had rendered valuable service in supplying their pulpits. The parishioners

of Cluny also contributed to this testimonial, which amounted to nearly £20. The Rev. Mr. Ramage being requested to apply this sum in the most suitable and appropriate manner, purchased a pulpit gown, pulpit Bible and Psalm-Book, a silver lever watch and gold guard chain, which he presented to Mr. Thomson in name of the subscribers. Mr. Thomson sailed from Glasgow for Canada on the 16th inst.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Dundee met on Thursday the 25th inst., in the Cross Church, Dundee, and ordained Mr. Peter Grant as Minister of that Church.—The Rev. Andrew Taylor, of the South Church, preached and presided on the occasion.

Induction at Barry.—On Thursday the 18th inst., the Presbytery of Arbroath met at Barry, and inducted the Rev. James Somers to the pastoral charge of the Parish and Congregation of Barry, vacant by the deposition of Mr. Simpson.

Died at Johnstone Manse, Dumfriesshire, on the 4th inst., the Rev. Robert Colvin, D.D., in the 73d year of his age, and 43d of his ministry.

Died at the Manse of Ardclach, on the 17th inst., the Rev. Mr. M'Bean, Minister of the Parish of Ardclach, aged 74.

M A C P H A I L ' S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXX.

NOVEMBER 1851.

THE AGE AND WORKS OF SAPPHO.

"The isles of Greece,—the isles of Greece;
Where burning Sappho loved and sung;
Where grew the arts of war and peace;
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung:
Eternal Summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their Sun, is set."—BYRON.

"O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquias."—PHÆDRUS.
Oh sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,
When your remains are so delicious!

"Spirat adhuc Amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolias fidibus puellæ."—HOM.

"Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her verse still breathes the passions of her heart."—FRANCIS' *Trans.*

IN thinking of the time when Sappho flourished, our minds are carried back to a period by many hundred years prior to all the most important transactions and revolutions that make up the contents of our historical reading,—and which we are usually disposed to consider as comprising the whole past incidents of the varied drama of man's political and social existence. The age of Sappho was more than six hundred

years before the birth of Christ,—a time when Rome either did not exist, or was but in its beginnings, a small and undistinguished town among the mountains of Italy—when Europe, unfurnished with any of the cities that have since risen into splendour, was almost universally covered by boundless forests, and peopled by roaming and savage tribes—and when all the most important modes of thought and articles of belief by which we are now distinguished, had not, even in their faintest dawns, begun to open upon the minds of men. Darkness, according to our usual modes of thought, then “covered the earth, and gross darkness the people;”—or only among a peculiar people inhabiting the mountains of Judea, was there anything that could be called knowledge,—or one view of nature and of life that was deserving of being entertained as rational faith.

This estimate, however, if extended to the universal condition of mankind, is by no means accurate, or justified by the facts which history and the remains of unsurpassed art have bequeathed us. For that was a period, when a light fell upon the coasts of Asia Minor, on the isles of Greece, and over all the mountains and valleys of that favoured region, than which none brighter, or more beautifully pure and warm, has ever since irradiated any portion of our world. Every mountain and valley was then vocal with music—soft, passion-breathing, rapturous,—every grove was peopled by sculptures that betrayed the hands and science of multitudes of workmen accomplished in the highest and most recondite attributes of their art;—temples rose majestic and beautiful on all the hills and high places;—and poets, and orators, and historians, whose genius has never been eclipsed by any future rivals, rose in crowds to claim the admiration of their contemporaries, and to solicit the rewards which were then liberally given to accomplishments that were, at that time, believed to be the highest attainments to which humanity could aspire,—the source of the best gifts which could be conferred by men on each other,—and the certain passports to unfading honour in all coming time, as well as the surest guarantees to a final seat among the company of the immortals.

Among those who attained to the highest honours at that time, Sappho was perhaps the poet whose works were received with the most universal delight, and whose success was honoured with the highest tokens of approbation. She was a native of one of the islands of the *Ægean*, and her fellow-citizens were so proud of her name, that they not only designated her “the Tenth Muse,” but raised her, after her death, to sovereign honours,—impressed her image on their seals and coins,—and handed down her works to posterity, as a gift which did immortal honour to themselves as well as to their author—and which was, in their estimation, more valuable than mines of gold and of silver, or countless treasures of gems, and of all most valued things. The gift was, in fact, received with corresponding sentiments on the part of those to whom it was bequeathed. In Rome, during the palmiest days of that great republic, a statue of porphyry was erected to her honour,—all the best poets imitated the excellencies of this faultless model,—and orators and critics, from that time to the present, have been unanimous in their praises,—and apparently in-

capable of finding words sufficiently expressive to do justice to the sense which they entertained of her transcendent merits and unrivalled artistic powers.

But time, in its slow yet ceaseless flight—with its many ministers of destruction—is the appointed destroyer of even the most beautiful and valuable of human productions. Temples, and altars, and statues, that were then beheld with admiration, have many ages ago crumbled into dust—consecrated groves have vanished—festivals of great renown have ceased to be celebrated,—the very spirit of those early ages has passed away,—its mirthful, imaginative, mythological tendencies, have been supplanted by other and different modes of national and intellectual thought,—and worst of all, the most captivating productions of human genius, its poetry, its oratory, its philosophy, have left us but small fragments of their once multitudinous varieties—and occasionally awaken in the pensive mind, the most poignant regrets for the perished worth, which once so profusely existed—and for the dark oblivion that now covers much that was once so brilliant, so promising, and so highly prized.

“When I reflect,” says Mr. Addison, in one of his beautiful papers on this subject, “When I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much altered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck ; but the number of the last is very small.

“*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*”—VIRG. *Æn.* i. 123.

One here and there floats on the vast abyss.

“Among the mutilated poets of antiquity there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her very way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with the extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great artists who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the Tenth Muse ; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flames. I do not know, by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

“Sappho is said to have written nine books of odes, besides elegies, epigrams, iambics, epithalamiums, and other pieces, of which we have nothing remaining entire but a Hymn to Venus, and an ode preserved by Longinus,—“but so incomparable,” says one of the translators of her works, “are these little relics, that they will always be sufficient to

convince us how justly she deserved those extravagant praises which the ancients bestowed on her."

"Ovid is said to have imitated her very much, and particularly in that delicate epistle which he makes her write to the ungrateful Phaon,—the best thoughts of which he is supposed to have borrowed from her own works,—the tenth muse dictating what the Roman poet wrote. By one author she is called *blandiloquam lusciniæ*, the melodious nightingale,—and Horace, in one of his epistles, has styled her *mascula Sappho*, the manly Sappho; which phrase may either be supposed to allude to the severe and energetic style of her poetical fancy, or to the bold determination by which she is said to have terminated her life."

Sappho is never spoken of as having been exceedingly beautiful; on the contrary, she is described by herself, at least in Ovid's epistle, as short in stature, dark in complexion, and more worthy of admiration for the power of her genius, and the extreme sensibility of her nature, than for anything that peculiarly characterised her physical appearance. The passage in Ovid's epistle is as follows:—

"Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit,
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis—at nomen quod terras implet omnes
Est mihi,—mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
Candida si non sum, placuit Cephæio Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ;
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi Turtur amatur ave;
Si nisi quæ facies poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est—nulla futura tua est."

To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supplied;
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends;
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame.
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is paired with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine;
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved,
Phaon, alone by Phaon must be loved.

The passion of love, which Sappho felt in such excess, and the simple but powerful and exquisitely varied elucidation of which has contributed so much to the fame of her poetical genius, was also destined to be not only the source of her greatest personal unhappiness during life, but, by its unsuccessful result, the immediate cause of the well known catastrophe which signalized her death. This is in accordance with what almost invariably happens in the case of any passion,—be it love, or ambition, or any other passion whatever,—that has been permitted so to engross the mind of an individual, as to have given a colour to his whole style of acting, and to have determined the leading events of his mortal history.

The story of Sappho's leap from the Leucadian promontory is universally known,—but the following account, which is given by Mr. Addison, as if from a manuscript kept in the temple of Apollo, which graced the summit of that promontory—although the story is evidently fictitious—is yet so beautifully imagined, and seems fitted to form so appropriate an appendage to the historical events of the life of so interesting a person—that it deserves to be more generally familiar to the minds of readers than we suspect it has yet succeeded in making itself. The fiction will be found in the 233d No. of the 9th Vol. of the *Spectator*.

“Sappho the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride, in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung a hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forward to the utmost summit of the promontory—where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear—she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

“Alcæus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Lucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account, but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could nowhere be found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.”

The story altogether is, we say, very beautiful and interesting—but, to use Mr. Addison's words, “as there seem to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations in the manuscript from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied with myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian Sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this,” observes our author with his usual archness, “I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.”

The two following exquisite pieces of poetry relate to the same tragical event :

“Look on this brow! the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire;

For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the cords of Sappho's lyre ;

Look on this brow ! the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her, genius, glory, and despair.

For, from those lips were uttered sighs,
That more than fever scorched the frame ;
And tears were rained from those bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved,—she felt the lightning gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind ;
Life quenched in one extatic dream,—
The world a waste, before, behind.

And she had hope,—the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way,—mind, passion, pride !
She cast one weeping glance above ;
Then buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentrated strife of love."—CROLY.

Byron's stanzas are more generally known,—and whatever may have been the actual circumstances of the story,—there is no person, at all acquainted with ancient literature and history, who could pass under the shadow of that promontory without being awed into solemn thought,—without indulging his fancy in many trains of imaginative reverie, and without scorning the suggestion, that the very facts of the story itself might never have had any actual reality.

" 'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar ;
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave :
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the brave's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billow's melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front."—BYRON.

But the questions which the modern reader will chiefly be disposed to ask, are the three following, viz. :—

Do the remains of Sappho, as we now find them—fragmented, and at second hand, as they have come to us—really correspond, in their qualities, with the extravagant, or at any rate the very high praises, which have so generally, we may even say so universally, been bestowed on them?

In the second place, supposing the preceding question capable of being answered in the affirmative, what are the specific and peculiar kinds of excellence by which these scattered and imperfect remains are characterised,—or how far, and in what respects, do they agree with other poems of a similar kind, which have commanded the applause of modern readers?—And,

Lastly, Is it possible, or otherwise, to give any just idea of their peculiar merits in a modern translation,—supposing even that translation to be as happily executed as the change of modes of thought, and of characters of language, in ancient and in modern times, will permit? To each of these questions we propose to give a short and categorical answer.

As to the first question, we have already quoted the opinion of Mr. Addison, than whom perhaps no more competent judge, of modern times, could have been selected. It is also quite certain, not only that the judgment of all the ancient writers and most admired poets was unanimous as to the high merits of her works, at a time when these works could be consulted in their more entire and un mutilated state, but that one or two of those which are still preserved have been honoured with especial notice by these accomplished masters of the critical art. Longinus, in his treatise on the Sublime, has expressly referred to one of the specimens which still exist.—Catullus, too, has given a literal and spirited translation of it, which we shall by and bye present to the notice of the reader—and we do not know of any critic or poet who has ventured to question the accuracy of the verdict which has been given by such an assemblage of ancient and modern writers. We may take it for granted, then, that the poems which now remain, are considered by the best judges to possess all the excellencies which the partial, but yet not prejudiced, judgment of her own times, agreed in ascribing to their author. Yet it is to be kept in mind, in the first place, that the very name of Sappho, independent of her actual productions, has become synonymous with passionate, harmonious, and unrivalled verse—and further, that, like Homer, she was the representative of the genius, and mode of writing of a cycle or period—and that consequently, much of what has been said in her honour is to be taken rather as laudative of the peculiar style of writing which, at that particular time, generally prevailed, than as especially characteristic of the individual excellencies by which her productions were distinguished.

With respect to the second question—love, it is universally known, was the absorbing passion of Sappho's heart, and *that* to the illustration of which, in all its phases and moods, the whole of her impassioned verse was devoted—and this, together with the accomplishment of verse

singularly harmonious and expressive, constituted the peculiar excellence and the acknowledged charm of her productions.

Now, when a modern reader is made acquainted with these peculiarities, without, however, having any acquaintance with the remaining works themselves of our author, he will probably expect, that when he comes to their perusal, he shall find in them something like the rapturous and burning sentimentality of Byron or Burns,—or, it may be, some ingenious conceits, like those which made up the staple of amatory poetry in a former period of our poetical and literary history. But in both of these anticipations he will assuredly find himself greatly disappointed. As to conceits, we have already seen, that Mr Addison has expressly disavowed them as in the slightest degree characteristic of our poetess;—and as to the involving sentimentality of more modern writers, it was neither suited to the times in which our author flourished, nor in unison with her peculiar genius and powers. The difference between ancient and modern modes of thought and of execution is this;—when a modern writes of love, he either wraps up his leading idea in witty thoughts and allegories, which have obtained the name of conceits,—or he involves his fundamental notion in a mist—often a very beautifully irradiated and dazzling mist—of sentiment and transcendental aspiration. In either case, he is like many of our pulpit orators, who having chosen as their text some beautifully simple and suggestive expression from the sacred books, think themselves bound so to envelope it in striking thoughts of their own,—or so to sublimate it with all kinds of sentimental and devout aspirations, that the whole beauty of the text is forgotten,—and the mind of the hearer is more busied with following out the often inapplicable or unintelligible reveries of the expounder, than with giving full play to the spontaneous flow of thought which the text, in its native simplicity, and yet pregnant meaning, would, if kept steadily before the view of his mind, have unquestionably awakened. Now there is nothing whatever corresponding with this in the workmanship of our poetess, or indeed in any of the works of the long past, but yet most accomplished and very peculiar era, in which she flourished. Sappho fixes her mental gaze on some interesting aspect of the passion which she felt, and which she wishes to make manifest to her reader—she selects the simplest but most characteristic terms in which that phasis of the passion can be expressed,—and she leaves that expression, with the help of some simple imagery or illustrative allegory, to make its own impression upon the mind of her reader. This was the true characteristic of all ancient art, as distinguished from that which flourished in later and more artificial states of society. The sculpture, the painting, the poetry, the whole artistic furniture of the Greeks, was more or less characterized by this quality,—and we have only to compare the majestic but severe simplicity of Homer, with the ornate style of Virgil, or moving onwards, to contrast with either of these the gorgeous grandeur, the technical abstractions, and the scholastic theology of Milton, in order to be convinced how greatly the style and taste of the world in its different periods and countries has varied,—and how true to nature and to the highest principles of art, was the style which characterized and gave efficacy to all the

earliest effusions of the Grecian muse. Sappho and Anacreon were both of them pre-eminent in this style of unadorned, but most effective simplicity,—and no person can fully appreciate their merits whose taste, in this respect, is not in some respects in unison with theirs. The difference is, in truth, exactly of the same kind, between ancient and modern art, so far as poetry in all its branches is concerned, as between the severe simplicity of a Grecian temple, and the gloomy and composite grandeur of a Gothic cathedral.

And now, with respect to the last of the questions which we proposed, we think the reader will be at no loss, after what we have said, to anticipate our response. Translation is at all times a very unsatisfactory vehicle for conveying the peculiar beauties or merits of any distinguished author,—and in cases like the present, where simplicity of thought is so pre-eminent a quality—and where the genius of ancient and modern languages is so different, the task of conveying to a modern reader anything like a really characteristic idea of the merits of the original, is nearly hopeless. No doubt the pervading meaning of the piece may be communicated,—but that is often a very small part of the poet's excellence; the language in which that meaning is conveyed in the original is almost a part of the very idea itself that pervades the work,—and no person can be an adequate judge of the true and captivating beauties of Sappho or Anacreon, who is not so far master of their diction as to be able to repeat, or, at least, fluently to read their works in their own exquisitely simple but artistically expressive words;—and to feel, as he thus repeats, how inseparably the ideas meant to be conveyed and the words expressing them blend into each other, or how seemingly impossible it was that the same idea could have been conveyed in any other terms or flow of lines whatever. Our own Burns was a great master, though in a way of his own, of the excellence of which we are now speaking,—in his songs the words and the sentiment expressed seem actually to melt into each other—and those who rightly understand and have felt this beauty of his unrivalled lyrics, will be able to appreciate, in some degree, the corresponding excellence of the very ancient, but admirable artists of whose works we are now discoursing.

We may add to these preliminary remarks, that the works of Sappho, few and fragmented as they are, are not always met with in collections of the Greek writers. We have met with several persons who had the character of good Greek scholars, and who were, in fact, great adepts in declensions and conjugations and rules of syntax, who yet were entirely unacquainted with the works of this celebrated author;—who, indeed, had never seen them;—and we doubt not that there are many more persons, who, having looked at these master-pieces, took for granted that they possessed all the excellencies which have universally been ascribed to them,—but who had not so far formed their taste as to be able, for themselves, to relish and to digest their simple and unadorned excellence. It is on these accounts, among some others, that we have ventured to present to our readers the following translations, and to compare them with the best of those which have previously been given of the same fragments.

The first and most important of the remains of Sappho is the Hymn to Venus, which, in the original, has been preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who cites it as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it. It is best known to the English reader by the translation of Ambrose Philips, who was a poet of some celebrity in his day, and who seems to have been held in especial favour by the tasteful and witty author of the Spectator. Of Philips' translation Mr. Addison thus speaks:—"The reader," says he, "will find in this translation that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him (Philips), and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madame Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must further add, that the translator has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornament."

Whatever may be the absolute truth of this high and unqualified panegyric, it is at least certain that Philips' translation, under the sanction of such patronage, has taken the precedence in point of rank above every other version of the same poem in the English language.

We may only add two other short remarks, viz. that the epithet *ποικιλοθρονον*, applied to Venus, may either allude, as Mr Philips uses it, to the multitude of temples erected to that goddess—or, as we have rendered it, to the extent and variety of her sway over all animated existence—from the lowest of sensitive beings that people earth, to the highest of the divinities that rule in Olympus. Her sway also is varied—because it is used not always directly, and in the way of force, but often by wiles that are not less stringent in their power, and still more difficult to foresee and to provide against.

The car of Venus was drawn either by swans, or doves, or sparrows—all of them remarkable, either for the elegant beauty of their forms and motions, or for their propensity to indulge in amorous delights. We now subjoin, first Mr. Philips' translation, and next our own.

HYMN TO VENUS.

O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O Goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above ;
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismissed (while you remain),
Bore back their empty car again ;
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And asked what new complaints I made,
And why I called you to my aid ?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be assuag'd ?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure ?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore !
In pity come, and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief ;
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

PHILIPS.

Madame Dacier observes, " There is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make to her." We may also remark, that Sappho here wishes the car of Venus to be drawn by sparrows, rather than by swans or doves, probably because the pert and capricious nature of these birds was better suited to express the teasing and doubtful nature of the passion, from the irritative peckings of which she now sought relief.—We now present our own translation, which, it is hoped, will be found equally true to the original, and rather more like it in the structure of its verse :

Immortal Queen—to whom is given
A varied sway o'er earth and heaven,
Queen, that deal'st in sportive wiles,
Oh come to me once more with smiles,
And ease my smart.

Free me from trouble and from grief,
Give, oh give me some relief ;
Come, as thou wert wont, in car
Sparrow-drawn from heaven afar,
From Jove's bright dome.

Thy joyous sparrows backwards flew,
 But left the radiant car they drew,
 And thou, with kindly beaming eye,
 Into my inmost soul did'st pry,
 And bad'st me trus t.

"Come tell me, Sappho,"—was thy word,—
 "What youth is now thy bosom's lord?
 "For whom would'st thou thy toils outspread?
 "Whom now solicit to thy bed?
 "He shall be thine.

"Though now he fly, he'll come again,
 "Nor more thy offer'd gifts disdain;
 "He'll presents bring to win thy love;
 "At thy command his soul shall move
 "With mutual pain."

Thus come, and ease my tortured soul
 From fears that now its pow'rs controul;
 If Phaon burn with mutual flame,
 And thy bright darts his bosom tame,
 We must prevail,
 He must be mine.

So much with respect to the first of these celebrated productions. Regarding the second, Mr. Addison has thus expressed himself in one of the most pleasing and eulogistic of his many delightful papers.

"Among the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue, which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an excellent workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed, he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures in that *gusto*, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's school.

"A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure above mentioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love."

The poem is meant to express the strange effects which deep love and admiration often produce upon sensitive minds,—and to contrast these with the flippant and gay impulses which the same passions frequently communicate to minds less fitted by nature for the entertainment or expression of deep emotion. It must be considered as addressed, not by Sappho herself, but by an enamoured youth, to the lady of his love.

"I shall set to view," says Mr. Addison, "three different copies of this beautiful original; the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired.

AD LESBIAM.

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
 Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
 Qui sedens adversus identidem te
 Spectat, et audit
 Dulce redentem ; misero quod omnis
 Eripit sensus mihi : nam simul te,
 Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi,
 Quod loquar amens,
 aliter
 Voce loquendum.
 Lingua sed torpet ; tenuis sub artus
 Flamma dimanat ; cantu suapte
 Tinniunt aures ; gemina teguntur
 Lumina nocte.

"If," says Mr. Addison, "the learned reader compares this translation with the original, he will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression, which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic ode.

"The second translation of this fragment, which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur Boileau :

Heureux ! qui près de toi, pour toi seul soupire ;
 Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler ;
 Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire ;
 Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent ils l'égaler ?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
 Courir par tout mon corps, sitôt que je te vois ;
 Et dans les doux transports, on s'égare mon ame,
 Je ne saurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se repand sur me vûe,
 Je n'entends plus, je tombe en des douces langueurs ;
 Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,
 Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

"The reader will see," continues Mr. Addison, "that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion, of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation :

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd in transports tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost ;

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

With all respect for the taste of Mr. Addison, we cannot help thinking that some undue or unaccountable partiality for Mr. Philips had, to a certain extent, warped his critical judgment in this instance.

It seems to us, at any rate, that there is one obvious objection to Mr. Philips' translation. It is all given by the lover, as something that had befallen him at some past time—and not, as the original expresses it, and as the very nature of the thing requires—as the effect always apt to be produced by the sight and presence of his beloved.

“Instead of giving any character of this translation,” continues Mr. Addison, “I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

“Longinus has observed, that the description of love in Sappho, is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

“I wonder,” continues our author, “that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion,) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when those symptoms discovered themselves to his physician ; and it is probable that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress.”

One of the critics has pointed out the frequent use of the particle *ὅς* in the last eight verses of the ode, as finely expressive of that hurry and want of breath which the poet has mentioned as one of the chief symptoms of this remarkable malady. The reader, who can peruse the original, may judge for himself as to the value or accuracy of this criticism. To us it seems that there is really more in it than might at first be suspected.

After these long and laudatory quotations, we beg, with all diffidence, to present our own translation.

Almost a God he seems to me,
 The youth who fearless sits by thee,

And, whispering words of accent sweet,
Receives from thee an answer meet.

He smiles, and you with smiles reply,
Gay dalliance laughing in each eye—
While I, when in your sight I come,
Seem like a man by fate struck dumb.

No words distinct my throat affords,
My tongue seems broken in its chords;
A misty dimness shrouds mine eyes,
Within my ears strange sounds arise.

A clammy damp bedews my skin,
I'm tremors all, and fears within,
Pale as a leaf—and scant of breath,
It seems as I must sink in death.

There seem to us to be several things in Mr. Philips' translation that are not so distinctly brought out as they should have been; first, the gay interchange of soft tattle, and joyous smiles, evidently expressed in the original, is too hurriedly passed over—and above all, the beautiful allusion to the withered leaf, which forms one of the sweetest lines of the original, has not been noticed by any of the three critics whose translations are here reviewed.

The philological critics have fastened so strenuously upon these two admired odes in the original—and have been so anxious to give them the most antique look possible, that their emendations and alterations have served rather to perplex the mind of the student, or at best, to amuse the leisure of mere verbal annotators, than to throw any new light upon the text, or in any remarkable degree to alter the meaning commonly adopted. Perhaps the best alteration is that of *ποικιλοφρον* for *ποικιλοθρον*—that is to say, many-minded instead of many-throned. But our object at present is not to enter into these niceties.

We proceed with our translation of some other fragmentary remains of Sappho, which we doubt not the reader will regard with some interest—although, in the original, the idea contained in each specimen is so intimately connected and identified with the terms in which it is conveyed, that the delicacy or beauty of the allusion can scarcely be made apparent in even the most felicitous translation.

1. It is probable that, in the short fragment which we propose first to translate, the poetess is speaking of herself, although this reference must not be carried through all the subsequent fragments;—an error which has, however, been committed by some of the most confident or ostentatious of the translators.

The moon has left the western sky,
The Pleiades have ceased to shine;
The midnight hour is past—and I
Alone upon my couch recline.

2. The second fragment is an expression of contempt for the fate assigned to some ignoble mind, that had dared to question the immortality of the poet.

Dead you shall be—nor ever wake a sigh
 In those who pass your nameless grave-turf by :
 No rose Pierian, with its deathless bloom,
 E'er graced you living, or shall deck your tomb—
 E'en mid th' ignoble ghosts that roam below,
 A shade unnoticed you shall come and go.

3. A young lady complaining that she was tired of weaving, and longing for a husband.

I cannot weave—dear mother—no, not I,
 I'm sick to hear this weary shuttle fly ;
 Through all my frame desire of wedlock reigns ;
 My very soul this tedious web disdains.

4. In the next fragment, Sappho seems to speak of herself, and upbraids the inconstancy of some one of her lovers.

Love, that unmanageable fly,
 Ever teasing, pleasing, sly,
 Again invades my peace—and why ?
 Because—so faithless, fickless you
 From maid to maid your chase pursue—
 At this you left in great despite,
 Because my charms entranced you quite ;
 And, once you vow'd, no maiden's eye
 With lov'd Andromeda's could vie.

5. The following, which in the original is not in verse, is a beautiful enumeration of the most splendid attributes of a flower, which was an especial subject of celebration by most of the ancient lyric poets.

If ever Jove should wish to ordain
 A Sovereign of the flowery plain,
 The rose, unchallenged, would that rank obtain—
 'Tis earth's most perfect gem—a plant
 With graces no shrub else can vaunt.
Of flowers the eye—of meads the grace—
 A sunbeam in a shady place ;
 It breathes of love—fair Venus' zone
 Might well its peerless lustre own.
 Its leaves like well-formed ringlets flow,
 Its blooms with living motion glow,
 It sweetly smiles when zephyrs blow.

6. Venus invited to attend as cup-bearer at a festival given by the poet.

Venus, from heavenly climes descend,
 And on our coming feast attend ;
 In golden cups bright nectar pour,
 To bless the happy festal hour ;
 To love's delights our souls incline,
 For all my friends are friends of thine.

7. There has been great debate among the learned whether Anacreon and Sappho were contemporary, and acquainted with each other. The supposition that they were, is founded on the following verses, which have been attributed, but without sufficient authority, to Anacreon.

TO CUPID.

Come, veil me in a purple cloud,
O Love, my heartfelt grief to shroud—
For she, of Lesbos isle the pride,
Has set my ardent suit aside—
Because, she says, my locks are gray;
I know she gapes for other prey.

To which Sappho is said to have answered as follows—

The flowing verse so lately pour'd,
By old Anacreon
Of Teos, for its maids adored,
It was, O muse, thine own.

8. Nothing that remains of Sappho, however, is more beautiful in itself, or more characteristic of its author, than the following exquisite fragment preserved by one of the ancients.

Ἑσπερε, πάντα φερεῖς
φερεῖς οἶνον, φερεῖς αἶγα,
φερεῖς μητέρι παιδα.*

It is utterly impossible to give in any translation the beautifully simple, yet perfectly graphic and delightful effect of these few words. They have been thus expanded, but scarcely improved, by Byron :

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things ;
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child too to the mother's breast.

No better specimen could have been produced of the difference between the severe simplicity of ancient classic times, and the sentimental diffusion of modern genius, than that which is observable between the original of Sappho, and this very happy, but yet lengthened expansion of Byron's. The nearest approach we can make to the simplicity of the original is this :

Thy coming, Hesperus, brings
All good and pleasant things :
Cool wine our thirst to slake,
The goat from mountain brake,
The wearied boy,
His mother's joy,
Her fireside smile of bliss to wake.

Besides these fragments, there are two epigrams of Sappho still remaining, of which the following are very imperfect translations.

The epigrams are founded on the practice of the ancients, of sculptur-

- * Literally—O Hesperus, thou bringest all things ;
Thou bringest wine—thou bringest the goats,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother.

ing upon the tombs of the deceased, the instruments which they had used in their profession while alive, or other emblems characteristic, it might be, of their peculiar character and dispositions. The first of the two following is very simple and expressive :

To Pelagon, the fisherman, his sire,
With grief oppress'd,
Devotes these emblems of a toilsome life,
AN OILER NET, AND OAR—
You guess the rest.

In the same manner, Elpenor says to Ulysses, in the 11th Book of the *Odyssey* :

A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise ;
The tomb with manly Arms and Trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was.
There, high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the SMOOTH OAR, and bid me live to Fame.

Emblems of the characteristic dispositions of the deceased were also, as we have observed, not uncommon. Here is one on a woman named Myro :

MYRO'S EPITAPH.

Be not astonished that this sculptur'd stone
Is mark'd by these devices—for they shew
The varied qualities of her who sleeps
Released from all her cares and toils below—
A whip—an owl—a bow—a cackling goose—
A watchful dog,—such was she in her life—
Reader begone—and bid her rest in peace.

In modern phrase, “a goose” is expressive of folly or stupidity,—but it was otherwise in ancient times. The epithet *χαροπαι*, applied to the goose, is meant to express the bustling and vocal joy of that animal, when its domestic affairs have succeeded. The same epithet is applied by Anacreon to the sea, when it gave birth to Venus, its most beautiful emanation.

The whip, says an Annotator, denoted that she could chastise her servants ; the owl, that she was assiduous at her wheel and needle, even by night ; the bow, that she had her mind always bent on the care of her family ; the goose, her domestic habits, or joy in domestic success ; and the dog, that she was fond of children, (rather, that she guarded well her home.)

Of the kind of inscriptions now under consideration, we remember one in a grave-yard, not many miles from Edinburgh, perhaps it may yet be seen—(Pentland Old Church-yard.) On the one side of the stone are represented the common implements of a country carpenter, and on the other this verse from the Psalms, which was originally meant to indicate the value of a good workman at the cutting down of wood, or fitting it for its place, during the building of Solomon's Temple :

A man was famous, and was held
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon.

The following is the last of the epigrams—it is in a different style, and is finely expressive at once of the worth of the young person who had died, and of the pure respect of those who celebrated her obsequies :

Here lies the dust of Timas,—she who died
Unmarried, though a young and blooming bride—
The Virgins all, who knew her spotless worth,
Strew'd their young locks upon this honoured earth.

We have here to repeat a remark, which, in the preceding notice, has already been made, viz., that not only are these fragments and epigrams characterised by an exquisite delicacy of thought, which every modern reader of poetry is not in a condition to appreciate ; but that, even in the case of persons of a more natural or less sophisticated taste, the beauty of these productions can only be fully understood or felt, by those who are so conversant with the original language, as to be able to make the words and the thoughts mutual exponents of each other.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

MODERN TESTIMONIES TO THE MERITS OF SAPPHO AS A LYRIC POETESS.—“There are few intellectual treasures,” says an eloquent writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, “the loss of which is more deeply to be regretted than that of the works of this poetess ; for the remnants which have reached us certainly display genius of the highest order ; they are rich even to exuberance, and yet directed by the most exquisite taste. In these most delicious of love songs, the tide of passion seems deep and exhaustless ; it flows rapidly yet gently on, while the most sparkling fancy is ever playing over it ; and the words themselves seem to participate in the sentiment which they develope. It is a mistake to imagine, that the fragments of Sappho are nothing more than the eloquent expressions of amatory feeling ; they are really works of high imagination, which renders them as beautiful as they are intense, and, in the opinion of some writers, raises them even to the sublime ;—thus Longinus quotes the second of the odes as an example of sublimity ; a species of excellence, however, that Dr. Blair energetically denies to it.”

Whatever may have been Dr. Blair's qualifications for the office of criticism, when that office is exercised upon works of the very highest order, in which the writer often

Snatches a grace beyond the rules of art,

there can be no question that in the present instance his judgment was correct. The epithet ‘sublime,’ in the restricted sense in which we now use it—and as indeed it was defined by Longinus himself at the beginning of his celebrated treatise—is not strictly applicable to any of the remains of the poetess whose works we have been reviewing ;—but the epithet is sometimes used more generally to denote any species of writing that is of a high order—or that aims at exciting emotions of a pitch above those which are commonly indulged or expressed—and in this sense, the remark of Longinus is justly applicable to the celebrated ode to which he has attached it. Dr. Blair's criticism, when this view of the meaning of the term is taken, is accordingly perfectly just ; and yet

nothing is detracted by the justness of his criticism—nor was meant by him to be detracted—from the merit of the ode, or from the high style of emotion which it was intended to express or to awaken. The reader may find Dr. Blair's criticism in his *Elements of Rhetoric*.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF SAPPHO.—Sappho, we have said, on her own authority as given by Ovid, in his famous epistle, was not remarkable for any high style of personal beauty. Yet Plato, who must not be supposed to have used words without a very definite and appropriate meaning, puts into the mouth of no less a person than Socrates, the phrase ἡ καλὴ Σαπφώ, “the beautiful Sappho;”—it is also remarkable, that both Athenæus and Plutarch follow the statement of Plato, and make use of the epithet καλὴ whenever they mention her name. On the other hand, Maximus Tyrius plainly asserts that she was both diminutive in stature and swarthy in her complexion—and Ovid, as we have seen, has adopted the same opinion. Bayle describes her as laide, petite, et noire, “ugly, little, and dark.” Madame Dacier characterises her as petite et brune, “little and brown.” And Professor Dalzel, who evidently did not wish her to be considered as ugly, yet could not conscientiously claim for her the attraction of superior beauty, says in Latin phraseology, that “she could neither be reckoned among the beautiful nor the ugly of her sex.”

Now admitting that Sappho was of small stature, and of a swarthy complexion, and even that her features were not formed on the highest model of feminine and Grecian beauty, there is still nothing to prevent us from believing that she was still a fascinating and desirable woman;—she might have powerful sensual attractions—her superior intellect and sensibility would still make themselves apparent in her general expression of countenance and style of motion. The epithet used by Plato and Socrates is assuredly that which, even with such an estimate of her personal merits, combined with her transcendent gifts of mind and heart, could alone have been properly applied to her;—and as to what she says of herself, or is supposed to have said, it is the most natural thing in the world for persons under the influence of strong attachment, and not quite sure of its being reciprocated, to form an undue estimate of their own worth, or at least, to sink what they suppose to be the due of mere exterior graces in their consciousness of the superior claims of high, and pure, and rapturous passion. We see no reason whatever to suppose that Sappho was ugly, we believe her to have been a captivating, though probably not altogether a faultlessly beautiful woman.

As the epithet ἡ καλὴ is thus justified, as used by Plato and Plutarch and Socrates, so also the term “mascula,” applied to the same person by Horace, is felt by every reader to be exactly suitable to the idea which he has formed, not certainly of the masculine appearance, but of the energetic character and high intellectual attainments of the person spoken of. Had Horace called her the tender, or even enthusiastic Sappho, he would not have so exactly come up to the secret impression, which every reader has received of the talents, and disposition, and conduct, of this celebrated poetess.

.. **HER COTEMPORARIES.**—By the cotemporaries of Sappho we mean, not

merely those who lived and wrote at the precise time in which she flourished, but the great lyric writers of the same century, and even of portions of that which preceded, and of that also which followed, the birth and lifetime of our illustrious poetess; there were nine of them altogether, every one of whom held a rank of the very highest estimation in the times of their appearance and for many centuries afterwards, yet of by far the greater number of them, only a few scattered fragments of their works have survived; and these in the casual allusions of authors who did not expect that their works were to be referred to in after ages as the only repositories of the surviving fragments of so inestimable a treasure.

The names of these great lyric writers, with the dates in which they flourished, are as follows:—

Alcman,	who flourished about	B.C. 670.
Anacreon,	- - -	B.C. 650.
Stesichorus,	- - -	B.C. 612.
Sappho,	- - -	B.C. 610.
Alcæus,	- - -	B.C. 604.
Ibycus,	- - -	B.C. 540.
Simonides,	- - -	B.C. 540.
Pindar,	- - -	B.C. 520.
Bacchylides,	- - -	B.C. 452.

Nine authors in all—every one of them of high name, greatly admired for many ages, and shedding a lustre on a period, than which few that have occurred in the long history of human attainment—present themselves as irradiated by a purer or more genial atmosphere of excellence and beauty. Yet of by far the greater number of these authors, the almost entire works have perished; and even of those who still present to us some remaining volumes, such as Anacreon and Pindar, a far greater portion of their most esteemed productions have disappeared, than the comparatively small fragments that are still read and prized so devoutly by the best judges and scholars of modern times. We scarcely know of a more melancholy reflection, as suggestive of the ravages which time, and war, and social revolutions have been permitted to commit of the most valuable treasures,—and of the fallaciousness of those dreams of perpetual fame, which so many writers of far inferior talents are yet so prone to indulge. However, there is great pleasure in the practice of the art itself to the authors who indulge in it, and unquestionable advantage to their cotemporaries—independent altogether of a reputation which time may entirely destroy, and which, if it should endure, will, however, be beyond the power of the present expectants to estimate or to enjoy.

Instead of taking these nine authors in their order, and shewing first how much they are ascertained to have written, and how scanty are the fragments of most of them which now survive,—we shall rather present our readers with the following verses, in which the merits of each of the most distinguished of the contemporaries of our poetess are described, and her own superior rank in the splendid assemblage distinctly intimated.

Ελαττα ἐκ θηβων μέγα Πίνδαρον, ἐπνεί τέρπνῃ
 Ἴδμελιν φθόγγου μούσα Σιμωνίδει.

Λάμπει Στησιχορός τε καὶ Ἴβυκος· ἣν γλυκευέει Ἀλκμάν.
 Λαρά δ' ἀπὸ στομάτων φθεγγετο βακχυλίδην.
 Πειθὺ Ἀνακρεῖοντι συνέσπετο· ποικίλα δ' αὐδᾷ
 Ἀλκαίῳ κιθάρᾳ Δέσβιος Ἀιολίδι.
 Ἀνδρῶν δ' οὐκ ἐνᾷη Σαπφῷ πέλεν, ἀλλ' ἐρατειναῖς
 Ἐν Μούσαις δεκάτῃ Μῦσα καταγράφεται.

Which, literally translated into plain prose, is as follows :—

Pindar clanged loftily from Thebes.—The muse of the honey-tongued Simonides breathed forth enchanting strains.—Stesichorus and Ibycus glow or flare brightly.—Alcman was sweet—Bacchylides was a prattling muse.—Persuasion attended Anacreon.—The Lesbian Alcæus sung of various themes on his Æolian lyre.—Sappho is not the ninth tyrant of human beings,—but she is the tenth among the amiable Muses.—Or better thus in measured lines.

Pindar, from Thebes, like War's own trumpet bray'd,—
 Simonides in soft-ton'd anthems breathed,—
 Stesichorus and Ibycus, like flame
 That, lambent, glides o' nights, ahone clear and calm,—
 Alcman was sweet as breath of vernal gale,—
 Like youthful prattle sung Bacchylides,—
 With winning force Anacreon ruled the soul,—
 Alcæus, with Æolian harp, pour'd forth
 A mingled tide of strong and tender sounds,—
 But Sappho sung—not to complete the tenth,
 As if a mortal born—but to be one
 Of the bright Maids that dance on Helicon.

Of the poets mentioned in this enumeration—and above all of whom Sappho takes her place in the estimation of the writer, as not merely the tenth of a human series, but as the tenth of a still more illustrious band—the Muses,—there are only two—on whom we may for a moment bestow a passing notice—viz. Alcæus, as being perhaps more frequently mentioned along with Sappho than any of the others—and Simonides, as being the author of one of the most valued fragments that have come to us from those early times.

Of the peculiar vein of Alcæus as a poet, we have a very animated account from Horace, whose inimitable verses are thus rendered by Mr Francis.—Alcæus, it must be noted, was particularly distinguished as a writer on war, and on the hazards of sea-faring and exile :—

“ Alcæus strikes the golden strings
 And seas and war and exile rings ;
 Thus, while they strike the various lyre,
 The ghosts the sacred sounds admire ;
 But when Alcæus lifts the strain,
 In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
 Drink deeper down the martial song.

Akenside, in his *Lyric Odes*, has the following passionate apostrophe to Alcæus,—

"Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords," &c.

Simonides, of whose writings but a few fragments exist, has been characterised as, perhaps, the most pathetic poet of whom antiquity can boast. He is the author of the singularly beautiful poem, well known by the title of the Chest of Danae,—the history of which is as follows.

Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos—according to the mythological fable—became pregnant by Jupiter in a shower of gold—and brought forth, as her son, the celebrated Perseus; the father of Danae seized upon the mother and child, and enclosing them in a chest, committed it to the sea, there to drift at the mercy of the winds and waves. On this fable the poet has founded a poem, which has at all times been the subject of unbounded admiration,—and which has thus been translated by a writer in the "Greek Anthology."

When the wind resounding high
Bluster'd from the northern sky,—
When the waves, in stronger tide,
Dash'd against the vessel's side,—
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danae view'd,
And, trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
"My child, what woes does Danae weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care
That burst above thy long deep hair.
But could'st thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more!
Sleep on, sweet boy, still be the deep!
Oh, could I lull my woes to sleep;
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears."

Let the reader, supposed to be unacquainted with the original, only fancy to himself such a situation as that on which this poem is founded,—a Grecian lady, at sea in an open ark, with her infant and sleeping babe—the waves rising into angry tumult—the winds howling—and the lightnings beginning to flash,—and then let him imagine such a subject in the hands of one of the most pathetic poets that ever wrote, and he will be able to form some idea of the matchless beauties of the verses of which the above is a translation, but which, we may safely aver, could not be equalled by the most successful efforts of any translator whatever.

We have repeatedly said, that the small fragments of most of these authors which now remain, are to be gleaned from occasional notices left by other ancient writers, who, probably, little thought, at the time when they committed these notices to writing, that their passing intimations were ever to be so highly valued by posterity,—or to be the means of rescuing from total oblivion the works of authors, whom they so highly valued. Of these unintentional contributors to the fame of the ancient lyrical writers, there is none whose name occurs more frequently than that of Athenæus. It is from occasional notices by him, that we have been able to excerpt most of the verses, few and fragmented as they are, to which, in the course of this notice, we have been anxious to refer the reader. And as a desire will naturally be felt to know something more particular respecting an author who has done us such good service, we willingly transcribe the following passage from Mr. Bayle,—as well for the sake of Athenæus, as for the just view which it exhibits of the value of a class of writers—the Boswells of their respective periods—of whose merits their cotemporaries are not always disposed to entertain a just appreciation.

ATHENÆUS, a Greek grammarian, was born at *Naucratis, in Egypt*, and flourished in the third century of our era. He was one of the most learned men of his time; he had read so much, and had so good a memory, that he may justly be called *the Varro of the Greeks*. Of all his works, there remains only that entitled *Deipnosophists*, that is to say, *the Sophists at Table*, where he introduces a number of learned men, of all professions, who converse upon various subjects at the table of a Roman citizen, called Larensius. There is an infinite variety of facts and citations in this work of Athenæus, which makes the reading of it very pleasant to those who have skill enough to love antiquity from a rational motive. But without doubt the learned men, who were cotemporary with the author, did not judge of this work so favourably as we do in this age. Those learned men could consult the originals, and there find most of the things which Athenæus presented them with; for which reason, they considered his book in a bad light, as nothing else but a tedious collection from others. But, for our part, who can come at but a very few of the authors referred to by Athenæus, and have no other opportunity of meeting with a hundred particular curiosities mentioned by him but in his collection, we look upon it as a very precious treasure; we regard it with a favourable eye, and transfer to the author all the esteem we have for the rarities recorded by him,—which are, indeed, become such, only because the books out of which he took them are lost. For this same reason, such a compiler, whom our age might not esteem in the least, would be greatly admired a thousand years hence, if there should happen, in the republic of learning, any more such revolutions as destroyed most of the works of the ancient *Greeks and Romans*. We cannot answer, that nothing like this will ever happen again. Let us, then, not blame those who compile: they labour perhaps more usefully for future ages, than the authors who borrow nothing from others, &c.

TRANSLATORS AND IMITATORS OF SAPPHO'S ODES.—Mr. Addison, in one of the papers of the *Spectator* already referred to, had expressed his

wonder that so few of the learned men of modern times had endeavoured to signalise themselves by drawing the attention of their cotemporaries to the two Odes of Sappho which he has so eloquently lauded. Such a hint was not likely to be lost upon the grammarians and philologers, and class of small versifiers, who are ever ready to catch at any opportunity of gaining applause by doing, in a small way, what others have obtained enduring praise by having accomplished in a high and splendid style. Accordingly, we find enumerated in philological works, a long list of authors who have either translated or imitated one or other, or both the Odes in question,—such as Elias Andreas, Sam. Birkovius, and many more of the same kind. Some authors, however, of superior name, have successfully employed themselves in the same task,—such as Smollett, Sir William Jones, Akenside, and others. We shall here present our readers, first with the Latin imitation by Sir William Jones,—whose Latinity is of so high an order that we must not debase it by any attempt on our part at an English version. The imitation is given, not in the character of a lady, like Sappho, but under the fictitious name of Licinius, who was the master of Cicero in the poetic art. The poem is an imitation of Sappho's first Ode to Venus, and is as follows:—

AD VENEREM.

Perfido ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu foci mater, tenerique Amoris
Seu Paphi regina potens Cyprique
Lætior audis.

Lingue jucundum Cnidon, et coruscum
Dirigens currum, levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, et tecum properet soluto
Crine Thalia.

Jam venis! nubes placidi serenas
Passeres findunt, super albicantes
Dum volant sylvas, celereque versant
Leniter alas.

Rursus ad cælum fugiunt. Sed alma
Dulce subridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido, jacentis
Fundis in aurem.

“Qua tepis, inquis, Licini, puellâ
Lucidis versante oculis amantes?
Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,
Care, querelas?”

Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet;
Sive te molli roseos per hortos
Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur
Ipsa fugacem.”

Per tuos oro, Dea mitia, ignes
Pectus ingratis rigidum Corinnæ
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Torsit Adonia.

Akenside,—than whom no author of modern times was more deeply imbued with the spirit of ancient Grecian lore—and whose works are equally valuable on this account, as for the beauties of original and high-toned poetry which they are known to breathe,—has thus excellently versified the most remarkable lines of Sappho's Hymn, in his Ode on Lyric Poetry :—

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant Queen of Love,—
She smiles and asks, what tender cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move?
Why is my faithful maid distress't?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he? Soon he shall pursue.
Shuns he thy gifts? He soon shall give.
Slights he thy sorrows? He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

Of two other unconscious and unintentional imitations of the *second Ode*, in which the tumults and faintings of deep passion are so admirably portrayed, we shall here present our readers with the following copies,—the first from the pen of Coleridge, entitled “the Exchange,” and descriptive of the violent emotions which he felt on claiming the consent of the father of his betrothed,—and the second, as having attached to it a name which has many and other deep claims on the admiration and sympathy of all British hearts.

THE EXCHANGE, BY COLERIDGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I—
I, in my arms the maiden clasping—
I could not tell the reason why,
But oh I trembled, like an aspen.

Her Father's love she bade me gain;
I went and shook, like any reed;
I strove to act the *Man*—in vain;—
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

The other is a translation from the French, and is as follows :—

If in that heart, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell;
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.—SIR JOHN MOORE.

OID AND POPE.—Although most of the works of Sappho, like those of her other celebrated contemporaries, have perished in the havoc of succeeding times, yet Sappho has been more fortunate than the others, in having, after her decease, and the loss of her poems, found two authors

pre-eminently fitted to convey to posterity the very spirit of her lyrics, —and one of them, at least, doubtless intimately acquainted, from personal perusal, with the works whose loss we so justly deplore.

There can be little doubt, that Ovid transcribed into his admirable letter from Sappho to Phaon, the most burning and dazzling of the images, by the help of which Sappho had, in her own person, endeavoured, without success, to reclaim the love of Phaon ;—and we may add, that, of modern writers, no one was better fitted than Pope, to convey to his readers a vivid and just picture of the workmanship of the accomplished Roman writer. In his attempt to lead his readers into the spirit of Homer, Pope may have undertaken a task, for which, by the peculiarities of his taste and genius, he was not especially fitted,—and it is now generally felt and admitted, that in this labour he toiled without success. But in his wish to transfuse into English verse the burning passion of Sappho, as transmitted by her Roman imitator, there can be no doubt that he undertook a work for which all his powers and attainments were, perhaps, more suitable than those of any other author of his own or of succeeding times. Indeed we do not know a greater treat for a quiet resident in the country,—who happens also to have a competent taste for ancient and classic lore,—than to sit down with the work of Ovid on one side, and the translation of Pope on the other,—and comparing the two, to enter by their united influence into the very spirit of the passion by which Sappho was once so cruelly agitated,—and to see what were the imagery and topics which, under that influence, then suggested themselves to her mind, as most likely to gain the sympathy of the beloved youth, whose perfections had made so deep an impression on her pre-eminently sensitive heart. The poem is too long for entire translation, but we subjoin a few passages, as specimens of its execution and spirit. Our classical readers must have recourse to the work of Ovid for themselves.

“ I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne !
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires !
No more my soul a charm in music finds ;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine !
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,

Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
 The muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcaeus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire ;
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd."

And again,—

"Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears ;
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas ! what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ?
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow ;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
 That fly disordered with the wanton wind :
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love :
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those, Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those, might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes."

With these quotations we here conclude this long, but, we hope, not uninviting article. For ourselves, we could most willingly extend the subject, with intense delight, to a much greater length, did our limits permit. The beauties of classical learning are among the richest treats which a mind of taste and competent acquirements can at any time obtain,—and among all the remains of antiquity, there are none more likely to repay the researches of the scholar than those, to a small portion of which we have endeavoured to lead the attention of the reader in this notice of "the Age and Works of Sappho."

THE FREE CHURCH TRIED BY HER OWN ARGUMENTS; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE SECESSION, PUSEYISM, AND POPERY.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

[The following Thoughts have been partly suggested by a perusal of Dr. Buchanan's work, entitled "*The Ten Years' Conflict*," which must account for the form in which the argument will be found.]

THE historian of a great public controversy, more especially of a religious one, imposes on himself a task somewhat difficult to perform aright. This difficulty arises from the danger of so mixing himself up with the questions at issue, as to become the partizan and advocate of a particular side, rather than to maintain the character of the impartial spectator of both. To the successful performance of such a work, these requisites would seem to be essential; viz., that the historian be removed some considerable period of time from the date of the controversy recorded by him, and also that he have no personal or party interest to serve by the duty he has imposed on himself. For this reason it appears to us that the time has not yet arrived for writing the controversy which ended in the Secession from the Church of Scotland of 1843; and that any publication purporting to bear such a character in the present day, ought to be regarded simply as a collection of materials for the future historian, but not as the anticipation of his labours. In the following pages, our intention is to state our reasons why the work of Dr. Buchanan, entitled "*Ten Years' Conflict of the Church of Scotland*," deserve to be received in the former, and not in the latter character. No injustice is done the author in saying, that from such a quarter, a calm and dispassionate history of the events referred to was not to be expected. He may have faithfully and even skilfully executed the duty of narrating the circumstances which preceded and led to the Secession from our Church; but that he has vindicated the necessity of that movement, or afforded posterity, by his arguments, the means of judging fairly as to the points in dispute, cannot at all be conceded. In the volumes before us, questions are omitted, and views of the disputed principles are overlooked, without the consideration of which, no judgment of the merits of the Church controversy need be attempted, or if attempted, must utterly fail in being just and unprejudiced.

With the work before us, considered in the light of a simple narrative of events, we do not intend to deal; nor is it our design to direct attention to, or make any enquiry respecting, the various steps taken during the progress of the controversy. Our immediate concern is with the principles advocated, the rudimental elements, out of which all the events here historically narrated ultimately grew.

Regarding the volumes before us as an attempted vindication of the Free Church movement, and as an argument designed for posterity, justifying the reasonableness and necessity of that movement, our conviction is, that after all that the author has stated, and after all that others pre-

ceding him in the same tract have written, a sufficient refutation of the position assumed by those who have gone out from the Established Church still remains, and may be satisfactorily deduced from the very principles laid down as the defence of that position. To attempt a refutation of the argument before us, on grounds disowned or denied by those who have advanced it, would be a very ultroneous and useless effort. But if we succeed in shewing that such refutation becomes the logical sequence of the principles of that argument itself, and which have hitherto been supposed to constitute its defence, we shall then appear to have placed the adherents of the Church of Scotland on a vantage ground, from which it will not be very easy to dislodge them, and moreover to have shewn that feeling, not principle, originated the Secession of 1843.

The chief point brought under public discussion during the "Ten Years' Conflict" was that generally known by the term of spiritual independence of the Church. This precise principle was not indeed involved in the earlier stages of the controversy, which were occupied with the much inferior question of non-intrusion, or the specific effect that the conscientious objections of a parish to the nominee of a patron to a benefice, should have in preventing his induction as their spiritual pastor, when these objections were simply stated as having existence in the mind, but were not subjected to proof before an ecclesiastical judicatory. Such a view of the non-intrusion having been finally disallowed by the civil courts, and declared contrary to the statutes, the General Assembly of the Church resolved to abide by the non-intrusion, or Veto law. By this resolution the other principle, viz. that which related to spiritual independence, was immediately brought into prominence, and became the grand question at issue throughout the remainder of the controversy. In accordance with this principle, it was maintained by those who directed the councils of the General Assembly, that while it was competent for the civil courts to determine all questions in reference to the benefice, and to appropriate it to the party who might be held entitled to receive it, they had no authority over the Church in reference to the questions strictly spiritual and ecclesiastical; that the Church in the regulation of such matters was entitled to make those arrangements deemed by herself alone, to be right and proper, and while acting within her own province, was not amenable to civil decrees and judgments. The work before us may be regarded as the history of this claim of spiritual independence, and of its application to the course of events which grew out of the Church's determination to adhere to the Veto law, after it had been declared illegal by the supreme civil judicatory.

The most natural way of commenting on the principle referred to, seems to be, first, to elucidate by an extract the views held by the author on the question before him, and then to enquire how far the conclusions drawn by him are in accordance with the premises originally possessed. We request our readers to weigh attentively the principles which we are about to extract, because, as Dr. B. rests the entire defence and vindication of the Free Church upon them, and as they involve the very existence of the party whom he represents, so we mean on the same principles to found an entirely opposite argument. A statement of the principles

implied by the term spiritual independence of the Church, might be drawn from almost every page of our author. The special views contended for, meet our notice at the very commencement of the work. We cite from vol. I. pp. 8 to 11, omitting the scriptural quotations in proof of the positions asserted.—“The Church is a spiritual society, founded and upheld by the Lord Jesus Christ, deriving its laws, its institutions, its privileges, from him alone. This spiritual society, the Church, possesses inherently the right and power of self-government. It possesses the right, for it was conferred by Christ himself. The right and power of self-government which the Church has received from Christ, she is bound to exercise in subjection to his will; she is not at liberty to suffer any third party to come between herself and her Lord. In so far as the Church consents to take her directions in matters spiritual, from any other than Christ speaking in the Scriptures, she to that extent ceases to be the Church of Christ; she is suffering other Lords to have dominion over her,—and in so far as the attempt may be made to compel her to take such extraneous directions, the rights of conscience are outraged and submission to the unlawful authority is not a duty but a crime.”

The same views are stated in the independence resolutions of 1838, p. 478,—in the Engagement, vol II. p. 271,—in the Claim of Rights, p. 502,—in the Convocation resolutions, p. 544,—and in the Protest, p. 647. Indeed, these are the principles asserted in defence of the Free Church movement by every writer who has taken part in the controversy. Now in place of attempting ourselves, to reduce the views of independence above stated into the form of a strictly precise proposition, for the purpose of analysis, we shall avail ourselves of such a form, ready and prepared to our hand by a Free Church advocate and defender. In an article, Vol. X. of the North British Review, written in reply to certain remarks on the Free Church contained in the Duke of Argyll's Essay on Presbytery, the author finds it necessary to give a distinct statement of the principles of the Church to which he belongs. This he does in certain propositions, in reference to which he says, “that they can all be satisfactorily proved by or deduced from Scripture, and moreover that they fully vindicate the proceedings adopted by the Free Church party.” These propositions in general simply assert truisms, at least to Presbyterian minds, such as, that the visible Church is a distinct society; that Christ is its only head, that the sacred Scripture is the only rule of its laws and constitution; that ecclesiastical office-bearers alone are authorised to administer its ordinary affairs. Prop. V. is as follows,—“That the civil magistrate, though bound to aim, in the exercise of his lawful jurisdiction in civil or temporal things, at the prosperity of the Church of Christ; does not as such possess any jurisdiction or right of authoritative control, in ecclesiastical or spiritual matters, and of course cannot by any laws he may pass, or any decisions he may pronounce, impose a valid obligation to obedience upon the Church in general, or upon her office-bearers in the execution of their respective functions.” These propositions have been referred to by us, not because there is anything peculiar in them as distinct from what others have stated, but because they express clearly

and definitely the principles advocated in the "Ten Years' Conflict;" and one of them has been cited at length, because, while enunciating precisely the views held by the Free Church party of the province of the magistrate in ecclesiastical affairs, it also contains the ground of our objection to these views. To us it seems that a fallacy has run through the reasoning of the party referred to, by which they have been led to draw from their premises, unwarranted and illogical conclusions. A summary of the reasoning made use of in the Church controversy may be given in a single sentence. "The Church is an independent society, instituted as such by Christ. His word alone is her rule, and her own office-bearers alone are entitled to interpret and apply it for the regulation of her proceedings." In these three statements is contained all the argument adduced in the controversy. Beyond this, the whole reasoning was amplification, and consisted simply in the assertion, that the Church's independence referred to, was enunciated in the Confession of Faith, was then sanctioned and adopted by the civil magistrate when he endowed the Church,—was further confirmed by various acts of parliament, and had previously been respected by the civil court, in its proceedings towards the Church. Let us now see how the above argument brings out the conclusions, alike condemnatory of the Court of Session and of the present Establishment, which the Free Church party have deduced from it. The process is equally brief as the argument just stated. "The Church, as an independent society, enacted or re-enacted (it is immaterial which,) in 1834 the Veto Law, for the regulation of her own proceedings in the induction of her ministers in vacant parishes. The Civil Court (in 1839) found this act to be illegal and *ultra vires*; subsequently issued a series of interdicts against the Church and her Judicatories, to hinder them from continuing to proceed upon it; and further, held her ministers and office-bearers liable to pains and penalties for persisting to enforce this law. Here then, in matters of a purely ecclesiastical and spiritual character, the Church's independence was violated, while a third party came between the Church and the Word of God. Such attempt to impose on the Church, other than her own sense of the duty she owed to Christ, being contrary to the Word of God, was not entitled to respect on the Church's part, nor did she commit a crime in resisting it." Now, although the inference thus drawn may seem to be obtained in strict accordance with the premises as above given, there is an unsoundness and unfairness in the argument, which renders the conclusion the very opposite of truth. This unsoundness in the argument appears to have arisen from the elliptic form in which the claim of independence for the Church has been generally stated, and from the want of precise language in the terms made use of. Thus, in the position so frequently laid down by Dr. B., "The Church is an independent society," an elliptical or incomplete position only is stated, the truth of which can only be tested when the assertion is complete—"Of what is the Church independent?" Obviously, the answer is, "Of authoritative control by the civil magistrate in ecclesiastical matters." The complete position of the Free Church is therefore as follows. "In ecclesiastical matters the Church must be independent of all authoritative control by the civil power." Now it is to

this principle thus plainly and simply stated, that we offer a serious objection. Every one who paid the smallest attention to the controversy as it progressed, cannot here fail to remember, that the position now enunciated as the true principle of the Free Church, was in substance uniformly held up by her advocates in this character. In speeches, publications, and platform oratory, the idea, if not the precise language above stated, was set forth as indicating the principle contended for; and in the work before us, this is the principle on which a vindication of all the proceedings there narrated is founded.

To what objection, then, is it liable? Simply to this, that in the above proposition, there is assumed, as a first principle, that which is not a first principle; and that from this fallacy in reasoning, conclusions are adopted as truthful and logical, which are but assertions, until at least they have been demonstrated by argument. It assumes, that the idea conveyed by the language, in which the exercise of civil authority on the Church happens to be expressed, is a simple idea, a first principle,—whereas it is a complex idea, a secondary principle. It is an idea capable of division into other elementary ideas, and requiring the argument in proof to be applied to each of the more simple positions contained in it, before the truth or falsehood of the general assertion can be ascertained. How clearly are the strength and force of this objection made obvious, by looking at the proposition expressive of the Free Church views, cited from the North British Review! The writer of this article expresses the idea of the civil Magistrate's interference with the Church, by the term "authoritative controul in Ecclesiastical matters," as other writers sometimes call it civil interference or dictation, civil authority—civil jurisdiction in such matters. Now, adverting to his assertion, "that the civil Magistrate does not possess any right of authoritative controul in Ecclesiastical matters," is it not clear as noon-day that he regards this authoritative controul as a first principle, and is led to make his assertion accordingly? No one could gather from his language that the words *authoritative controul* express two distinct and separate ideas; and state two distinct principles, indicative of two different and unconnected acts of the civil Magistrate toward the Church. This error in the mode of conducting her argument, has been, on the part of the Free Church, a fatal one; and unless we greatly mistake the matter, has contributed, in no small degree, to lead her into the position, false as we believe it to be, which she now occupies.

By assuming "civil authority" to be a first principle, her advocates have been enabled to give a colouring to their argument, and an apparent soundness to their conclusions, of which the sub-division of the principle for which they contended into its component parts would have entirely deprived them. This we now proceed to shew. Civil authority exercised on the Church, becomes plainly divisible into the two distinct acts of *preceptive* authority, and *restrictive* authority, or the power of dictating a rule of duty to the Church, and the power of enforcing obedience to a specific rule already existing. Those who advocated the Free Church cause were not therefore entitled, in their argument, to make the general assertion, which they so often did, of the Church's independence

of all civil authority in Ecclesiastical matters, but were bound to assert the two distinct propositions of her right to be independent of *preceptive* authority on the one hand, and of *restrictive* authority on the other; and moreover, they were bound to apply their argument to both these propositions alike, ere they drew the conclusions on which their whole proceedings were founded. By every rule of logic, an assertion capable of division into two parts, cannot be demonstrated to be true, unless the argument used in the demonstration be capable of application to both parts alike. An argument or demonstration applicable only to one part, would be held as utterly failing to prove the general assertion, however clearly it might establish the particular part of the assertion to which it referred. To regard a principle as established by reasoning, applicable only to a branch of it, would be in violation of all the laws by which truth is demonstrated to the mind, and would lead to the adoption of conclusions totally unsafe and unwarranted. Let us suppose, for example, that we hear the assertion made, "water brought into contact with flame, will uniformly extinguish it;" and that the question is asked, Is this assertion true? Every one acquainted with chemistry knows that the assertion here made is only true, so long as water is regarded as a first principle. Let water be decomposed into its original elements, and flame applied to each of these elements separately, then the assertion is no longer true, it becomes positively false. From this simple example, it is evident how great is the difference between the truth of an assertion regarded as a first principle, and when subdivided into its separate parts. The objection brought against the conclusions drawn by the Free Church party amounts to this, that whatever may be the seeming accordance with truth of these conclusions, while the principle of independence is regarded as a first principle, they cannot be held as established when that principle is subdivided, since all the argument adduced in the proof has reference only to one of the two positions contained in the general principle; and moreover, has reference to that position which does *not* bear out the conclusions drawn from it. All the argument of the Free Church has reference only to *preceptive* authority, when exercised by the civil Magistrate on the Church, and has no reference to *restrictive* authority at all, the latter however being the authority, of which alone it can be said, that it ever was exercised against the Church. Let us shew this, by glancing at the various modes of argument that were made use of during the agitation of the question at issue.

1. As to the argument from Scripture. The independence claimed by the Church from civil controul in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, was vindicated on Christ's words, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom," &c. But the authority here communicated by Christ to his Apostles is most clearly preceptive authority; hence the only independence to which the Church can lay claim, founded on this communication, must be independence of preceptive authority in religion by the civil power. The same remark applies to all the other passages of Scripture by which it has been attempted to substantiate the views of the Free Church. They can be adduced only in proof of the Church's right

to be free from all preceptive authority in her own province; and they have no bearing at all on the other question of restrictive authority.

2. The same thing is true in reference to the argument from the Confession of Faith. When it is there said, chap. 30, "The Lord Jesus Christ, as king and head of the Church, hath therein appointed a government distinct from the civil Magistrate;" and of the latter, ch. 23, "That he may not assume to himself the power of the keys;" no other meaning can be attached to the expressions but this, that the right of exercising preceptive authority in matters of religion, belongs to the Church, and not to the civil Magistrate.

3. So also in reference to the various statutes of the Parliament of Scotland, on which so much stress has been laid. On reference to these statutes, all that can be gathered from them is simply this, the recognition of the sole "jurisdiction of the kirk, in the preaching of the true word of Jesus Christ, correction of manners, and administration of the holy Sacraments,"—language which, varied according to the different statutes, just expresses the plain idea, that preceptive authority in religious and ecclesiastical matters belongs to the Church, and is excluded from the province of the State.

4. We shall only notice another point of the Free Church argument, viz., that which relates to the celebrated case of Montgomery, deposed by the General Assembly for seeking to force himself under royal authority into the Archbishopric of Glasgow, and for appealing to the civil tribunal for redress from the sentence of the Spiritual Judicatory. The slightest glance at this case, on which so much of the weight of the argument during the conflict was placed, shews us its true character. Montgomery, by his acceptance of the see of Glasgow, recognized the right of the civil power to overturn all the Ecclesiastical arrangements of the country, in defiance of the Church Judicatories. In other words, he recognized the right of the civil Magistrate to exercise preceptive authority in spiritual matters, and for his recognition he was visited righteously by the General Assembly of his day with the extreme sentence of deposition, just as another Montgomery, for the same crime, would be met by a similar sentence from the General Assembly of the present time.

Having thus shewn what was strictly the argument made use of by the Free Church, and what was the real point attempted to be proven by it, viz., the right of the Church to be independent of the exercise of preceptive authority, we proceed to notice how the point thus proven utterly fails to establish, nay, is incapable of establishing, the conclusions for which it was adduced, namely, to vindicate the proceedings adopted during the controversy, and finally the secession from the Establishment.

Before doing so, it may be right to make a single remark, relating to the views held of the Established Church by the seceding party, and the reasons why they could not continue in her communion. This seems the more necessary, because the reasons formerly adduced are those still asserted, for maintaining a position of alienation and opposition. The ministers and people of the Church of Scotland, in refusing to adopt the principles of her opponent, had grievous charges laid against them. Their

Church has been branded as Erastian,—has been said to deny the headship and take away the crown-rights of Christ, and to recognize as her head, in spiritual matters, the Queen or the Court of Session. Her ministers have been held forth as incapable of preaching the gospel truly ; they have been excluded from the pale of true ministers of Christ :—in their public character they have been denounced as a moral nuisance, and at present they are regarded as no longer worthy of being entrusted with the educational interests of the youth of Scotland. Unreflecting minds, on hearing these and other charges so often preferred against the Church of Scotland, must naturally have supposed that many grievous wrongs had been committed by her. But in reality it is not so. All these charges, however chameleon-like their shape, mean exactly the same thing. One single idea underlies all that has been said or done by the Free party against the Church of Scotland, namely this, that preceptive authority has been exercised by the civil power in the spiritual province, and that the Established Church has acquiesced in the principle by which such authority has been exercised. What else is the meaning of the charge, which, continuously and dogmatically asserted, was the means of leading so many from her communion, viz., that she had denied the headship of Christ ? This did not mean that she had excluded from her belief any great and well-known doctrinal truth, but simply that she had allowed another party, viz., the Court of Session, to interpret for her Christ's word and laws, that is, to exercise towards her preceptive authority. What else is the meaning of the assertion, that the gospel cannot be preached in the Establishment ? By this, it was not implied that any of the great fundamental truths of our Confession could not be stated from her pulpits the same as formerly, but merely that, in the Establishment, it could no longer be taught that Christ alone must speak to the conscience of his Church and people by his word, to the exclusion of all other authority ; or, in other words, that the pulpits of the Establishment must now recognize in another quarter the preceptive authority in spiritual things which alone belongs to Christ. This idea of preceptive authority, as exercised by the civil power in matters of spiritual duty and function, is the simple idea constituting *Erastianism*, and it is the simple idea which has given a colour to all the language and proceedings of the Free Church party in reference to the Church of Scotland. The former is at present the antagonist of the latter, because of the preceptive authority which, it is held, has been exercised by the Court of Session, and acquiesced in by the Church of Scotland ; and as we have already shewn, the entire argument adduced in the conflict which arose, has been to repudiate *this authority* as belonging to the civil, and to claim it as belonging to the Ecclesiastical province.

Now, in answer to the charge proved, or conceived to be proved against us, it will be sufficient to assert, that no preceptive authority was exercised against the Church at all. The authority exercised during the ten years' conflict, was not *preceptive* but *restrictive*, while no attempt has been made, nor argument used, to shew the unlawfulness of such exercise by the civil power toward the Church.

If, therefore, we can establish these two points, 1st, That in the acts reclaimed against during the collision, no preceptive authority was ever exercised; 2dly, That the exercise of restrictive authority by the civil power in matters Ecclesiastical, is not wrong in itself, and is not forbidden by the Confession of Faith or the word of God, nothing can be clearer than this, that on her own principles we uproot the foundations of the Free Church, and leave her, *quoad* argument, with not a single support on which to lean. We shall now attempt to do this, although our limits will permit us simply to sketch, but not fully to illustrate the argument.

We maintain the assertion, that no preceptive authority was exercised against the Church during the conflict, on three distinct grounds: 1st, That the acts reclaimed against had none of the characteristic marks of preceptive authority. 2dly, That the Court, whose acts were complained of, is, from its very constitution, incapable of exercising such authority. 3dly, That our opponents cannot contend that such was the nature of the authority exercised, without asserting a principle which overturns Protestantism, and would render secession from a Church, believed to be heretical in the faith, impossible. It is well known, that what the Free Church party all along complained of, was certain proceedings of one or other of the civil courts of the kingdom. Now, of these acts, whether coming in the shape of decisions or interdicts, &c. &c., we say, that they had none of the marks or distinguishing characters of preceptive authority. To prove this, it is only necessary to define and draw the distinction between acts of preceptive and acts of restrictive authority, exercised in reference to spiritual and Ecclesiastical matters. Between these two classes of acts there is a very broad and clear difference; as, 1st, The subject about which the two kinds of authority are exercised is different. For the subject with which preceptive authority in being exercised has to deal, is *the word of God*, while that with which restrictive authority deals is some specific interpretation given to God's word, for example, Protestantism in opposition to Popery, or Presbytery in opposition to Episcopacy. Again, preceptive authority exists, and is exercised, by interpreting the word of God, or by drawing up a rule or confession of faith, of its doctrines and duties. Restrictive authority, on the other hand, can have no existence at all, till such rule has been prepared by an antecedent preceptive authority. And, once more, when a rule or confession of faith has been drawn up, then preceptive authority can only be exercised by effecting an alteration on this rule, that is, by adding to it, or by subtracting from it. Restrictive authority neither adds to, nor diminishes from, an existing rule; its province being simply to take the rule as it finds it, and to enforce its observance.

Now, as the civil Court, in all its proceedings towards the Church, did not profess to be the interpreter of God's word, but simply to enforce obedience to existing statutes—statutes that must be presumed to have been in harmony with God's word, because acquiesced in by the Church, it is manifest from the distinctions above noticed, that its acts complained of were exercises not of preceptive but of restrictive authority.

This is still more evident from the second position asserted by us, viz., the constitution of the civil Court. We have said that, a rule of faith having once been formed from the word of God, preceptive authority can then only be exercised by making alteration on this rule. Now, advert- ing to this character of preceptive authority, it is certain that the very constitution of a civil Court prevents it from exercising such authority. For what is the province of a civil Court in reference to all government, but simply to apply the legislative mind to the subject? It executes laws, but does not make them. To regard its acts in any other light, would be utterly to confound between the two very important but distinct functions of government, that of the legislative and the executive function;—legislation being the exercise of preceptive authority, while the execution of the laws as plainly belongs to the exercise of restrictive authority, or to the restraint of the subject to the limit of the law, as already framed.

Now, in reference to spiritual and Ecclesiastical matters, all that a civil Court can do in the case of an Establishment, must be one of the two following acts: 1st, In interpreting the Church's rule, as written in the statutes, it may attach a meaning to it, different from that attached to it by the Church; or, 2dly, It may attach a meaning to it, not only different from that of the Church, but from that originally held and intended by the legislature itself. When, therefore, the civil Court enforces on the Church obedience to such a view of the latter's duty, what is the authority so exercised? In the former case, it is plainly that of restrictive authority, inasmuch as the civil Court is the recognized constitutional organ of interpreting the legislative mind, as engrossed in the statutes of the kingdom. But so it is also even in the latter case. Here indeed a view of the Church's duty is given and enforced, different from that originally held, and meant to be held by the State; but in the gloss given to the statutes, the civil Court uses its best judgment to define the legislative mind, as it originally existed. In the case before us, there is indeed given, not what was, *de facto*, the original sense attached by the legislature to the statutes, as embodying the Church's rule, but only what the Court *conceives* to have been the sense so attached. But from this it is evident, that even when enforcing a view of the statutes at variance with that originally held by the legislature, the authority exercised by the civil Court on the Church is still only restrictive authority. With these remarks before us, there is no difficulty in perceiving to what category belong all the proceedings of the civil Court during the Ten Years' Conflict. They were simply restrictive. The third argument adduced in proof, that the actings reclaimed against did not pertain to the class of preceptive authority, was—That the opposite assertion cannot be made without holding a principle subversive of Protestantism, and which would render secession from a heretical church impossible. This argument arises out of the last mark of distinction between the two heads of authority, which was stated by us, viz., that when a rule of scripture has been formed, preceptive authority can be exercised only by altering it.

Let us here suppose that, as asserted, the principle of the Veto law,

viz. non-intrusion, was in conformity with the original rule of the Church of Scotland; it must then follow, if the authority exercised on the Church was preceptive, that the declared illegality of this law, by the decisions of the civil Court, was an alteration of the rule of the Church, and hence that the Church's rule had all along been an obligation to adhere to the non-intrusion principle. Now, if it be supposed again, as also asserted, that the non-intrusion principle was obligatory on the Church, not simply as a rule of expediency adopted in former times, but as a rule of God's word; in what an indefensible position must all those be placed as conscientious men, who entered a Church, and remained in connexion with a Church, which had deliberately violated the word of God in her practice, as it was well known the Church of Scotland had long done, by disregarding the non-intrusion principle previous to 1834? It would obviously be a vain answer to such an implied charge of setting conscience at nought, were it asserted that ministers might safely remain in connexion with a Church believed to have become unscriptural in her practices or ecclesiastical proceedings, so long as her avowed standards were sound, and so long as there existed in her constitution the power of self-government, since they might protest against her practices, and might make efforts for the reformation of them. For, in the first place, if the practices of a church are not to be taken as the true interpretation of her principles, as these are contained in her avowed standards, then these standards will just express whatever a man chooses to find expressed in them, and consequently they can afford no safeguard against the most grievous errors among her office-bearers. That this was the true light in which the seceders read the practices of a Church, is evident from the fact of their assertion to this day, that the Established Church has in principle repudiated the headship of Christ, a charge which they said was proved, not by her formularies, nor by her own interpretation of these formularies, but by her actings. But, in the second place, no protest can vindicate conscience in matters enjoined by the word of God. It can only become efficacious in matters of expediency, or in matters deemed to be right by human judgment. Were such an argument allowed to be sound, it would plainly condemn Luther in his separation from Rome, since it may be said he might have remained in connexion with her, by putting his own interpretation on her formularies, protesting against her unscriptural practices, and urging her to exert her power of self-government in the work of reformation. The only vindication which remains for those who, as ministers, entered the Church of Scotland, believing in conscience her practice to be unscriptural, or who continued in her communion after coming to this conclusion, must be found in the assertion of the unlawfulness of disturbing the unity of the Church, and of the duty of her members to be obedient to her authority, irrespective of every other consideration of conscience or scripture,—a principle which of course identifies those who hold it with Rome. No doubt it is true, that were the non-intrusion principle to be regarded only in the light of a mere rule of expediency, such a mode of vindicating those who once belonged to us, would not be necessary. A law of expediency might be formally repealed, or might be gradually,

given up in the proceedings of a Church, when she deemed the necessity or circumstances formerly requiring it to have passed away. On this point there might be ground for diversity of opinion among her ministers, and a protest might be taken by those who did not approve of the course which had been adopted. But in regard to a law of God's word, no protest could avail, no vindication could remain, for those who adopted a church violating, in her avowed practice, such a law, without substituting duty to the Church for the obligations of conscience and scripture.

It hath thus been shewn, on three separate and distinct grounds, that the authority exercised on the Church by the Court of Session, and re-claimed against by the Free party, as the reason for their secession, was not preceptive authority; and if any one of the grounds taken by us be solid, the point contended for has been established. It now only remains, for the complete demonstration of our case, that we be able to vindicate the exercise of that *restrictive* authority on the Church, which was exhibited by the civil power.

On this question, we are not aware of a single argument in the writings of our opponents, which it is necessary to refute; for while renewed assertions have been made by them, as to the unlawfulness of all authority exercised on the Church in spiritual matters, they are nothing more than assertions, when considered as applicable to the single point of restrictive authority. The argument on the question which has been adduced, does not refer to this kind of authority at all, but only to that which is preceptive. Dr. Buchanan's work will be searched in vain, for the solution of the question now before us. Let us then see what can be advanced in defence of the principle, "that restrictive authority by the civil power regarding the spiritual functions of the Church, is not unlawful." And, first, we remark, that the exercise by the civil power of restrictive authority on the Church, in reference to religious or ecclesiastical duty, does not necessarily imply that any preceptive authority was exercised towards her, in reference to the formation of the rule of such duty. A church may, in the exercise of her own preceptive authority or independence, have formed her rule of duty from the word of God; while the civil power may, in the exercise of restrictive authority, afterwards enforce that rule on her observance. The adoption of the Confession of Faith, may have been the act and deed of the Church of Scotland, even though restricted to it subsequently by the civil power of the kingdom.

But, secondly, in favour of the lawfulness of restrictive authority, both a positive and a negative argument may be adduced. The positive argument, or rather arguments, are sufficiently varied and extensive, viz. The principles of reason—the example of the Old Testament—the principles of the New Testament—the Confession of Faith. We cannot pretend to enlarge on those arguments, but we may make some remarks on each of them.

1. If it be reasonable that the civil magistrate should be made acquainted with the doctrine and practice of the Church which he proposes to constitute a national institution, before he grant to her the civil bene-

fits implied, it must be reasonable, that neither the Church as a whole, nor any part of that Church, can lay claim to these benefits when she no longer adheres to said doctrine and practice. But there is no way of preventing this, unless by the concession of restrictive authority to the civil magistrate. He must have the right of controlling the Church within the limits of her Confession as understood by him, while she remains in connexion with the State; or else she has the power of converting the civil benefits enjoyed by her to her own purposes, in place of being the means to accomplish by them the end contemplated in the grant of them.

2. We argue the lawfulness of restrictive authority from the example of the Old Testament. How many of the kings of Judah, in a time of national defection, employed the royal power for the purpose of overturning idolatry and restoring the true worship of God,—an act for which they received the approbation of Heaven! Now what was this but the exercise of restrictive authority in religious matters by the civil power? And here we take leave to say in passing, that it appears to us this exercise of the royal prerogative in the Old Testament, was much misunderstood in the discussion of the Voluntary question. The advocates of this system endeavoured to get rid of the argument from the Old Testament in favour of a national Establishment, by the assertion that the Israelitish dispensation was a Theocracy, wherein the Almighty himself was at first the sovereign, and wherein afterwards the kings were his vicegerents; and that, being a theocracy of so peculiar a character, its institutions in reference to religion could afford no example to subsequent times. But this idea of a theocracy, and of something peculiar to itself and distinct from all other kingdoms, implied that the kings of the Old Testament, as God's vicegerents, exercised in religious matters preceptive authority over their subjects. This seems to us an error. These kings did not exercise preceptive, but only restrictive authority in religion. All they attempted to do, was to bring back their subjects to the form of worship formerly instituted by God himself,—an exercise of authority having in it nothing preceptive, but only restrictive, and consequently, having in it nothing that must necessarily limit it to a theocracy. There is but one great act of preceptive authority in religion recorded in the Old Testament, viz. that of Jeroboam; and this is so far from having been tolerated as a just exercise of regal power, that it is more strongly condemned than almost any other act mentioned in Scripture. If there was any thing that rendered the actings of the kings of Judah peculiar, and that hinders them from being types to others, it was not their exercise of restrictive authority in religion, but the nature of the sanctions by which they enforced that authority. They gave no liberty of conscience, but compelled their subjects, often under the extreme penalty of death, to return to the worship of the true God. And this they did, because they acted in the reformation they effected, under *infallible authority*. Were it possible that religious reformation could be attempted, or religious instruction could be offered now, under the same authority as of old, the plea of liberty for conscience could not avail, and would not be listened to; hence the reason of the persecuting spirit of Rome, and

why she never can consistently grant religious toleration to those who differ from her, within her dominions. But to return to our argument.

If it be obvious that, under the Old Testament, the exercise of restrictive authority in religion by the civil magistrate was lawful, this affords a strong argument in behalf of such authority under the New Testament, provided the latter has not expressly forbidden it. That this is not the case, we now argue from the New Testament itself, or rather we contend that the exercise of this authority is implied in its principles. On this subject it will be sufficient to cite the language of Paul, as expressive of the general principles taught in the New Testament. In reference to the civil magistrate, the words of the Apostle are, "He is the minister of God to thee for good." Let us examine the truth set forth in this passage. As we are not arguing at present with Voluntaryism, which denies all interference with religion to the Magistrate, we do not stop to enquire into the nature of the *good* here spoken of. Assuming as a common principle between the Establishment and the Free Church, that it includes the Magistrate's right and duty to recognise a national system of religion, we find in the Apostle's declaration, the following clear truth:—that the actings of the Magistrate regarding religion are acts of his own volition, acts involving personal responsibility,—for in reference to the good conferred by him on the subject, he is the minister of God, and not the minister of the Church. From this truth it as clearly follows, that the Magistrate cannot be required, or rather is not permitted, to recognise any principle in reference to a national religion, whose effect would be to deprive him of personal responsibility as to the nature and character of the system of religion, communicated through his support of its ministers, for the good of his people. This shews, that not only must it belong to the Magistrate spontaneously to choose, from conflicting sects, the form of religion which he pleases to support, but also that the Church being permanently endowed, as was that of Scotland, there must be conceded to him the right of restrictive authority towards her acts. Deprive him of this authority, and you denude the Magistrate of personal responsibility as to the good communicated. That is, concede to the Church the power of spiritual independence, and the Civil Magistrate, denuded of personal responsibility, becomes no longer the Minister of God, as the Apostle declares him to be, but is transformed into the Minister of the Church. Nor would it obviate this objection to say, that the Magistrate's responsibility is secured or preserved by his power to take away the Church's endowments, when he is discontented with her proceedings. For in adopting, or in being compelled to adopt this, as the only way reserved to him of vindicating his responsibility, he is compelled to repudiate the only mode of being the Minister of good, in so far as that good refers to Gospel truth, which is competent to his office. How then can he fulfil the conditions which the Apostle's words impose upon him? His remedy, in such a case, must obviously be, not in an act, which compels him to deny one of his scriptural obligations, but in an act which is consistent with his performing them all, viz., in restrictive authority. As other passages of the New Testament in reference to the Civil Magistrate would only bring out the same conclusion, it is needless to load our pages

by subjecting them to investigation. We shall therefore pass on to enquire, whether the exercise of restrictive authority on the Church cannot be vindicated from the language of the "Confession of Faith." It is plainly implied, or openly stated in the volumes before us, that the authority over the Church asserted in the recent conflict, was inconsistent with, and is incapable of being reconciled with, the Confession of the Church of Scotland. This insinuation has been repeated by every writer on the controversy. In the article in the North British Review, to which reference was formerly made, the author sounds forth a defiance to the Establishment to shew, how the views expressed by the Duke of Argyle in reference to the authority of the State over the Church, and which views are assumed to be identical with those of the Church of Scotland, can be explained as in accordance with the Confession of Faith. Now to ourselves, nothing seems more easy than to explain this consistency, or in other words, to vindicate the authority asserted, on the principles of the Confession. The doctrine of the latter, as laid down in chapters 30th and 23d is to this effect, "That the Lord Jesus Christ, as king and head of his Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hands of church officers distinct from the civil magistrate." And that while the latter "may not assume the power of the keys, yet he hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order for the preservation of purity, peace, and unity, in the Church." The simple idea attached to the expression "power of the keys," from which the magistrate is excluded, is not, as Dr. B. has stated it to be (Vol. II. p. 633.,) *spiritual authority*, but it is *preceptive authority in spiritual things*. Unless the idea expressed by the words "power of the keys" be limited to that of mere preceptive authority, the Confession cannot be rendered consistent with itself, because, in the second citation above made, authority is ascribed to the magistrate for the preservation of the peace and purity of the Church. Now it is obvious that the Confession cannot consistently declare the magistrate to be excluded from *all* authority on religious matters, and yet ascribe to him authority; but it may with perfect consistency declare him excluded from one kind of authority, yet hold him entitled to exercise another. To interpret the authority which the Confession does ascribe to the magistrate, as simply implying his right to convene an Assembly of the Church, to preside in it, and to address arguments of moral suasion to the mind of the Church, for the purpose of producing conviction, or as implying his right to do what can only be effected by example and indirect influence, is not consistent with the language employed. It may be that such is the proper position which the civil magistrate is entitled to assume towards the Church, but this is not what the Confession says. It directly ascribes to him *authority*. Now the limitation of this expression to acts of the nature of those mentioned, that is, to indirect acts, is the ascription to the magistrate, not of authority "that unity and peace be preserved in the Church, and that the truth of God be kept pure and entire," as the Confession says, but only of *suggestive power*. But suggestive power is not authority. The former does not carry with it any responsibility as to the consequences of the line of action which it suggests. The latter clearly implies such

responsibility. When authority is ascribed to do a certain act, it implies the use of means towards its accomplishment, and that the party having authority, has control over the use of the means so used, and is responsible, *in foro conscientiae*, for the use made of them. The captain of a ship having authority over the crew to preserve discipline among them, implies more than that of suggesting good behaviour among them. It implies the lawful use of means to enforce good behaviour. So does authority, said to reside in the civil magistrate to preserve the purity of the Church, imply more than the suggestion, in whatever way, of what he thinks right. It implies means to enforce what is right. Less than this power conceded to the civil magistrate, is not consistent with the words of the Confession. Nor does the ascription of such power derogate in the slightest degree from that supreme controul over spiritual things, declared also by the Confession to belong solely to the Church. "To the Church," it is said, "belongs the power of the keys," that is, the right of preceptive authority in all matters of religion. As this expression plainly excludes the magistrate from doing anything preceptively in religion, the nature of the authority spoken of as belonging to his office must be very evident. It must be that of *restrictive authority*; there being no other than these two. The meaning of the much contested language of the Confession, did not then seem very difficult after all to reach. It only amounts to this, that while the civil magistrate may not assume preceptive authority over the Church in matters of spiritual and ecclesiastical function,—for this would be to take into his hand the 'power of the keys,'—he may yet exercise toward the Church in such matters a restrictive authority, seeing that it is his duty by such authority to preserve the purity and peace of the Church. If the language of the Confession be considered with reference to the two different conditions of the Church, as established and un-established by the civil power, it will only assert the following position, viz., that the magistrate may exercise toward the Church, as un-established, or rather when engaged in seeking to procure for the nation the advantages of an Establishment, *suggestive power*, and toward the Church when established (according to the mode adopted in Scotland) restrictive authority. This view of the language of our Church's Confession, has at least the merit of rendering it consistent with itself; which no ingenuity can effect, if the restrictive authority, to which we have been adverting, be denied to the magistrate, without involving the idea, that authority and suggestion are equivalent terms.

Were it needful to the support of our argument, it would be easy to shew that the idea of restrictive authority, which we have ascribed to the magistrate, is implied in the terms which Free Church writers themselves apply to the language of the Confession, while yet seeming to deny to him all control in religious questions. In arguing the meaning of the expressions of the Confession before the Secession, it was maintained by Dr. Cunningham in his published letters, that the only idea carried by them was, 'that the Civil Magistrate was bound to make the peace and purity of the Church *his aim*.' Now, what is implied by this expression? *Aim* either includes that those acts alone belong to and emanate

from suggestive power, or it includes more than this. If it include the former only, then suggestive power and authority (the terms of the Confession) are in the view of the above writer equivalent terms, which is not true. If it include the latter, it must concede to the Magistrate restrictive authority, all other authority being, by the Confession itself, excluded.

We have thus given a summary, brief, but we trust intelligible, of the direct argument in defence of the principle, "that the State may legitimately exercise restrictive authority on the Church."

We now proceed to adduce the negative argument in support of the same principle, one which may be regarded by some minds as the more conclusive of the two. In direct opposition to the statement of Dr. Buchanan, our assertion here is, that "restrictive authority exercised by the Civil Magistrate on the Church, does no wrong to conscience."

The prosecution of this argument will be the subject of a subsequent article, in which we must come in collision with another controversy of the times, viz. the principle of Tractarianism in the Church of England.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

WHEN you requested me, Mr. Editor, to take Notes of my intended visit to the World's Fair, for the benefit of your Journal, I demurred on the ground that I belonged to the old school, and was ill fitted to record the rapid strides which the world has made since I set out in life. I urged that, living in the midst of my small flock in a sequestered glen, and dead to the hum of the great world without, I could not be expected to take Notes to much purpose, of the most wonderful products of human industry, ingenuity, and taste; and that, too, amidst the bustle and excitement of swarming thousands. I recommended you to apply to some one of your learned Doctors in the Metropolis, who, deeply versed in the progress of science and the various achievements of the human intellect, would be far better qualified for the task than one fresh from the heather, and more familiar with the hum of bees than with that of great crowds and great cities. You, however, answered that it was not profound learning you wanted: that your chief object was to give a fair idea of the great wonder, to the country brethren, who, by various restraints, might not be permitted to go up to the temple of science; and that for this purpose it was best to obtain the impressions of one of their own order, so that it would be next to seeing with their own eyes. You justly observed, that there were many learned accounts already, but that they were so learned that it would require special study to understand them; and that the satisfaction given by any account arises from the circumstance, that it enables one to see things in the atmosphere of his own individual mind. I acknowledged that there was some weight in your argument, and that, if the only requisite was that the objects gazed

upon should strike me with freshness and novelty, then I was not so incompetent to the task. I objected, moreover, that I could not undertake a very logical and connected account of the Exhibition; I gave you warning that I did not stick very closely to one text, and that I had the reputation of indulging pretty freely in discursive wanderings. You however thought that this would be rather an advantage, and that the dry details might be relieved by occasional improvements of the subjects, and by miscellaneous remarks. Seeing, then, that the very defects which I thought would totally unfit me for the task, were considered by you rather as recommendations, I could not offer any farther objection.

It was long before I could make up my mind to visit the Exhibition. I indeed read the articles in the daily papers with regularity, and took deep interest in the undertaking from the commencement. I thought I could discern a movement which the Great Disposer of all events would turn to the advancement of his own glory, and the best interests of mankind. Still I did not entertain the possibility of being induced, amidst growing infirmities, to abandon the quiet comforts of a manse, nestling among nature's loveliest scenes, for the fatigue of a long journey, and the commotion and disquietude of the great Modern Babel. It is true that I was familiar with the fact, that the journey between the Scottish and the English Metropolis may be accomplished in 12 or 13 hours. Still I could never realize it as a sober every-day fact. I feel always inclined to class it among the feats of the aeronaut or the rope-dancer; feats possible in themselves, but not for the every-day practice of sober people. I therefore estimated the distance to London, not by hours but by miles, and five hundred miles was an appalling distance to one not thoroughly leavened with the spirit of locomotion so characteristic of the present age. And, talking of locomotion, I may remark that I quite agree with Mr. Emerson, who has sometimes a great deal of good sense amidst all his mistiness. Sharp clear thoughts sometimes stand out as bright islets amidst the wide ocean of mud. He says that "locomotion is the function of a wheel, not of a man." I have great faith in the progress of the human race, and firmly believe that the Lord is in his wisdom making these times, in which men run to and fro and knowledge is increased, an important element in the world's progress. Still it appears to me that Emerson is right, in regarding locomotion not by any means so conducive to a man's individual development as the current belief would have us suppose. No doubt a quiet rural life may assume a vegetative character, but I do think that the higher principles of a man's nature are more likely to be fully developed amid the living scenes of nature, where a present God is felt on every side, than amid the tumult and distraction of a locomotive life. Wordsworth, who lived at Rydal Mount, like a tree rooted to its native soil, would appear a slow coach in the travellers' room, and not to be compared to the sharp, active, dapper bagman from Leeds or Sheffield. Still I would regard him the greater man of the two, although decidedly inferior in certain utilitarian points of character.

But to return to the subject: As my mind began to be familiarised with the subject, and when I saw even some of my own parishioners

leave their secluded valley, I began to entertain the possibility of myself setting forth on the journey. I would fain obtain an adequate notion of the Exhibition without a personal inspection. A Rev. brother and old associate, who is partial to sly jokes and round towers, assured me that, by studying the Illustrated News at his own fireside, he could tell more about the Exhibition than those who had been there. When urged by those who had seen it, to go and witness the spectacle, or he would not die in peace, he turned round and catechised them upon the subject; and by exhibiting their ignorance, shewed he acquired far more knowledge by staying at home. This for a time swayed my judgment; but the experience of another brother and deep divine weighed down the balance on the other side. When he came back, he declared, that when he entered the south transept of the building, and the whole scene at once flashed upon him, he felt as if he would faint, an indescribable feeling getting round his heart and arresting its pulsations. The vaulted transept, like a crystal sphere hanging over head; the lofty elms, trying, but trying in vain, to touch with their branches the ethereal roof; the crystal fountain displaying its filmy cascade; the emblazoned banners proclaiming each nation's achievements in art and industry; the swelling notes of many organs, and, above all, the moving mass of human beings, fringed by long lines of sculptured figures, standing out as landmarks to that mighty living sea,—all this came upon him as a glorious vision, and he felt it was more than the heart of man could conceive.

All this reminded me of the scene, where the Queen of Sheba was shewn the glory of Solomon. We are told that when she had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, "there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land, of thy acts and thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me. Thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard." The impression thus left upon my mind, quite overturned the plausible theory of my friend of the round tower. I was convinced that there was something to be seen which no tongue and no pen could adequately describe. The aroma of many of nature's products is such, that no chemical analysis can detect, and no synthesis can imitate. It is another evil spirit which cannot be tortured to reveal itself by the crucible,—cannot be caught by an alembic, or weighed in a balance. So it appeared to me that there was a spiritual conception embodied in the Crystal Palace, which must come home directly to a man's own spirit to be felt, and which cannot be fixed down by the writer or the artist, however cunning he may be in his trade. I cannot omit to mention as an element in determining my mind, that my worthy parishioners urged upon me the propriety of going to see the wondrous spectacle. They argued with much propriety, that although the palace contained many of the pomps and vanities of the world, yet it was the duty of a Christian ministry to seek illustrations of divine truth every where, and if need be, to spoil the Egyptians for the advancement of Jehovah's glory. A respected Heritor, who had himself studied the wonders of the Exhibition with profit, sent me his catalogue to tempt me to go. And

certainly, after studying carefully its wondrous contents, I felt no power to make any further resistance. I fully and deliberately, though with much anxiety, made up my mind to visit what will, no doubt, prove to future historians one of the great landmarks of the 19th century.

To turn my visit to best account, and to study with profit the many trophies of human ingenuity that would be presented to my view, I resolved to brush up my knowledge in the sciences. For this purpose, I resorted to the note-books I used at College in early life. They had been left undisturbed for many a long year. And you can well conceive the flood of recollections that came over my mind when I began to revise them. The familiar class-room flashed upon my mind with the freshness of yesterday. But alas! what a change has come over the scene! The stern but kind Professor has long been gathered to his fathers; and how busy has death been amongst the youthful throng that listened to his instructions! Many of them, giving high promise of great usefulness to the church and the world, have been prematurely hurried to the grave. Some have been spared for a season to labour in their Master's cause, and have now gone to receive their reward. Some have gone to seek their fortune in far distant lands, and have been completely lost sight of. Some who are yet spared, are, alas! as much estranged by the recent lamentable strife and dissension, as if death had stepped in to separate us; so that the remnant of that throng of youthful spirits is reduced to a very small handful of pilgrims passing the remainder of their journey with anxious heart and careworn brow. One feels, on looking back on the numerous band of class-fellows, and marking the ravages that have been made amongst them, as if he were a solitary tree standing in a wide plain, to mark where once a vigorous forest stood. It has often been a subject of interesting reflection to me, to mark how the future career of my youthful companions fulfilled the promises or the fears of early life. As far as my own knowledge goes, it quite corroborates the idea of Wordsworth, that the "boy is the father of the man." My youthful playmates at school have turned out very much as one would predict from their youthful characteristics. The diagnosis of the future man is made with greater certainty in childhood than the transition period of a college life. At that period the true characteristics are often disguised by an artificial or affected exterior. In advancing life the distinguishing traits of childhood reappear with all their original freshness. This reappearance of the boy in advancing life, holds true more in regard to the moral than the intellectual character. The purely intellectual characteristics are often of slow growth, so that the man often in this respect belies the apprehensions of boyhood. Those traits of character, however, which depend more upon the temper, disposition, and feelings generally, are of a more enduring and indelible character.

When I opened my note-books, I found that the ink had greatly faded, and that it was with difficulty I could decypher the bold legible hand of youth. I felt, however, that this fading was only the symbol of a more lamentable process of obliteration. I found that many of those branches of learning which occupied the youthful vigour of my mind at college, had now sadly faded from the tablets of my memory. It was

with difficulty I could recall a few scattered ideas of the admirable prelections of those distinguished men, at whose feet I sat. To one far advanced in the journey of life this is a subject of unavailing regret; but I trust that, from amidst the youthful hopes of the Church, many will yet arise to throw by a profound learning, a new lustre around our beloved Zion. It has often been the reproach of our Church, that she has done so little in the way of profound scholarship. No one, however, can be acquainted with our Scottish divines, without feeling the vast service which the Church of Scotland has rendered to theological science and biblical criticism. Still, it must be admitted that, in recent times, there has been a sad decline in this respect. We have lived in an atmosphere most adverse to the cultivation of the higher walks of theology. For many years the life of the Church has been too much of an objective and polemical character. We have been living in a turbulent atmosphere, productive, no doubt, of great energy, but by no means conducing to the growth of those spiritual characteristics which constitute the true life of the Church. I would by no means undervalue those great problems at this moment in process of solution, referring to church organisation and church power, or, in other words, the true idea of a Church. I cannot conceal from my mind that the Church of Scotland has in these latter days fulfilled a most important mission, by witnessing for the true Protestant conception of church-power. In order to be the true exponent of this conception, she, amidst great disasters, nailed her colours to the mast, and fought gallantly and triumphantly for the great truth. Still it ought not to be forgotten, that we have disasters to repair, and that unless these be speedily repaired, we may not be so successful in the next conflict. And how are they to be repaired? Why, undoubtedly by a profound theology, and a masterly scholarship, which will meet the emergencies of this progressive but speculative age. A learned ministry is the peculiar want of our times. This sentiment seems to clash with that of the godly and devoted Mr. James of Birmingham, who holds that an *earnest* ministry is the want of the times. I have read his work with great delight, (thanks to the zealous Mr. Hope, who deserves more than this parenthetic gratitude for his munificent gift,) and cordially agree with him in many of his conclusions; still I do not think it correct to regard earnestness as the special want of the times. Earnestness is so essential to the life of the Church at all times, that it cannot be regarded as the special want of any particular era. The pulsations of the heart might as soon be dispensed with in the bodily system, as earnestness and piety in the Christian church. When we speak, then, of the special want of any particular time, we must mean something else than that which forms the differentia or essence of a church. With this explanation, then, I hold that the special want of our times is a learned ministry, and a theology that will meet the rising and portentous forms of modern speculation. When the enemy is coming in like a flood, assuming the imposing forms of a profound scholarship and fascinating speculation, it will not do to meet it by somnolent demonstrations of a dry skeleton of a rigid orthodoxy. The truth must be defended on other grounds than an authoritative church dogma. Far be it from me to join in the insane cry

of life *versus* dogma ; still if our dogmatic truth is to be maintained, we must put it on a basis which will stand against the new and formidable modes of attack.

It is often urged as an apology for the want of learning in the Scottish Church, that her ministers are so hard worked in their every-day parochial duties, they have no time for learned pursuits ; and that besides all this, we have no sinecures, where the scholar may enjoy learned ease for the pursuit of his studies. Now there is no doubt a great deal in this argument. I believe that the most venerable of my brethren in the ministry, would be willing to testify that the parishes of the Church were never filled with more devoted men than those who are now in the prime of life, labouring in season and out of season for the good of souls. Still it may be questioned whether a larger share of their time might not with profit be devoted to learned studies. The illustrious Chalmers devoted the energies of a gifted mind to the exaltation of household visiting as a means of Christianising the land. In insisting upon private visitation, we only follow in the footsteps of the great apostle, who, in his charge to the elders of the Church of Ephesus, quoted his own example, as "having taught publicly and from house to house." But the prominence assigned by him to this part of ministerial labour, has perhaps tended to give an exaggerated estimate of its importance, as contrasted with the higher department of pulpit duty, and the labour of the desk ;—for, however high our estimate of visiting may be, it would be a fatal mistake to make the pulpit subordinate to it. Perhaps the want of learning so much complained of in the more recent history of the Church, may in a great measure be traced to this preponderance of the mechanical, as contrasted with the more strictly spiritual duties of the Church.

Were young men, when entering on the ministry, to make up their minds to devote themselves to some one department in which they may have excelled at College, and for which they are conscious of possessing peculiar aptitude, they would in a few years be in a position to throw lustre on the Church by their attainments. Many a mind has been doomed to commonplace mediocrity, by aiming at universal knowledge, that might have gained a lofty position in the aristocracy of intellect, if he had had the wisdom to confine himself to some one special department in which he was likely to excel. How many devote as much time and attention to newspapers and miscellaneous magazines readily, as would elevate a student of ordinary abilities to the highest pinnacle of scholarship, if he could but give prominence and special thought to one particular subject. In the age of the early Reforming divines, something like universal scholarship might be aimed at ; but at the present day, such an attempt must only end in the sad dissipation of all the mental energies. Let a man only fall in love with any particular subject, and it is marvellous how he will find time for its cultivation. This love will act as the loadstone upon steel-filings, by gathering up all the little fragments of time that would otherwise be lost. And do we not find, in fact, that the most profound and elaborate works have been written in the midst of multitudinous cares and labours

In regard to my plan for the examination of the Exhibition, I felt that if I endeavoured to comprehend the whole, I would fail in doing any good whatever. To examine the whole impartially, I found it would be necessary to bestow only a vacant gaze on the things *en masse*, just like a person examining shop-windows as he slowly passes along. I limited myself to a single week, so that to spend it to some account, it was necessary beforehand to fix upon the plan of operation. I accordingly resolved to devote myself specially to the machinery and philosophical instruments, and carefully marked in the catalogue those objects, which from their novelty or importance deserved peculiar attention. I felt, however, that it would not be doing justice to the occasion, unless I gave some measure of my time to the other departments of the Exhibition. To do this with as much economy of time and labour as possible, a young parishioner, who had cultivated a refined taste amidst the noblest achievements of art in the southern capitals of Europe, kindly drew out a list of the objects most worthy of inspection in the departments of decoration and the fine arts. This list I found of essential service, but the labour bestowed on the catalogue was in a great measure lost. The catalogue was not a finding one, and consequently it was of comparatively little service. A book catalogue serves two purposes, it tells you whether a particular book is in the Library, and also, what part of the Library you will find it. The Exhibition Catalogue failed altogether in the latter point. It did not inform you of the precise spot where any article was to be found. It indeed gave you a guess, but the assigned range of search might be several acres. This necessarily occasioned a great loss of time, and some of the objects I wished particularly to see I never found, though every inquiry was made at the officials. The police were exceedingly civil, and shewed every anxiety to direct you, but they were acquainted only with the localities of imposing-looking objects that attracted crowds. The printers paid a very large sum for the exclusive privilege of selling the catalogue, and it cannot be wondered at that they should be disappointed as to the proceeds—for few thought it worth while to avail themselves of the help afforded by it. It ought to be remembered, however, that the doorway out of a classified catalogue on any subject, is by no means so easy a matter as one would at first suppose. The controversy that has been raging for years among the literary men of London, in regard to the British Museum book-catalogue, and the Royal Commissioners appointed to investigate the matter, afford ample illustration of this statement. Mr. Panizzi, after ten long years of unremitting labour, at last produced sixteen folio volumes, comprehending, however, only the letter A. It was not therefore to be expected, that a faultless catalogue of the Exhibition should be drawn upon the spur of the moment, and while the articles were yet pouring in.

After making all due preparations for the profitable study of the Exhibition, and having obtained for my pulpit the kind services of a respected father of the Church, I began to look the long and tedious journey fairly in the face, and to realize the fact that I was for a whole week to form an elemental particle of the surging sea of the mighty metropolis. In leaving the quiet rural seclusion of my parish, and the familiar

faces of my flock, I felt like a ship broken loose from her moorings, and driving towards some unknown fate—but I at the same time felt that there was one “who plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm,” and who by an unseen hand leads his people by a way that they know not. I shall not dwell longer on the final parting struggle, but at once place myself in the railway carriage, destined to bear me through the dullness of a long night, to the end of my journey about noon of the following day. The papers had recently been full of Railway accidents, and in prospect of my journey, they were read with a painful interest greater than usual. So that it was with some apprehension I stepped into the carriage. I endeavoured to banish all uneasy thoughts from my mind, but I was not allowed to do so, for a civil-looking clerk came to the window of the carriage to sell Insurance tickets for a small sum. All my fellow passengers shewed the utmost eagerness to insure their lives; and one who came in after the others was quite inconsolable because he could not have his life insured. This was to me a conclusive evidence of the real danger of Railway travelling as at present conducted. People are fond of paradoxes, and this is strikingly shewn by the almost universal asseveration of the superior safety of Railway travelling. Newspapers, Reviews, and Government Reports, have all combined to prove that Railways are greatly safer than walking on foot, and infinitely safer than stage coaches. Ever since I read in your Journal for 1848, one of the “Notes on Theology and Science” on this subject, I was convinced, that there was a fundamental error in the mode by which the danger of Railway travelling is estimated. The usual method has been to take the proportion of the numbers travelling to the number of accidents, as the true measure of the probability. And going upon this ground, the probability of an accident is infinitesimally so small, that it would be absurd to regard it as an element in our calculation of danger. Your correspondent, however, satisfied me that the fallacy lay in not giving due weight to the distance travelled, or the number of trips as compared with the number of accidents. La Place, in his *Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*, says, that the calculus of probabilities is just common sense reduced to calculation, and when the deliverance of the calculus clashes strongly with the dictates of common sense, we may be pretty sure that some fallacy has been committed. James Bernoulli was the first to point out in his *Ars Conjectandi*, how the calculus may be applied to physical and moral questions; and since his time, it has been gradually expanding, both as to analytical grasp and range of subject. One of the most wonderful effects of the human intellect, displaying a subtlety and refinement of analysis, which perhaps no other work presents, is the *Theorie Analytique de Probabilités* of La Place, the former work being only a rational exposition of the principle on which the calculus is founded. This work shews what a powerful engine is put within man’s power, but it is an engine that requires to be guided with the utmost caution, otherwise it must lead to the most absurd and dangerous results. It is like a delicate musical instrument, which requires much skill for its execution, and as much skill to play upon it after it is executed. But apart from the analytical calculus, every man’s mind presents a wonderful calculating ma-

chine. The practical business of life is just a calculation of probabilities, or, to use the humbler phrase of Butler—probability is the guide of life. The common sense of man requires no intricate formulæ, and yet arrives with marvellous precision at the right result. So unconscious is the operation, that it looks like an instinct. Now when the instinct of man gives the results of the calculus, we would be greatly inclined, on this *prima facie* evidence, to back the instinct against the algebra. Now such a case was presented, when my fellow passengers, drawn by an instinct of danger, eagerly sought to purchase insurance tickets. They might, in argument, side with the *Times* and Government Reports, and stoutly maintain the safety of Railway travelling, though in their practical conduct their interests kept them right. The point for which you so long ago contended is, I see, at last admitted by the *Times*. By the help of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, it has at last modified its calculations so as to admit the important element above adverted to, though its estimate of safety appears still far above the truth. My fellow passengers, I am sure, would never think of purchasing insurance tickets if they were travelling by stage-coach or steamer—shewing that there is stronger apprehension in the one case than the other. I smiled at the eagerness with which the tickets were purchased, for even with my moderate notions of the safety of Railway travelling, I looked upon this as a ludicrous exaggeration of the danger. I was destined, however, before I returned home, to have the danger of Railways impressed upon my mind in the most frightful manner. But this is anticipating the terrible catastrophe of that night, which will not soon be erased from the tablet of my memory. I would not wish to awaken unnecessary alarm, but as the accidents usually arise from defects in management which might easily be remedied, it is the wisest policy to look the facts in the face, in order that a better system may be adopted.

When I was fairly seated in the carriage, I found, to my no small discomfort, that the person right opposite me was a foreigner, with a portentous extent of beard, which enveloped the upper lip in the form of a moustache. I must confess that my tastes were so primitive that I never could look on such a spectacle but with disgust. I have sometimes sat at meat in the presence of individuals so decorated, but I have always been obliged, for my own comfort, to sit so that I might not have a full view of the repulsive object. It was a dreary prospect, in setting out upon my journey, to have that frightful picture before me for about eighteen hours. I afterwards thought I was placed by Providence in such circumstance, that I might be taught to call no fellow-creature common or unclean; for what appeared to me the greatest infliction turned out to be the greatest alleviation of the dreariness of the journey. This bearded foreigner turned out to be one of the most intelligent and agreeable men I ever met with;—thus, even on the way to the Exhibition, did I experience some of the benefits which it was designed to accomplish, by bringing mankind into one common brotherhood. The Exhibition was designed to bring all the kindreds and nations and tongues of the earth together, that it might be seen how much there is of real unity, amidst all the outward diversities which distinguish one nation from

another; and it is to be hoped that the feeling of common brotherhood that has been thus engendered, may work well for the peace of the world, the advance of civilization, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Religion, however, brings out the common brotherhood of mankind more prominently than the bond of commerce and science. This was strikingly displayed at the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance a few years ago, and also at the recent meeting in London. The accidents of kindred and nation and tongue, were forgotten in the essential unity that embraced all who were pervaded by the spirit of the Lord Jesus. In discussion and conversation some of these peculiarities came out: but when an approach was made to the Throne of Grace, every heart echoed the sentiments of him who officiated, and felt that he was a brother indeed. My bearded friend—for friend I must now call him—I found to be a German, though he had spent much of his life in France. As he was one of the exhibitors at the Crystal Palace, I found his information exceedingly useful. He himself exhibited some very ingenious machines, which I afterwards examined with great pleasure; and he was familiar with every thing of a striking and novel character, so that I found him to be quite a treasure. I, however, soon discovered a source of deeper and more painful interest. On referring to the social and religious aspects of the great gathering of the nations, I found that, instead of dismissing the subject with courteous assent, he eagerly seized the opportunity of plunging into those metaphysico-religious questions with which the German mind is at present so bewildered. I found that he was no smatterer, but that he was perfectly conversant with the characteristics of the philosophical systems of Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, &c. The subject of our midnight discussion was chiefly the views of Strauss and Paulus. It was plain from his sympathy with both, that his views were far wrong. The bewitching candour and philosophical calmness of Strauss seemed to have had a most fatal effect upon his mind. He was conversant with his objections to the scripture narratives as literal history. I did not indeed estimate highly his arguments against the possibility of miracles, but I could not but wonder at the extent of his researches upon the subject. The difficulties in the genealogies of Matthew and Luke formed a favourite subject with him; and his acquaintances with Hebrew lore seemed very wonderful. Maimonides, Aben Ezra, and other Jewish commentators, were familiar names to him; and he was never at a loss in giving their opinions on any critical point of scripture. I must confess that I felt rebuked, when I witnessed the superior erudition of this German on points which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly professional. Nothing could give me a stronger impression of the intellectual activity and the sad bewilderment of the German mind, on the most momentous subjects connected with man's destiny. Here was a man in the hardware line, constantly moving about on the rail, or transacting business in the counting-houses of Sheffield and Birmingham, and yet continuing, amidst all the bustle of trade, to cultivate a critical scholarship that would put many a minister to the blush. It has been ever a subject of regret with me, that, during my early life at college, Biblical criticism did not obtain that prominence which it deserved. I

have, however, great hopes of the rising generation, who have advantages so much greater. The institution of the chair of Biblical criticism in Edinburgh College augurs well for the future scholarship of the Church ; and it is matter of rejoicing, that the distinguished scholar who occupies that chair is so well qualified to stimulate inquiry in the young, and foster independent habits of thought. It is because we cannot boast of a living scholarship of our own, that we look with dread to the invasion of German criticism and metaphysics ; but when we acquire an indigenous literature, we shall be able to meet calmly the most formidable speculations of the Continent. I suspected my German friend of Hebrew extraction, though he scorned the wretched rags of Rabbiniism. This was confirmed by the enthusiasm with which he spoke of Mendelsohn. It seems a volume of his letters have been lately published, which throw much light upon his inner life. It was Mendelsohn that first threw off the trammels of Rabbiniism, and proclaimed the emancipation of the Jews from the bondage under which he groaned for ages. It was not to be expected that the Jewish minds should be unaffected by the stirring of the waters in Germany,—that they should be dead to the intellectual life that was manifesting itself everywhere around them. The Rabbis scowled fiercely at the aspirations of the young Jew, seeking the distinctions and the enjoyments of Gentile literature. For a time he held back the Jewish mind in leash, though not without many a desperate struggle for freedom. Mendelsohn, however, at last arose. He at once snapt the bonds asunder ; and the rebound of the Jewish mind was most astonishing. As the blade that has been kept dormant by the benumbing influence of the snow with which it was covered, rushes up with astonishing rapidity when the snow melts, and the generic influence of the sun is felt,—so it was with the Jewish mind. The dormant energies were for centuries kept back for a great bound at last. The Jew speaks of this period as the reform of Mendelsohn, and from this period dates the immense influence which the Jewish mind has exercised upon the destinies of Europe. It has, alas ! as yet, almost altogether an influence for evil. Still we can see, though dimly, the evolution of God's providence that is to fulfil the word of his prophecy. It is made to recognise the Jewish mind as a mighty power in the world ; and we can more readily understand how the restoration of God's ancient people shall be as life from the dead to the Gentile world, and how in the latter days ten men shall take hold of the skirts of him that is a Jew, and say, We will go with thee, for we have heard that God is with thee.

To one accustomed to be disturbed at home only by the sighing of the wind or the patting of the rain upon the windows, and who can sleep with unlocked doors without the slightest apprehension in the midst of a peaceful population, you may well conceive that long night to be a peculiarly trying one. The incessant rumbling of innumerable wheels, sent a vibration through our whole frame, and constantly reminded you of the astounding fact, that you were flying with the velocity of a tempest along the whole length of England, over valley and river, through mountain and morass, and all in the pitchy darkness of the night, with nothing to save you from being dashed down a preci-

pice, or buried in a moss, but two slender bars hardly rising above the level of the ground. Still it was wonderful how the time was beguiled with my loquacious, but not very fluent friend. We would sometimes attempt to sleep for a few minutes, but after trying in vain, we would set to with redoubled vigour to machinery and metaphysics. At last the day dawned, the sun arose, and the green fields of England were revealed to my delighted eyes. As I watched the joyous aspect all nature assumed when the luminary of day gradually dispelled the darkness that brooded over the world, I felt with peculiar power the force of the metaphor which speaks of the Sun of righteousness shining into our darkened souls, and dispelling the spectres of sin and Satan. The gladdest of all sounds is the first note of the lark in the early dawn. This morning, as I looked out, I did see a lark soaring aloft, but its note was drowned by the tremor of a hundred wheels on their iron pathway. I inwardly thanked it for its attempt, and felt as if it was a blessed messenger to proclaim peace and hope and confidence. We at last, by the kind providence of God, came to our journey's end without the slightest accident. I took up my quarters in a classic locality of the city, almost under the shadow of the College reared by the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, and illustrious by the names of Wren and Brigg. Though sadly exhausted by the journey, I felt that it would be a reproach to me if I gave sleep to my eyes before I visited the temple of industry and art. I accordingly with some difficulty got a place in an omnibus, and in due time was set down at the south entrance, by which I was duly instructed to get the first glimpse of the interior, as being by far the finest view. The moment I was set down, the Palace flashed upon me in all its magnitude. It looked like a gigantic conservatory. It towered far aloft, and was surmounted by flaunting banners; on either side it seemed to extend *ad infinitum*, for where I stood I could see no termination to the vista. But I was allowed no time to penetrate its external dimensions. I was in the midst of a tumultuous sea of people, mingled with vehicles of every description. The scene was very bewildering. A policeman, who seemed instinctively to know that I was a brother Celt, kindly conducted me to where the people were admitted, through numerous narrow fissures in a barrier. I entered one of these, laid down a shilling, passed through a creaking turnstile which registered the donation, and in another moment stood with admiring gaze upon the threshold of the world's last and greatest wonder.—But I must here pause and draw breath.

(To be continued.)

Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. Vol. I.
London: Vizetelly and Co., 135. Fleet Street.

ANY publication from the pen of so distinguished a writer as Lamartine will be sure of a wide circle of readers, both from the glowing terms in which his thoughts are embodied, the almost passionate earnestness with which he occasionally expresses himself, and the manner in which,

with sympathies and feelings understood to have been originally of an aristocratic nature, he was seized upon as the hero of the latest French revolution, was suddenly raised to the pedestal of fame, and stood for a short season in the view of Europe, dictator and guide of those stormy forces which had overthrown the dominion of Louis Philippe, and caused him again to fly as an exile from the land where he had ruled with a singular mixture of acuteness and folly.

At the present moment, it would be hard to predict the future and approaching fortunes of France. The presidency of Louis Napoleon is drawing to a close, and no well-instructed or reflective mind can speculate without much uneasiness on what the future may reveal. The party of order appears to be split into divisions; the partisans of Napoleon seem to be diminishing hourly in number; socialist principles are understood to be widely spread; and red republicanism, unquelled by the terrific combat in which its head was crushed for a time in Paris by the vigour and energy of Cavaignac, is understood to be preparing its forces, and waiting the auspicious time for a fresh and more terrible outbreak. Whether the ultimate issue shall prove to be the restoration of the deprived scion of the Bourbon line, to whom it is known that thousands of eyes are turning in anxious expectancy, or a condition of utter anarchy and violence, is an issue yet hidden in the womb of the future. But as believing in a retribution upon nations, and a providential government of the world, we believe that, till France shall be leavened by a totally different spirit, and, in place of scoffing at religion, shall learn to reverence it,—until she shall cease to abjure the divine authority, she must continue to drink of that cup of trembling which has already been so often at her lips. She has already afforded an awful proof of the manner in which human passion and wickedness draw down merited retribution; the vices of her courtiers, and the unblushing atheism of no small proportion of her clergy, exposed them to the relentless hatred of the first revolutionists; but we look in vain, as yet, for any proof that years of protracted national suffering have been followed by repentance; and it may be, that she must pass through a yet more terrible ordeal, before she is brought to seek that heavenly guidance, which is as indispensable for nations as for individuals.

Whether Lamartine's work is to be viewed as a political pleading assuming the guise of history, or is intended to give us a veritable narrative of the results of much personal knowledge and study of the period treated of, we are unable, from this fragment, to pronounce. The portion of the work now to be noticed is of a preliminary description, and dwells upon a theme on which countless volumes have been given to the public. The closing portion of the extraordinary history of that wonderful individual, who, by the magic of his military success, and by the vigour of his movements, mounted the throne of empire; inspiring almost all Europe with terror through the might of his victorious arms; overthrowing the trembling palaces of nearly a whole continent,—blazing like a fiery comet in the heaven, “with fear of change perplexing nations,”—surrounding himself with barbaric pomp and regal circumstance, yet suddenly shorn of his might,—and, an example of Heaven's retributive justice, after breaking with the energy of a giant from the restraints

show that the "queller of the nations" was yet unsubdued—found all his efforts impotent—and was again

"The desolator desolate,
The victor overthrown,—
The arbiter of other's fates,
A suppliant for his own ;"—

this portion of history has been well reviewed by the author of the volume which we are now noticing.

The eyes of posterity look impartially and even severely on those who have risen to eminence by such means as dignified Napoleon. If his name has been in France an object of idle adulation, fostered by the gratification which he supplied to the passion of national pride and military ambition ; it has been unduly lowered by those who, in their horror of the misery which he inflicted upon the species, and of the duplicity by which his career at intervals was characterised, have spoken of him as only delighting in personal aggrandisement, as having his faculties narrowed merely to the demands of military scenes, and as the rude chief to whom all the amenities of life were distasteful,—favoured rather by the concurrence of events than by the possession of skill or genius. The truth probably lies between the two extremes. If personal ambition was at first the main-spring of Napoleon's actions in his assumption of the throne, theremingled with it the desire of making the country he ruled the first of military powers, while, as a secondary object, and to reflect lustre on himself, certain of the peaceful arts were also to be cultivated. The summaries of character form, if not the most unprejudiced, certainly the ablest portions of Lamartine's work ; and we give a part of his delineation of Napoleon,—a most vivid and effective piece of composition :—

"Napoleon was a man of the school of Machiavel—not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favoured by circumstances which never fell to the lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandize himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, "Seek thyself thine own good ; thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purposes." On the contrary, he has said, "Thou shalt be, as far as it is in thy power, a means, an instrument, a servant to mankind ; thou shalt devote thyself to the good of thy people ; thou shalt be great, not in thyself, insignificant and ephemeral being as thou art, but in thy people, an universal being, whom thou shalt serve, ennoble, and elevate." This is the prototype of true grandeur. Sound policy and immortal fame are contained in this rule alone ; for it exhibits the true virtue of a statesman, not only according to human history, but in accordance with divine wisdom.

"Not so thought Napoleon ; his views were just the reverse.

"This plan of life was opposed and in contradiction to the plan of God with regard to humanity. Relying on this firm truth, as on one's conscience, we may judge what has only been celebrated, without any danger of being mistaken. We feel within us the flexibility, not of the mind, but of the moral principle, and that we follow.

"Napoleon was born in Corsica, at a time when that island, having lost its nationality, was struggling to retrieve its independence. He declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birth-place ; he sought a country, and

chose the one most agitated, France. He foresaw with a precocious sagacity of instinct, that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself in the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues,—their language, their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. The “*Souper de Beaucaire*,” a harangue fit for a club, he wrote in a camp. The tide of the Revolution rose and fell in proportion as the public of Paris was excited or calm. Napoleon rose and fell with it, serving with equal zeal, at one time the conventionalists of Toulon, at another, the Thermidorians of Paris; sometimes the Convention against the demagogues; at others, Barras and the Directory against the royalists.

“He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. With a foresight of who would be in power, he always joined the successful, rising indifferently with any or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood, to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandize themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring and the most fortunate.

“This and nought else is observable in all his rapid career of fortune. The source of this fortune was no other than the favour of the most influential of the Directory towards a beautiful woman, who enjoyed the familiarity of the powerful of the day. Barras gave Napoleon for dower the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return; but his love was not disinterested; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops; he diffused a youthful ardour in the antiquated camps; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics; he called into action the daring spirit—that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches; he disconcerted the prudence and slowness of the pupils of a Frederic and a Landon. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected; he negotiated with those which, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind; and without pity, or a pretext, remorselessly swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence. He usurped everything, in spite of authority, in spite of diplomacy, and of the very principles of his own government. At one time he proclaimed, at another betrayed, and then again sold the dogmas of the French Revolution, just as the opportunity presented itself, or the necessity for maintaining his personal popularity in Italy and at Leoben required. Here he re-establishes despotism,—there he consecrates the observance of theocracy; in another place he makes a traffic of the independence of nations, while he sells liberty of conscience. He is no longer the general of a revolution, the negotiator of a republic; he is a man who has created himself, and himself alone, at the expence of all principle, of all the revolutions, and of all the powers that had invested him with authority. The labours of the human mind of the eighteenth century, of modern philosophy, and of the French Revolution, all alike disappeared. Bonaparte stood alone. It was no longer the age that moved—’twas a man who played with the age, and who substituted himself for an epoch. There was no France, no Revolution, no Republic; ’twas he! he alone! and for ever he!

“All he there thought of, was to imitate Alexander, and to gain his renown. No sooner, however, did he receive the first check at St. Jean d’Acre, than he at once abandoned all thoughts of conquest, empire, and Asiatic dreams, and left his army, without being recruited, and without the power

of capitulating as best it could. He put himself on board a swift-sailing vessel, and quitting the imaginary, came where all was reality. He preceded the rumours of reverses, and took the popular feeling by surprise. He glanced around on the Republic, and soon saw that the time of anarchical danger had passed over; that its powers began to be regularly organized; that armies, commanded by his rivals, were triumphant; that the democratic government, bought by the nation at so dear a price, would soon become, if respected, an invincible obstacle to the life of a soldier. With armed force he conspired against that very government which had given him arms for its defence. To open violence he united stratagem, bribed his comrades, deceived the director, violated the laws of representation, ordered the decrees to be torn down by his bayonets, and took possession of his country. France before was a people, it was then only a man; and that man was Bonaparte.

"Having perpetrated this anti-national, this anti-revolutionary crime, it only remained to get it sanctioned by opinion. There are two opinions, one republican and progressive, which bears events down the current of truth, liberty, and civic virtue; the other, counter-revolutionary and retrograde, that works against the stream of improvement, and carries institutions and the human understanding back, to the counter-current of slavery, of prejudices, and of the vices of past ages. Napoleon chose not truth, but force. He saw that truth was on the side of liberty, but force went with the counter-revolution. To this he clung, in the hope that it might prepare for him a throne. He took advantage of inertness, bought the venal, intimidated the cowardly, and favoured the apostasy of the age. By feeding ambition, giving promotion, and raising to authority, he gained over the least liberal of powers—the military government. At length he prevailed over the country. The country disappeared in its turn beneath a throne, and on this throne was Napoleon."

After glancing at the events which took place in Egypt, Lamartine thus, in a passage of remarkable brilliancy, proceeds to account for Napoleon's subsequent elevation:—

"To maintain this throne, he wanted some principle; and here again he might choose. He might render his reign a reign over the nascent germs of the new ideas of a more enlightened reason, and might reconcile them to the new world, and that world to them, through the benign influence of a protecting monarchy. He might be to philosophy and to the spirit of modern civilization, what Charlemagne was to Christianity,—the armed initiator and organizer of the unarmed nascent idea. On such conditions as these, the moral world, if it had not altogether excused, would at least have comprehended this military usurpation. But from the first day he repudiated the thought of acting the part of a beneficent genius,—the founder of an idea. He declared a war of extermination against all ideas, save those that were obsolete. He execrated thought in any form, spoken or written, as a revolt of reason against fact. He exclaimed, "Thought is the great evil; 'tis thought which does all the mischief;" and in this spirit he imposed silence on the tribunals, the censorship on the public journals; he devoted books to destruction, and writers to adulation or a reign of terror. He blasphemed against the light of intellect; he closed the lips against the slightest murmur of a theory; he banished all who would not sell to him either their eloquence or their pen. Of all the sciences, he honoured only that which does not think—the mathematics; and he would have suppressed the alphabet if he could, so that figures alone should exist, as a medium of communication between men, because letters express the human soul, and figure only material powers. He became excited in his horror of philosophy and liberty, even to the atheism of human intelligence. He anticipated a revolt under which he had been laid, and re-appearing on the soil of France, to

in every sigh, an obstacle in every thought, a revenge in every truth. He refused the breath of freedom even to conscience. He made a league with God, in whom he did not believe, by renewing a treaty of church and empire with the sacerdotal power. He profaned religion in affecting to honour it. He turned the priest into a civil magistrate, and an instrument of servitude charged with bending all hearts to his will. He adopted the catechism of a state worship in the Empire, and placed the Emperor by the side of God in that catechism. He destroyed, one by one, all the civil truths established and promulgated by the Constituent Assembly and by the Republic,—equality by a new sort of feudalism,—domestic divisions of property by entail and the *majorat*,—an equality of manners by titles,—democracy by an hereditary nobility,—national representation by a legislative body, silent and subordinate, and by a Senate worthy of the Lower Empire, whose duty it was to vote him the blood of the people,—and, finally, the rights of nations by dynasties of his own family imposed upon foreign thrones. He turned into derision, and tyrannized over, all the independent institutions of the people, whose names he did not yet dare to efface. He renewed the past by commencing with its vices, and he restored it entirely to his adorers, on condition that this past should be solely comprised in himself.

“Every reign, however, must have a propelling spirit; and he accordingly sought one. Of all these principles, on which the founder of an empire might firmly establish his institutions, such as liberty, equality, progress, intelligence, conscience, election, reasoning, discussion, religion, or public virtue, he chose the most personal and the most immoral of all,—glory, or renown. Not caring to convince, to enlighten, to ameliorate, or to improve the morals of his country, he said to himself, “I shall dazzle it, and by the splendour I reflect upon it, I shall fascinate the noblest and the most easily seduced of all its instincts, national glory, or vanity. I shall found my power or my dynasty on a spell. Every nation is not possessed of virtue, but all have pride. The pride of France shall constitute my right.”

“This principle of glory instantly superinduces that of conquest; conquest commands war; and war produces dethronements and the overthrow of nations. Napoleon’s reign was nothing but a campaign,—his empire a field of battle as extensive as all Europe. He concentrated the rights of people and of kings in his sword,—all morality in the number and strength of his armies. Nothing which threatened him was innocent; nothing which placed an obstacle in his way was sacred; nothing which preceded him in date was worthy of respect. From himself alone he wished Europe to date its epoch.”

The events of the empire are noticed, and its crimes held up to indignant censure. The summary is as follows; and scarcely ever was there a more vivid delineation drawn,—in the spirit of Tacitus, and with much of his concentrated vigour of thought,—than is presented in the following sentences.

“He left freedom chained, equality compromised by posthumous institutions, feudalism parodied, without power to exist, human conscience resold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the human mind diminished, instruction materialised and concentrated in the pure sciences alone, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed, or enrolled in the army, paying in blood or taxes the ambition of an unequalled soldier, but covering with the great name of France the contradictions of the age, the miseries and

degradation of the country. This is the founder! This is the man!—a man instead of a revolution!—a man instead of an epoch!—a man instead of a country!—a man instead of a nation! Nothing after him! nothing around him but his shadow, making sterile the eighteenth century, absorbed and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterising the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity but himself.

“False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathised with none; he was a statue rather than a man.”

The character of Marie Louise is one of the gems of this production, and the poetical spirit of the historian has invested it with a rich and softened colouring, which reminds us of Burke's celebrated account of as fair a victim, suffering by a far more dismal fate. The style of the passage is highly creditable to the qualifications of the translator, whose part of the work in the preparation of this volume is well discharged. It is well known that the Empress has been accused of having cruelly deserted the fallen fortunes of her husband.

“Marie-Louise never loved Napoleon. How could she love him? He had grown old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition: she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accomplished his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and pensive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had mounted upon his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Attila of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals; in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to heaven from her cradle in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage conceded through fear to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife who had been the very instrument of his fortunes. She felt she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendours of an imperial throne were to her as the flowers decking a victim for sacrifice. Cast alone, and without a friend, into a court composed of parvenu soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent etiquette. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence. There was something disrespectful and violent in his affection; he wounded even when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; terror interposed between him and the heart of his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently desired son could not unite such opposite natures. Marie-Louise felt that to Napoleon she was only a medium of posterity,—not a wife and a mother, but merely the root of an hereditary dynasty. This master of the world could not boast even the inherent virtues of love,—faith and constancy to the one woman;

his attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousies natural to the bosom of a wife; and though he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he possess that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own and of foreign courts were not to him objects of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love. Napoleon's long and frequent absences; his severe and minute orders so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather to control than to execute the will of the Empress; his pettishness of temper on his frequent abrupt returns; morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (her only recreation being ostentatious, tiresome, and frivolous ceremonies);—nothing of such a life, of such a character, of such a man, was calculated to inspire Marie-Louise with love. Her heart and her imagination expatriated in France, had remained beyond the Rhine. The splendours of the Empire might have consoled another; but Marie-Louise was better formed for the attachments of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home."

The work before us is rich in descriptive passages. We might specify the often-told story of Napoleon's desertion, when his star had waned, and he was about to be hurled from the authority and elevation which he had so signally misused; and the description of the fluctuations of mind and uncertainty of purpose by which he was wayed when it seemed clear that the only alternative remaining to him was submission. Baffled pride, impotent struggles, all but the misery arising from a quickened conscience, regardlessness of every thing but the gratification of that personal feeling which had led him on so far, and at last deceived him to ruin, present a striking illustration of the present misery and intense mental torture by which such offenders may be visited. It is improbable that society will be visited soon by such a scourge as Napoleon proved to his species. The plough-share of war ploughed too deeply into the European soil, the effect of the irruption from the volcano was too widely spread, to be forgotten till after the lapse of many succeeding years; unless the vices of nations shall attain once more to so gigantic a growth as to provoke similar vengeance on the part of the mighty Ruler of the universe. We have little faith in the Peace Society; but amidst much that is dark and ominous around, we cannot but contemplate hopefully the zeal that is being displayed for the true and abiding interests of man, and the spirit of brotherhood which is now more prevalent than formerly.

Respecting the instructing nature of Lamartine's contributions to history, there can hardly be any difference of opinion. His pen is, if we may judge from this portion of his new work, as fresh and forcible as ever; while his manner, perhaps from the necessity of going rapidly over ground so frequently traversed, is more vigorous and condensed than formerly. There is little as yet, in this latest production of his genius, of theory or reflection. His mind is deeply tinctured with poetry, and this appears in all his writings; he is no more, however, the mere dreamy tourist, but the man of force and action. We fear, however, that he will never attain the highest historical rank. There is a medium between dry detail and exciting narrative—between the incapability of grasping principles and the laboured defence of despotic or democratic theories,—which he has never reached. His volumes may read with almost the interest of a

romance ; there are scattered expressions and isolated passages, the literary merits of which we pause to weigh and to admire ; but he is too much under the mere control of feeling, and is too deficient in sober judgment and minute attention to facts. We have the graceful colouring of the narrative ; but history claims something higher and more durable than the exercise of fancy, or the mastery of lofty declamation,—such beauty and grace as are more needed by the painter and the poet, than by the truthful annalist and patient instructor of mankind.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Parish of Kilmuir Easter.—The Marchioness of Stafford has granted a Presentation in favour of the Rev. William Macpherson, St. Andrew's Lhanbryd, to the Church and Parish of Kilmuir Easter, in the Presbytery of Tain. The Parish had become vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr. M'Bride to the Parish of Little Dunkeld in Perthshire.

The Rev. John Wilson, M.A., of the second charge, Dysart, has been presented by Mrs. Home Drummond of Blair Drummond, to the Parish of Foulis-Wester, in the Presbytery of Auchterarder, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Maxtone.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. William Caesar to the Church and Parish of Tranent, in the Presbytery and County of Haddington, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Stewart, late Minister thereof.

The Presbytery of Dalkeith met in Buccleuch Church there, on the 26th September, and inducted the Rev. Robert Wright, late of Luss, as Minister of the Church and Parish of Dalkeith, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Norman M'Leod, to the Barony Parish, Glasgow. The Rev. J. S. Muir, of Cockpen, presided on the occasion.

Induction at Balmaclellan.—On Thursday the 23d Oct., the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright met at Balmaclellan, for the Induction of the Rev. George Murray, Minister of Girthon, to the pastoral charge of that Parish.

Death of the Rev. Mr. Carruthers, of Kemback.—We have to record the death of this Rev. Gentleman, which took place in the Crichton Asylum, Dumfriesshire, on Wednesday last. This event, of course, puts an end to the proceedings lately instituted against him in the local Church Courts. His funeral took place on Wednesday, at Kemback, in presence of a numerous body of the Parishioners, and of a number of the Members of St. Andrew's Presbytery, Heritors, Elders, and relatives. The Presbytery appointed the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Leuchars, to preach in the Parish Church on Sunday first, and to declare the Church vacant.

Ordination.—On Thursday the 23d ult. the Presbytery of Aberdeen met in St. Mary's Chapel, for the Ordination of Mr. William Beaton, a gentleman recently licensed, to a charge in Grenada, under the appointment of the General Assembly's Colonial Committee. The Rev. Mr. Dewar, of South Church, presided at all the services.

MACPHAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXXI.

DECEMBER 1851.

THE DEATH OF CICERO.

“Dissertissime Romuli nepotum.”—CATULL.

Most eloquent of all the sons of Rome.

“Sæpe Clodio Ciceronem expellenti, et Antonio occidenti, videmur irasci.”—SEN. *de Ira*.

When we read of Clodius having procured the banishment of Cicero, and of Antony having occasioned his death, we seem to feel the passion of anger.

Κικερῶν—φεύγων εἰς ἴδιον χωρίον, ὃ, καθ' ἱστορίαν τοῦδε τοῦ πάθους, εἶδον.—APPIAN.

I saw the place where Cicero fell, while flying for refuge to his own country-seat.

We suspect that, in the minds of most persons who, in their earlier years, have drudged through the difficulties of what is familiarly called a classical education, there is a sort of mixed and double feeling connected with the names and histories of the great authors, with some small portions of whose works such persons were thus early made acquainted. The glory which is connected with them in our imaginations is chiefly, or almost wholly, related to the mere names which they bear, or the titles of the works which they composed,—while, with respect either to the histories and attainments of the authors themselves, or the beauties of sentiment or thought by which their works are characterised, there exists in most minds, something of the feeling which Byron has so graphically portrayed when, beside Soracte, he recalled the remembrance of his early struggles with the lyrics of Horace,—and bade the poet adieu for ever, on the scene of one of his best known and most striking descriptions :—

“ — May he, who will, his recollections rake
And quote in classic raptures,—and awake

The hills with Latian echoes ; I abhorred
 Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

"Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory ; and though time hath taught
 The mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

"Then farewell, Horace ! whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse.
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier Satyrist the conscience pierce,
 Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part."

To those, however, who, in after life, betake themselves to the study of these great authors—or who are even accidentally led to a perception of their unrivalled beauties of thought and of expression, there is a compensating delight for the temporary and delusive disregard in which, for a time, the immortal composers had been held. When thus awakened to a perception of the beauties of these writers, we feel the same sort of generous and unexpected delight, as when, from some piece of ore which we had long retained with all its encrusting deformities, or from some specimen of precious metal which we had suffered to be injured by rust and neglect, the obscuring film or deteriorating adhesion is removed—and with this restoration of our treasure to its pristine and native lustre we feel not only a transport of joy at the sight of the specimen of beauty which we now find ourselves to possess—but a new and enhanced pleasure in the recovery of our valued property from its previous state of obscurity and disregard.

It is on this account, among many others, that we think it of advantage occasionally to present to our readers, some passages, either in the writings of the admired authors of antiquity, or in their personal histories, which may be peculiarly fitted to arrest the attention of the casual reader—to awaken trains of thought corresponding with the deep sense of the passages submitted to his perusal—and to make him sensible, in some degree, of the transcendent interest which is essentially attached to many of the facts with which ancient history abounds—and to almost all the writings, which time and barbarism have spared, of the immense and inestimable treasures by which those ages were illustrated.

There is also one other remark, on which we should be disposed, in this preliminary notice, to dwell at considerable length, and to surround with an ample store of illustration, but which we shall only briefly sub-

mit to the consideration of the reader. It is, that while there are a multitude of events in ancient history, whose importance terminates in themselves, at least so far as we are now capable of perceiving—there are other occurrences of so central and significant and suggestive a kind, that they seem to stand as exponents to the meditative eye of a long train of important events that have gone before, or that accompanied them—and to be prophetic of other changes and influences that are to descend, for good or for evil, on a long course of succeeding generations. Of this kind—to come at once to the event which has led us to these remarks—was undoubtedly the death of Cicero,—connected as that remarkable transaction was with the characters and plots of the great actors who then figured in the eventful history of Rome,—with the change which, at the moment of its occurrence, was taking place in the greatest sovereignty that then affected the destinies of mankind,—and with influences which, as they have been gradually unfolding throughout all the ages that have since intervened, are destined to be felt with perhaps increasing efficacy, throughout the many great revolutions which human thought and human accomplishment have yet to undergo.

The event itself—so striking in its own character, and in the relation which it bears to other contemporary and subsequent transactions—is thus stated by Mr. Hollings in his *Life of Cicero*. The reader will perceive that the subjoined verses are little else than a metrical version of the affecting incidents given by that biographer,—and corresponding with the histories of all preceding authors who have treated of the leading events of that interesting period. The reader is requested, previously, to keep in mind, that Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus, finding that every thing was to lose and nothing to be won by continuing the war, had resolved to join their interests and divide the empire between them; and still further, to join their armies and destroy all causes of quarrel, it was agreed that each should produce a list of his enemies, and that the whole should be dispatched by proscription. About two hundred of the most virtuous citizens of Rome were thus doomed to death, and the name of Marcus Tullius Cicero was the first that appeared on the list of Antony. We now proceed with the narrative of Mr. Hollings.

“Cicero and his brother Quintus are recorded to have been at the Tusculan villa of the former, when information was brought of the late proceedings of the Triumvirate, and of the imminent peril to which the lives of both were exposed. Their first resolution was to take flight immediately to Astura, where they expected to find a vessel in which they might be conveyed to Epirus, and placed under protection of the army of Marcus Brutus. They accordingly set out on this mournful journey, the last look of the orator being now cast upon that delightful retreat, adorned by the profuse beauties of nature, and rich with the divine treasures of art, in which, encompassed by all the external circumstances which could render existence desirable, he had spent so many days of tranquil converse with friends worthy of his intimacy—so many nights devoted to the seductive speculations of his beloved philosophy. The brothers, as we are told by Plutarch, were conveyed in separate litters, and had frequent conferences on the way, the result of which was a de-

termination on the part of Quintus, who was wholly unprovided with the necessary funds for his voyage, and found Cicero himself equally destitute, to return towards Rome, and endeavour to procure a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his passage to Greece. He, therefore, ordered his attendants to turn back, after a parting with his brother replete with anguish to both, in consequence of a presentiment, amply justified by present circumstances, that they were never destined to meet again. In the mean time Marcus Cicero had been conveyed by his attendants to Astura, where, finding a ship ready to sail, and receiving no tidings of Quintus, he at length embarked, and coasted along the Latian shore with a favourable wind as far as Circæum. At this place, although the mariners professed their willingness to stand out to sea immediately, a step which, in all probability, would have saved his life, he resolved to land, and, his request to that effect having been complied with, was conveyed some distance in the direction of Rome. By whatever cause this change of resolution was produced, whether by his distaste for navigation, or some faint hope of being yet protected by Cæsar, it was quickly changed for the feeling of despair, which, during this brief journey, seems to have sunk with permanent and settled darkness upon his mind. After proceeding about a hundred furlongs, therefore, he desired his servants to return to Circæum, where he passed a dreadful night of misery and distraction; revolving, among other frenzied resolutions of revenge against the false friend by whom he had been deceived and betrayed, a plan of again setting out for Rome, and stabbing himself upon the hearth of Octavius, and in the presence of his household gods, with the view of bringing home an awful and certain retribution upon the head of the cold-hearted assenter to his murder. As day dawned on the morning following this feverish interval of mental agony, he desired the crew of the vessel which had borne him to Circæum to make for Caieta, and set him ashore near his villa situated upon the coast. Such a step amounted to little less than virtual suicide; since, on the first intimation of his proscription, numbers of eager expectants of the rich reward promised by Antony for his head, had started from Rome to beset his best known places of resort, —and the winding shores of Baiæ, as well as the vine-covered hills of Formiæ, were already echoing to the trumpets of the soldiery of the triumvirate, in keen quest of the valuable prize which might be concealed in the neighbourhood. A short sail brought him to his place of destination, from which, according both to Appian, and to Plutarch whose superstitious credulity, at least, generally shews itself in such a manner as greatly to heighten the effect of his picturesque narratives, he was warned by a singular omen. The story is of so marvellous a character as to render it the more prudent course to allow the biographer to tell it in his own words. ‘There was a temple of Apollo,’ he relates, ‘on that coast, from which a flight of crows came with great noise towards Cicero’s vessel, as it was making land. They perched on both sides of the sail-yard, where some sat croaking, and others picking the ends of the ropes. All looked upon this as an ill omen, yet Cicero went ashore, and entering his house, sat down to repose himself. In the meantime, a number of the crows settled in the chamber-window, and croaked in the most dole-

ful manner. One of them even entered in, and, alighting on his bed, attempted, with its beak, to draw off the clothes with which he had covered his face. On sight of this, the servants began to reproach themselves. Shall we, said they, remain to be spectators of our master's murder? Shall we not protect him, so innocent, and so great a sufferer as he is, when the brute creatures give him marks of care and attention? Then, partly by entreaty and partly by force, they got him into his litter, and carried him towards the sea."

Thus far Plutarch. Without soliciting credence, however, for any of the supernatural features of his narrative, there does not appear any reason for distrusting the account given of the remaining part of the tragedy by the same narrator, in which he is more or less corroborated by the testimony of other writers. The servants of Cicero, whose real ground of alarm was, no doubt, the vicinity of a party of the military, had no sooner quitted the house, making their way in all haste to the sea-shore, when the agents of Antony arrived, headed by Herennius, a centurion, and the tribune, Popilius Lænus, whom Cicero is said to have formerly defended from a charge of parricide; and bursting open the doors of the house, which had been barricaded against them to the best of their ability by the domestics within, imperiously demanded in what direction the fugitives had retreated. The necessary information having been procured from a slave, named Philologus, if Plutarch is correct, or if Appian is in preference to be believed, from a former retainer of Clodius, who now gratified a long cherished hatred towards the orator, by eagerly pointing out the path by which he had been conveyed from the villa, they lost not a moment in commencing the pursuit, and were not long in discovering the retinue of their victim; who were at the time passing down a retired avenue which led through a close and tangled wood to the beach. The approach of the assassins was not unnoticed by Cicero, who, commanding his servants to set down his litter, and to refrain from the useless resistance which they seemed inclined to offer, prepared with firmness and dignity to meet the fate which he plainly perceived to be inevitable. When Popilius and his band approached the spot, he regarded them for some time with a fixed and melancholy look, placing his left hand upon his chin—his usual attitude when engaged in deep thought. His features, haggard with care and anxiety, his disordered hair and dress, united with the patient fortitude with which he appeared ready to encounter the death they were commissioned to inflict, and, probably, the contrast which his present appearance presented to the circumstances of outward pomp and splendour under which they had last beheld him, produced at the moment so powerful a feeling of commiseration among his assassins, as to induce them to turn aside their faces, while Popilius, the only one unmoved among the company, after Cicero had calmly stretched forth his head and neck from the litter, and commanded him to perform his office, unrelentingly inflicted the fatal stroke. The hands were then cut off by Herennius, and, together with his head, exultingly conveyed by the principal agent in his death to Antony, while his attendants interred his body in a grave hastily dug upon the spot. Popilius, on reaching Rome, found Antony seated in state upon the tribunal in the Forum, and being unable to approach

him, in consequence of the dense multitude by which he was surrounded, intimated the performance of his mission by shaking aloft the gory relics of which he was the bearer, in full view of his employer, who is said to have received them with inhuman satisfaction, and, after rewarding Popilius with an honorary crown, in addition to an almost incredibly extravagant sum in money, to have ordered them to be conveyed to his house, where he further feasted his long-cherished hatred, by contemplating them at his leisure, while reclining amidst his friends at his table. They were afterwards carried to Fulvia, and that monstrous anomaly in the history of her sex, with a vindictive malice, unsatisfied by the death of the illustrious statesman—in whom both her former and present husband had found so inflexible an opponent, is recorded, after having forced open the lifeless jaws, to have drawn forth and repeatedly pierced the tongue with a bodkin which she took from her hair, accompanying the action with bitter and unseemly insults and reproaches. The mangled remains of the orator were then returned to Antony, who commanded them to be exposed upon the rostra, from which his eloquence had so often delighted the gathered population of Rome, beside a statue of Popilius, surmounted with an inscription, in which the murderer boldly avowed his late deed, and boasted of its perpetration.

Respecting the views afforded us by the letters of Cicero, of the characters of his most illustrious cotemporaries, and of the moral and domestic condition of Rome in his days, we have the following striking notice in a subsequent part of the same work of Mr. Hollings.

“ Nearly nine hundred letters, by far the greater portion from the pen of the orator himself, but among which are to be found original communications from Cæsar, Pompey, Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Trebonius, Sulpicius, Pollio, and many other master spirits of their generation, constitute a series of trustworthy documents, to which no other period of ancient history, and few in that of modern nations, can furnish a parallel. By means of these the council-chambers and hearths of the warriors and statesmen whose sentiments they record, became easily accessible and familiar ground. The writers themselves, no longer invested with the pomp of epic grandeur, or viewed as ‘giants of mighty bone and high emprise,’ shrink from their legendary dimensions, and stand before us with all the ordinary passions and follies of humanity distinctly revealed. The mouldering urn and the solitary mound give up their included dead to consistency and life. The busy scenes exhibited in the streets or provinces of imperial Rome, while in the zenith of its power, again rise, like gorgeous visions, produced by the spell of the necromancer; and so vivid is the picture thus produced of the drama, in which those, upon whose tombs the suns of nearly twenty centuries have gone down, were the principal actors, that we are reminded by it of the fabled city of eastern romance,—in which, after ages have passed since its name and the cause of its destruction ceased to have a place in the memory of man, the traveller may perceive, within its silent dwellings, or occupying its long deserted ways, a numerous population, whose marble forms yet retain the attitude and expression in which they were overtaken by the same

mysterious agony, and are still apparently engaged in the stormy employments of active existence."

"The gilded roofs of the Capitol," says our author in the concluding passage of his work, "once shining like a majestic diadem above the city which they adorned, have for ages crumbled into dust; the stately priest, with the attendant virgin, ascends the hundred steps to the shrines of his fabled gods no more: the grass waves rank in the deserted forum, and the shattered and time-worn columns speak alone of those magnificent edifices inscribed to Concord, or the Thundering Jove, in which assembled senates once sat to deliberate on the destinies of subject kings; yet the voice of the orator still seems to dwell upon the ear of the traveller,

'And still the eloquent air breathes, burns of Cicero.'

Such is the exalted power of intelligence, the distinguishing prerogative of mind,—the survivor of virtue—the victor of decay—unaltered by the lapse of successive generations; and while the features of the material world, no less than the monuments reared by the hands of its fleeting inhabitants, exhibit marks of change, continuing to wear its first aspect of fresh and imperishable beauty."

VERSES SUGGESTED BY THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE.

Is this the man on whose mellifluous tongue
All-conquering Rome in mute attention hung?
When from all nations crowds innumerable stood
To silent wonder by his voice subdued;
Or heaved, tumultuous, like the rolling seas,
When to a tempest swells the moaning breeze;
While prætors, lictors, armed hosts around,
Confessed the magic of the wondrous sound,
And gods looked down from every neighbouring shrine,
As if in awe of powers so like divine.

Is this the man, who, from provincial toils,
From war's dread strife, and faction's horrid broils,
So oft, while myriads crowded all the ways,
Sat the sole object of the general gaze?
High on triumphal car, illustrious borne,
While music swelled from trumpet and shell and horn,
And standards gleaming in the mid-day sun,
Announced the prize of wondrous conquest won,
He passed the splendid city's arched gate
In all the pomp of more than mortal state,
And heard congratulation's peals arise
From myriad voices to the astonished skies.

Or prouder yet, to his capacious mind,
When, the vast city's uproar left behind,
In solemn robe, where the grave Senate sate,
He ruled the tempest of the high debate;
While Cato, Brutus, Cæsar, heard with awe
His voice maintain the majesty of law;
Or bent attentive as he showed the plan
Of Rome's vast empire, with a Sage's span,
And, with stretched arm, and accents bold and free,
Pleaded the cause of sacred Liberty.

From such high scenes, how oft would
 The secret whispers of the Muse to court,
 To where from Baia's green and wooded shores
 Blue Ocean's range the charmed eye explores?
 And as he wandered midst the silent woods,
 And heard the dashing of the distant floods,
 In thought entranced—in that enraptured mood
 Which heaven bequeaths but to the wise and good—
 What splendid dreams woke in his musing mind,
 To all the luxury of thought resigned,
 As, imaging some theme of vast import
 To rouse the people, or to rule the court,
 Or, with yet wider aim, from Grecian lore
 Seeking truth's secret mazes to explore,
 He planned some strain, whose gorgeous pomp unfurled,
 Might wake to extacy the future world.

In fancy's dream, I see him proudly graced
 With Sages, Heroes, Poets round him placed;
 As at his board he ruled, with wise control,
 "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul"—
 While all the handmaid arts around displayed
 Their richest stores from foreign shores conveyed,
 And Tusculum combined, by sapient rule,
 Rome's finished art with Plato's modest school.

Oh, happy man!—so might we fondly deem—
 Above what sages wish, or poets dream—
 With honour, power, and letters richly crown'd,
 And, more than all, with thought that owned no bound,
 With hopes of fame through ages yet unborn,
 And wide as spread the genial rays of Morn—
 Sure, Fate to one at least of men had given
 Foretaste on earth of highest bliss in heaven,
 And set him 'bove the chance of Fortune's frown—
 An envied demigod of pure renown.

Delusive thought;—how oft, mid seeming bliss
 The purest source of human joy we miss!—
 How oft, while thousands pondered on his fame,
 And his proud country blessed his honoured name,
 Condemned with faction horrid strife to wage,
 His soul was stung with self-destruction's rage!
 How oft, in midnight meditation sunk,
 He saw in fancy his own bleeding trunk,
 Or planned some mean to end the troubled strife,
 And close at once his sorrows and his life!

Oh! has there lived, of all by fate upborne
 To highest pitch, one soul not inly torn
 By sad reverse before his final day?
 Condemned the common lot of man to pay,
 Which brings the tempest to the bark that slept
 On sunlit seas by no rude breezes swept,
 Which, o'er the fields with autumn's treasures spread
 Spreads, after golden gleams, the darkening shade,
 And which to man for days of transient light,
 Throws o'er his parting hours the gloom of murkiest night.

Oh ! could we look, with just observant eye,
Even on our days of happiest augury;
Some gathering cloud we could not fail to note
Mid brightest gleams that o'er our pathway float—
Some troubled spring still welling from its source,
And gaining strength as onward flows its course,
Till, mingling with the stream we most enjoyed,
By foul pollution all our bliss is cloyed ;
And, struck at once with horror and with shame,
Not more the turbid fountain's gush we blame,
Than our own blindness, that had failed to see
The mingled course of Nature's mystery ;
While, with a giddy heart and thoughtless head,
Mid present bliss we fondly rioted,
Nor deemed an hour would come with sorrow fraught,
To tame the madness of our frenzied thought.

Man's life is ruled by high dramatic art ;
And if, at times, by a portentous start,
He seems to gain a point but seldom trod,
And rules all round him by his sovereign nod ;
If all disquiet seems to leave his breast,
And on his path unclouded sunbeams rest,—
Oh ! could he read his coming fate aright,
What threatening shapes would darken on his sight !
While hours of calm but prelude seemed to strife,
Great as the bliss that erst had marked his life.

What words can paint the horrors of that day,
Which saw great Tully fall proscription's prey ?
On Tusculum's white walls, and woody pride,
While gazed his eye, all hope within him died,—
And sunk his heart, as by the shores he passed,
And felt this journey Fate ordained his last.

Now on the sea he speeds with hurrying sail,
Which fortune fills with a propitious gale ;
But, as the lessening coast eludes his sight,
Still deeper falls his soul's o'ershadowing night.—
Not ominous birds that settled on his mast,
And pecked the cords, and hoarsely swelled the blast ;
Not friend's or seaman's prayer to shun the coast
One moment's influence o'er his soul could boast ;
The Latian shore still trembled on his view,
And to its groves his fated voyage drew ;
Fate's mystery was around him—which ordained
That there his life-blood should be foully drained ;
And, lured by Fate, he sought Gaieta's bay,
His honoured corpse amidst its woods to lay.

Oh ! gloomiest night of agony and woe,—
O'ermatched by none which heaven to earth can shew !
Stretched on his couch, the birds of omen peck
His covered face, and croak upon his neck.
All things give signs of woe—which all can see
The prelude dire of coming destiny—
And household hearts, with loud and piercing wail,
Foresaw the horrors of the tragic tale.

Irresolute and weak, with morn, once more,
 He seeks the wooded heights that line the shore—
 The hour is come—the hunted prey is found—
 With tramp of steeds the wood-crown'd hills resound—
 Forth from the covert spears and helmets gleam,
 And murder's voice sends forth a horrid scream.
 As nears the fierce pursuit—the gleaming blades—
 One moment's strength his parting soul pervades;
 With head declined, as in his thoughtful mood,
 One moment sorrowful but brave he stood,
 And, stretching forth his neck to meet the blow,
 Gave to life's streams their sad and final flow
 Amidst his own lov'd groves,—thus foully sunk
 Rome's most renowned Son—a headless—handless trunk.

And is the drama ended? oh! not so;
 Though passed this hour of life-dissolving woe,
 His spirit's might, his soul's capacious power,
 Shall breathe o'er earth to time's remotest hour;
 His studious thoughts—his letter'd pages last;—
 And when Barbarian gloom its shade shall cast
 O'er Europe's widest realms and altered face,
 While dawns the morning on the night space,
 His genius, like the sun, shall speed its ray,
 To wake the glories of a brighter day.
 Amid monastic glooms the musing sage
 Shall wisdom draw from his inspiring page;—
 When happier times come forth, ingenuous youth
 From him shall gain the love of moral truth—
 O'er every land his name shall be a charm
 To prompt the wise, to nerve the freeman's arm,—
 And lands unknown to Rome's all-grasping sway,
 O'er which now rises slow time's brightening day,
 When suns of countless centuries have set,
 With grateful praise his laurelled bust shall greet,
 And gain from thoughts that charmed his pensive mood,
 How best to make their own—the wise—the true—the good.

Still rises Rome, with all her mightiest sons,
 Before our view—as o'er his bright page runs
 The thoughtful eye;—once more we seem to see
 Her men of power—her friends of liberty—
 Like fabled city of the Eastern world,
 O'er which the gods an awful fate had hurled;
 Still, shewing in its marble forms, the life—
 The gay activity—the varied strife—
 Which, in the moment when the mandate fell,
 Making life stone, lost not their power to tell
 What thoughts were present in each anxious breast,
 What signs of passion on each face impressed,
 What occupations chained the busy crowd,
 What cares the humble, what high aims the proud,
 When o'er the whole the numbing influence breathed,
 And to all times the wondrous forms bequeathed—
 Yet seeming as if still they felt the force
 Of all that agitates life's varied course.

Mysterious energy! by Heaven assigned
 To bright ideas of the excursive mind;
 They yield not to destruction's fateful power—
 Decay's slow ruin brings not their last hour;
 They live while ages, silent, pass away,
 Scorning the power that makes all else its prey,—
 And o'er the ruins of man's changeful tomb,
 In ever graceful youth, unchanged they bloom.

Note 1st.—HOW FAR CICERO WAS IMPLICATED IN THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—The question, so often debated in College societies, viz.,—whether Brutus was justifiable in killing Cæsar, might perhaps be supplanted, at least occasionally, by another, namely, Was Cicero cognizant or not of the murder of Cæsar?

It is quite certain, from his own frequently repeated words, that he was present when the murder was perpetrated; that he rejoiced in it, and most explicitly expressed his joy; and that, instead of shrinking from any responsibility attached to the act, he proclaimed it to be his belief that it was a most meritorious deed—one which he would have aided in performing if opportunity had been allowed,—and which every man in Rome wished to be done, except Antony and a few persons in his interest, who for their own selfish purposes wished a king,—and were willing, for that boon, that Rome should be enslaved.

Still he has as explicitly disavowed any active participation in the fact;—that is to say, he did not actually lift his dagger against the dictator. But there is much reason to believe that he was aware of what was intended,—though perhaps he neither knew the exact time at which the murder was to be perpetrated, nor the place of its perpetration, nor the precise mode in which the bloody tragedy was to be enacted. He has also expressly said, that in such an act, there was no difference between the adviser and the approver,—and perhaps the histories of all countries and ages would suggest the fact, that as blood is usually demanded, in the course of divine providence, for blood that has actually been shed, there is at least a no less significant character in the eventful fate of those who have only consented to such violence, that the guilt rests not alone with those who have done the deed, but with those also who, knowing the intention of committing it, yet gave it the sanction of their quiet, though not express permission.

It is further certain, that the conspirators reckoned on him as their sure friend,—“for they had no sooner finished their work, than Brutus, lifting up his bloody dagger, called out upon him by name, to congratulate with him on the recovery of their liberty,—and when they all ran out, presently after, into the forum, with the daggers in their hands, proclaiming liberty to the city, they proclaimed at the same time the name of Cicero, in hopes to recommend the justice of their act by the credit of his approbation.” Cicero's own words, descriptive of the scene, are worthy of being quoted. *Cæsare interfecto, statim cruentum alte extolens M. Brutus pugionem Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus.*—*Philip. 2. 12.*

Our readers must all be aware of the splendid lines descriptive of the

effect produced by the recollection of this scene, as given by one of the most animated and classical of our native poets,—

“ Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;
And speak, O man, does this capacious scene,
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar’s fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully’s name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail ;
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free.”—AKENSIDE.

That speeches were also made for and against the deed, in the presence of the people, and by persons who were most deeply interested, is also certain, though the speeches were not exactly those so well known to all British readers, as given in the works of our great dramatist.—But without dwelling any longer on this subject, we may only further notice, that the events of that awful day suggest the origin of a symbol and ceremony which has often been exhibited in more recent times,—and the true significancy of which is not very generally understood,—we allude to the hoisting of the *bonnet rouge*, the red cap of liberty.

“ The news of so surprising an act,” says the Biographer, “ raised a general consternation through the city ; so that the first care of the conspirators was to quiet the minds of the people, by proclaiming peace and liberty to all, and declaring that no further violence was intended to any. They marched out therefore in a body, with a cap as the ensign of liberty, carried before them on a spear, and in a calm and orderly manner proceeded through the Forum ; where, in the first heat of joy for the death of the tyrant, several of the young nobility, who had borne no part in the conspiracy, joined themselves to the company, with swords in their hands, out of an ambition to be thought partners in the act ; but they paid dear afterwards for that vanity, and, without any share of the glory, were involved in the ruin which it drew upon all the rest.”

That the exhibition of the cap, though used on this occasion, was much more ancient in its use, is evident from the following note, which we extract from Middleton’s *Life of Cicero*.—“ A cap was always given to slaves when they were made free, whence it became the emblem of liberty ; to place it therefore on a spear, was a public invitation to the people, to embrace the liberty that was thus offered to them by the destruction of the tyrant. There was a medal likewise struck on the occasion, with the same device, which is still extant. The thought, however, was not new, for Saturninus, in his sedition, when he had possessed himself of the Capitol, exalted a cap upon the top of a spear, as a token of liberty to all the slaves who would join him ; and though Marius, in his sixth consulship, destroyed him for that act by a decree of the se-

nate, yet he himself used the same expedient afterwards to invite the slaves to take arms with him against Sylla, who was marching with his army into the city to attack him.—*Val. Max.* 8. 6.

Note 2d.—CICERO'S VILLAS.—The following account of the many splendid retreats which Cicero possessed, and occasionally visited in some of the most beautiful districts and situations of Italy, may be interesting to many readers;—he himself called these beautiful villas, the eyes or beauties of Italy—and pathetically laments in one of his letters, that the turmoils and business of life so seldom permitted him to feast his eyes on their beauties, and to enjoy the learned leisure which they were intended to afford him :

Cur ocellos Italiae, villulas meas, non video ?

The number and exquisite beauty of these retreats certainly afford a very remarkable evidence of the prodigious means of gratification which Cicero enjoyed, if his busy and agitated life had permitted him the more constant and uninterrupted participation of their amenities.

“He had,” says his biographer, “a great number of fine houses in different parts of Italy—some writers reckon up eighteen. They were situated generally near the sea, and placed at proper distances along the coast, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples—and for the elegance of structure, and the delights of their situation, are called by him the eyes or beauties of Italy. Those in which he took the most pleasure, and usually spent some part of every year, were his Tusculum, Antium, Astura, Arpinium; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolar, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception, not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous guests; many of whom, of the first quality, used to pass several days with him in their excursions from Rome.

“His Tusculan villa had been Sylla's, the Dictator; it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable prospect of the city and the country around it, with plenty of water flowing through the grounds. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat, at any hour, from the fatigues of the bar or the senate, to breathe a little fresh air, and divert himself with his friends and family; so that this was the place in which he took the most delight, and spent the greatest share of his leisure; and, for that reason, improved and adorned it beyond all his other houses.” In one of his letters to Atticus, he says, “The papers which you lately sent me, I will carry, all of them, with me to Tusculum. In that retreat chiefly I repose myself from all labours and troubles. I am so delighted with Tusculum, that I am always best pleased with myself when I come there.” This delightful spot, however, is now possessed by a convent of monks, called Grotta Ferrata, where they still shew the remains of Cicero's columns and fine buildings, and the ducts of water that flowed through his gardens.

When a greater satiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, disposed him to seek a calmer scene and more undisturbed retirement, he used to remove to Antium or Astura. At Antium he placed his best

collection of books ; and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that passed in the city. Astura was a little island, at the mouth of a river of the same name, about two leagues farther to the south, between the promontories of Antium and Circeum, and in the view of them both—a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of solitude, and a serene retreat—covered with a thick wood, cut out into shady walks, in which he used to spend the gloomy and splenetic moments of his life.

“ In the height of summer, the mansion-house at Arpinum, and the little island adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and cascades, afforded the best defence against the inconvenience of the heats ; where, in the greatest that he had ever remembered, we find him refreshing himself, as he writes to his brother, with the utmost pleasure, in the cool stream of his Febrenus. His words are—‘ *Ego ex magnis caloribus, non enim meminimus majores, in Arpinati, summa cum amenitate fluminis, me refeci ludorum diebus.*’ From the great heats, and I do not remember ever to have felt greater, I have with great delight refreshed myself, during the vacation, in the waters of Arpinum.

His other villas were situated in the more public parts of Italy, where all the best company of Rome had their houses of pleasure. He had two at Formiæ, lower and upper villa ; the one near to the port of Cajeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. (We need scarcely remind our readers that this was the locality to which the present Pope lately retired from the insurrectionary movements of his subjects.)—He had a third on the shore of Baiæ, between the Lake Avernus and Puteoli, which he calls his Puteolan ; a fourth on the hills of Old Cumæ, called his Cuman Villa ; and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, the fertility of its soil, and the delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan house was built after the plan of the academy at Athens, and called by that name, being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the same use of philosophical conferences. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antistius Vetus, who repaired and improved it ; when a spring of warm water, which happened to burst out in one part of it, gave occasion to the following epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero’s freedmen :

Quo tua, Romanæ vindex clarissime linguæ,
Sylva loco melius surgere jussa vires,
Atque Academiæ celebratam nomine villam
Nunc reparat cultu sub potiore Vetus,
Hic etiam apparent lymphæ non ante repertæ
Languida quæ infuso lumina rore levant.
Nimirum locus ipse sui Ciceronis ; honori
Hoc dedit, hac fontes cum patefecit ope.
Ut quoniam totum legitur sine fine per orbem,
Sint plures, oculis quæ medeantur, aquæ.

Which may be thus translated :

Where now thy favourite grove,—O thou of Rome,
And of her tongue the happiest Artist,—blossoms
In verdure more profuse—and where thy fam’d

And much rever'd Academy now shines
 By Vetus rear'd in new and gorgeous style—
 There also rises now a late-found stream,
 Of power to cleanse all dimness from the eyes.
 Nor wonder—for the Genius of the place
 Proud of a name that brings him so much fame,
 To Cicero this debt of honour pays,
 That as his works by all the world are read,
 There now may be more healing, cleansing springs,
 The wearied eyes to strengthen and relieve.

The verses, and the sentiment which they embody, may not perhaps be of the highest order, but they are, unquestionably, honourable both to the talent and to the heart of the honest freedman.

It must also, however, be noticed, that this villa was afterwards an Imperial palace, occupied by the emperor Hadrian, who died and was buried in it,—and where he is supposed to have breathed out that last and celebrated adieu to his little pallid, frightened, fluttering soul,—the words of which have been preserved by *Ælian*,—and in which the little flutterer is understood to express a feeling, that as it was about to remove from the once earthly abode of Cicero, it would go with less trepidation, if it were assured that it should rejoin the same great and much esteemed person in the abode which he is supposed now to occupy in some higher and happier sphere.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.—*Ælei Vita Hadr.* 25.

Little, timid, fluttering thing,
 Whither wouldst thou stretch thy wing?
 To what region wilt thou go,
 And all thy earthly bliss forego?
 Cold and naked in the sky,
 Oh, why shouldst thou earth's joyance fly?

A person so celebrated as Cicero, and whose transcendent merits were recognised, not only in his own country, but over the whole of the then civilised world, must of course have been the centre of attraction to all persons, who entertained a natural reverence for high attainment, as well as for that multitude of inferior minds, who think their own insignificance abated by even an occasional familiarity with men of learning or of genius. Yet Cicero, while he amiably admitted these testimonies to his notoriety, was careful both of the kind of society which he admitted to his privacy, and of the time which he allowed to such social or complimentary interference. "His house," we are told, "was open to all the learned strangers and philosophers of Greece and Asia. His levee was crowded with multitudes of all ranks,—even Pompey himself not disdaining to frequent it. But on ordinary days, when these morning visits were over, as they usually were before ten, he retired to his books, and shut himself up in his library, without seeking any other

diversion, but what his children afforded, to the short intervals of his leisure. His own words are—*Mane salutamus domi bonos viros multos, ubi salutatio defluxit, literis me involvo—Epist. Fam.—Cum salutationes nos dedimus amicorum, abdo me in Bibliothecam.*—In the morning I receive the salutations of many excellent persons; when the ceremony of saluting has abated, I apply myself to literature. When I have admitted the salutations of my friends, I shut myself up in my library.—“His supper was his principal meal, and the usual season with all the great, of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night; yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light, and was used to sleep again at noon, as all others generally did, and as is commonly practised in Rome at this day.”

Two things have been handed down, on good authority, respecting his social and familiar style of amusing himself with his friends. In the first place, he was fond of free and easy conversation, which, however, he could vary and embellish by the most splendid specimens of wisdom and eloquence; and in addition to this, we have his own express declaration, that he was a great lover of jesting, and encouraged it on principle, both as an excellent relaxation,—and as an accomplishment which could often be used with great effect, both in refuting the absurdities of private conversation, and in the more grave proceedings of courts of justice. Though, in his usual mode of living, he was temperate and studious, yet, says his biographer, “when he was engaged to sup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aside his rules, and forgot the invalid, and was gay and sprightly, and the very soul of the company. When friends were met together to heighten the comforts of social life, he thought it inhospitable not to contribute his share to the common mirth, or to damp it by a churlish reservedness. But he was really a lover of cheerful entertainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery—a talent which was of great service to him at the bar—to correct the petulance of an adversary—relieve the satiety of a tedious cause—divert the minds of the judges—and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and the audience merry at the expense of the accuser:—*Convivio delector—et gemitum etiam in risus maximos transfero*—I am delighted with social mirth—I even make groans the occasion of great laughter.

So much for his love of fun—a turn of mind which we believe to have been common to him, in a great measure, with almost all men whose more serious occupations have been of a peculiarly grave and engrossing kind,—and which ought to be cherished as a duty by all persons who put a just value on the happiness and innocent gratification of their fellow-creatures. Not only fun, however, but wit and wisdom of the very best kind, were characteristic of the social enjoyments of this illustrious Roman. Indeed, so famous was he for what are called good sayings, that, like many other persons who are known to be remarkable for such effusions, he was made to father many brilliant things which he had never uttered,—but which had happened to draw attention for their wisdom or their point. *Ais enim, (says he,) ut ego discesserim, omnis*

omnium dicta, in me conferri—It is as you say, all the good sayings of other people will be laid to my account when I am gone.

“It is however certain that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, and that several spurious collections of his sayings were handed about in Rome, in his lifetime. Cæsar likewise, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the apophthegms or memorable sayings of eminent men, gave strict orders to all his friends, who used to frequent Cicero, to bring him every thing of that sort which happened to drop from him in their company.” Several volumes of these bright emanations of the mind of Cicero were published soon after his death; but the books have perished, and we can now only estimate the value of his jests, from some specimens which are incidentally scattered in different parts of his own, or of other people’s writings—respecting which Quintilian has the following just and memorable observations—viz. that through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of that action or gesture which gave the chief spirit to many of these effusions, they never could be explained to advantage, though an attempt at explanation had often been made; ‘yet even in these,’ says the critic, with a justness of remark which may admit of a more extended application, ‘even in these, as well as in his other compositions, people would sooner find what they would reject, than what they could add to them. Qui tamen nunc quoque, ut in omni ejus ingenio, facilius quid rejici quam quid adjici possit, invenient.’”

Note 3d.—HIS LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.—Cicero is one of those writers, at the number and excellence of whose works modern scholars are disposed to stand in an attitude of astonishment. His labours as a statesman and orator might have seemed more than sufficient for the time and talents of any ordinary mortal, even if these had not been interfered with by the extent of his connections with all the illustrious strangers and native scholars of his time;—yet with all this weight of business and distraction of social intercourse, he found leisure to compose as many works, on so many varieties of topics, as it would seem to require almost a lifetime of unembarrassed leisure to read and to meditate on;—and to do all this in a style which is not only equal to that of the best composers of his own or of after times, but which is so superlatively excellent as to have made the name of Cicero (as an ancient author has well said,) not so much that of a man as of eloquence itself.

The following observations from the biographical work of Middleton seem so judicious, and so applicable to the topic we are now illustrating, that they deserve to be quoted without abridgment. “There is no point of light,” says this author, “in which we can view Cicero with more advantage or satisfaction to ourselves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the surprising extent of his knowledge. This shines so conspicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even lessens the dignity of his general character; while the idea of the scholar absorbs that of the senator,—and by considering him as the greatest writer, we are apt to forget that he was the greatest magistrate also of Rome. We learn our Latin from him at school, our style and sentiments at the College; here we generally take our leave of him, and

seldom think of him more, but as of an orator, a moralist, or philosopher of antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures; we cannot judge well of a single part, without surveying the whole, since the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the rest; while in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, considered separately, will appear admirable, yet much more so when it is found in the possession of the first magistrate of a mighty empire; his abilities as a statesman are glorious, yet improve still more when they are observed in the ablest scholar and philosopher of his age; but a union of both these characters exhibits that sublime specimen of perfection, to which only the best parts with the best culture can exalt human nature.

"No man, whose life had been wholly spent in study, ever left more numerous or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of science and the polite arts; in oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics, in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them, excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published; and though many of these are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity; and, like the Sybilline books, if more of them had perished, would have been equal still to any price.

"His industry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception of our days; this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost; but what other people gave to the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay, even to sleep, and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of business, when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, when he used to dictate his thoughts to his scribes who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light, some from the senate, others from his meals, and the crowd of his morning levee."

For supporting any person in such continued labours, two things were especially demanded. In the first place, that the toil itself should be the chief pleasure and delight of his life; and next, that he should be animated by a boundless prospect of the fame or glory which was to accrue from his labours. Every reader is aware how deeply both of these sentiments were felt by Cicero; and how much he delighted in the full and free expression of them. Literature and philosophy, he frequently declares, he preferred to all other pursuits; they were the very breath of life to him, inasmuch that toils which to others would have cost at least some degree of exertion, were not only absolutely necessary to his enjoyment of existence, but were the sources of his greatest animation and delight. In plain language, literary labour was to him a pleasure, and cost him, comparatively speaking, no exertion whatever; his mind was full of ideas, native and acquired; and he had a ready com-

mand of choice expression in which to clothe his ideas, so that all that he wanted was time, to bring forth the superabundant treasures with which his mind was stored and enriched.

His love of glory, too, was boundless,—and in this feeling he participated with the prevailing spirit of the age in which he lived, and with a prominent peculiarity of almost all the great men whose names have come to us amidst the greatest blaze of posthumous reputation. Every person, in the slightest degree acquainted with the history of ancient times, must have been struck with the fact, that this desire of posthumous glory was so remarkable in these bygone times, as to constitute a most remarkable distinction between the men of those classic ages and the men of the present times ; we willingly, therefore, quote upon this topic the following just and striking observations. Speaking of the love of glory, “it will not seem strange,” says Middleton, “to observe the wisest of the ancients pushing this principle to so great a length, and considering glory as the amplest reward of a well-spent life, when we reflect, that the greatest part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity ; and even those who believed in a state of happiness to the good, yet entertained it with so much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wish than a well-grounded hope,—and were glad, therefore, to lay hold on that which seemed to be within their reach, a futurity of their own creating, an immortality of fame and glory from the applause of posterity. This, by a pleasing fiction, they looked upon as a prolongation of life and an eternity of existence,—and had no small comfort in imagining, that, though the sense of it should not reach to themselves, it would extend, at least, to others,—and that they should be doing good still when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus, Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but considered his acts as seeds sown in the immense field of the universe, to raise up the fruits of glory and immortality to him through a succession of infinite ages ; nor has he been frustrated of his hope, or disappointed of his end, but as long as the name of Rome subsists, or as long as learning, virtue, and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will be great and glorious in the memory of all posterity.”

Cicero, however, was certainly not one of those who had no views beyond the present world, or the long ages of futurity which opened in such bright prospect on his mind,—for he devoutly cherished and maintained the doctrine of immortality in the true and spiritual sense of the expression,—yet he felt not the less sensibly on that account, the desire of being remembered with honour by all coming generations ; nor in his opinion was there any inconsistency, but on the contrary the most complete agreement, between the wish to be extensively useful on earth, and the still sublimer expectation of being one of the immortals in the celestial assemblage of all the great and virtuous. These two ideas or wishes went, in his mind, completely together.

Two prevailing feelings may be noticed as having distinguished the great minds of antiquity, from the modes of thought or of expectation that now more generally prevail,—namely, the great alacrity with which

the ancients devoted themselves to the enjoyment of all present good,—and the hopes they cherished of glory and honour among coming generations,—in contrast to the little estimation in which the passing things of time are now regarded, and the more constant direction of our thoughts to that future and spiritual world, which we are taught to look for when all earthly interests and revolutions shall have reached their termination. The distinction is so great, that it must have commanded the notice of all thoughtful readers ; but in both cases, there seems to have been an obvious, though dissimilar want—the ancients needed a more religious view of the earthly blessings on which they set so high a value ; and the moderns have yet to learn, by a more perfect understanding of Christian principles, that earthly and heavenly things have a more intimate connection than is generally understood,—and that, in fact, it is by first becoming an efficient subject of the divine kingdom, as manifested in time, that man prepares himself for occupying a higher station in the same universal kingdom, as more fully displayed and more permanently established amidst the glories of immortality. A time is assuredly coming when the union of these two views will be better understood as subjects of thought,—and when the practical conduct and habitual sentiments of men will assume a corresponding direction.

It would be quite unsuitable, in such a notice as the present, to enter upon any enumeration of the general excellencies or distinctive merits of the works of Cicero, or of the qualities of sentiment and of style by which they are characterised. It is sufficient to say, that in these respects his works, both for matter and style, belong to the very highest order of literary and philosophical productions. He is not what is called a suggestive writer—that is to say, he does not generally busy himself with the clearing away of rubbish which had previously gathered over the prevailing opinions, or social institutions and ceremonies of men,—nor does he set himself systematically to disabuse the minds of his readers, of trains of imperfect thought, or modes of fallacious expression, to which they had been previously habituated ;—but he at once looks luminously and widely abroad over the face of nature and of life,—and pours forth such thoughts, and such pregnant expressions of these thoughts, as seem to illuminate the whole landscape on which he gazes,—and to shed a corresponding radiance on the mind of every one who is capable of entering into the meaning of the treatise or passage which is before him. In this respect, his great compeers may be considered as Plato, Bacon, and Burke,—authors so full of thought, that the oftener they are read, the more instructive do they become, and whose works should be perused, not so much for the particular information which they may be expected to evolve, as for the general habit of thought and of contemplation to which their daily study is pre-eminently adapted to form the taste and mental habits of their readers.

It is also, this wide and unencumbered view which Cicero took of all the most important and daily recurring subjects of human thought, that fits him for being the favourite instructor and admired model of ages that are yet to be characterised by less prejudiced forms of thought, and freer social institutions, than any perhaps that have hitherto existed among

men. Of the freedom of his mind from all the forms of superstition which existed in his own times, we have a remarkable proof in the following words which occur in his celebrated treatise, '*de Natura Deorum*.' Dic, quæso, num te illa terrent? triceps apud inferos Cerberus? Cocyti fremitus? transvectio Acherontis? adeone me delirare censes ut ista credam? Quæ anus tam excors inveniri potest, quæ illa, quæ quondam credebantur, apud inferos portenta extimescat? Tell me, I pray you, are you afraid of such things as these, the three-headed dog Cerberus, who watches the entrance to the infernal regions—the roarings of Cocytus—the passage across the Acheron? Do you think me silly enough to give credence to these? What old woman could be found so void of sense, as to have any fear relating to the infernal world, of these horrible things, which once gained belief?

Of the Letters of Cicero, there are about a thousand still remaining, though they are but a small part of those which were actually written by him, and were published by his servant after his death. They are, however, among the most precious and instructive of his works—the more so, that they were not written for publication, and may therefore be depended on as true copies, both of the private feelings of the writer, and of the characters and transactions of the very remarkable period in which the writer flourished, and of which he was one of the most illustrious actors.

His historical works are all lost—viz. the commentaries of his consulship, in Greek—the history of his own affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse—and his anecdotes, as well as several pieces on Natural History referred to by Pliny. He was also meditating a general history of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, but did not find leisure for a task, for which perhaps of all men he was the most entirely fitted.

Most of our readers, probably, are aware that some of the lost orations of Cicero, and a few fragments of his other works, have, in our own times, been recovered by Maio, after they had lain for ages amidst the dust and palimpsest manuscripts of the library of Milan. The exclamation of the fortunate librarian, and now Cardinal, on finding such treasures, is very characteristically given by himself:—*O Deus immortalis, repente clamorem sustuli; quid demum video? En Ciceronem, en lumen Romanæ facendiæ, indignissimis tenebris circumseptum! Agnosco deperditas Tullii orationes; sentio ejus eloquentiam ex his latebris divina quadam vi fluere, abundantem sonantibus verbis uberibusque sententiis.*—I suddenly exclaimed, Immortal God, what do I at length behold? Lo, here is Cicero, the luminary of Roman eloquence, surrounded by most unworthy darkness. I recognize the lost orations of Tully. I perceive his eloquence flowing from these recesses with a certain divine force—abounding in sounding words and rich sentiments.

NOTE.—NOTICES RESPECTING THE DEATH OF CICERO.—It is quite plain from the letters of Cicero, written to his dearest relations, and without any view to publication, that amidst all the exciting and apparently gratifying scenes that characterised his life, he was yet subject to great fits of despondency,—and that he was far from being, in the

strictest sense of the expression, a happy man. His gloom was even sometimes so thick and heavy as to lead him to entertain, occasionally, the thought of self-destruction—he felt himself to be involved among living events and characters, the future developments of which he could not, with all his perspicacity and power of comprehension, distinctly foresee—he knew also that he had some bitter enemies, who, if raised to power, would undoubtedly aim at his destruction; and though it could not perhaps be exactly said of him, that he was pre-eminently one of those characters who work out for themselves great reverses,—it is yet evident that there were things in his character and conduct, which, by their natural operation and development, would probably make the concluding scenes of his life, a remarkable contrast to the prosperity and popularity that, during his better days, had so remarkably distinguished him.

Human life, as we have hinted in the verses suggested by the death of Cicero, is “ruled by fine dramatic art,”—and there are wonderful contrasts in the life often of the same individual,—not because such contrasts come from any absolute or causeless destiny, but because in the same individual there are often causes working to a slow maturity of operation during his more prosperous moments, which are alternately to shew their power by the overthrow of all the happiness, springing from other qualities, which his life had previously exhibited.

Cicero himself has distinctly intimated in several of his letters, that he could trace in the conduct of the enemies, whose power was finally to oppress him, no indistinct intimations of the operation of qualities in himself, and of errors of conduct, which, if he had been wiser and more self-controlling, he might have avoided,—and thereby escaped the evil which he yet foresaw to be now gathering over him in accumulated blackness.

Though we have already given from Hollings’ account of the last scenes of this great orator’s life, the leading events of that great catastrophe, we now add the following incidents and explanations from Dr. Middleton,—as they throw some interesting light on the previous proceedings of the Triumvirate, and furnish valuable testimony as to the estimation in which the character of Cicero was held, both by the men of his own times and of succeeding ages.

“No sooner,” says Dr. Middleton, had Octavius settled the affairs of the city, and subdued the senate to his mind, than he marched back towards Gaul, to meet Antony and Lepidus, who had already passed the Alps, and brought their armies into Italy, in order to have a personal interview with him, which had been previously concerted, for settling the terms of a triple league, and dividing the power and provinces of the empire among themselves.—All the three were natural enemies to each other.

“The place appointed for the interview was a small island, about two miles from Bononia, formed by the river Rhenus, which runs near to that city; here they met, as men of their character must necessarily meet, not without jealousy and suspicion of danger from each other; being all attended by their choicest troops, each with five legions, disposed in separate camps, within sight of the island. Lepidus entered it first, as an

equal friend to the other two, to see that the place was clear and free from treachery,—and when he had given the signal agreed upon, Antony and Octavius advanced from the opposite banks of the river, and passed into the island by bridges, which they left guarded on each side by three hundred of their own men. Their first care, instead of embracing, was to search one another, whether they had not brought daggers concealed under their clothes,—and when that ceremony was over, Octavius took his seat betwixt the other two, as the most honourable place, on the account of his being consul.

“ In this situation they spent three days in a close conference to adjust the plan of their accommodation,—the substance of which was, that the three should be invested jointly with supreme power, for the term of five years, with the title of Triumvirs, for settling the state of the Republic.

“ The last thing that they adjusted was the list of a proscription, which they were determined to make of their enemies. This, as the writers tell us, occasioned much difficulty and warm contests amongst them,—till each of them, in his turn, consented to sacrifice some of his best friends to the revenge and resentment of his colleagues. The whole list is said to have consisted of three hundred senators and two thousand knights, all doomed to die for a crime the most unpardonable to tyrants,—their adherence to the cause of liberty. They reserved the publication of the general list to their arrival at Rome, excepting only a few of the most obnoxious, the heads of the republican party, about seventeen in all,—the chief of whom was Cicero. These they made out for immediate destruction, and sent their emissaries away directly, to surprise and murder them, before any notice could reach them of their danger. Four of this number were presently taken and killed, in the company of their friends, and the rest were hunted out by the soldiers, in private houses and temples,—which presently filled the city with an universal consternation and terror, as if it had been taken by an enemy, so that the consul Pedius was forced to run about the streets all the night, to quiet the minds and appease the fears of the people,—and, as soon as it was light, published the names of the seventeen who were principally sought for, with an assurance of safety and indemnity to all others,—but he himself was so shocked and fatigued by the horror of this night's work, that he died the day following.”

We need not here repeat the tragic circumstances of the murder of Cicero, in the neighbourhood of his Formian Villa,—his head, we know, was carried to Rome and publicly exhibited on the very scene of his former glory,—and we may readily believe the statement of the historian, when he says, that while the deaths of the other sufferers caused only private and particular sorrow, the lamentations of the whole city were awakened, and all eyes filled with tears, when the head of the illustrious orator was seen exposed on the public rostra.

“ *Civitas lacrymas tenere non potuit, quum recisum Ciceronis caput in illis suis rostris videretur.*”—*L. Flor.*

The death of Cicero, as we may well believe, was long regarded by the whole of the Roman people, as one of the most tragical and affecting

incidents of their history. The spot where it took place was visited, during many subsequent ages, with a feeling of almost religious reverence,—and many well-deserved maledictions were undoubtedly there pronounced on the persons and memories of those who had been the occasion of this stragedy,—as well as many just encomiums uttered on the merits and virtues of him whose attachment to liberty had been one chief cause of his untimely fate. The chief crime, of course, fell on Antony, but Augustus was not without his share of the blame ; and this, it has been with great plausibility surmised, is the reason why a person so celebrated, and so deserving of renown, is never once mentioned, in any of their writings, by either Virgil or Horace. They were too familiarly conversant with the court of Augustus, and too sensitive as to his tastes and predilections, to venture even a hint at a topic, which they probably regarded as not the most likely to be met with approbation by the imperial ear.

This temporary silence, however, was amply, and at no great distance of time, compensated by the unbounded applause which the accomplishments and works of the deceased orator called forth—and by the rank assigned him among those who had done the greatest honour to the Roman name ;—the very Emperors themselves, we are assured, began about three centuries after his death to place him in the class of their inferior deities—and Pliny has emphatically said, that Cicero had done more honour to his country by his writings, than all their conquerors by their arms—and had extended the bounds of their learning beyond those of their empire.

All succeeding times have cordially responded to the eulogy so justly pronounced. We have also already intimated, that the magnificent and unencumbered style of, not only his diction but his thought, is such as to fit his works for even an increasing acceptability with many future and improving generations of the human family—and we can have no hesitation in quoting, for the due consideration of all our readers, the two following sentences of the amiable, and accomplished, and truly Christian minded Erasmus. Speaking of Cicero, he says :—

“Quem arbitror, si Christianam philosophiam didicisset, in eorum numero censendum fuisse, qui nunc ob vitam innocentem pieque transactam, pro Divis honorantur.”

Which may be thus translated :

“I am disposed to think, that if, instead of being a heathen philosopher, he had happened to live in Papal Rome, he would, for the innocence and piety of his life, have obtained the honour and title of a Saint.”

And again to the same purpose :

“Ubi nunc agat anima Ciceronis, fortasse non est humani judicii pronunciare, me certe non admodum adversum habituri sint in ferendis calculis, qui sperant illum apud superos quietam vitam agere.”

Erasm. Proem. in Tusc. Quest.

Where the soul of Cicero is now existing and acting, it does not perhaps belong to human judgment to pronounce—but certainly, in my opinion, these persons are not to be considered as very wide of the truth, who at

least indulge a hope that he may now be spending a quiet existence among the blessed.

Livy, after a high encomium on the virtues of Cicero, declares, that to praise him as he deserved, would require the eloquence of Cicero himself: *Siquis tamen virtutibus vitia pensarit, vir magnus, acer, memorabilis fuit, et in cujus laudes sequendas Cicerone laudatore opus fuerit.*

It is said, that Cicero was reading the *Medea* of Euripides at the time when he was overtaken by his murderers. Anxious and hurried as the moment was, it is not unlikely that he might have that favourite author in his carriage—and that, with his indomitable love of reading and study, he might be calling his mind off from more pressing concerns by the interest which he took in the vivid delineations of the great dramatist. The story at least has a picturesque effect—and there is no evidence of its being without foundation.

We conclude with the following lines of Quintilian:—

“*Hunc igitur spectemus. Hoc propositum sit nobis exemplum. Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit.*”

He has made no small progress, with whom Cicero is a prime favourite.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

In my last communication I was left standing on the threshold of the Great Exhibition. I had entered by the south transept, and had paused to contemplate the wondrous spectacle that at once flashed upon my sight. I cannot say that the first glimpse filled me with such rapt admiration as I have heard described by others. The effect of any imposing sight must very much depend on the spectator's susceptibility at the moment. I unfortunately viewed the spectacle in very unfortunate circumstances. I had just come from an exhausting journey of five hundred miles, and after spending a long sleepless night in a railway carriage. The exhaustion of body and mind was such, to one accustomed to the even tenor of a quiet country life, that the spectacle failed to strike me with such overpowering force as it otherwise would. The impression made, by the same scenes in nature, on different persons, or at different times, often appear

* As the proof of the last Article never reached the Author's remote locality, various errors were left uncorrected. The following are the more important:—Read, page 238, line 4, *my* for *one*. 239, 36, *an ethereal* for *another evil*. 239, 46, *minister* for *ministry*. 240, 10, *peruse* for *revise*. 242, 17, *he only followed* for *we only follow*. 242, 38, *Magazine reading* for *Magazines readily*. 243, 33, *drawing* for *doorway*. 244, 7, *darkness* for *dullness*. 244, 40, *efforts* for *effects*. 245, 2, *homelier* for *humbler*. 245, 6, *clashes with* for *gives*. 245, 8, *driven* for *drawn*. 245, 12, *instincts* for *interests*. 247, 16, *they* for *he*. 247, 27, *genial* for *generic*. 247, 34, *the one* for *it is*. 247, 41, *pattering* for *patting*. 248, 30, *contemplate* for *penetrate*.

contradictory. But the enigma is solved when we reflect that the external aspects of nature are invested with the hues of our own internal state. Nature presents the bare canvas, and we lay on the colours from the subjective pallet of our own feelings and imagination. Nature supplies the nucleus, and we surround it with a halo of gladness or a dark cloud of woe, as the case may be. If we would have the moral and material scenery around wear in our eyes a smiling aspect, we must have a bright sunshine in our own hearts. That strange man, Mr. Emerson, tells us that the most beatific hour he ever experienced was when viewing a sunset in America, on a wretchedly cold day. The snow was half melted, and he had sometimes to wade through the slush up to the knee, and yet that hour, he says, will live for ever in his heart. This affords a characteristic exaggeration of the idea in question.

It was against the full appreciation of the grandeur of the Crystal Palace, that I had heard and read so much about it. One would like to be taken somewhat by surprise, but you were forestalled by the newspapers in your feelings of wonder. You felt as if you were dragooned into admiration by their incessant eulogy, and certainly it is a part of their craft to produce and keep up excitement by a system of exaggeration. The fear of being forced into an artificial newspaper admiration kept down the spontaneous element of appreciation; besides, the novel and distracting objects that arrested your attention, kept you from realizing the grandeur of the spectacle. Its great wonder consists in the effect as a whole; and to appreciate the grand and sublime, there must be perfect calmness and freedom from all petty distractions. To me, transferred as if by magic from the heather on the mountain side to that wonderful spot, the scene appeared distracting and bewildering in the extreme. From these causes, the first impression was not so overpoweringly magnificent as I anticipated. It was only after I had familiarised myself with the scene, and could command as much abstraction as when gazing alone on some sublime Highland scenery, that the wonderful character of the spectacle was fully impressed upon my mind. By surveying it from different points of view, the eye was gradually tutored to estimate its true dimensions, and to comprehend the thing as a whole. Notwithstanding the wonderful character of man's acquired perception—the strange power—by which the minute symbol on the retina is expanded into a gigantic structure or mountain, still the eye is constantly subject to illusions which require peculiar management to dispel, and which sometimes cannot be dispelled even with the most skilful management. The case of the moon near the horizon is a remarkable case in point. It is well known that the picture on the retina is as small, or rather smaller, there than on the meridian, and yet, strive as we may, we cannot realize the thing to be so. We experience a similar illusion in regard to terrestrial objects. An object at a considerable height above, looks much smaller than if it were at the same distance on a level with us. From this reason, travellers can hardly bring themselves to believe that the stones at the top of the pyramids are really so large as their actual measurement makes them. This principle also shews the folly of making colossal statues, and then perching them at a great height above the spectator. This is done, no doubt,

with the idea that their colossal character will be felt from beneath ; but this is not the case. The mind struggles in vain to expand them to their true dimensions, as it could easily do if they were placed on the ground and at a like distance.

As far as the mere idea of magnitude is concerned, the exterior is much more imposing than the interior. You can indeed command a view of the whole length and breadth within, but only along the central avenues, and that does not convey a very vivid idea of the vast space covered by the building. The aisles shut out from view the lateral spread of the building. Our most vivid conceptions of magnitude in architecture, are perhaps most frequently taken from the pyramids of Egypt, but the Crystal Palace surpasses them in the area covered. The largest pyramid covers only 13 acres, whereas the area covered by the Crystal Palace is 18 acres. It is impossible to say what time was occupied in the building of the pyramids, but we may be sure that it required many a long year of tyranny and toil ; but this airy fabric was summoned into existence, as by a magician's spell, in about seven months. The world has certainly never witnessed such a marvel of expedition in rearing architectural works.

The internal arrangement is easily conceived : indeed, one great merit of the plan is its extreme simplicity. The eighteen acres are bounded by four walls as in an ordinary house, thus forming a rectangle, the length being considerably greater than the breadth. The length is easily remembered, as, by a happy coincidence, the number of feet indicates also the year of its erection, viz., 1851. The breadth is 424 feet. The roof, instead of gradually sloping like an ordinary roof, recedes and contracts by distinct terraces. The appearance externally is similar to that presented by three books of different sizes laid flat on the top of one another—say an octavo on the top of a folio, and a duodecimo above the octavo. The roof, therefore, presents a nearly flat translucent surface when you look up from the interior. The only exception is where the building is crossed by the transept, which has an arched roof. Externally, the transept is not distinguishable in the lower storey, as it projects but a small way beyond the line of the building. It is, however, very conspicuous when you look up to view the roof. The receding terraces expose it to view, and it appears like a storm-window projecting from the roof of a house—the face of the window being supposed out as far as the wall of the house, and as high as the ridge.

The great divisions of the rectangular area of 18 acres are very simple. The best conception I can give of it is to suppose the Exhibition to consist essentially of two pretty broad streets ; one running through the middle of the building along its whole length, and another crossing it about the centre. The form of a cross is thus presented by these intersecting streets, and ecclesiastical naves are applied to them ; the long street being the nave, and the short one covered with the arched roof, the transept. You are to suppose shops on each side of the street, and that there are two storeys of them—the second storey being the gallery, which runs round the whole building exactly like the gallery of a church. Instead, however, of having the sky overhead, you have a crystal canopy, which, while it affords

protection from the weather, charms the eye by its light airy lattice-work. You are not to suppose that the streets were turned to no account: single imposing objects were placed in the middle, just as in Edinburgh you find statues occupying a like position. The only difference was, that they were more thickly studded in the Exhibition. Smaller objects, such as less conspicuous sculpture, were ranged on either side, corresponding to the line of lamp-posts in a street. They were not, however, so numerous as to obliterate the street character of the nave and the transept. The most imposing spectacle was the view of these cross streets from various parts of the gallery. The view of the greatest mass of human beings was of course obtained from the one extremity of the nave. Standing at one end in the gallery, you had an uninterrupted view to the other end, where the objects appeared to fade away in the distance. The idea of distance was aided by an appearance like mist, occasioned likely by the dust arising from the tread of so many thousands on the wooden open floor beneath. A telescope was placed on a stand here to aid the view, but I do not think that it would improve the spectacle, as it could take in but a small field compared to the compass of the eye. Crowds were constantly flocking to it, and trying every possible adjustment, but from the air of disappointment with which they retired, I concluded that they saw only darkly through the glass.

When I said that the Exhibition consisted essentially of two streets, crossing each other, and lined on either side with shops, we must note some points from which it differed from ordinary street scenery. Perhaps the Oriental Bazaar ought to be regarded as the true type of the Exhibition. The goods were not cooped up as in ordinary streets by shop-fronts, being quite exposed—though I did see a good many shop-fronts apparently transported from the Strand. For example, several London opticians had their goods exposed behind plate glass, exactly as in a window. When you stopped to enter and examine the goods in any particular shop, you found that there was an interminable series of shops behind. You found that there were labyrinths without number, through which you could not easily find your way. The rule seemed to be that which is observed by humanity at large—to put the best face on things, and keep in the back-ground what is unsightly. Accordingly, while you kept to the open streets, you saw only things of great artistic beauty; but when you turned aside, and penetrated into the recesses, you found articles which did not fascinate the eye, but which contribute most to a nation's prosperity. John Bull seemed more anxious to show his gew-gaws and his finery, than the articles by which he filled his pockets with money. He carefully stowed away his ploughs and harrows—his looms and spinning-jennies—in the back premises, as if he were ashamed of them: just as a man is more anxious to show his pictures and articles of vertu, than the mortar-tub or the shuttle out of which he has made his money. There was, however, a necessity in the case of the machinery in motion, that it should be put back from the front range of stalls, both on account of the convenience for steam, and to prevent the diffusion of the dust which arose from the various processes.

As the whole rectangular area of the palace is crossed in the middle by two streets, it is plain that the space is thus divided into four similarly shaped blocks of courts or shops. Two of these, or the western half of the building, was devoted to Great Britain and her colonies: the other two, to the various nations of the globe. The gallery, consisting of an area of 7 acres, was occupied chiefly with the exhibition of English goods; though, in some parts, interspersed pretty largely with foreign articles. When you ascended to the gallery, you could walk along the front, and, over the railing, contemplate the spectacle in the street below. But, besides this, the floor of the gallery is pierced, at intervals, with large square openings or bays, many yards broad, so that you could look right down into the courts beneath, and mark the maze of costly goods, with swarming crowds of living beings, just as you look through a small pane of glass in a bee-hive, and contemplate the busy throng streaming along their intricate combs in all directions.

When I at last got over my first bewilderment, and gained a seat in one of the end galleries, from which I could leisurely survey the whole, my thoughts irresistibly led me back to a scene in the early history of our race, in some respects not unlike the present, but in others diametrically opposite. The tower on the plain of Shinar presented itself as the analogue of the scene before me. As I looked along the vista that opened before me, I saw the banner of each nation displayed, and sign-boards which indicated more plainly the country whose goods were exhibited beneath. I heard around me the notes of strange tongues, and saw gliding amongst the throng men in strange and various costumes—all plainly showing that I had here before me the human race in miniature, with the capabilities of every tribe and nation. This reflection, I say, irresistibly impelled my mind to ascend the stream of time and contemplate the scene around the Tower of Babel, where also the human race, as yet in its infancy, was assembled. But the resemblance ceases when we have viewed the human race, clustering within or around these two edifices. Most people seek to stamp their character upon the buildings erected by their skill or munificence. And sometimes the only index we possess of a people's character, is the architectural achievements which still live to speak of the past. How strongly is the pervading idea that moulded the ancient Egyptian character impressed upon the pyramids,—gigantic hieroglyphics that speak in no unmeaning language! The Tower of Babel had its meaning, and so has the Crystal Palace. But they are the exponents of two very different principles. While, with Schlegel, I would recognize the Tower of Babel as the type of lordly arrogance and political tyranny, I would repudiate the interpretation of such men as Bauer, who would, as a part of the mythology of the Old Testament, make the story of the Tower of Babel a mere myth or legend, in which the external circumstances were devised merely to clothe an idea. It is worthy of remark, that the most recent ethnological researches clearly point to a miraculous confusion of tongues, as a fact necessary to meet the demands of the science. The statistics of philology have ascertained the rate at which language undergoes changes—and comparing these changes with the comparatively recent date of

man's introduction into our planet's history, it is plain that they could not have been accomplished in the time assigned—always supposing a unity of origin to the human race. The most advanced science, then, demands, that we should regard the account of the confusion of tongues as a plain, literal, historical fact. It is not, however, on that account shorn of its significance. We can recognize in this transaction an important phase in the development of the destinies of the human race—"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth." Allowing that the ambitious aim of the leaders was to found a universal monarchy, and, from one centre, with the arm of tyranny, to control the whole human race, we can readily conceive how a lofty and strong tower or fortress would be necessary. It would be necessary to form the basis of military operations, in keeping in subordination the refractory subjects, and preventing them from dispersing too far beyond the controlling power. But this was to frustrate the design of God, that man should multiply and replenish the earth, and that the earth, with its teeming inhabitants, should ultimately produce a harvest of glory to his great name. To secure this great object, it was necessary that the language should be confounded, and that distinct nations should be founded on the basis of distinct languages. Two objects were thus accomplished; the earth was speedily peopled, so that representatives of our common humanity are found under the burning sun, and the freezing atmosphere of the pole. The second object accomplished is, that the tyranny of man has been greatly checked by these distinct nationalities. They have presented formidable barriers to ambition, while free nations have exercised a salutary influence on others less happily situated, by tempering tyranny with remonstrance or example. We are to look, then, upon the Tower of Babel as a centre of dispersion. We see, as it were, the families of the human race diverging along the great circles of the globe, which radiate from Babel as the pole, and meet in the opposite quarter of the globe.

The function of the Crystal Palace is the very opposite. Instead of a centre of dispersion, it is a focus of convergence. It is a point of union for the scattered families of mankind. Now that the great design of the confusion of Babel has been accomplished, the aim of God's providence seems to be the development of unity instead of diversity—but unity resting on a very different basis from that on which the Tower of Babel was to be built. The one was the tyranny of man, the other, the liberty that exists where the Spirit of the Lord is. Christianity is the only basis on which the scattered families of the human race may be reunited. This is the only centre round which the common brotherhood of mankind can be grouped. The great aim, to accomplish this, must be to bring the remote members of the family to feel the vital assimilating power of this centre. And can we look upon the recent achievements of science, without feeling convinced that they are all designed by a wise and merciful God, to bring ultimately all the members of the human family within the bonds of a common Christianity? Simultaneously with the development of Christian life in Christian countries, we find a develop-

ment of the means of intercourse. The marvels of steam have been exhibited in their most remarkable form, by bridging over the vast and perilous chasms that yawned between man and his brother man. So that, by the facilities of intercourse at the present day, the remotest nations are brought as near as the distant inhabitants of our own country in former times. Again, when we look to that almost spiritual power that glides along the electric wires, and literally, with lightning speed, flashes intelligence from one end of the earth to the other, must we not recognise in it one of the agents by which the unity in question is to be accomplished? Already has it spanned the Channel which divides our Island from the Continent, and now we are in electric *rap-port* with the whole Continent of Europe. Great was the victory of man over the elements, when steam defied the winds of heaven, and landed the gallant ship in its destined harbour, right in the teeth of the storm. Still, though the wind was defied, the merciless might of the waves often foundered the steam-driven ship. But this mysterious power speeds along its narrow metallic pathway, heedless of winds and waves. Tempests may be blowing and ships foundering above, but it pursues its unmolested course as calmly and regularly as if all nature was still. How baffling the attempt to comprehend the nature of this power! Some philosophers have endeavoured to embody it in a concrete conception, so as to be made level to the human mind. For example, it has been attempted to be conceived of as a fluid—the name under which it most frequently goes. And instead of just calling it electricity, we would fain have some tangible grasp by calling it the electric fluid. But Faraday, with the true modesty of genius, will speak of it only as a force. He takes refuge in this abstract term as a confession of his ignorance, and to shew how illusory the attempt is to grasp its nature under the name of a fluid. How amazing, that God should, in these latter days, have given to man a ministering angel to attend his steps, by whose power he can flash intelligence to his brother man across the globe in literally the twinkling of an eye! But surely this spirit-like power was not given him merely to execute swift messages concerning politics and bills of lading. It speaks plainly of a higher spiritual aim. It tells of its destiny as a conductor of spiritual life between man and man. When we speak of the regeneration of the world by Christianity, we must keep in view the distinction between its two dynamical aspects. While we acknowledge the power of the written word, we must not overlook the vitalizing influence of Christian society. The Church is a living power in the world, and must be brought to bear directly on the heathenism around it, before it can exercise its leavening influence. I would not deify the Christian consciousness, as it is the fashion of the new evangelical school of Germany to do. I would be disposed fully to admit its diffusive life-giving power as an essential element of the world's conversion; but this may be done without unduly depreciating the influence of the written word. It is by the synthesis of Christian doctrine and Christian life, that the great end of the gospel must be accomplished. Our missionary enterprize at present consists chiefly of the one element of doctrine. The Bible is the great agent employed

for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the exertions of Christian churches in diffusing the knowledge of the word of God, at the present day, are truly noble. But the world will likely make but comparatively slow progress while the other great element of Church life is imperfectly applied. Now it is in this connection that the recent achievements in promoting free intercourse between man and man, assume so momentous an aspect. The more directly the influence of Christian society is made to bear upon the world at large, the more powerful may we expect that influence to be. The more direct the contact, the more energetic must be the leavening influence. And who can contemplate the mysterious electric agency, without feeling that it is destined by God to be one great instrument for the accomplishing of this contact, and the subsequent diffusion of vital energy! The slightest examination of the electric telegraph, exhibits a wonderful analogy between it and the nervous system of the human organism. The nerves radiate from the brain in all directions to every part of the body, and no sooner is the mandate issued from the cranial centre, than each member of the body obeys the behest transmitted through the nerves. The power generated in the centre is instantly transmitted to the periphery of the nervous system through the minutest ramifications. I hope yet to see the day, when this globe of ours will be covered by a nervous plexus of electric wires, whose minute ramifications will extend to the remotest haunts of the human race. And I believe, though I may not live to see the day, that the centre of this nervous system will be the vital power of Christianity. From the living centres of the Church of God, there will radiate vitalizing influences to the ends of the earth. The whole Church of God will then be bound together by a web of instantaneous sympathy—the minutest fibres receiving and transmitting the quick impulses of the vital power. It is true that the projectors of electric telegraphs have no such ethereal ends in view. The telegraph is at present only the handmaid of commerce. But then commerce has been usually the messenger sent before to prepare the way of the Lord, to make straight in the desert a highway for our God. We find in the history of Missionary enterprise, that many mountains have been made low, the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain, by the enterprise of commerce, before the missionary could set his feet upon the heathen soil. So the electric wires are laid at present only for the purposes of commerce, but there can be little doubt that their ultimate design is to reveal the glory of the Lord.

The significance of the Crystal Palace in the eye of the Christian, consists in its being one of that train of events evidently designed to bring the various families of the human race into contact with the centres of Christian life. It is one grand exponent in our day of the tendency to unity produced by a vital Christianity. I do not speak of the gross organic unity represented by the aspirations of the Church of Rome; but that union consisting in the universal diffusion of the Spirit of our Lord. It may be said that this was not the professed aim of those who got up the Exhibition; and that Christianity was little thought of in comparison with the money aspect. Still, what we have said of the telegraph is true also of the Exhibition. The projects of commerce are the har-

hingers of the progress of the Gospel. But it is matter of rejoicing, that the illustrious personage to whom we are chiefly indebted for the conception of the Exhibition, did not forget the real end and significance of such a conception; and that he entered upon the undertaking with a pious recognition of God's glory as the great object to be kept in view. The mottoes on the cover of the official catalogue were selected by Prince Albert; and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of here transcribing them, as they evince a reverence for divine things highly gratifying to contemplate.—“The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.” “Say not that the discoveries we make are our own. The germs of every art are implanted within us, and God, our instructor, from hidden sources, developes the faculties of invention.” “The progress of the human race, resulting from the common labour of all men, ought to be the final object of the exertion of each individual. In promoting this end, we are accomplishing the will of the great and blessed God.” It is matter of devout gratitude, that, while the Prince, by his position, can take no direct part in the government of the country, his influence can be felt as a great moral and intellectual power. The speech which he delivered in June last, at the third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, convincingly shews that he is a man of no ordinary intellectual grasp. I must say that I was startled, in reading that speech, with the wonderful precision with which he embodied, in almost a single sentence, the essential principle lying at the basis of those great questions which have been distracting the national Establishments of England and Scotland. When I think of the many weary, weary books and pamphlets and reviews, on the subject of our Church controversy, it does appear to me very remarkable that a foreigner should, by one stroke of his clear intellect, flash more light upon the subject than whole bales of our indigenous literature have done. The speech in question is more remarkable, as it had no special reference to the Scottish controversy. He was only dealing with the English aspect of the question, but the principle enounced, also comprehended the phase of ultramontaniam developed in the Scottish Church. We have the reputation of being a metaphysical people, and I suspect the interests of the Church were very much sacrificed to our metaphysical propensities. But the controversy unfortunately showed that, with our metaphysical *disposition*, there was not a corresponding metaphysical *talent*, such as our country could once boast of; and to this, I have no doubt, we have to ascribe much of the subsequent disaster.

Before commencing a systematic and minute examination of the department in which I was specially interested, I thought it the best plan to take a rapid and general survey of the whole. As I sauntered along, it was interesting to examine those objects which attracted the greatest crowds. I gave myself up to the contagious influence of numbers, and freely mingled with the groups around attractive objects. Perhaps the most generally attractive spectacle was the crystal fountain, in the very centre of the palace, where the two streets cross each other. When you entered by the transept, or short cross street, your eye at once caught

U

the jets and cascades of the fountain playing far above the heads of the people. The jet at the top was in the form of a thin film of water, having very much the shape of an umbrella. The water was broken in its fall by the projecting lips of the crystal basins at various heights, and a delightful, almost imperceptible, cooling spray was diffused for a considerable space around. The water, playing amidst the gorgeous crystal decorations and prismatic festoons, had a very imposing effect. It had to me, however, a far greater attraction in the happy faces with which it was constantly surrounded. In other parts of the building, the groups of people showed evident symptoms of exhaustion, occasioned by the heat and the fatigue of sight-seeing. But not the slightest trace of this could be discovered around the fountain. It was constantly visited by family groups, and as the children dipped their jugs into the reservoir below, and laughed with glee as they presented the cool draught to their smiling parents, I could not help sharing in the general emotion of gladness.

The crystal fountain was also the trysting-place for parties from the country, who had separated in the building, and agreed to meet at a particular hour. It was pleasant to witness the joyous recognition and the harmless merriment that brightened up the fresh country faces of the assembling party. Each had his own little adventure to tell, and, when a person is in the mood, it is wonderful how little will serve to keep up a healthful and good-humoured hilarity. And, on the other hand, if a man is disposed to be fretful, the least excuse will be sufficient for an explosion. When exhausted by my abundant wanderings through the labyrinths of science, I often resorted thither, to get my own spirit refreshed. The source of much of my own gratification consisted in recognising here a fresh feature of nature, amidst the wide wilderness of art and the industrial works of men's hands. It was to me like the single flower growing in a crevice of the prison-wall to the poor solitary exile. It was the one feature of nature, though much overlaid by art, which served as a nucleus round which, at the bidding of imagination, the rural scenes of my far distant parish were summoned up before me. This fountain represented the cascade in the mountain gorge above the manse, and as I mused beside it, the whole valley beneath spread out before me, and I felt its deep tranquillity,—the solemn silence being only occasionally disturbed by the ringing of the hammer on the anvil of the clachan smithy. Instead of the strange faces around me, I saw the well-known glad faces of my flock. And being thus refreshed by my musing, I again set out on my wanderings through the devious paths of art and industry.—I dwell thus long upon the fountain, because it is one of those features which will not easily perish from the mind. Already are the general features of the Exhibition fading from my memory, which is not now what it once was ; but that fountain is as fresh and vivid as ever. I may also add, that it is also enshrined in holier associations than those I have already stated. When I stood by that fountain, and felt as well as watched its refreshing power, I irresistibly thought of the many passages of Scripture where the preciousness of Christ Jesus is represented as a fountain of living water. I thought of the waters gushing from the

smitten rock—that rock being Christ. I thought of the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. I thought of that ever memorable scene, where Jesus, wearied with his journey and the noontide heat, sat thus on Jacob's well, and said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him, shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be as a well of water springing up into everlasting life." I thought too, of that precious invitation with which the Gospel message closes, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst say, Come. And whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." With such deep and sacred associations, the crystal fountain will always be the centre round which I shall ever endeavour to group my feeble recollections of the Great Exhibition.

The celebrated diamond Koh-i-noor, formed a centre of great attraction. It was placed for safety in the centre of a gilt cage, exactly like a parrot's cage. And you could only see it at a distance through the bars. It appeared about the size of a pigeon's egg. It had by no means the dazzling lustre that its romantic history and its immense computed value would naturally lead you to expect. The expression in the countenances of the crowd constantly gazing on it, was that of deep disappointment. But even this disappointment had its attractive side. People came to wonder that there was really no wonder after all. To the uninitiated eye, it certainly appeared nothing better than a bit of cut glass. Yet when you invest it with its due associations, it was a thing of no common interest. Tradition traces its history for 5000 years, or up to about the time of the flood; and though there may be some Oriental exaggeration in this, yet there is no doubt that it can be traced as far back as the historical records of the East reach. What a strange romance is condensed within the compass of that small crystal! What intrigue and treachery and bloodshed could it speak of! How wonderful its own vicissitudes; at one time decorating an Eastern monarch's brow, at another, glowing as an eye of Moloch, and, at another, hid in the robber's cave! Little did the mighty potentates of the East, who struggled for its possession, think that it should at last find its way to a far distant and then barbarous isle of the sea, to be a symbol of subjection to that island's monarch. Verily, the Lord has, in his wise and mysterious providence, put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

The sight of the diamond brought to my mind the guess of Newton, which was afterwards so remarkably verified. It was only a guess, but such a guess as only true genius can throw out. He suspected that this, the hardest of all substances, was inflammable, and his suspicion was founded on the circumstance, that it possessed a certain property in common with bodies known to be inflammable. In other bodies, he found that the amount of refraction was nearly in proportion to the density; but when he came to inflammable bodies he found that the refraction was much higher than that given by this rule, and that the diamond was a marked exception: he hence concluded that it might really be a combustible body. It has been found that with the requisite heat it burns like a bit of charcoal, and is converted into carbonic acid gas. Indeed;

science has discovered that it is really charcoal, or at least that its integrant particles are identical with those of charcoal. The whole difference lies in the mode in which these particles are aggregated. How strange that the mere relative position of particles should determine substances so marked in their character, that the one is only fit to be cast into the fire, while a bit of the other, the size of a pigeon's egg, is valued at two millions sterling!

In connection with the Koh-i-noor, I cannot omit to mention a little incident amusingly illustrative of the bluff, hearty, open manner of the English yeomanry. Indeed, I had numerous opportunities of observing how strongly it contrasted with the reserve of my own countrymen. I was thrown one day among a company of honest substantial yeomen and their wives from Yorkshire: their fresh merry faces all radiant with happiness, did one's heart good to witness. Their conversation turned upon the Koh-i-noor, and they hazarded many original and jocular remarks, but the crowning one was made by the happiest-looking of the number to his wife; with conjugal ardour, he clasped her in his arms and exclaimed, "I would not give thee, lass, for diamond." Such exemplary devotion received the applause which it merited. But the eulogium was after all only a repetition of what was long ago said by Solomon of a virtuous woman, that she is more precious than rubies.

The Koh-i-noor is assigned a very prominent place in the "*Lily and the Bee*," by Mr. Warren. This work is characterised by Principal Lee, in his opening address to the students this year, as "a more recent performance which has attracted much notice." To stimulate the generous aspirations of the youthful multitude around him, he mentioned the names of some of those who at one time had occupied the same benches, but who had now attained renown by their achievements. And in passing, I cannot but record the keen relish with which I always peruse the opening address of the Principal. The many paternal warnings to shun the paths of vice, and the many wise counsels for attaining eminence in the various walks of learning, cannot but have a most salutary effect. The delivery of the annual address revives freshly in my mind old college scenes, and I always place myself in thought amidst the eager listeners on the first day of the session.—But to return to Mr. Warren. I confess that I took up his book, and after casting my eye along its pages, laid it down as a piece of hopeless rhapsody—concluding that it was a monstrous cross between prose and poetry. I felt rebuked for my harsh judgment when I found the learned Principal holding it up as an object well calculated to stimulate the generous rivalry and ambition of the youthful student. One thing, however, I must say, that although I could with difficulty catch any thread of meaning running through it, yet I could clearly recognise the praiseworthy aim of the author; and when the heart is in its right place, it covers a multitude of intellectual sins, and ought to disarm the harshness of criticism. I always listen with reverence to every thing that falls from the lips of the great Newton; but I do think there was some degree of harshness in the judgment which he pronounced on poets in general, when he approved of the sentiment of Barrow,—that poetry is "a kind of ingenious nonsense." It is true that poetry is often like an ingenious

riddle, but it sometimes yields valuable truth when you have solved it. I should suppose, however, from the lofty pinnacle on which the learned Principal has placed the "Lily and the Bee," that the riddle element of poetry is now to be the fashion of the day. As a sort of atonement for my rash judgment, I cannot refrain from giving an extract. The author draws a parallel between the Koh-i-noor and another stone; but with all due submission, I do think that there is far more natural poetry in the Yorkshireman's illustration.

"Aloof he stood from courtly crowd,
Around the throne of Koh-i-noor.
Of the crowd, and not the gem, thought he:
With folded arms, standing, while a faint
Smile flickered o'er his thought-worn face.

This was a deep philosopher.

— I know a Stone, quoth he, not far away,
Which I prefer to Koh-i-noor.

But nobody sees and nobody cares
For that same stone.

It glittereth not like Koh-i-noor,
Yet tells a tale that's music in my ear—
And would be so to millions more,

Wonderful to the world, if but the world would hear.

O, mild philosopher, quoth I,

What you have murmur'd I have heard: I'll see your stone,

And what it then shall speak, interpret to an ignorant ear.

— Away—away—o'er ocean swiftly sweeping,
And in cold Canada!

Yea, there, saith he, it lies, a slab of plain grey stone, under deep strata
for ages hid, inscribed by nature's mystical finger, with faintest character
for reading of instructed eye.

But, ho! the time—the time! when this was writ—

Millions of ages since have passed.

No stone was then this stone,

But sand of a sea,

Washed by primeval ocean of this planet!

So long ago—

O, so long ago I fear to say and be believed—

When flourished the forests turned to coal

Is but as yesterday,

In comparison

Of that far distant day,

When that sea,

Or gently kissed or boisterously beat

Upon that ancient shore.

Then all along that shore, these sands,

Now, this stone,

A reptile crawled, slowly, painfully,

Now moving on, then resting for a while,

Fixed, or, perchance, looking for food:

But wotting little he, the while—

That reptile old and strange!

That his footsteps would be tracked,

And his uncouth figure forced thence,

By a keen and learned eye,

In this our day ;
 Millions of ages after,
 That sand there,
 Stone now here,
 Within our palace !
 —A tortoise be these parts that made,
 And still more than this,
 Behold the trace of passing shower !
 That may have beat upon his horny back,
 As he crawled along that ancient shore,
 When low lay the tide,—
 More still than this,—
 The direction of the wind I tell,
 While fell that shower.
 —Sir, it is well to scan
 What's writ on this neglected stone ;
 Though faint its character, its import is sublime,
 Telling of life, and air sustaining it,
 Of genial showers, moistening the ground,
 Flux and reflux of tidal wave,
 Attractive force of the revolving orbs,
 Greater and lesser,
 Night and day then governing,
 All, all, revealed to him who cometh countless ages after,
 Scanneth this stone with an instructed eye.
 —Therefore, wonderful is this stone,
 Thus mystically writ upon. And
 It is the true Philosopher's Stone."

Most of the readers of the "Lily and the Bee" will, we are sure, be disposed to regard it, along with the learned Principal, as one of the most remarkable products which the Great Exhibition has served to reveal.

When it was drawing towards evening, and while I was musing on the wonders around me, I heard a bell toll with great vehemence, which had an instant effect on the swarms of human beings around me. The tide of movement instantly set in in one direction, and I saw that the congregation was now dismissing. I followed the multitude, and soon found myself once more under the unglazed canopy of heaven. Here I found a great hubbub and confusion, men and women scrambling for omnibuses and cabs. Individual character is often strikingly developed in such circumstances. I was amused with the intense urgency to lose not a single moment, demonstrated by gesticulation and weighty emphasis. One would be satisfied if this arose from a real appreciation of the value of time, whose fleeting hours are more precious than the glittering gems of Golconda. But I have almost invariably found in the course of my experience, that those who are the most fussy and wrathful about the loss of time in travelling, in general are those whose time is least valuable to themselves or others. I was glad to escape from the confusion, and go round once more to contemplate the external aspect of the building. I here met with an unexpected pleasure. There stood by itself a large covered waggon, open at the sides, filled with charity children, who were that day treated to a sight of the Crystal Palace. Their joyous faces, clustering all round the waggon, was a most

pleasing spectacle. The girls were dressed in a most antique fashion. They had on white muslin caps, that towered above the head, exactly like the peaked Scotch mutch which is yet to be seen in our Highland churches. The rest of the dress was of a piece with this. The waggon was waiting for some stray sheep who had wandered among the crowd. I paused to scan their happy faces, and while doing so, I observed that some of them whispered to one another, and almost immediately the whole commenced singing a beautiful hymn, which to me was most touching. They plainly scanned my feelings of pleasure, for they had no sooner ended, than they commenced another in a still more joyous strain. As I felt deeply the power of these infant accents, the words of the Psalmist had to me a peculiar meaning :

“ From infants and from sucklings mouth
Thou didest strength ordain,
For thy foes cause, that so thou might'st
The avenging foe restrain.”

I felt, notwithstanding all I had seen in the marvellous building before me, that there was more true power in a single note of praise ascending to heaven from the depths of a child's simple and loving heart, than in all the material glory of the world. Can we wonder that Jesus, though he had the kingdoms of this world and all their glory spread before him, should prefer to reign in the heart of these little ones, of whom is the kingdom of heaven ? We have heard much of the power of the Exhibition to restrain the avenging foe, and to beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks ; but I have much more faith in the might of these infants' accents, and the blessed spirit borne on the wings of their joyous anthem. O may we all strive so to live, that our life may be one anthem of praise, evermore ascending to the throne of the Eternal !

(To be continued.)

THE FREE CHURCH TRIED BY HER OWN ARGUMENTS; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE SECESSION, PUSEYISM, AND POPERY.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

SECOND NOTICE.

In our last Article we proved the following points in reference to Dr. Buchanan's argument in vindication of the Free Church :—1st, That the entire argument made use of during the controversy, merely went to shew the unlawfulness of preceptive authority as exercised by the State against the Church. 2^d, That in the acts of the Civil Court, taken

as the ground of the Secession, no exercise of preceptive authority was involved. *3d*, That restrictive authority, viz. that exercised against the Church, was not unlawful. This we shewed by a positive argument in its favour; and we now proceed to the negative argument, by asserting the position, at direct variance with Dr. B., that restrictive authority, when exercised by the State on the Church in reference to her purely spiritual functions, does no wrong to conscience. At first sight, this position may appear absurd, inasmuch as the idea of restrictive authority exercised on conscience, for the purpose of hindering it from doing that, to the performance of which it asserts a sense of obligation, must be held as involving a wrong to conscience. The objection here stated would be fatal to our assertion, were it true that conscience is entirely unfettered in the sphere of its duty to God. But conscience is not so unfettered. It is circumscribed by limits and boundaries, which it cannot pass. Conscience itself is limited by the word of God, the ultimate rule of human action. A man may not lawfully believe or do, as service to God, whatever his own mind suggests, or whatever his own conscience dictates; but he is bound to believe and do what the word of God has revealed, for the instruction of the mind and for the regulation of conscience. Such being the case, that conscience itself is under limitation and restraint, it follows as an undeniable consequence, that there are only four possible conditions, in which restrictive authority by the civil magistrate exercised on the Church can invade the rights of conscience, viz. :—

1st, Such restrictive authority will do wrong to conscience, if a man has no other mode of relief to conscience, but by yielding obedience to that rule of duty to God to which he is restricted.

2d, If the truths of God's word, the rule of conscience, have not been all revealed.

3d, If the truths so revealed, be capable of development.

4th, If the Church, in interpreting God's word, as the rule of man's duty, or in laying down that duty from any other source, such as tradition or reason, be infallible.

1st, Let us now try the case of our Church by these marks, to ascertain whether any wrong was done her conscience during the "Ten Years' Conflict." In this enquiry we will be enabled to apprehend the true principles involved in the four cases referred to.

It cannot be alleged that conscience had no other mode of relief than by yielding obedience to the rule of duty laid down by the Civil Court, since the existence of the Free Church at this moment is demonstration to the contrary. The civil court, by its decisions, laid down unquestionably the rule obligatory on the Church as established, but its doing so was surely no wrong to the conscience of those, who were not hindered from acting according to its dictates in other circumstances than as enjoying state emoluments,—nor was it any wrong to the conscience of those, who, while they happened to retain these emoluments, could interpret the word of God as not inconsistent with these decisions. We are not here debating the question of the policy or impolicy of the State, in its refusal to grant any other mode of relief to those who complained of the judicial interpretation put on the statutes, than that of leaving

the Establishment. We are debating a question of principle in connexion with restrictive authority, and we find that, as a matter of fact, conscience was not restricted to yield obedience to the rule as interpreted by the civil magistrate, therefore the restrictive authority which he thus exercised on the Church was no wrong to conscience. And here, in passing, we may notice the well-defined distinction between the case of the Covenanters in Scotland, when persecuted by the supreme power of the State, and that of the Free Church party so often proclaimed to be identical. The authority levelled against the former, was preceptive; that exercised on the latter, was restrictive. The one left no way of relief to conscience but obedience to a rule against which it reclaimed; the other did not interfere with such relief; therefore it did not touch the rights of conscience. The one was contrary to the word of God and the Confession of Faith; the other, as we have shewn, was not inconsistent with either. This remark in reference to the different positions wherein the Covenanters and the Free Church party were placed, suggests the probable reason (at least it appears so to us,) of the stand taken by the latter on the subject of civil interference with Church questions, and of their subsequent secession. It was this. They failed to perceive, or neglected to make account for, the difference of principle which had been effected by the passing of the toleration laws, on the relative position of the civil magistrate and the Church. Previous to the admission of toleration, as a principle of the civil constitution of the kingdom, conscience, when aggrieved, had no mode of relief from the dictates of the civil power on questions of duty to God. In such circumstances there was no room for the distinction we have pointed out, between preceptive and restrictive authority. The distinction had then no existence. Without toleration all authority on the part of the civil magistrate toward the Church must be preceptive, because conscience has then no mode of relief from a rule of duty which it disallows. But under toleration, a change of principle becomes obvious. It is still possible, in such circumstances, that the legislative acts of the State may be towards the Church those of preceptive authority; but the acts of the civil court, which are simply the interpretation and execution of statutes already existing, can only assume the character of restrictive authority; and as such, they do not touch the rights of conscience, because, under toleration, conscience has room to evade the obligation of obedience. Had the advocates of the Free Church sufficiently weighed this distinction, it is impossible to suppose they could have given vent to the language regarding their opponents, so often indulged in by them. Nay, it is even possible to think, that the result of their whole proceedings might have been different. So much for the first case, in which restrictive authority violates conscience.

Let us now consider the *second*, wherein it was asserted that restrictive authority will do wrong to conscience, if *all* the truths of God's word, by which alone conscience must be regulated, have not yet been revealed or ascertained. The very idea necessary to make out this case, as a ground of objection against the exercise of restrictive authority, must clearly demonstrate the untenable position of those who may perchance advance it. To suppose that there are

truths in the word of God, essential to the spiritual well-being of man, but which the Church has never yet been able to discover as the object of her faith, and the rule of her practice, involves in it a thought which reflects on him who is the author of the Bible, and which in its results undermines the foundations of Christian peace and hope. To assert that the Church, in her arrangements with the State, is bound to keep the contingency referred to in prospect, is just to inculcate the principle, alike repugnant to reason and Scripture, that the Church's rule of present duty is wider and broader than God hath taught her present mind from his word. In those arrangements relating to her character as an Establishment which she may enter into with the State, the Church must necessarily claim to have the field left open for her exposition and illustration of doctrinal truth, or the truth professed by her. But to say that, in such arrangements, she could not shut the door of outward forms, or that she could not distinctly state, on what Scriptural rule she would proceed in the settlement of her pastors; and, moreover, to say that she could not bind herself to adhere to such rule while in state-connection, vindicating this assertion on the ground, that the Church must be *free* to determine every question coming within her jurisdiction, on her present convictions of duty to Christ,—as if Scripture, the rule of duty, were daily giving forth new truths to enlighten the mind as to ancient and primitive forms,—appears to us the acme of absurdity, and to involve principles which no one will venture to assert, who is capable of tracing these principles to their just and legitimate issues.

3d, The next case wherein restrictive authority is capable of doing wrong to conscience, is that which asserts that the truths of God's word, for the guidance of conscience, admit of development. Were this assertion true, restrictive authority by the civil power, which of course excludes the reception of such development, would unquestionably inflict an injury on conscience.

The discussion of this case brings us in collision with the entire system of Puseyism or Tractarianism, that spreading pestilential canker which has exercised so vast an influence for evil on the Church of England. The doctrine of development, as applicable to divine truth, is the distinguishing feature of Tractarianism. The advocates of this theory hold as their leading dogma, that the truth originally revealed by Christ and his apostles had in it a principle of development, and assert that it became gradually spread forth into the forms and worship of the 3d and 4th century, or, as some of its extreme advocates contend, into the full grown system of Romanism. We do not pretend to be able to expose fully all the subtleties of this theory; but a few thoughts on the subject have occurred to us, which we shall here state. An exposition of the theory of the development of divine truth, and of the practical use to which it is applied, has been given at length to the world by Mr. Newman, late of Oxford, now of the Church of Rome, in his work entitled "*Essay on the Developments of Christian Doctrine.*" Our remarks on the theory in question, have therefore reference to the views set forth in this volume. The argument of its author is very simple. It may be sketched

as follows :—"An idea cast abroad on the world of mind, will necessarily and naturally become developed in time into new forms and combinations. Christianity is an idea thus cast abroad on the world. It has become developed, as other ideas have been. These developments are found in historical Christianity, and are completed in the fully matured system of Romanism," (Essay, p. 27, and ch. i. sect. 1st.) To this argument, and consequently to the vindication of Romanism on the one hand, and subversion of Protestantism on the other, implied in it, the following objections will naturally occur: 1st, It assumes an assertion not proved, nay altogether untrue, viz. that all ideas are subject to, or capable of development. 2dly, It excludes the only conditions under which the ideas with which it has to do, viz. divine truth, are capable of development.

Assuming as his fundamental principle, the power of development in all ideas, Mr. Newman devotes the chief part of his Essay to point out the distinction betwixt true and false development, and thus very easily arrives at the conclusion, that the former alone is to be found in Rome. But the first principle thus assumed by him, or at least most inadequately proved, namely, the universality of the capability of development belonging to ideas, is not to be conceded. Power of development is not the property of all ideas. It is limited to the ideas of a fallible mind, or to those of man. The ideas of an infallible mind, or of God, even when conveyed in words to other minds, as in the Scriptures, are not capable of development. They are truth, and as such neither admit of change, alteration, nor addition. The simple idea expressed by the words, "God is a Spirit," admits of no development, but remains for ever the identical idea it was when Christ uttered the words which clothe it. Men may reason about the meaning of this idea, and may cast it into an hundred different forms, and may form conceptions regarding it in endless variety and number; but all these conceptions and combinations are distinct from the single idea originally existing. By whatever name they may be called, it may be *development*, or any other term which pleases, they are all appendages by human and fallible reason, to the one infallible idea, contained in the words of the Saviour. Let us suppose that men begin to speculate on the meaning of the above atom of divine truth, and have arrived at the conviction, that other ideas are contained in the words, besides the very obvious one recorded in the expression, 'God is a Spirit,' then clearly, these additional ideas are not developments, they are only discoveries of the truth, and as such, they were binding on conscience from the day Christ uttered the words, and have not become so as developments or by the instrumentality through which they were discovered, i.e. as Tractarians would say, in consequence of the developing authority. If penance be, as Mr. Newman calls it (p. 55), the development of baptism, it was either contained in the original idea of baptism, that is, in the language of Christ instituting this ordinance, or it was not. If the former, then the doctrine of penance, at whatever time promulgated, was only a discovery of the truth as originally contained in the Saviour's words. It was not a development from the original truth, educed by the course of time or events,

It only belongs in some measure to the same category as the doctrine of justification by faith, when promulgated by Luther at the Reformation, which, as a portion of the idea belonging to Christian doctrine, had long been lost sight of, but was again brought out into high relief. Viewed in this light of a mere discovery of latent truth, penance can in no sense be considered obligatory on conscience as a development. The obligation to receive it, rests on the same foundation as that of baptism itself, *i. e.* on its being the truth of God. To call it a development, is to rest its obligation on the developing authority, and so implies the antecedent principle of the truth of the existence of such authority, *i. e.* of the Church's infallibility. If, on the other hand, this doctrine of penance was not contained in the original words of Christ respecting baptism, then it is an addition to them—a something superadded to, yet entirely distinct from, the original idea which existed in the mind of Christ, and is stated in his words; and as such, it is not obligatory on conscience. If Christianity, or Christian doctrine regarded as a whole, be an idea of the mind of God, then, as such, it stands alone and unchangeable in the form wherein he has recorded it. Whatever may be called developments of Christianity, are entirely distinct from this original idea. They are the mere appendages of reason to that which is itself divine,—the adjunct of the fallible, to that which is an emanation from the infallible. In so far, then, as Mr. Newman applies his assertion regarding the development of an idea to any other than to that of a fallible mind, or in so far as he regards the idea of divine truth as capable of development, his assertion is entirely illogical and false. The term development may in fact be used in two senses:—*1st*, as implying a change or alteration of some kind on the original idea. In this sense, divine truth, as an idea of the mind of God, once clearly revealed, is incapable of development: *2dly*, as implying multiplication of the conditions or circumstances to which the original idea is applied. In this sense divine truth is continually receiving development, as in the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. The former may be called *subjective*, the latter *objective* development. An attentive reader of Mr. Newman's Essay, will not fail to trace a remarkable degree of confusion of mind in the indiscriminate use of the term development in both senses. His immediate concern was, however, only with development in the former sense, since subjective development alone, could enable him to establish upon it a vindication of Romanism. As an instance of this confusion of thought, we subjoin the following, from the catalogue of the various classes of developments stated by him, p. 49: "Another class of developments may be called historical; I mean when a fact, which at first is very imperfectly apprehended except by a few, at length grows into its due shape and complete proportions, and spreads through a community, and attains general reception," &c. The expression in reference to a fact, "grows into its due shape and complete proportions," presents us with the idea of its subjective development; while the next expression, "spreads through a community and attains general reception," gives out the idea of objective development. Yet Mr. N. treats both ideas as one. Similar instances of confusion of thought will be found

among the other kinds of developments enumerated by him, where developments purely objective are adduced as affording ground for the belief in the subjective development of divine truth,—an inference neither clear nor logical.—The second objection to which the theory stated in the *Essay* becomes liable, is, that it excludes, and keeps out of view, the only conditions in which divine truth, as an idea, becomes capable of development. Divine truth, or the idea contained in Revelation, was originally cast abroad on the human mind in a very simple and complete form. The germ of it was given in paradise under the expression, “the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.” From this germ it continued to expand from age to age, till at last it assumed the form of Christianity, as revealed in the New Testament. But what were the conditions under which this expanding process took place? They were these. Divine truth expanded in every step of its progress, from the first to the last, under the cover of *infallibility*. It did not receive its developments from human reason, but from inspiration. All the additions received by it, were made by infallible authority,—“Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” In short, this infallible authority was first proved, ere it was permitted to superadd its leaf or twig to the expanding tree.

This, then, is our objection to the theory of Mr. Newman, and of course to the entire theory of development. It takes for granted the very premises on which all its conclusions are established. Starting with the assertion (p. 94.) of developments in Christianity, or—as he chuses to call it—with the probability of the existence of such developments, Mr. Newman infers from it, the existence of an infallible authority in the Church, to define and distinguish them from falsehood and corruption, (p. 114.) But in this, Mr. N. has reversed the process he was bound to pursue. The obligation lay on him, first to prove the existence of infallibility in the Church, in order to enable him to deduce from it development. Divine truth, since the day it was sown, as an elementary seed, in the minds of our first parents in paradise, has never become developed but by the medium of infallibility. Whatever came not to men through this medium, has been cast forth as spurious. Until infallibility has been established clearly, and distinctly proved to exist—development is mere assertion, the idle dream of unreflecting minds. It cannot rest for its basis on any supposed probability, or even necessity for its existence. It can alone rest on the previously well secured foundation of the Church's infallibility. Reversing this process, Mr. N. has only built up a theory which is logically false.

We have thus shewn that two serious objections exist against the reception of the views of the *Essay* before us. *1st*, It ascribes the capability of development, to the idea of divine truth. *2dly*, It deduces infallibility from development, thus reversing the only conditions under which the idea of divine truth ever has become developed. Now, although these points, sufficiently established, as we conceive, have not exhausted the argument adduced in behalf of the theory referred to, they were necessary to a successful examination of it. We have hitherto spoken of divine truth itself, considered in the light of an idea of the

mind of God, as the subject of development. But this is not, properly speaking, the subject of development to which Mr. Newman specially adverts. It is not to divine truth absolutely, but only to the idea of divine truth formed by the minds of men, that he directs attention. Christianity, or Christian doctrine, represented in the Scriptures, will give occasion to an idea in the mind of those who have received it, and this idea will be capable of development, and will come to perfection in the course of time (p. 95.) Such is Mr. Newman's theory, his inference of course being, that the perfection of the idea is to be found in the system of Romanism. But this view of Mr. Newman's argument is no more to be conceded than the former. It is no more to be conceded, that the *idea* of divine truth in the world of mind must necessarily become developed, than that divine truth itself is capable of development at the hand of human reason. This theory is liable, like the other, to insurmountable objections. *1st*, As a preliminary one. In arguing, as Mr. N. does, the existence or probability of developments in religion or in Christianity, through the medium of human ideas,—from the analogy of developments in other spheres of human knowledge, such as political, social, historical, philosophical developments,—the important fact is overlooked by him, that the subject of development in the two cases is entirely different and distinct. The subject of development in religion is divine truth, the subject of all other development is the product of human reason. The subject of the former is the infallible and unchangeable; that of the latter, the fallible and erring. When development of an idea takes place in any ordinary sphere of human intelligence, it is but the attempt of reason to grasp at truth, or perchance to lay hold of truth, as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton's application of the principle of gravitation; but when development of that idea of Christianity which floats on the world of mind is asserted, it is but the addition to infallible truth by fallible reason, the widening of the sphere of divine truth by fallible reason; consequently the reality of developments in the former sphere can afford no analogy to prove the existence of such in the latter. But besides this objection to the inadequacy of the proof of development, it must be obvious that the sphere of divine truth (in the Scriptures), being in the first instance complete, infallibility alone is capable of enlarging it. Hence this infallibility must be assumed, before Mr. N. can make his just assertion, that divine truth is not complete in the Scriptures, and that developments of it, through the medium of human ideas, are possible. This possibility can only be known by infallibility. In other words, the latter principle must precede in the mind the asserted existence of development.

But *2dly*, There exists this direct objection to the theory of development of divine truth, through the medium of the idea which may be formed of it in the mind, that it extinguishes the difference between what is inspired by the Spirit of God, and what is merely the product of human reason; that is to say, the theory in question overturns the inspiration of the Scriptures. If the idea of Christianity created by the Scriptures in one mind, or in many minds through a series of ages, can become a development obligatory on conscience,—if, for example, the idea

derived from the institution of baptism has become developed into penance, and if the latter be obligatory on conscience in the same sense as the former, of what value is the inspiration of Scripture? It is levelled at once to the same ground as that occupied by the product of reason, or more strictly, the latter is exalted to the same field as the former. How, then, are they to be distinguished? Assuming the theory before us to be true, the following must be its results:—1st, There is no such thing as inspiration; 2dly, The idea created in the mind of every man by the Scriptures is inspired, or is a development tantamount to inspiration; or, 3dly, There must exist a principle of infallibility in the Church, to indicate what ideas are developments, and what are mere ordinary products of reason. Mr. N. repudiates the two first of these results, as well he may, since they involve absurdities repugnant to every exercise of reason; therefore his theory necessarily implies as its basis, the last, or the antecedent principle of the Church's infallibility.

But 3dly, There yet remains against this theory another and more formidable objection than any of those already noticed, viz., that it presumes the identity of two things essentially and for ever distinct, viz., apostolical and historical Christianity. The difference, real or apparent, between the Christianity of the New Testament and the Christianity of succeeding ages, has been obvious to every student of history. Variations in Christian doctrine from additions, or at least seeming additions, in the forms, ceremonies, and entire external machinery of religious duty to that set forth in the word of God, have everywhere presented themselves in the page of historical Christianity, and cannot be denied by the boldest advocates of Rome. To account for these variations, and for this difference, without conceding the reality of a departure from the apostolic faith and religious forms—without conceding the existence of corruptions in the Church of Rome, the apparent representative of ancient and primitive Christianity, and so of justifying the rise of Protestantism in the 16th century—has been the great difficulty of ecclesiastical writers. It is for this purpose that Mr. Newman, as the advocate of Romanism, has advanced the theory of development, as he tells us in the introduction to his Essay. The disciples of this school, feeling the necessity of regarding apostolical and historical Christianity as identical, have laboured to maintain this identity, and to reconcile the apparent deviations of the latter from the former, by supposing that Christianity, when established by its Divine Author, was capable of higher perfection than it then exhibited—that it was simply a seed cast forth upon the world of mind—that it there expanded—or that it created an idea there, which afterwards expanded by the growth of ages into its full proportions, and has appeared in its matured and destined vigour in the system of the Church of Rome. Now, as this theory clearly reconciles all the differences which may be adduced between the truth of primitive, and the forms of succeeding times, and satisfactorily explains every thing which may be objected against the Church and the religion of the middle ages, so it is plain, that the necessary identity between apostolical and historical Christianity is thus maintained. In fact, the assertion of this identity is the key of the entire theory. The idea of this identity is the

hinge on which the whole turns. Unfortunately, however, there is here assumed an identity which does not and cannot exist. Apostolical and historical Christianity are not identical, and never can become so. We use the term historical Christianity, without reference to any age or century. It may be the Christianity of the 3d, 4th, 12th, 16th, or present century. To whatever period the term applies, historical Christianity is distinguished from apostolical by a wide, broad, impassable gulf. Apostolical Christianity is *the truth*, as revealed by God. Historical Christianity is only that *conception of the truth* which may have been adopted by any individual mind. Now, while a moral obligation lies on me to receive and obey the truth which God has revealed, and this because I am his creature, what obligation lies on me to receive that special sense or conception of the truth which may have been adopted by any individual mind,—it may be of Origen, Augustin, Pope Gregory, or Bellarmine? To constitute such obligation, it is evident that real, not apparent, identity betwixt apostolic and historical Christianity must first be established. But the only thing which can establish such identity, is a principle of infallibility in the Church, making it certain that she hath faithfully apprehended the apostolic meaning of Christianity, and fully represents it. Without infallibility, historical Christianity is merely the mind's conception of the truth, and as such can never infer obligation to its reception, beyond the individual mind whose conceptions it represents. But with infallibility, the conceptions of the Church's mind represent the truth as originally revealed, thus establishing identity between the apostolic and the historical. The fundamental ground of all belief in such identity must therefore be, an antecedent belief in the principle of infallibility in the Church, and, consequently, the ground of all obligation to the reception of historical Christianity, in any of its doctrines or practices, Romish, Puseyite, &c. must be the antecedent reception of such principle. In other words, I must first believe in the infallibility of the Church, before I can be called on to receive as obligatory on conscience, the ecclesiastical practices of ancient times, or, to use the language of Puseyism, the developments of Christianity. And this suggests a reply to the argument so successfully employed at present by the advocates of Popery against weak minds, founded on the antiquity and unity of the Church of Rome:—with such persons it is usual to plead, that while Protestantism is characterized by irreconcilable differences in doctrine and worship, there is unity in Rome; that while the former dates only from Luther, the latter traces a clear unbroken descent from the Apostles—that the Roman system affords the mind, therefore, a sure guarantee for its likeness to the apostolic model. But the unity and antiquity of Romanism, thus speciously advanced as a ground for the belief of its identity with the truth of the apostolic church, is in reality no pledge for and no argument in behalf of such identity, because the unity found, even though not supposititious, may be only error which men have combined to maintain, as in the case of Mahomedanism, and because the antiquity boasted, may be only the antiquity of corruption, as seen in the heathen rites of Bhuddism. Weak, however, and worthless as this argument of the unity and antiquity of Romanism may be, how many can

trace to this source, their secession to Popery, their desertion in recent times of the principles of that Protestantism in which they were once initiated. Did it never occur to such persons, ere the fatal step in their religious profession was taken, that the argument, apparently so unanswerable, of the unity and antiquity of Romanism, was a mere assertion of the identity between apostolic and historical Christianity, but that in this argument there was wanting the only link of connection between them; there was kept out of view, the only condition on which such identity can be maintained, and a consequent obligation can be preferred to embrace the religious doctrine and forms of antiquity? Did it never occur to the heedless deserters of the Protestant standard, that the doctrines and practices of historical Christianity, though coming up to view under the specious and, with them, time-honoured name of Romanism, can assert no claim nor obligation on conscience, can hold out no more ground for their reception by men, than the silly ravings of yesterday's fool, till a principle of infallibility has been clearly proved to be inherent in the Church, and this because, as already said, historical Christianity, denuded of infallibility, is not the truth, but only the sense, the conception, the idea of the truth arrived at by the individual mind?

We have thus shewn how illogical is the assertion of Mr. Newman, that developments of Christianity were to be anticipated, or that such asserted developments are to be regarded in any other light than the mere addition of human reason to that which—as originally declared by infallible or divine authority—is unchangeable. Unless such authority has been fairly and clearly established as the antecedent principle, development of the truth, or of the idea created by the truth, is mere assumption,—assumption which, in the hands of a designing Church, may afford a mighty engine to uproot the faith and pervert the steps of the unwary and unthinking; but whose missiles, though hurled with every anathema which language can express, will fall harmless on the heads of reasoning men—of those who have not yet cast away the highest and the brightest ornament of the nature given them by the Almighty, the imperishable right of the soul to exercise the power and the freedom of thought.

There is another feature of Tractarianism which we are unwilling to pass unnoticed, although it does not strictly lie within the range of our present argument—we refer to the dogma of Apostolic Succession. If the one foundation of Tractarianism be, development of apostolic truth, the other is, apostolic succession. By apostolic succession is here meant, a ministry or pastorate in the Church, tracing its descent in a clear unbroken channel up to the first ministers of the Christian Church, viz., the twelve Apostles. Tractarians strenuously and incessantly urge this claim, as one peculiar to and conferring honour on the Church to which they belong. But this claim may be urged in a two-fold character, and according to the light in which it is preferred, may assume a very different aspect. *1st*, the claim of apostolic succession may be preferred by the ministers of a Church in the light of a mere historical fact. *2dly*, it may be urged as an essential and indispensable element of ministerial success in the work of the Church. Now, if apostolic succession be spoken of

under the first aspect, it is a very harmless claim, by whomsoever preferred, the concession of which may serve to gratify the self-complacency of Churchmen, but does no injury to the pastors or members of other churches, who may not be disposed, in the same sense and with the same confidence, to push their claims so far into the mists of antiquity. In this light, no question is raised as to the form of Church government deemed essential, or as to the nature of the authority which apostolic succession entitles the spiritual rulers of the Church to exercise over her members; neither is any assertion made, as to the power of the word and the efficacy of the sacraments, when dispensed by the pastors and rulers of a Church possessing apostolic succession, or even by the pastors and rulers of other Churches to whom the claim is denied. These are all questions left to the disposal of the private judgment of men, in interpreting, for their own guidance, the word of God. But it is not in this simple light that apostolic succession is viewed by Tractarians, nor is the use to which they turn it, so harmless and inoffensive. By them, the claim before us is regarded as a far more important and essential matter than as a mere historical fact. It is an element decisive alike of ministerial character and of ministerial success. In virtue of the succession from the Apostles asserted by them, they urge an authority in behalf of the Church's decisions, simply as such, which gives them a claim on the reception of conscience, and which supersedes the interpretation of the word of God by private judgment. They assert an infallible connection between the ordinances of religion dispensed by the pastors of their Church, and the salvation of their hearers. They regard the sacraments duly administered by the priests of their Church, as certain means of conveying grace to the soul, and as imparting, *per se*, saving efficacy. Moreover, so essential, in their estimation, is this element of apostolic succession, that it forms the one constituent mark of a Scriptural Church, alone imparting power to dispense to men the word and ordinances of life; and divested of which, in its outward form of Episcopacy, and in its inward communication of something unknown, the Church so called sinks down into a mere lay association, without ecclesiastical character, without spiritual authority, and without promise of the divine blessing. Such is the apostolic succession of Tractarianism,—of others, it may be who would scorn the title. But apart from all historical questions of fact to which this subject may give rise, and from all questions in reference to the scriptural form of Church government, which constitute so large an element in the controversy connected with it, there are other difficulties interwoven with apostolic succession, as above explained, which render the reception of it no slight tax on the judgment. For, if true, it overturns the foundation of Christian faith, as laid in the Scriptures, and leaves the soul without the possibility of enjoying a solid ground of peace and hope.

We assume, for argument's sake, that the power imparted by apostolic succession, to the pastors (bishops, it may be,) of the true Church, of transfusing a blessing through their administration of ordinances; and especially of giving saving efficacy to the sacraments, is neither impaired by the corruption of the Papal channel, nor by the corruption of the

administering priest. Still comes the important question to the recipient of the blessing,—Is the chain through which alone these ordinances and sacraments can possess saving virtue, perfect and entire? This is no idle question, but one with which the Christian peace and mental comfort of every true member of the Church are closely linked. If grace be infallibly communicated through the sacraments, and if to their becoming means whereby this grace may be received, the sacraments can only be administered by those connected by unbroken succession with the apostolic fountain,—then the peace and comfort of my soul must rest on the ground I have for being assured that the channel of communication is pure—the succession uninterrupted. If grace can be received in any other way except that here supposed, of course apostolic succession then becomes a figment. But if that alone be the channel through which saving grace can flow, then it must be undeniably clear, that in so far as uncertainty or doubt rests on the evidence whereby the succession is proved, just to this extent the ground of peace and comfort, nay even of salvation itself, (if the reception of the sacraments be needful thereto,) is swept away from the soul. On this all-important point, mere historical evidence can yield no satisfaction to the mind. How can I feel assured that fallible history, or that those historians who profess to give a narrative of the unbroken succession of the pastorate, speak the truth? If history does not record the truth, then my belief that it does so, or in other words, my belief that the succession is perfect, cannot procure grace for me through the medium of a succession, which *de facto* is imperfect.

If history does record the truth, while yet no more satisfactory evidence is given of it to the mind than the testimony oferring men, faith and peace are thus deprived of all solid foundation. One of these consequences would seem therefore to be necessary in order to complete the argument: First, That the Church must be infallible, a principle which, if true, secures both the truth of the apostolic succession *as a fact*, and the requisite evidence of it, viz., the Church's assertion of the fact: or, secondly, that the spiritual comfort and peace of every Christian, not to say the salvation of every sinner, must rest on the fidelity of history in recording a fact, (the chain of succession in the Church,) and on the capability of the individual mind to judge of the evidence regarding it. Now both these alternatives we hold to be contrary to Scripture. If Tractarians, and the advocates generally of apostolic succession, are to be understood as making the latter assertion, then they contradict those innumerable passages of the word of God, where the ground of the soul's peace is placed in no relationship to any fact of history, but is simply built on the reality and steadfastness of its faith in Christ. If they rest on the former, they of course shew that the principles of development, and of apostolic succession, have a common origin; and moreover they assume an antecedent principle to either, that of the infallibility of the Church. As a concluding remark on apostolic succession, we may observe, that however specious the argument in its favour, it comes down at last to this simple issue,—Is there any other element between the soul and a saving reception of the truth, except that of the secret influence of the Spirit? Or in another form,—Can it be asserted that a sin-

ner, through the simple use of his Bible, and with no other teaching than that of the Holy Spirit, bestowed in answer to earnest prayer, may attain saving faith and grace? If this assertion be denied, how are so many passages of Scripture to be explained, which, at least to private judgment, seem to maintain the contrary? If this assertion be conceded, then surely the value of apostolic succession is reduced to nothing. The language of the advocates of this school, that those who adhere to so called Churches, wanting this privilege, are to be given over to the uncovenanted mercies of God, appears to savour more of theological bombast than of sober reason. Analyse the formidable expression,—and what does it mean? *1st*, It is a pedantic mode of conveying the idea held in common by most, if not by all, Christian denominations, except Romanists, that others, who in many points of doctrine and religious forms differ from themselves, are not beyond the pale of salvation; or, *2dly*, It means that those to whom, in Tractarian language, apostolic succession does not belong, can be saved without it. If so, what is the value of apostolic succession? Can it convey any privilege beyond salvation? or can it render salvation of more easy attainment than the terms of the written word? or, *3dly*, It means that those who do not enjoy this privilege cannot be saved. If so, then the doctrine of apostolic succession carries with it the objections to which we have referred; and its advocates either contradict the Word of God by holding forth no better foundation for the peace and hope of the soul, than the historical evidence afforded by fallible men to a fact (*viz.*, the unbroken chain of the succession in the Church); or else they identify themselves with Rome in holding the doctrine of the Church's infallibility. Having thus brought all our previous principles down to the truth or falsehood of this one, we will subject it to examination in another article, which of course opens up before us the entire field of *Popery*.

(*To be continued.*)

The Ethics of the Fathers, collected by NATHAN THE BABYLONIAN, Anno Domini cc. Translated from the Original Hebrew Text, with an Introduction to the Talmud. Edinburgh, R. Young.

THIS curious little treatise is the work of a respectable young bibliopole of our own town—who has himself made great proficiency in Hebrew literature—and has most meritoriously been exerting himself to awaken a taste for Hebrew learning more generally among the community than it is now ascertained to exist.

We most sincerely wish that this attempt of our translator and publisher could be made successful. Indeed, it may at first sight seem strange, that so few of our clergy, who are professionally engaged in consulting and studying the books of the Old Testament, should yet be so generally either altogether ignorant of the original language in which these invaluable books are written—or possess at least so very slender an acquaintance with its peculiarities and idiom, as unfits them for any just

appreciation of the beauties and force of the original documents. The truth we believe to be, that at the period when, by the rules of the University, the young aspirant after the office of the holy ministry is required to attend the Hebrew class, his mind is so taken up with other things demanding more immediate attention—especially with the composition of discourses, and with the acquirement of habits of rapid composition for public display—that he has little time or inclination for a study which he fancies he can do very well without—or, at least, the prosecution of which he may safely put off till a more convenient season. And, when a clergyman finds himself settled in a parish, he finds also that he has so many other things to do, and becomes involved in interests and habits so alien to literary or archæological pursuits, that there are but few instances in which the deferred task is resumed, and the sublime compositions of David—the pregnant sayings of Solomon—the beautifully simple histories of the Patriarchs—and the fervid outpourings of the Prophets, are left to be studied only in these translations which have made their language and sentiments familiar from childhood.

It is accordingly a fact, that among the cultivators of this department of literature, there will be found at least as many persons belonging to the secular professions, as those engaged in more directly sacred functions. Indeed we have repeatedly been made aware of this study having been taken up by persons whose ordinary pursuits and character might have seemed the least akin to such kinds of acquirement. We believe that the late Marquis ellesley was so delighted with the Psalms of David, that he actually began the study of Hebrew after he had completed his seventieth year; and we know of a celebrated and most meritorious professor in one of our Universities, whose professional pursuits might seem the very antipodes to such a study, yet who is daily busying himself with Hebrew roots, and drawing much enjoyment from the success with which he traces their tendencies and ramifications.

To all such persons, but more especially to the members of the clerical profession, who possess any taste for Hebrew literature, the publication of Mr. Young, whose name is appended to this little work, and who is at once the translator, the printer, and the publisher of the treatise, will be most acceptable and beneficial. The work at present before us consists of two parts—the first, entitled “*The Ethics of the Fathers*,” and the second, an “*Introduction to the Talmud*.” Mr. Young has published several other treatises of a similar kind, a list of which will be found at the end of the present volume. Of the two parts, however, of which the present treatise consists, we shall first present our readers with the translator’s own account of the second, because a knowledge of it seems necessary for a right comprehension of the purport and meaning of the second.

“After the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the few learned Jews who survived took refuge in Galilee, the most northern province of Palestine. The Roman armies, which had laid waste the beautiful house where their fathers worshipped, and trampled under foot their civil liberties, could not extinguish their religious principles; and perhaps at no period did the Jewish nation cling with greater tenacity to their national faith than

during the first century after the destruction of their much-loved Zion. It would have been well had this attachment been to the pure and undefiled religion of Moses and the prophets; but it was not so. It is true they never afterwards fell into the sin of idolatry, to which they had previously been so much addicted, but they adopted and followed a course which led to the like results—they made void the law of God by their traditions. Even in the days of our Saviour they were guilty of this in no small degree, but it was after their dispersion that these traditions gained an almost universal supremacy. The Rabbins, on retiring to Galilee, founded schools or academies at Jabna, Sephoris or Zipporah, Lydda, and more particularly at Tiberias, a town situated on the borders of the sea of that name, and well known to the readers of the Gospel narrative. Tiberias, under the prudent management of Rabbi Jehudah, surnamed Hannasai (the prince), and Hakkodosh (the holy), gathered to itself all the learned Jews who remained in Palestine, and became the head-quarters of Judaism, whence issued laws and authoritative statements relative to Jewish doctrine and practice. These soon became so numerous and self-contradictory, that Jehudah resolved (A.D. 190) to compile and digest the opinions of the principal rabbies into one complete body of laws, to which reference should be made in all future ages, in any discussions that might be raised relative to the law of Moses. This work he entitled 'The Mishna,' or the repetition of the law, as the opinions of about 130 rabbies are quoted in it. The reputation of Jehudah and his colleagues gained for it a very favourable reception, and throughout every land where the Jews are scattered, it has been, and still is, regarded as divine. The Karaites alone have rejected its authority, but they have ever been few in number, and of little esteem among their brethren;—nay, on this very account, they have been denounced as heretics and deniers of the law.

“Notwithstanding the confident anticipations of Jehudah, in the course of time doubts began to arise regarding the meaning of several parts of the Mishna itself, and so varied were the interpretations attached to it, that about the year 270 Rabbi Jochanan of Jerusalem compiled from various authors a commentary on it. To this commentary he gave the name 'Gemara,' or completion, because by it the text of the Mishna was rendered complete, and its difficulties solved. These comments annexed to the text of the Mishna form the work generally known as the 'Jerusalem Talmud.' It has been twice printed, viz. at Venice, without a date; at Cracovia in 1609, both in folio, and now very scarce. The text of the Mishna is substantially Hebrew, but the Gemara is in Chaldee, inclining to the Syriac.

“The Jews residing in Babylon and the adjacent provinces having founded schools at Sura, Pundebita, Machuza, Peruz, Shebbur, &c. that they might not be behind their brethren in Palestine, followed their example in endeavouring to elucidate the difficulties of the Mishna. The first who began it was Rabbi Ashe about the year 427. He was assisted by Rabbi Abina, or as he is sometimes called, Rabbina. The work, which is written in very corrupt Chaldee, (being interspersed with numerous Latin, Greek, and Persian words,) was brought to a close about the year 500. The name of 'Gemara' was also applied to the compilation of these men, and when united to the text of the 'Mishna' it forms the 'Babylonian Talmud.' This work is much more voluminous than the 'Jerusalem Talmud,' as the opinions of upwards of 600 rabbies are quoted or referred to in it. It is so highly esteemed that it is generally denominated 'The Talmud,' by way of eminence, whereas in all cases in which the other Talmud is referred to, it is always spoken of by its proper name, 'The Jerusalem Talmud.'”

We now present our readers with the Translator's Preface to the first part of his work, entitled “The Ethics of the Fathers:”—

"Among the uninspired writings of the Hebrews there are few which have been more universally admired both by Jews and Christians than the *PIRKE ABOTH*, or 'Chapters of the Fathers.' It is composed of the choice sayings of the great men of the Jewish church who flourished between the return from the Babylonian captivity and the compilation of the Mishna, A.D. 190. Nathan the Babylonian is said to have been the collector of the *PIRKE ABOTH*, though, from the circumstance of the 'Talmud' being mentioned in the fifth chapter, in the sense of 'Gemara,' and in contradistinction to the 'Mishna,' some have concluded that this treatise was not finished until at least the year 300, as the 'Gemara' itself was not commenced until A.D. 270. There is another work entitled 'Treatise of the Fathers by Rabbi Nathan,' which has sometimes been confounded with the *PIRKE ABOTH*, but they are entirely separate works. The former is much larger and of a more miscellaneous character than the latter, and appears to be a kind of commentary on it. While the *PIRKE ABOTH* is confined to the men of the Great Synagogue and their successors, the other extends to more remote periods, and is mixed up with a considerable quantity of rather fabulous matter. The *PIRKE ABOTH* forms the 41st treatise in order of the Talmud, and is to be found not only in the various editions of that work, but also in innumerable separate reprints with and without commentaries by Bartenora, Maimonides, Fagius, Leusden, Bezalel ha Levi, &c. and has been translated into Arabic, Jewish-German, &c. The present translation has been made from the Amsterdam edition of the Talmud, published in 1644. There are several various readings in the different copies, but none of material importance.

"It was originally proposed to affix critical and explanatory notes, but as these have increased to such an amount that they would extend the work fourfold, and as many could not be properly understood without the original text being given, they have been omitted for the present. As it is probable that the original Hebrew may yet be printed, an opportunity will then be afforded for their insertion, together with a Biographical History of the various Rabbins whose sentiments are recorded in the present work.

"The translator, not being aware of any work in the English language containing an accurate account of the Talmud, has drawn up a list of its various editions, parts, treatises, chapters, &c., which it is hoped will be found useful to those who are desirous of a general acquaintance with that singular relict of antiquity."

From these quotations, then, the reader will perceive that the "Ethics of the Fathers" forms part of the Talmud, or great collection of Jewish traditions and forms—and that its purpose or object is to record the remarkable sayings of the great men of the Jewish church, who flourished between the return from the Babylonian Captivity and the compilation of the Mishna, A.D. 190.

Now, if we could fancy ourselves to meet in any of our solitary wanderings among the hills, with any one of the persons whose sayings are recorded in this treatise—after studying attentively, as we should naturally be supposed first of all to do, the Abrahamic cast of his resuscitated features and bearing—our next curiosity would be to find out what was the style of thought, or modes of expressing his thoughts, that might be expected to belong to a person of that era, and of the kind of mental training to which he had been accustomed. Of course, he must be supposed ignorant or negligent of all that kind of learning which we familiarly designate as classical, as well as of the idioms and style of think-

ing of more modern times—his whole mind and habits of reflection have been formed by meditation on the Jewish law, and on the traditions and sayings of such of his predecessors as had devoted themselves to the explanation or enlargement of its peculiarities—he would probably be a great dealer in apophthegms, or short pithy sayings, couched in language figurative or symbolical—and, on these comprehensive maxims, he would probably set a value, not altogether undeserved by their intrinsic value, yet somewhat amusing to us, who had been accustomed from our childhood to modes of thought and of expression, more simple in themselves, and less related to an exclusive and peculiarly constituted formula.

Here, then, is a fair specimen of such colloquy, as exhibited in the two opening chapters of Mr. Young's translation:—

CHAPTER I.

"1. MOSES received the law from Sinai, and delivered it to Joshua, and Joshua to the elders, and the elders to the prophets, and the prophets delivered it to the men of the great Synagogue. They said three things: 'Be deliberate in judgment; train up many disciples; and make a fence for the law.'

"2. SIMON the just, was of the remnant of the great Synagogue. He used to say, On three things the world standeth,—on the law, and on the service [of God], and on gratitude for kindness.

"3. ANTIGONOUS of Socho, received [the oral law] from Simon the just. He used to say, Be not like the servants who serve their master for the sake of receiving a reward; but be like the servants who serve their master without the view of receiving a reward; and let the fear of Heaven be upon you.

"4. JOSE BEN JOEZER, a man of Tseredah, and JOSE BEN JOCHANAN, a man of Jerusalem, received [the oral law] from them. Jose Ben Joezer said, Let thy house be a house of assembly for the wise men; and dust thyself with the dust of their feet; and drink their words in thirstiness.

"5. JOSE BEN JOCHANAN, a man of Jerusalem, said, Let thy house be wide open; and let the poor be [as] the children of thy house; and be not prone to discourse with women (with his own wife, they say, much less his neighbour's wife); hence the wise men say, Every time that a man converses much with women he bringeth evil on himself, and ceases from [studying] the words of the law, and at last he will inherit Gehenna.

"6. JOSHUA BEN PERECHIAH, and NATAI the Arbelite, received it from them. Joshua Ben Perechiah said, Obtain for thyself a master, and acquire for thyself a companion, and judge all men favourably.

"7. NATAI the Arbelite said, Withdraw far from an evil neighbour, and keep not company with the wicked, and despair not of [their] punishment.

"8. JUDAH BEN TABAI, and SIMON BEN SHATAH, received it from them. Judah Ben Tabai said, Make not thyself as the arrangers of the decisions, and when the parties are standing before thee in judgment, let them be in thine eyes as wicked, but when they have departed from before thee, let them be in thine eyes as innocent, when they have acquiesced in the judgment.

"9. SIMON BEN SHATAH said, Be extremely careful in examining witnesses, and be cautious in thy words, lest they should learn to lie.

"10. SHEMAIAH and ABTALYON received it from them. Shemaiah said, Love thy occupation and hate dominion, and make not thyself known to the rulers.

" 11. Abtalyon said, Wise men, be cautious in your words, lest ye be doomed to exile, and carried captive to a place of unwholesome waters, and the disciples who follow you should drink of them and die, and it happen that the Name of Heaven be profaned.

" 12. HILLEL and SHAMMAI received it of them. Hillel said, Be of the disciples of Aaron, who loved peace and pursued peace; loving mankind and drawing them to the law.

" 13. He used to say, He who extends [his] name destroys his name; he who does not increase [in knowledge] shall be cut off; and he who does not teach [the law] is worthy of death; and he who serves himself with a crown shall be consumed.

" 14. He used to say, If I am not for myself who [will be] for me? and when I am for myself what am I? and if not now when shall I?

" 15. Shammai said, Let thy [study of the] law be fixed; say little and do much; and receive all men with a frank countenance.

" 16. Rabban GAMALIEL said, Obtain for thyself an instructor and thus cease from doubt; and accustom not thyself to tithe by conjecture.

" 17. SIMON his son said, All my days I have been brought up among wise men, and have not found a better thing for the body than silence; neither is study the principal, but the practice thereof, and every one who is profuse of words causeth sin.

" 18. Rabbi SIMON BEN GAMALIEL said, On three things the world standeth,—on justice, and on truth, and on peace; as it is said, 'Execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates,' [Zech. viii. 16]."

CHAPTER II.

" 1. Rabbi said, Which is the right path that man should choose for himself? Every one which is an ornament to her votary, and which bringeth honour from men; and be as careful of a light precept as of a heavy one, because thou knowest not the due reward of [keeping all] the precepts, and balance the loss [occasioned by not observing a] precept against the reward [of observing] it, and the reward of transgression against the loss [occasioned by] it. Think on three things, and thou wilt not enter into the ways of transgression. Know what is above thee—a seeing eye, and a hearing ear, and all thy actions written in the book.

" 2. Rabban GAMALIEL, the son of R. Judah Hanasai, said, The study of the law along with the business of the world is becoming; as the product of these two is the forgetfulness of sin; and all [study of the] law which has not practice with it is useless, and the occasion of sin; and all who are employed in the congregation, ought to act with them for the sake of God; then will the worth of their fathers sustain them, and their righteousness shall stand for ever. And I [promise] to you from above a great reward, as if ye had done them.

" 3. Be cautious of [trusting] princes, who are not associates with any one but for their own interest; who appear as friends when they are useful, but will not stand by a man in the time of his need.

" 4. He used to say, Execute his will as [if it were] thy will, in order that he may execute thy will as [if it were] his will; abolish thy will for the sake of his will, that he may abolish the will of others for thy will. HILLEL said, Separate not from the congregation [of the saints]; and trust not in thyself until the day of thy death; and judge not thy neighbour until thou come into his situation; neither say anything which is not possible to be understood that at last may be understood; and say not, When I shall be at leisure I shall repent, lest thou shouldst not have leisure.

" 5. He used to say, There is no uncultivated person fearful of sin, neither is there any rustic merciful, nor any base one [truly] learned, nor any pas-

donate one a teacher, nor any who are much engaged in business wise, but in the place where there are no men, endeavour thou to be a man.

"6. He having also seen a skull which floated on the face of the waters said to it, Because thou didst cause [others] to float, have they floated thee! and at last they who caused thee to float shall be floated themselves.

"7. He used to say, He who multiplies flesh multiplies vermin; he who multiplies riches multiplies cares; he who multiplies wives multiplies witchcraft; he who multiplies female-servants multiplies lewdness; he who multiplies men-servants multiplies robbery; [but] he who multiplies instruction multiplies life; he who multiplies [his study at] college multiplies wisdom; he who multiplies counsel multiplies discernment; he who multiplies justice multiplies peace; he who acquires a good name acquires it for himself; he who acquires [the knowledge of] the words of the law acquires for himself the life of the world to come.

"8. Rabban JOCHANAN BEN ZAACHAI received it from Hillel and Shammai. He used to say, If thou hast studied the law much do not pride thyself, for thou was created for that alone. Five disciples were [studying under] Rabbi Jochanan Ben Zachai, and they are these—Rabbi Eleazar Ben Hyrcanus, Rabbi Joshua Ben Chananya, Rabbi Jose the priest, Rabbi Simon Ben Nathanael, and Rabbi Eleazar Ben Arach. He used [thus] to recount their praise: Rabbi Eleazar Ben Hyrcanus is [as] a plastered pit which loseth not a drop. Rabbi Joshua, happy are those who begat him. Rabbi Jose is a saint. Rabbi Simon Ben Nathanael feareth sin; and Rabbi Eleazar Ben Arach is as a mighty spring. He used to say, If all the wise men of Israel were in the one scale of the balance, and Rabbi Eleazar Ben Hyrcanus in the other, he would overbalance them all. Aba Saul said in his name, If all the wise men of Israel were in the one scale of the balance, and Rabbi Eleazar Ben Hyrcanus also with them, and Rabbi Eleazar Ben Arach in the other, he would overbalance them all. He said to them, Go forth and consider which is the good path that man should adhere to. Rabbi Eleazar answered, A good eye. Rabbi Joshua said, A good companion. Rabbi Jose said, A good neighbour. Rabbi Simon said, He who foresees the consequences [of any thing]. Rabbi Eleazar said, A good heart. He said to them, I prefer the words of Eleazar Ben Arach, because his words include yours.

"9. He said [again] to them, Go forth and consider which is the evil way that man should shun. Rabbi Eleazar answered, An evil eye. Rabbi Joshua said, An evil companion. Rabbi Jose said, An evil neighbour. Rabbi Simon said, He who borroweth and payeth not, [for] one who borroweth from man, is as one who borroweth from the Omnipresent One, as it is said, 'The wicked borroweth and payeth not again, but the righteous sheweth kindness and giveth.' Rabbi Eleazar said, An evil heart. He said to them, I prefer the words of Rabbi Eleazar Ben Arach, because his words include yours.

"10. They said three things: Rabbi Eleazar said, Let the honour of thy companion be as dear to thee as thine own, and be not easily moved to anger, and repent one day before thy death, and warm thyself by the fire of the wise men, but be careful that their fire doth not burn thee, for their bite is [as] the bite of a fox, and their sting [as] the sting of a scorpion, and their burn [as] the burn of a fiery serpent, and all their words as fiery coals.

"11. Rabbi JOSHUA said, An evil eye, an evil imagination, and hatred of the creatures [of God] take away man from the world.

"12. Rabbi JOSE said, Let thy companion's property be as dear to thee as thine own, and prepare thyself to study the law, which is not thine by inheritance, and let all thine actions be to [the glory of] God.

"13. Rabbi SIMON said, Be careful in reading *שמע* ['Hear, O Israel,' Deut. vi. 4], and in prayer; and when thou art praying make not thy prayer as fixed, but [as entreating] mercies and compassions before the Omnipresent One; as it is said, 'For he is a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth of the evil,' [Joel ii. 13], and be not wicked against thy conscience.

"14. Rabbi ELEAZER said, Be quick to study the law, and know what thou should return [in answer] to the Epicurean, and know before whom thou art labouring, that the master who employed thee is faithful, who will pay thee the reward of thy labour.

"15. Rabbi TARPON said, The day is short, and the work is great, but the labourers are slothful, though the reward be great, and the master of the house pressing.

"16. He used to say, It is not [incumbent] on thee to finish the work, neither are thou to cease from it. If thou hast studied the law much, there shall be given to thee a great reward, for the master who employed thee is faithful to pay the reward of thy labour; but know, that the payment of the reward of the righteous is in a future state."

We have only to add, that in the condensed sayings of the wise—the proverbs or apophthegms—which are to be found in many of the popular works of all languages—there is often a great fund of wisdom and of healthful mental amusement, on which the most enlightened may meditate with much profit and gratification. Plato, the Great Master of Philosophy and Eloquence, was so fond of a little work of this sort, written by Sophron, that he kept it constantly beside him, and died with it under his pillow. So at least says the history.

We are scarcely prepared to say that the "Ethics of the Fathers" is entitled altogether to such an honour, even from persons less gifted or less distinguished than the great oracle of Grecian science and style—yet these Ethics are not unworthy of a careful and candid perusal—and, we hope, the publication of them, in the present unencumbered form; may be so successful as to induce Mr. Young to give them, by-and-bye, with all the advantage of the learned notes and illustrative biographies to which, as will have been observed, he has specially alluded in one of the prefaces which we have now quoted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Letters to the Right Rev. John Hughes, Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. In Three Series. To which are added, the Decline of Popery and its Causes; and Differences between Popery and Protestantism, by KIRWAN. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter: Robert Theobald, London, 1861.

THIS is a timely production. If Popery be taking advantage of the press, and sending forth its shoals of publications, from a penny pamphlet to a twenty shilling volume, we are glad to see that Protestantism is not behind hand, either in the number or the strength of its publications. The time was when Popery despised the press. It was too proud to make use of it; either for the propagation or the defence of its soul-destroying creed; but

its crest is a little humbler than it was. It instinctively feels that its ancient security is tottering to its fall, and it catches at means of support, which, in days gone by, it treated with scorn. The work before us is an entire park of controversial artillery in itself. It leaves no topic untouched. It scourges—ridicules—lectures—confounds—overwhelms its antagonist by turns, and leaves him, at last, giving up the ghost. It is in the form of letters to the Romish bishop of New York, by an individual, who was himself a Romanist, and therefore thoroughly acquainted with the system he exposes. These letters, when published in America, produced a great sensation, and they cannot fail to be equally well received in this country at the present crisis. Witty, eloquent, singularly able, they fall, one by one, like bomb-shells in the Popish camp, scattering destruction and dismay among the ranks of Romanism. They are totally free from sectarianism of any kind, and occupy the broad platform of our common Protestantism. Whoever wants a manual on the subject of the Popish controversy, let him ask for "Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes."

The Valley of Decision, or Divine Teachings in a Boarding School. By Mrs. H. C. KNIGHT. A True Narrative. Edinburgh, Johnstone & Hunter, 1851.

A TOUCHING little narrative of experimental religion. The tale is simply, but elegantly told, and is calculated, by its impressive details, to be exceedingly useful to the young of the class to which the subjects of the story belonged. It is a matter of most painful regret, that so few of our boarding schools for young ladies are conducted on really Christian principles. Religion is virtually excluded, although scrupulously professed, and refined trifling is that which takes the place of a really Christian education. They come forth into the world, gay and giggling misses; either indifferent to vital religion, or positively inimical to it. They live and die so—and, what is more, they exercise the influence of their sex and their position to the prejudice of the truth as it is in Jesus. The little book before us brings this but too distressingly out, in the case, at least, of one of its subjects. The other two, at first opposed to evangelical truth, were, by the mighty working of God's Spirit, brought savingly under its divine influence, and became signal monuments of converting and sanctifying grace. On concluding the perusal of this affecting memoir, we are involuntarily induced to exclaim, "What hath the Lord wrought!" and it is one which parents, teachers, and all who are interested in the conversion and salvation of precious souls, ought to circulate as widely as possible.

Counsels to Christian Parents regarding the Education of their Children. Prepared by a Committee of the United Presbyterian Church. Glasgow, S. & T. Dunn, 14, Prince's Square, 1851.

A VERY seasonable address. What could be more important to the Church and society, than the subject of which it treats! The child is father of the man. We reap in manhood the seed that is sown in youth. In this utilitarian age, the godly up-bringing of the young is greatly neglected—not as in former times, when there was a church in every house, and every family was a Sabbath school. Even professedly Christian parents need to be both taught and admonished in the matter of the education of their children, and we know no better counsellor than the little volume before us. We suppose it is entirely the production of Dr. King, who was appointed Convener

of the Synod's Committee on this subject ; and it is not too much to say that he has executed his task with singular ability and success. It is simple, earnest, affectionate, and complete—entering into detail when needful, and omitting nothing. It is truly admirable, and might be circulated among every denomination of professing Christians with the most advantageous results. It is not an address for the parents of the United Presbyterian Church alone, but of every branch of the Church of Christ.

Sermon on the occasion of the Death of the Hon. Victor Alexander, Master of Kinnaird.—Preached in the Parish Church of Inchture, on Sabbath, Nov. 2, 1851. By the Rev. J. ADAMSON HONEY. Frederick Shaw, Dundee.

This is an impressive and touching memorial of one who, though young, appears to have possessed many claims upon the interest and affections of all who knew him. His position and talents, so full of promise, and his gentle and generous nature, which had endeared him to the neighbourhood, would seem to have made his loss one in which all were concerned, and for which all mourned. Mr. Honey very properly, therefore, availed himself of the occasion to enforce upon his hearers the affecting lesson of their mortality ; and this he does with a solemn earnestness and pathos well fitted to touch every heart. We give the following sketch of the youthful subject of the discourse :—

“ There are deaths which, by reason of peculiar circumstances, are calculated to make a deeper and more abiding, a larger and more lasting impression than others. Such is that most deeply affecting and solemnising one which we have all recently so deeply deplored, and which we are all still so sincerely mourning ; and which, whatever may have been the solaces whereby it has been accompanied, has not only shot a pang of intensest sorrow into the hearts of the noble and devotedly attached circle among whom the loved one breathed his last, but saddened our neighbourhood, and cast a gloom over our country-side, and grieved most truly friends in other lands, and quickened and moved the sensibilities and sympathies of many, both far and near.

“ How shall we speak of the brilliant yet pensive eye of the noble child, whose gentle yet manly bearing it will be difficult for any of us ever to forget ? whose amiabilities, associated with his other distinguishing characteristics, indicated, had God spared him, a high and elevated career, alike in the furtherance of the wishes and in the realisation of the hopes of those most interested in his progress and his prospects ; and who might have been warranted in expecting, that, had God afforded time and opportunity for further development, he would not only have further vindicated his claim to the high honours to which he had been born, but have further evinced his title also to those still nobler, which are infused into the soul by grace, and gather around the life the truest tribute of rank and of regard, in an acknowledged Christian “ walk and conversation,” redolent with the fruits of Christian energy and enterprise.

“ How shall we speak of his many amiabilities, his filial and brotherly attachment, his kindness of disposition, which attracted the regard of the entire household as well as of all who knew him, and those thousand other nameless graces, calculated to endear him to us all, and to embalm him in our memories ? How shall we speak of his fear of God, his love of truth, his longing after good, his anxiety about prayer, his interest in the Sabbath school, his patience under suffering, the imploring attitude in which he left our world ? all as so many proofs that the Spirit had been very early at work with him, quickening, and maturing, and ripening him, for an early

translation to the joys and glories of the heavenly kingdom? How shall we speak?—Why, we feel our sensibilities too strong for utterance; and all we can do is, to pour forth our sympathies and our prayers with those, and on behalf of those, who this day, most of all, mourn the noble youth cut down and laid low, like some goodly plant when giving promise of a gorgeous growth, or some beauteous and fair proportioned column broken over almost at the base, but not ruined like either—rather wafted away to a better and brighter inheritance, and to nobler and more exalted honours, than any this world can bestow.”

Original Poetry.

SAPPHO TO THE SEA.

I.

Dark Sea! hast thou no voice wherewith to tell
My burning soul the secret it would know?
In trembling hope, in doubting, anxious fear,
Unanswered to thy bosom must I go.

II.

In days gone by, when in the golden light
Thy sparkling waves came bounding to the shore,
They found ten thousand tongues to charm mine ear,
And harmonies sublime dwelt in their mighty roar.

III.

Then thou did'st seem my heart's familiar friend,
And much I loved to look on thy fair face,—
To watch its changing aspects, and to dream
I there my future destiny might trace.

IV.

But now, as on thy solemn brow I gaze,
Nor warning frown nor welcoming smile I see;
I hear no murmur would repel my hope,
Nor friendly tone that bids me trust in thee.

V.

Mysterious, dark, and silent now thou ly'st,
A sealed-up book,—an undecyphered page;
Whose mystic meaning holds my endless doom,
Eternal rest, or ceaseless war to wage!

VI.

Oh! shall I find indeed oblivion's peace,
Within the kindly shelter of thy breast?
Shall haunting dreams, and passionate desires,
Be by thy spells for ever stilled to rest?

VII.

Have thy cold waves in truth the power to cool
The scorching fires of this tumultuous heart—
To quench the torments of its raging thirst,
And lave the venom from its rankling dart?

VIII.

I question, but thou answerest not ! Oh thou
To whom in vain I ne'er addressed a prayer—
Mighty Apollo, grant to me some sign,
Which may the secret of my fate declare.

IX.

My lyre upon thine altar here I lay,
A votive offering meet for thee alone ;
Thy gift it was, and thine the kindling fire
That struck to glowing verse its magic tone.

X.

Oh guard it still thine own ; let no weak hand
Profane the charmed chords that hymn'd thy praise ;
And on the stream of time to distant lands,
Bear down the memory of the Lesbian's lays.

XI.

Kind God, I thank thee, even while I speak,
With favouring ray shines forth thy glorious light ;
Scattering the gloom from my o'erburdened brain,
And giving clearer vision to my sight.

XII.

Interpreted by thee, I recognize
In the low wailings of the plaintive sea,
The sympathetic echo of the strains,
Which I so long have sung unheededly.

XIII.

And as its gentle billows vainly woo
With loving kisses the obdurate rock—
My lonely bosom sees the answering type
Of its deep love, which pride and coldness mock.

XIV.

With rev'rent faith I hail the cheering beams,
Which all the darkness from my soul dispel ;
In fearless trust to Ocean's breast I go,
Apollo guides,—Love—Torture—Life, farewell !

Sidneyfield.

AGNES SMITH.

EARTH'S TREASURES.

(SUGGESTED BY BARBY CORNWALL'S SONG OF "THE SEA.")

Thou daring Bard of the pathless deep,
On in thy glory ! o'er the waters sweep :
Be thine the strange delight, the rapture wild,
Th' exulting joy, that thrills the Ocean child,
As gaily spreading forth his swelling sail,
His barque bounds lightly on before the gale.
Go, Wanderer, track thou still the dark blue Sea,—
Leave Earth with all her lovely things to me.

Her countless treasures of rich dewy flowers,
Smiling so brightly through the summer hours,—
Her grassy lawns, her graceful forest trees,
Waving their garlands in the southern breeze;
Her sparkling fountains, and her crystal streams,
Gleaming with glory from the sun's last beams;
Her noble palaces, her marble fanes,
Her vine-clad cottages on sunny plains.

These are the Earth's,—and more hath she to bless—
Childhood's pure beauty, Woman's loveliness;
Youth's brief but passionate joys,—Love's sweet night-dreams,
Radiant, but changeful as the April beams;
Tones of deep joy, that thrills from heart to heart,
Binding the ties, once linked, that never part;
Looks of quiet love beside the household hearth,
The Father's blessing, and the infant's mirth.

Yes! these are Earth's alone—the haughty Sea
Owns no such mighty spells of sympathy;
No Woman's smile,—no fond Affection's tear,—
No tie to bind, nor scarce a hope to cheer,—
Hath the dark sea!—Her proud and sullen waves
Yield nothing to mankind but nameless graves;
Then, wanderer, keep thee to the lonely sea,
Leave earth, with all her kindly things, to me.

Sidneyfield.

AGNES SMITH.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Principal and Professors of the United College of St. Andrews, have presented the Rev. Alexander McLaren, A.M., to the Church and Parish of Kemback, vacant by the death of the Rev. David Caruthers.

Clerical Presentation.—Lord Blantyre has presented the Rev. Thomas McKie of Monikie, in the neighbourhood of Dundee, to the Church and Parish of Erskine, vacant by the deposition of Mr. Cameron.

Lieutenant General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., has presented the Rev. W. A. Smith, A.M., Minister of Chapelshade Church, to the Church and Parish of Towie.

Died at Manse of Towie, on the 31st ultimo, the Rev. Robert Lindsay, LL.D., Minister of Towie.

The Degree of D.D. has been conferred on the Rev. Charles Forbes Buchan of Fordoun, by the Senatus Academicus of Jefferson University, U. S.

MACP HAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. LXXII.

JANUARY 1852.

FATHER MACLACHLAN'S REPLY TO DR. LEE ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.*

IN accordance with one of the primary laws of nature, the disciples of the Man of Sin have a rooted aversion to Biblical Criticism, and an instinctive dread of all Professors of that department of sacred literature. It is therefore no ordinary necessity that compels them to come into controversial contact with such champions of truth as wield the trenchant weapons of learned investigation and critical exposition. But when they are forced to descend into the field of argument, their logic is invariably of that vituperative and conclusive character which Lord Peter has happily exemplified in his dialogue with the heretics Martin and Jack; he merely intimates that they are a couple of blind puppies, and consigns them to eternal perdition, if they refuse to believe that a slice of stale loaf is a fat shoulder of mutton. Such is Lord Peter's energetic mode of argumentation, his "*Short Method with Heretics*;" and it must be admitted that this example has been copied by the inferior disputants of the Romish Church with a scrupulous exactness, which bears witness to their implicit faith in the infallibility of their model. In general, however, they affect to treat with silent contempt the exposures which are made from time to time of the fallacy of their pretensions,

* The Rock.—The Infallibility of the Church Vindicated: a Reply to the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee's Discourse on Papal Infallibility and the Causes of the late Conversions to Romanism. By the Rev. PAUL MACLACHLAN, Author of "The Bible: its Use and Abuse," &c. Edinburgh: Marsh & Beattie, 13. Hanover Street: Charles Dolman, London. 1851.

and the awful impiety of their dogmas. This they very wisely regard as the easiest way of replying to an opponent, and withal the safest. Yet exceptional cases do occur, in which they are reluctantly constrained to forego all the advantages of silence. Thus, of the multitudinous exposures of Popish arrogance, and blasphemy, and deadly error, which have issued from the press in the forms of essays, lectures, sermons, &c. since the advent of Cardinal Wiseman, all, so far as we have been able to ascertain, have been allowed to remain unanswered, with the exception of one production. That one is Dr. Robert Lee's Discourse on Papal Infallibility. The reasons which have prompted an attempt to answer that treatise, may be penetrated without the aid of infallibility. Dr. Robert Lee is Professor of Biblical Criticism in our Metropolitan University; he is known to be a man of great talents and great learning; and, what is of especial moment in the Popish controversy, he has the well-merited reputation of being intimately acquainted with the patristic writers, as well as those of the middle ages,—a species of learning which, we regret to say, is of rare occurrence among the Protestant divines of Scotland. It was to be feared, therefore, that a Discourse on Papal Infallibility from the pen of one so eminently qualified for the task, could not fail to attract the attention, not only of Protestants, but of the more intelligent portion of the Roman Catholic community,—and hence the necessity of some attempt to counteract its influence.—Again, the Rev. Professor is well known to be no bigoted opponent to Romanists, or to any other sectarians. On the contrary, during the late ferment consequent on the audacious intrusion of Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Lee stood forward among the foremost of that small minority in the Church courts, who resisted every measure that tended to abridge the political and religious toleration that had been accorded to Roman Catholics, in common with all other religionists in the kingdom. This well known liberality of the Rev. Doctor, could not therefore admit of the usual pretext for silence; his treatise could not be classed with those productions that are left unanswered, on the plea that they are the rancorous effusions of political and religious bigotry. Thus Dr. Lee's professional position, his eminence as a scholar and a man of talents, his reputed acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers, and the well-known liberality of his sentiments towards Roman Catholics themselves, deprived the champions of Rome of every pretext, on which they had declined to enter the lists with the other numerous opponents by whom she has lately been assailed. Add to all this another characteristic by which Professor Lee's Treatise must be admitted to be honourably distinguished from most of the attacks which have been recently made on the Church of Rome, whether from the pulpit, the lecture-room, or the press,—we mean its entire freedom from all abusive terms, and all virulent invectives. The author pursues his theme, with the calm severity of truth, but with none of the vituperative language with which too many Protestants have disfigured their exposures of the Papal abomination, and none of the arrogance and insolence which mark the effusions of the Romish priesthood, and of which Father Maclachlan's "Reply" furnishes a conspicuous example.

This much is acknowledged in a review of Dr. Lee's Discourse which appeared some time ago in a Roman Catholic Journal, entitled "The Glasgow Free Press."

"But," says the reviewer, "while we cannot praise the Doctor for what he *has* done, we most willingly award to him all due laud for what he has *not* done. He has not given circulation to any of those gross slanders against Catholics and Catholicism, part of which is of home manufacture, and part is imported from abroad. The Doctor is a Protestant, a zealous one, and a learned one, comparatively speaking; but he is not one of that class of Protestants who seek to prop up their creed by indulging in all kinds of slanderous abuse. When he errs, his errors are not his own—they have become his, merely by his having incautiously adopted them: at least we hope this is the case."

The work, the title of which stands at the head of this article, is a formal Reply to the Discourse, "Thou art Peter." "On seeing this work advertised," says the author, "I lost no time in procuring a copy of it, in the fond hope of deriving edification from the effusions of a pious minister, and information from the learned labours of the Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh."—P. 2. Surely the Reverend Father was in a hopeful frame of mind for receiving instruction and light. We might suspect he was almost half disposed to become a Protestant, if he could only find some decent apology. See then how the power of truth, and the flagrant sophistry of Protestant argumentation, drive him back again into the arms of Mother Church: "Alas! I regret to say I was disappointed!" Behold how near recanting our good Father was: "he is disappointed!" Mark that, Bishop Gillis, or whoever else receives the confession of the Rev. Paul MacLachlan. "I was disappointed; for, after carefully reading Dr. Lee's Discourse, I rose from the perusal of it with the painful idea, that it contained not a line calculated to enlighten the mind or improve the heart of any rational being." Here let the reader note again how our Rev. Father betrays his secret. The idea that Dr. Lee cannot convert him, is a *painful* one: and the *pleasant* idea would have been to have his mind "enlightened" and his heart "improved,"—and so to have relinquished celibacy, fasting, mumbling of the breviary, and to have gained the privilege of feeling like a man, and living like a Christian. But he is disappointed! We assure him of our sympathy for the present, and only hope he may be more successful another time.

The strength of Dr. Lee's Discourse lies in the 1st chapter; in which he discusses the meaning of the famous passage, Matth. xvi. 16—19. He was not ignorant or forgetful that many other passages had been brought forward by Papalists to support their view. He not only says so, but he suggests an apology for those who had abused Scripture in that manner. "When we observe," he says, "the kind of support which has been sought from Scripture for the tenets in question, we might be tempted to doubt whether those who urged such proofs were serious—whether they were not consciously trifling with the ignorance and credulity of the persons addressed. But we should consider that they themselves shared that ignorance and credulity in a great degree;

and that the ecclesiastics of the middle ages were often, perhaps generally, the victims of the same delusions which they laboured to establish and extend in the minds of others."—P. 6.

The reason why the Professor confines his attention to this particular passage is thus distinctly stated by himself: "While many other passages may have been adduced in favour of the Papal supremacy and its concomitant dogmas, on which no rational Romanist of the present day will desire to insist, there is one which has been quoted by probably all the writers who have advocated those tenets, and which has been appealed to with confidence, as, not in any secondary or spiritual application, but in its literal sense, laying the foundations of the Papacy—investing it with its majestic and tremendous attributes—and challenging for it, on these accounts, the reverential regard and the absolute submission of all Christians,"—p. 7. In short, the author of the Discourse, "Thou art Peter," never proposed to investigate all those places in the New Testament which Romanists had adduced to maintain the supremacy or infallibility of the Pope, and the other kindred doctrines. His purpose was to enquire into the true meaning of that one passage on which they chiefly relied; thinking that if this could be clearly shewn to refer to no such matter as the Pope, his supremacy, infallibility, or any such thing, the cause was ruined in so far as a testimony of Scripture is concerned.

"It is a remarkable fact," says Father Maclachlan, "that Dr. Lee, while combating on Scriptural grounds the infallibility of the Church (with him, Papal infallibility), takes no notice whatever of the arguments deduced by Catholics from Holy Writ in support of this infallibility,"—p. 5. We submit that the fact is not remarkable in any way, unless it be remarkable that the author, having announced his purpose to discuss one particular passage of Holy Scripture, should adhere strictly to that purpose; his opponents having shewn that on that passage they considered the strength of their cause to rest.

But "it is a remarkable fact," that in the publication now under review, which extends to seventy-one closely printed pages, there is not one sentence or one syllable of reply to the long and elaborate exposition of Matt. xvi. 13–20, contained in the first chapter of Dr. Lee's Discourse. With instinctive aversion, the priest escapes from this Scriptural argument, and expends all his diligence in combating those other matters which were not essential to Dr. Lee's main purpose, but which, as he tells us in his Preface, he had merely "felt it necessary to add, that some completeness might be given to the whole" discourse. So that if the Rev. Paul Maclachlan had succeeded as completely as he fancies he has in his attacks on Dr. Lee's facts and reasonings, nothing would be gained for his cause; the citadel would remain in the hands of the enemy, not only untaken but unassailed. It is one of the familiar arts of controversy, to draw off attention from the main point in a discussion, by furious attacks on other points which are of no essential importance. A cloud of dust is thus raised to conceal from view that point which is the key of the position. No class of disputants understand this *modus* better than the Jesuits, in whose school Father Paul has evidently studied, and

of whom his admiration is violent,—“a noble army of spiritual warriors—who have ever been and are still the ablest champions and most docile children” of Mother Church. In this we have the satisfaction of agreeing with him, that the mother and the children are well worthy of each other.

We think it highly probable that a Professor of Biblical Criticism was aware that other passages besides Matthew xvi. 13, &c., had been adduced by Romanists in support of the infallibility of the Church. He says or implies, that he had read Bellarmin,—that he had more than a cursory or superficial acquaintance with the “Disputationes” of that celebrated Jesuit. We think that Father P. M., notwithstanding the low morality of the Scottish clergy,—which he affectingly illustrates by the multitude of depositions in the last year’s General Assembly,—may take the Doctor’s word for it, that he has really read for himself the author some of whose positions he had undertaken to controvert. Now any one who even runs his eye over the pages of the Treatise “De Romano Pontifice,” will see that various passages are quoted to prove the supremacy of the Pope, &c., of which Dr. Lee took no notice. Surely no person can be so ignorant of controversy as not to know, that such passages as the following are the proof texts to which the Romanists habitually appeal. “Feed my sheep.” “I am with you always to the end of the world.” “I will send you another comforter . . . who shall teach you all things,” &c. “If he will not hear the Church.” “Remember your prelates,” &c. &c.

We think it a hopeful symptom that Mr. M. desires so earnestly to hear what may be said in reply to the Romish interpretation of such passages as these. We entreat Dr. Lee to indulge this earnest seeker with an exposition of all these texts. If he shall succeed in putting them in the same clear point of view as has, in his very learned and unanswerable Discourse, set one of them, he may, we think, count with certainty on making a convert of the Rev. P. MacLachlan. As, however, the Rev. Professor may be supposed to have his hands full of other matters at present, we shall attempt, though much less qualified, to supply our respectable friend with two or three observations on those passages which he has quoted and commented on with the view of proving the infallibility of the Church. For he finds much fault with Dr. Lee for overlooking this momentous point, and confining his attention to the infallibility of the Pope.

The words, Matthew xxviii. 18–20, Father Paul has been taught to regard as decisive proof that *the Church* is infallible. Why? Because Christ promised to be with his apostles to “the consummation of the age.” But the eleven disciples are alone spoken of in the context. “Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, &c. . . and Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power, &c. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age.” Now, considering that this whole address is to the eleven apostles, who alone are mentioned or alluded to, we contend that by far the most natural reference of the expression “even to the end of the age,”

to whom that honour and privilege belong; so that to them we may confine the promise of Christ, "I am with you all the days even unto the end of the world?" The Romish priests, particularly the Romish bishops with the Pope at their head, assert that this succession belongs to them exclusively. But, to speak the truth plainly, they have nothing to advance in support of their claim, but their bare assertion. If it is a promise to the Church, it must be to the Church in general, since no limitation is expressed or hinted. It must be to all Christian ministers, if it be to any of them. By what logic do the Romish clergy make that a peculiar privilege of theirs, which belongs to all the ministers of Christ, if their exposition of the passage be correct? By denying that there is any Christian Church except theirs, or that any ministers are truly Christian ministers except those of their communion; all the rest are heretics, or schismatics, or both. This we must believe, because they have the impudence to say so; and that they are the true Church, and the legitimate successors of the apostles, we must believe for the same weighty reason. We mean them no disrespect when we demand some other proof than this.

In our simplicity, we should imagine that those preachers, or *priests* if they will, have the best title to be considered the successors of the apostles, who most resemble the apostles in their doctrine and in their lives; and that they who lead a different kind of life, and preach quite different doctrine, cannot be their successors, whatever they may pretend. For example, the apostles might and did marry, and they have taught us that "marriage is honourable in all;" so that a set of men who may not marry, but are under vows of celibacy,—which they represent as a more holy state than marriage,—cannot, one may think, be successors of the apostles.

The apostles, though inspired, did not make themselves "lords over God's heritage;" and they instructed their successors to assume the position and cultivate the temper of servants, not of masters. It may therefore well admit of question, whether they can be the successors of those apostles, who have made themselves not merely the masters and lords of the Church, but the tyrants of the people in every country in which their influence enabled them to do so; curtailing liberty of thought and judgment, and establishing their dominion over men's minds and consciences by force and fraud. The apostles encouraged men to read the Scriptures; the Romish priesthood forbid what the apostles commanded; they keep this privilege in their own hands. This is not what the successors of the apostles might be expected to do. The Romish priests teach Transubstantiation; they require confession; they worship, and teach others to worship, the Virgin Mary,—whom they have lately declared to have been conceived without sin;—they use prayers which the people don't understand. But the Bible forbids all worship of men and women. It never requires us to believe contradictions, such as that a wafer is the flesh and blood, soul and divinity, of Christ. The apostles exhort us to pray with the spirit, and with the understanding also. So that, on the whole, we should certainly have some other argument than their mere word to satisfy us that those priests

are the only successors of the apostles, seeing it is notorious that in many important respects they live, act, and teach in direct contrariety to apostolic example.

The author of "The Rock" is very confident that, because Christ said to the Apostles, "Behold I am with you always, even to the end of the age," therefore the Church must be infallible. "When he is with her in this manner," he asks, "can she fail to teach the truth?" And again, "Is he (Christ) not with her rather, teaching and instructing? and when he is with her in this manner, can she fail to teach the truth?"—p. 6. Our Rev. friend gives himself much trouble to prove, what no one denies, that Christ is with his Church. We know it—we believe it. But the only thing that is denied, is unhappily that which he never either proves or attempts to prove; namely, that the Romish Church is that exclusively, or in any peculiar sense, with which Christ promised to be always to the end of the world. Father Paul, though apparently not knowing much, cannot but know this: and to spend time prating about the attributes of the Church in general, when the only question is regarding those of the Romish Church in particular, is a good deal worse than idle: it savours too much of those controversial tricks so well understood by that noble army of spiritual warriors, "the Jesuits." If Father Paul had been as conversant with the Bible—even the wretched Douay version of it—as he is with "The Faith of Catholics," and such like compilations, he might have learnt to distrust the soundness of that conclusion in which he is so confident,—that because Christ promised to be with his Church always, therefore it could never err or fall. The promises made to the Christian Church are not more distinct or positive than those which were made to the Jewish Church, of the constant protection and guidance of her divine Head and Husband. "The Eternal God is thy refuge," said Moses to his countrymen in that sublime song with which he closed his career, "and underneath are the everlasting arms," &c. "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the Shield of thy help," &c.—Deut. xxxiii. 26, &c. This is the strain of all the prophets. "Thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen. . . . Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,"—Is. xli. 8, 10. This promise of Jehovah to the Jewish Church is at least as emphatic as that given by our Lord to the Christian Church. But does it follow from those promises, that the Jewish Church was to be secured from the possibility of error in teaching, or from falling away from her allegiance to Jehovah? If the reasoning of the Romanists be sound, the infallibility, or inerrancy, of the Jewish Church, was secured by the fact that the God of Israel had promised to be with her, and to uphold and strengthen her, as expressly as ever Jesus Christ promised the same to the Christian Church. And yet it is a fact, which is testified by the whole tenor of the Old Testament, that, instead of being infallibly secured against error or sin, that Church lapsed perpetually into the grossest errors and iniquity—the sin of idolatry itself. "They forgot God their Maker: of the rock that

begat them they were unmindful." "For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them; every one was given to covetousness; and *from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealt falsely.*" "For both prophet and priest are prophane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord,"—Jer. vi. 13. and xxiii. 11. If any of those Jewish priests or prophets had had as much ingenuity and assurance as the Papal priests now have, could they not, from the promises of Jehovah to be with Jacob and to uphold him, have drawn as good an argument for the purity of their doctrine and the sanctity of their lives, as Jesuits now pretend to draw from the promise of Christ to his Apostles, in support of the miserable figment of Papal infallibility? But the Jewish Church was punished for her idolatry with invasions, captivity, and finally with rejection. What could God have done more for his vineyard than he did? Yet, when it brought forth wild grapes, he took away its hedge, and broke down its wall, and laid it waste,—Is. vi. A warning to all other Churches not to presume, not to be high-minded, but to fear, lest, a promise being made them, they should come short of it. Yes, the reprobate Jewish Church could prove its infallibility by as good Scriptural arguments as any which the Papal Church can employ.

And, regarding the Christian Church itself, is it not unquestionable that many portions of it have fallen away—declined from truth and holiness—till at last their candlestick was removed out of its place? Were not the seven Churches of Asia included in the promise of Christ, if it were, as Papists contend, a general assurance addressed to the successors of the Apostles? And yet "they left their first love;" they "were neither cold nor hot;" they had the doctrine of Balaam, and of the Nicolaitanes; in short, they were miserable, poor, blind, and naked, yet oppressed with conceit of their riches and abundance. They suffered the calamity by which Christians have so often been undone; "they that taught them caused them to err." Instead of studying the word of God for themselves, they lent a willing ear to traditions and commandments of men, that turn from the truth. And is it not certain that a large portion of Christians have lapsed into dangerous errors in faith, and into practices and conduct that are contrary to Christianity? This is the case, whether we hold that the Church of Rome is right or wrong in her creed and pretensions. Seeing the Greek Church, the Armenian Church, and all the Protestant Churches, differ so widely in so many weighty questions from the Church of Rome and from each other, it is certain that on those questions only one party at most can be in the right: and a vast multitude of men professing Christianity must have fallen away from Christian faith and practice. So that history refutes that interpretation which Romanists put upon the words of Christ. Christians *have not been preserved* from errors in doctrine and practice: therefore we conclude, that Jesus Christ did not promise that they should,—unless we should admit that his words have been falsified by the event.

The Roman Church boasts that she is Catholic, and "the Church;" and that all who differ from her are, *ipso facto*, heretics, who can justly claim no interest in the promises of the Redeemer. But though strong in her assertion, she is very weak in her arguments; and her extreme

fury against those who deny her claims, betrays perhaps a secret consciousness that these stand upon an insecure foundation. Her opponents also are no less confident that she is wrong, than she is that she is right; and their reasons, whether irrefragable or not, have certainly never yet been refuted. So that, whether we suppose the Church of Rome right or wrong in her peculiarities, it follows, either way, that a vast proportion of Christendom has fallen under the power of error. So that the Papal construction of the promise of Christ is contrary to fact, and therefore inadmissible.

"Another proof," says Father Paul MacLachlan, "of the *inerrancy* of God's Church in all things pertaining to faith and morals, may be found in the Gospel of St. John: 'I will ask the Father,' said he, 'and he will give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever; he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you.'" We do not quarrel with him for jumbling two verses together (John xv. 16 and 26); he had probably read the words so quoted somewhere; nor do we wonder at his mistranslation of *ειπον*, "I shall have said," for here he follows the Vulgate "*dixero*," and the wretched translations which Romanists allow to the people, when they allow any, and which are made not from the original Greek, but from that very faulty and often barbarous version.

"Now," reasons our Papal advocate, "with this Divine Spirit ever present with the pastors of the Church, ever teaching with them, ever recalling to their mind the truths they had learned from their Lord, can any reasonable man believe they can fall into error?" p. 9. Did we not know that the author of this Reply was a priest—did we not perceive that he abounds in zeal and is lacking in wit—we should be tempted to conjecture that in the above passage he was ridiculing, not seriously defending, the infallibility, or, as he classically terms it, the *inerrancy* of the Romish Church. For, supposing that these words were not addressed exclusively to the Apostles, in whose hearing alone Christ spoke or said those things which the Paraclete should recal to their memory—and supposing that they were a general promise made to the successors of the Apostles in all ages, though these had never heard a word from the lips of Christ, or seen him in the flesh—how shall the Romish priests make it appear that this Paraclete shall abide for ever exclusively with *them*, teach *them* all things, or bring all things which Christ spoke to *their* memory? This we should like to know: and it is the very thing which they cannot tell us. The Romish Church, indeed, has in the course of ages remembered many things which were totally forgotten in the earlier ages of Christianity, and which the Apostles knew nothing of, they having doubtless also forgotten them. Father Newman's doctrine of development is a virtual admission of this, or rather a profession that such was the case. But whether that which awakened such recollections were the Spirit of God, or those seducing spirits which lead astray from the truth, may easily be judged by those who will compare Christianity as it is delineated in the New Testament, with Popery as defined in the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, or in any of its authorized expositions. The Apostles, for example, thought there was no priest but Christ

—no sacrifice but his—and that that one Priest had offered this one Sacrifice once for all, *εφάπαξ*. They had doubtless forgotten what their Master had said to them on this subject. But the Romish clergy, having inspiration assured to them, gradually recalled to memory, that there are as many priests as ministers in her communion, and as many altars as communion-tables,—and that each of those priests offers sacrifice as often as he says mass, that is, as often as he pleases. We think the priests much understate their claims, when they affirm that the promise of the Paraclete was given to the Apostles, and to them as their successors. They should speak out, and tell us frankly what their case requires; that the promise was neither made nor fulfilled to the apostles, but to the Romish clergy alone, as is demonstrated by the notorious fact, that they know and teach manifold doctrines which the Apostles neither taught nor knew.

“In further proof of the infallibility of the Church, we may urge,” says Mr. M., “one other important text: it is that remarkable passage in Second Epistle to the Ephesians, in which we are informed that Christ gave some apostles, some prophets, and others some evangelists, &c. Words more clearly confirmatory of our doctrine,” adds our apologist, “could not have been spoken, I say it with reverence, by the lips of the Almighty himself;”—p. 11. Confirmatory of what doctrine? that the Pope and his prelates and clergy are the apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, whom Christ, when he ascended on high, gave to the Church? Yea, the only apostles, prophets, and teachers; that, they cannot err; and that it is the duty of all Christians to hear and obey them? Is this what the text says in words so clear that the lips of the Almighty himself could not speak it more plainly? We shall feel deeply obliged to this gentleman, if, with the aid of the whole of “that noble army of spiritual warriors,” the Jesuits, “those ablest champions and most docile children” of the Church, he shall make it appear that the text of which he speaks so profanely, has any bearing whatever on the question of Papal infallibility, that is, on the infallibility of the Roman as distinguished from any other Church on the face of the earth; or that it proves that the Pope or any of his clergy cannot err, any more than that the same immunity belongs to every Christian minister in the world. The old fallacy is here again urged—as it is unceasingly—that the Roman is that Church to which the promises of the gospel are confined: Whereas, if the Popish communion be indeed part of the Church Catholic, she only shares those promises with all other Churches which are parts of the same body: if she be no part of that Catholic Church, which, considering her errors in doctrine and the flagrant wickedness of her conduct, is perhaps the more probable opinion, then those promises, instead of belonging to her exclusively, do not belong to her at all.

If the Pope or any of his bishops be indeed apostles and prophets, let them furnish the proof. St. Paul, though he had seen Christ and was personally commissioned by him, did not disdain to do so. “Surely,” says he, “the signs of an apostle were wrought among you, in all patience, in signs and wonders and mighty deeds,”—2 Cor. xii. 12. Compare Rom.,

xv. 19. The Pope, too, has his signs: he has the miracle of St. Januarius' blood, the holy house at Loretto, the Holy Coat of Treves, and certain other signs of the same sort.

"This will appear to us in a stronger light, when we remember that Christ would have us to hear his Church, and be guided by her." So says our critic, p. 11. Now, to the Papists this may appear, but to us Protestants no such thing appears. For, at the time when these words were spoken, the Christian Church had no existence. The Church of God then was the Jewish Church, of which the disciples and our Lord himself were members; and Christ does not enjoin the party to tell the matter to *his* Church, or to hear *his* Church; but "to tell it to *the* Church," and to "hear *the* Church." The matter in question here is, moreover, not a point of faith at all, but of *trespass*, of offence or supposed injury, arising between persons who are members of the Church. Considering these things, there can be little doubt that our Lord's caution was directed, as Paul's also was, 1 Cor. vi., against carrying litigations before the heathen magistrates, instead of submitting them to arbitration before their co-religionists, as the Jews, and afterwards the Christians, were permitted by the Romans to do. The papal apologists seldom stop to ask what may be the sense of a passage;—to whom, in what circumstances, with what design, it may have been spoken or written? This would be to recognize human reason, that arch-traitor against the Catholic faith. If the sound happens to suit their purpose, that is enough; and on that they ring the changes without ceasing.

But let us suppose that matters of faith are those respecting which we should hear the Church; and that the Church which we must hear and obey, are the ministers of the Christian Church, as successors of the apostles, and endowed with their authority. All we want is some satisfactory, or at least plausible evidence, that the Pope and his clergy compose the Church which is endowed with that authority, and to which, accordingly, we should lend an ear and render submission. This is all we want; furnish this only, and our controversy and resistance cease; we instantly lay down the weapons of our rebellion, and become obedient children of Mother Church,—though, by reason of the taint in our early education, we may never rise, like the Jesuits, to be "a noble army of spiritual warriors" in her behalf.

Father Paul's attempt to answer Dr. Lee's Scriptural argument, is thus, from beginning to end, a *petitio principii*;—he coolly overlooks an elaborate and inductive method of settling the meaning of one passage, and in commenting on several others, he takes for granted the very point he should prove.

We sum up for the present in the words of Father Paul:—

"Again, were the Church to fall into error, what would become of the promises of Christ? of what avail to her would be the abiding with her of the Holy Ghost? Who would point out her errors to her, and lead her back to the path of truth? Are not her pastors now, like the apostles of old, the salt of the earth; and if the salt lose its savour, where-with shall it be salted anew? If the Church can err, she may have erred. She may have long been teaching, and we may have long been

listening to error—and we are bound to listen to it by the command of Christ himself, whose express will is that we ‘hear his Church.’ Now, how absurd would all this be? What sad consequences naturally result from the doctrine that the Church was not, and is not, gifted with the noble attribute of Infallibility! Grant her this gift, and the texts of Scripture relating to her are easily understood, and Christ’s promises to *her*, and his commands to *us*, are easily accounted for: refuse it, and you involve yourself in a maze of difficulties, from which, as from another abyss, there is no redemption.”

Just so, “grant her this gift,” without any proof, just because she asks so very small a favour; and because such “sad consequences naturally result” from denying it. Hard-hearted Protestants, why will you not grant her this?

The succeeding portions of “The Rock” abound with statements which would astound us, unless they came from a Romish priest. For these holy fathers are endowed with hardihood, as with infallibility, *ex officio*. We shall probably draw the attention of our readers to some of these edifying passages on a future occasion.

THE FREE CHURCH TRIED BY HER OWN ARGUMENTS; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE SECESSION, PUSEYISM, AND POPERY.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

THIRD NOTICE.

IN our last Article we disposed of three, out of the four conceivable cases in which restrictive authority, as directed against the Church, can violate the rights of conscience. Under the third, we had occasion to discuss the principle of development, as applicable to divine truth, according to the notion of Tractarianism. The result of this discussion was, that there underlies this theory, a supposed infallibility in the Church. An investigation of the truth of this principle, the assertion of which involves also the fourth or last case of the invasion of conscience before referred to, becomes now the natural course of the argument we are pursuing. In defining that case, it was stated that the Church would suffer wrong in her conscience from the act of the civil power, which restricted her to a specific rule of duty, such as that laid down in the Confession of Faith, if she be infallible in interpreting God’s word, or in deducing the rule of man’s duty from any other source, such as that of tradition or reason. The wrong here mentioned is self-evident, but as the reality of the wrong implies the truth of the claim of infallibility made by the Church, this latter principle deserves to be investigated. In our previous remarks, the assertion, that the truths of God’s word have not been fully revealed to the mind, as well as the assertion that these truths are capable of development, have both been traced to the assertion of the

Church's infallibility; and in this way Tractarianism and Popery have been clearly identified,—for infallibility is the fundamental principle on which the whole fabric of Popery rests. It is generally said that the foundation of Protestantism, is the right of private judgment in interpreting Scripture. A more appropriate one, to our view, would have been that of the Church's fallibility, since the former is only the offshoot from the latter. But whatever may be the true foundation of Protestantism, there is no question that the principle of infallibility is the whole pillar and support of Popery. So much is this the case, that let the advocates of Popery start from any point in the whole sphere of his theology, two steps will bring him to plant his foot on infallibility as his defence. Let him argue, for example, in behalf of Transubstantiation, or Mariolatry, he has just two ways of defending these doctrines of his faith. *1st*, He may assert in behalf of the doctrine in question, some passage of the word of God, and on that passage rest its truth; or, *2d*, he may place it on the authority of his Church. If he do the former, his appeal is to private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture, a mode of argument which subverts his own religion, and places him in collision with all the principles of his own Church. If he do the latter, he of course, in accepting the Church's authority in matters of faith, asserts her infallibility. But the superlative importance of infallibility as the primary dogma of the entire system of Romanism may be shewn in another way,—what are the distinguishing features of the Romanist's creed? They are such as follow, viz. Papal Supremacy, Mariolatry, Saint and Image Worship, Penance, Purgatory, Auricular Confession, Forgiveness of Sins by the Priest, Mass, &c. Now these doctrines, as articles of faith, are not the product of private judgment in interpreting Scripture, or else they must have been doctrines universally professed throughout the world, whereas they are peculiar to the Church of Rome. They are plainly a deduction from such antecedent principles as the following, which are taught by the Church of Rome,—that of faith before reason in the interpretation of Scripture,—of traditions of the Church, super-added to the written word,—of mystic meaning in the word known to the Church.

From these principles, if they be true, the entire religious creed and practices of Romanism* are a very obvious, nay, a necessary consequence. On the other hand, if these principles be assumed, the creed and practices referred to have no better foundation than the invention of man. But while Romanism, as a whole, is thus built on the above principles, it is just as clear that the foundation, whereon these principles themselves stand, must be the Church's infallibility. For how can I admit, or even be required to admit, the existence of a mystic meaning in Scripture, as contradistinguished from that arrived at by reason, or admit that reason in its conclusions needs to be subjected to faith, or give credit to the existence of traditions in the Church, and to their obligation on conscience, without believing, as a prior principle in the mind, the Church's infallibility? To admit these principles as truth, and at the same time to suppose the Church, in her application of these principles to the regulation of human conduct, capable of erring, would be absurd.

It would be to deprive myself of all the attributes of an intelligent being, to cut away the ground of all belief, and to convert myself into a creature who has received from God no rule of action, and who possesses no means of ever arriving at moral certainty. Receiving these principles, therefore, I must, if an intelligent being, have first believed the doctrine of the Church's infallibility. In other words, this assertion is the roof, stem, and pillar of Popery. If it be true, the entire fabric of Popery stands out before us as a legitimate development of it, which cannot be gainsayed. But if the reverse, that fabric, notwithstanding all its *prestige* of antiquity and authority, crumbles into ruins, or rather comes forth in its true aspect as the creation of *man*.

Let it be here observed, for the sake of precision, we are not denying the existence in the Church of the principle of infallibility. It may be, such a principle really exists there, and can be fully and clearly substantiated. Our object hitherto has been, to trace back other principles step by step to this, until we have the conclusion fairly established, that this is the fundamental one, and that the truth or falsehood of Popery as a religious system, is inseparably mixed up with the proof which can be adduced in behalf of the principle before us; and moreover, that no support which Popery can receive from other sources, and that no claim which it can advance on other ground, can make up for a deficiency, if such exist, on the proof of the all-important point before us.

Previously to an examination of that proof, we would take leave to hazard the remark, that many able advocates against the doctrine of Romish infallibility, seem to us to have frequently fallen into a mistake as to the proper ground on which to discuss this and other principles of the Romish Church, if this argument was intended for the conviction of the Popish or Romanist mind. The recent agitation on Popish aggression, which has occurred since this article was first written, have called forth clear and convincing arguments against Romish infallibility from many quarters. Several of these have fallen under our notice, and some by talented ministers of our own Church. Yet it appears to us, that the mode of conducting the argument which has been pursued by some writers, however well calculated to strengthen in Protestant minds the bulwarks of their faith, was not well suited to convince the Romanist of his error, since with such a mind, the simple answer to the most powerful reasoning on the meaning of Scripture, which has been or may be adduced, will be: "These are the reasonings of private judgment, whereas the first principle of my religion teaches me the obligation to receive only the interpretation of Scripture given by the Church, or my spiritual guide." In discussing, therefore, the general principle of infallibility as the real foundation of Popery, it is desirable to handle it only on such grounds as the intelligent Romanist must himself concede, and to deal with it in such a way, as consistently with his own principles it cannot be objected to.

The claim of infallibility, as an attribute of the Church, evidently admits of two ways by which it may be advanced and proved:—*First*, it may be advanced as a truth contained in the Word of God, and clearly discernible there by private judgment, just as other truths are

there stated, such as that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that he rose from the dead on the third day. Now, if this be the nature of the evidence by which infallibility is supported, all question regarding its truth is at an end. It must be admitted by the mind, with all its consequences. In this case, Popery must be true, and Protestantism must be false. On such evidence, however, the universal reason of mankind repudiates the claim of infallibility. Such expressions as "Thou art Peter," &c. may establish this claim, on the recognition of the principle of a mystic meaning in Scripture, *i. e.* on the recognition of the Church's infallibility, which is cognisant of and gives forth that meaning, but unquestionably they do not establish it to those who only recognise the principle of private judgment in interpreting Scripture.

Secondly, This claim may be advanced on the authority of the Church herself, and the proof of it may be found either in the traditions whereof she says she is the depositary, or in the exclusive right she asserts of interpreting the Scriptures for her members universally. But if no other evidence in proof of this claim can be adduced, than that which is furnished by tradition in the hands of the Church, or by Scripture as interpreted by herself, there is no evidence at all, inasmuch as in such an argument there is pre-supposed the truth of the assertion which the argument is adduced to prove. For, in regard to tradition, adduced as the proof of the Church possessing infallibility, how can I believe in the existence of tradition at all, as subsidiary to the written word of God, unless I first believe in the infallibility of the Church, the depositary of these traditions? Tradition, as the word signifies, implies, that part of the truths obligatory on conscience are unwritten, and only exist in the mind of the Church. Now, as private judgment, looking to Scripture, refuses to admit that there is any ground for the belief of such tradition, so the ground for believing their existence must be found, not in Scripture as thus interpreted, but in the infallibility of the Church, which, contrary to private judgment, declares their existence there. Moreover, the transmission or descent of every tradition from one mind to another in the Church, through successive ages, implies not only the faithful preservation of a deposit committed to her, but the exercise of the intellectual faculty as to the deposit itself,—an item in the process which requires infallibility to ensure identity in the truth from one age to another.

A fallible Church may faithfully preserve a deposit committed to her charge, *e. g.* the manuscripts of Scripture, but none except an infallible Church can truthfully apprehend the tradition given to her by a preceding generation, for the purpose of preserving it and handing it down to that which is to follow. This consideration suggests the reason for the Protestant assertion, often regarded by the Romanist as involving gross inconsistency, *viz.* that we receive the Scriptures on the authority of the Church, and yet may reject her traditions, though given to us on the same authority. But these two acts, though apparently similar, are yet entirely different. The one is the act of conscience, the other is the act of judgment. The one may be the act of a fallible, while the other must be the act of an infallible Church. A fallible Church may have faithfully preserved and transmitted the Holy Scriptures, with all the evidence

for their genuineness and authenticity, for this was merely the act of conscience. But it is different with reference to tradition. Here not conscience, but judgment also, was involved. The truth professed to be set forth, not in the permanent certain form of written document, but in the indefinite form in which one mind may choose to express its ideas to another mind. A right perception of the truth presented in such form, involved therefore an act of the judgment, or intelligent faculty. For this reason, to apprehend and transmit truth by tradition, must have required infallibility in the party with whom it was deposited. To prove that the Church is infallible by means of the traditions of the Church is thus impossible, and is a mere example of arguing in a circle, for I do not believe in the existence of such traditions, until I have first satisfied my mind of the existence of the Church's infallibility, as the depository of them.

But, *thirdly*, it is said by Romanists, that the Church is the true and only interpreter of Scripture, and that her interpretations are obligatory on conscience; the consequence of which obviously is, that if the Church declare certain passages of Scripture to express the doctrine of infallibility, such doctrine must be believed. This argument, however, like the preceding, implies the position it is advanced to prove. For if I am bound to believe that certain passages of Scripture, such as "Thou art Peter," &c. declare the infallibility of the Church, while in the exercise of private judgment my mind repudiates such an interpretation of them, it is obvious that this belief of the meaning of Scripture must rest on the antecedent reception by the mind of those principles formerly mentioned, viz. faith before reason, and a mystic sense to be found in Scripture. But no one can possibly believe the truth of such principles, without having previously believed the doctrine of the Church's infallibility. Therefore I bow to the Church's interpretation of the Scripture in preference to my own, just because I believe her to be infallible. This shews that the argument which seeks to establish the Church's infallibility upon her own interpretation of Scripture, is no argument at all. It simply amounts to this. The Church is infallible, because she says that Scripture declares that infallibility,—or, in other words, it assumes infallibility to prove infallibility. One might have supposed, that keeping in view the magnitude of the consequences resulting from the doctrine of infallibility, some better evidence of its truth, some stronger grounds for receiving it as an article of human belief, could have been advanced, than those which we have found. Standing up before the mind of the enquirer after truth, as the foundation of the entire system of Popery, it yet appears that this doctrine rests its claim for reception on no other basis than simple assertion,—than the mere authority of the party advancing it; and that if I ask the question, Why am I to believe that infallibility, in other words, that *Popery* is true? the only answer that can be given to me is this, You are to believe it, because we, the Church, tell you that it is so.

Let us analyze the fundamental principle of such a mode of enforcing truth. In the above answer, it is plain that the truth is established on the authority of the party who teaches it, and that it is not a conclu-

sion arising in the mind of the party to whom it is taught. The former may have grounds of conviction for the truth of what he advances; the latter has no grounds of such conviction but the authority of the mind which speaks to him. In the case of both, there must, therefore, be the recognition of the following principle:—"That man's obligation to faith in a divine message arises, not from the state of his own mind towards the message as divine, but from the state of mind towards it of him who delivers it. If he who speaks to me believes that he delivers a divine message, and tells me so, I am bound to receive it as such, whatever may be my own judgment of its character, or of the evidence by which it is supported. His state of mind, and not mine, is the test of its truth. Such is the fundamental assertion of Popery, and one more unreasonable was never conceived or advanced. It is contradicted by Scripture in every page. And in appealing here to the private judgment of Scripture, we are entitled to carry the Romanist along with us, because we have shewn that his right to look to his church as the infallible interpreter of Scripture, must depend on the truth or falsehood of the principle before us, *i.e.*, on its being discovered by private judgment in Scripture. But so utterly inconsistent is it with the word of God, that the entire defence of Protestantism may be risked on the power of Romanists to produce a single instance from this divine source, of their principle of belief. The Bible may be regarded as coming to man with two distinct aims and designs,—1st, to prove its own divine origin; and, 2d, to communicate a divine message to the mind. But in no case do we find the messengers of God's will to man setting forth their message, without affording evidence of their commission to do so. On the other hand, they first afforded proof that God had sent them, and then enunciated the truth with which they were entrusted—that is to say, they first established between themselves and their hearers an identical state of mind as to the origin of the message about to be communicated, and then delivered their message. Thus they rested the obligation to faith, not on their own state of mind, but on that of those whom they addressed. Had they done otherwise, they never could have charged their hearers with guilt in refusing, as was often the case, to obey God. From the very first this principle was recognized by Moses. He never required the Israelites to hear him, till he had proved to them that he came from God. It was the same with Elijah, and with all the prophets; nay, with the writers equally of both Testaments. Our Saviour's language, in corroboration of the view stated by us, is most express. Reasoning with the Jews on the subject of his own divine commission, he refers them to the proof he had afforded of this commission in the miraculous works he had performed; and he requires their belief in him, not on the ground of his own assertion that he came from God, but on the plain evidence by which he proved that he did so: "And if ye believe not me, yet believe the works," John x. 38. By the works he did, Christ established an identical state of mind between himself and his hearers, as to his divine commission and authority to deliver the will of God; and so, by claiming men's belief on the ground of his miraculous works, he shews that the obligation to faith on man's part is his own state of mind towards the message delivered to him, and not the state of mind of the

messenger of truth. His language, in the plainest manner, thus contradicts the principle of Popery. A similar argument might be raised up from many other passages of scripture, such as John xx. 31, Acts xvii. 11, 1 Thess. ii. 13. And, indeed, it were unreasonable to suppose inspired writers acting on a different principle. For how could they, without overturning every ground of rational belief, and introducing in its place irrational credulity, require men to receive as a revelation from God what they had not proved to be such? How could they demand submission to their message as divine, unless they shewed that it was divine, by removing the doubts of their hearers' minds as to their own commission to deliver it—that is to say, unless they established an identical state of mind betwixt the speaker and the hearer, as to the origin and authority of the message offered for reception? It would be easy to trace the Popish principle before us down to its final root, and to shew still further the dangerous and unholy consequences involved in it. If man's obligation to faith—*i. e.*, to receive and obey the message offered to him as truth, be not his own state of mind towards it as believing that it comes from God, but the state of mind of those who offer it to him, this principle establishes, as the rule of man's duty to God, not truth but authority. It consequently overturns the moral government of God, converting it into the mere despotic exercise of irresistible and absolute power; and it denudes the Almighty of his moral character as a God of truth and righteousness, leaving him no longer a being to be loved because conscience feels his government to be right, but only as a being to be obeyed, because he has said, "Thus shall it be." One step farther in this downward process, will bring us to the foundation of the column. If authority, and not truth, be the rule established in the universe to regulate the conduct of intelligent beings; and if the simple fiat of the Almighty is to be obeyed because he commands, and not because the mind and conscience must declare his command to be holy, just, and good, then despotic power must be the law which governs man; moral motives are excluded from his conduct; his acts are not acts of volition, and consequently he is not a responsible or free agent. Thus the old question of the freedom or necessity of the will may be said to be at the bottom of the entire superstructure, whose figure and proportions we have been endeavouring to analyze. But though the argument by which a principle of infallibility in the Church has been supported by Romanists be wholly undeserving of regard, and one which is so far from establishing truth that it leads to the subversion of all religion, it does not follow from this that infallibility has never existed, or cannot be proved. On the other hand, as we have already asserted, the entire religion of the Bible, from the original nucleus of it received by our first parents at the fall, has been developed by infallibility. But that infallibility was clearly established by every one who laid claim to it as a teacher of divine truth. The authors of the Holy Scriptures established their claim to infallibility; or, in other words, their right to be listened to as messengers of truth, by the divine powers wherewith their commission was sealed. Their miracles and prophecies testified who had sent them. Every claimant of infallibility in Scripture laid before the world this sure test

of his claim, and to every message delivered by him to men was attached this seal of its divinity—a seal, the stamp of which was suspended on his own arm, or on the arm of him who put the words of God in his mouth. If there exist in the Church of Rome, as its defenders assert, a principle of infallibility, by which she is enabled authoritatively to declare the rule of faith and practice, it is thus that its existence must be proved. Conjoined with the authority of declaring truth to others, there must exist the power of divinity to prove it to be truth, and every exercise of the former must be countersigned by the latter. Moreover, as the infallible teachers of Scripture gave proofs of their commission in miracles and prophecies, plain and simple in their nature, level to the capacities and done before the senses of men—proofs that bare the closest investigation, and were subjected to a scrutiny which excluded the possibility of deception, so the proofs given of infallibility still must be capable of passing the same ordeal. Externally in the powers he exercises, internally in the doctrine he teaches, the claimant of infallibility, so long as he asserts this claim, must shew that he is the messenger of God,—must vindicate to the light of reason, and to the bar of private judgment, the commission from on high he professes to bear in his hand, or else he fails in shewing that the truth of his message is identical with the truth of Scripture, or in proving the obligation of men to receive it as such. Until Popery thus attest the infallibility to which, as a church, it lays claim, the structure built on that infallibility can only be regarded as a huge invention of man—an invention devised for the purpose of “deceiving the nations.” The demand which Popery makes, that men should receive the system which it represents as identical with the truth of apostolical Christianity, founded, as that system is, on an alleged but unproven infallibility, is only the demand of audacity, presuming on the ignorance of mankind. The concession of its claim is but the concession of ignorant credulity to arrogant demand—to a demand which nothing but that credulity hinders from being stigmatized by its proper name, and from being represented in its true colours. The truth, however, is, that few even of those who assume the character of being advocates and defenders of Romanism understand their own system aright, or thoroughly master their own principles. Were they capable of doing so, they would not attempt, as they often do, to vindicate their religion on principles, and by a mode of argument, subversive of all that it is or claims to be regarded. Popery, as a system, is capable of no defence, and does not admit of argument in support of its doctrines or institutions; for Popery is infallibility. But the first appeal that infallibility makes to reason or Scripture in behalf of what is inculcated by it, is an appeal to private judgment—an appeal by which the whole fabric is crumbled to atoms. Who ever heard of an apostle appealing to any other quarter than to his own commission, for the truth of the dogmatic statements made by him? He may have appealed to reason or Scripture when he stood in the attitude of an expounder of revealed truth; but when he occupied the high ground of revealing truth previously unknown, whether as an article of faith or a rule of practice, he appealed to no authority but his own divine commission; he afforded no other ground of belief to the

mind but that of his own infallibility. He simply said, "If any man confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, this is a deceiver and antichrist;" and of him who repudiated the doctrine thus taught him, the apostolic sentence simply was, "Let him be anathema maranatha." Popery may appeal, if it choose the risk, to reason or Scripture, that it possesses the attribute of infallibility, but, in reference to its peculiar doctrines, forms, or practices, thus declared and enjoined on men, it can make no such appeal. Their truth or falsehood can admit of no argument or demonstration from Scripture. They stand or fall, like apostolic statements, on the authority which has declared them.

Were we here called on to account for the origin, progress, and success of Popery in the world, it seems an investigation capable of solution on the plainest principles of human nature. When infallibility, the root of the whole system, really existed in the Church, we can easily guess the wonder and admiration which it excited, the power and influence over others which the exercise of those miraculous gifts by which it was sealed, enabled it to attain, and, finally, the covetous desires in the hearts of ambitious men, which the sight of those powers awakened. Simon Magus could not have been the only one among the professors of Christianity, who would have bought the gifts of the Spirit with money, for the sake of that influence over the minds of others, which a belief of being in direct communication with heaven never yet has failed to secure in the world. The love of power, therefore, in the hearts of ambitious pastors of the Church, for all who bore that office have not been Christian men, is one principle in our nature, which, in every age of the Church, would raise up claimants for infallibility, long after the reality had ceased, and which, as time and circumstances favoured its development, might easily become swelled into that vast superstition of Romanism, in whose very vastness are hidden in great measure from view the root and origin of its own growth—we say the love of power in the human heart will easily account for all that has grown up out of the spurious claim of infallibility. But how do we account for the concession of this claim, a claim so palpably unreasonable and unscriptural? and how do we account for the success of that false religion which has sprung out of it? This is to be traced to another principle in our nature, viz., that dreadful sense of responsibility to God, and that instinctive desire inseparable from a guilty mind, to shake off that responsibility which all men feel, and by which they are overawed. Account for it how we may, there is in the soul an instinctive terror of God, a sense of dread, which hangs as a burden on the heart, and fills it with dismay at the thoughts of meeting with him. How to deal with this uneasy sense of God which mars its present happiness, is the great problem of the human heart. Two modes of solution naturally present themselves, first to deny God's existence, which is the infidel's mode of treating it; secondly, to shift the burden of its responsibility away from itself, which is that desiderated by the great bulk of mankind. Now, this is precisely the effect produced by a reception of the system of Popery. Asserting a claim to infallibility, handed down in the Church since the days of the Apostles, the acknowledged depositaries of it,—coming with a priesthood, who, in

virtue of that infallibility which is asserted to dwell in some part of their Head, offer to stand between the soul and God, profess to exercise an all-powerful authority with heaven, to give meritorious efficacy to works within human compass, and to remove every difficulty between the guilty soul and the hope of eternal happiness, Popery thus removes from the soul the dread sense of its responsibility to God, or renders it a burden easy to be borne. Coming with these high professions to ignorant and credulous guilt—to guilt which makes the heart liable and willing to be deceived, what wonder is it that Popery should have been successful in the world! yea, rather, what wonder would it have been if Popery had not been successful! Popery is, in truth, the religion adapted to human nature—the religion which at once commends itself to the inward cravings of the soul—the religion which offers so practicable a solution of the problem of the human heart, by removing ‘the sting from man’s sense of guilt before God, and laying the burden of transacting with God for that guilt, on the very party, (the Church, or rather the priesthood,) which, from the pretensions it lays claim to, seems so capable of bearing it. Popery thus deals with the fundamental principles of the mind of man, and this is the secret of its success, past, present, and, it may be, to come. Against this success, legislation, nay even intelligence itself, will oftentimes present but a feeble barrier. Legislation may, indeed, cripple the efforts of Popery, as duty may sometimes call it to do, or it may help to diminish some of those circumstances which favour its advance; but legislation cannot change the principles of the human heart, which make it stand overawed in the presence of God, and anxiously seek a relief to its terrors, even in the reception of pretensions, however spurious, which profess to make its burden tolerable. Before this craving of the human soul, intelligence itself will often be brought to yield. For the intelligent, as well as the ignorant mind, feels the dread consciousness of guilt, and this very consciousness may weaken its power of discernment, in the earnestness of its desire for a remedy. How fallacious a guide reason is in matters, where it is both the interest and desire of the heart to be deceived, needs not to be noticed. The more clearly that a man sees his responsibility and guilt before God, the more likely it is, that in ignorance of the true balm for the spiritual evils of the soul, he may, notwithstanding his intelligence in other things, fall in with the specious claims and offers of Popery, affording, as they seem to do, a resting place for the soul in its disquiet.

There is but one antidote for the success of Popery in the world, consistent with the principles of the human heart, which is, that the love of power and influence in those who rule in the Church should give place to the love of Christ, and that faith in the priesthood of man should yield to reliance on the priesthood of Christ. Till the doctrine of the cross be held up throughout the world as the divinely appointed remedy for human guilt, and till the guilty soul, in its uneasy and restless searchings after peace with God, learn through grace to look to Jesus alone, the spirit of Popery, and, it may be, its naked forms, will ever prove a welcome and a cherished haven. The amount and the aspect of Popery which prevails, may advance or recede, be deepened or lessened in colour, as outward circum-

stances may dictate. Here, there may be the Puseyite aspect of church forms and ordinances canonically administered, and of religious customs, sanctioned by antiquity, as the certain way to happiness—there, may be the grosser figure of a priesthood claiming to be infallible, of a people bowing before that priesthood to receive or be denied the blessings of heaven, as the all-powerful key in the priesthood's hand is held out or withdrawn—of a people degraded in superstition, sunk in moral energy, and incapable of action, except under the powerful stimulus of external dictation. But whatever may be the outward aspect, the latent principle in the image is the same—we trace throughout the shrinking of a guilty soul from a sense of its own responsibility—we see its inward craving for something placed between it and God—we behold its secret desire for some one to assume the character of mediator, who may stand in the soul's place, and transacting in his own name before the Almighty, may yet leave room for the reward of heaven on such terms as man is able and willing to pay. If denied through ignorance, or blind through prejudice, to the true light which alone can lead to God, this restless desire of the soul will take refuge in the false, and credulity will ascribe to empty forms and arrogant pretensions that secret power which of right belongs only to the truth as it is in Jesus. Popery holds forth a priesthood exercising the office of mediation with God. Thus it affords a panacea to the fears of the soul. This is the secret of its power, the true reason why infallibility has not been long ago scouted from the world as the bugbear of children,—why that monstrous structure of superstitious form and human addition to divine truth, built upon it, has been tolerated, received, and worshipped. The wickedness of men's hearts made them the enemies of the cross, the true restorative of their spiritual maladies, and God gave them over to believe a lie.

The investigation which we have now concluded respecting Puseyism and Popery, has been extended farther, and been pursued with a greater degree of minuteness, than was at all necessary for the scope of the argument which brought them under discussion. But as the fundamental principles of these religious systems lay across our path, and as questions relative to them are, from the aspect of the times, of paramount importance, it seemed but a necessary tribute which we were bound to pay to the cause of pure scriptural religion, to endeavour to ascertain what regard is really due to the pleas put forth in their behalf, and what weight is to be attached to the fact, that conscientious and intelligent men have of late been leaving the ranks of Protestantism, to become the adherents of systems so hostile to its claims. The conclusion to which we have been brought, obtained, as we conceive, from a fair and logical investigation of the premises, is, that neither Puseyism nor Popery can advance any argument in its own favour which will stand the light of reason,—and that misconception of those principles by which truth must be vindicated to the mind, can be the only justification of those who advocate its claims.

In our next article we will return to the course of our argument on the principles of the Free Church, from which this long digression on Puseyism and Popery has separated us. In this, our concluding article,

we will be at issue with Dr. Buchanan in reference to the rule of Scriptural truth obligatory on the Church.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY A COUNTRY MINISTER.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN my last communication I took a general survey of the building, and indulged in such reflections as were naturally awakened by a spectacle so splendid in itself, and so significant in its bearings upon the temporal and spiritual welfare of man. The electric telegraph was specially signalized as a mysterious pathway on which the messages of peace are to be borne to the uttermost ends of the earth ; so that a glorious light may arise to them that sit in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. The net-work of electric wires will be as a system of irrigation in the desert. They will be channels of refreshing spiritual influences, which will so transform this sterile sin-stricken world, that the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. I compared the system of electric wires to the nervous system of man. And certainly the points of similarity are very striking. Indeed, the materialist would have us believe that the brain is only a galvanic battery, and the nerves only so many conducting wires. He has, however, been by no means able to prove this ; and though he did prove that every voluntary act was accompanied by an electric influence through the nerves, the point at which he aims would not be established. It would by no means be proved that volition is merely a material phenomenon. However far we may trace back the material links, we shall always be stopped by a vast chasm between the last link and the mind itself. Not the slightest approximation has been made to resolve mind into matter. Progress may be made in shewing the wonderful correlation between mind and matter ; but no step will ever be made towards the proof of their identity,—at least all past researches in physiology have made no advance in this last direction. There are some minds, however, incapable of understanding the distinction between identity and mere correlation ; and we see this in the usual materialistic arguments employed to prove that mind is only one of the properties of matter. For example, in the recent production of Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau, their whole atheistic superstructure is reared on the basis of correlation being equivalent to identity.

Apart, however, from materialistic speculations, there is a similarity between the electric wires and the nervous system which must strike the most unobservant. The strong analogy presented itself most forcibly to my mind, when examining one of the plans exhibited as suitable for the submarine telegraph. The problem presented by the case of the

submarine telegraph is this :—The wires must be thoroughly insulated and protected, while the rope must be strong and perfectly flexible. In regard to strength and flexibility, this is precisely the problem solved in the human frame. The conducting nerves require to be led down from the brain through a flexible canal, which yet must possess sufficient strength to sustain the whole frame. This is effected by the vertebræ, which are so joined to one another, that they form a canal, while they freely move on one another. In the above arrangement for the submarine telegraph, this plan of the vertebræ is imitated ; the rope presents very much the appearance of vertebræ. A bundle of conducting wires is first formed, then, to protect them, large balls or rather beads are strung upon them ; so that the rope that is laid at the bottom of the sea, is just a string of iron beads. These are, of course, intended solely for the protection of the enclosed wires from injury. For the more perfect protection, the balls are not a perfect sphere, but are made so as to fit into one another, and make a ball and socket joint, as in the human vertebræ.

But the resemblance to the human system does not cease here. We find that the nerves appear to be insulated and bound up in fasciculi, exactly as in the case of the wires. In the nervous system, for example, the ultimate fibre seems to consist of a cylinder composed of three layers. The innermost is the nerve axis, and seems to be the essential element of the nerve,—that which conducts the nervous influence from the brain, or appropriate ganglia to the periphery of the nervous system. Then there is a layer of the white substance of Schwann, and this is again covered by a transparent membrane. These two layers appear to serve only as insulators. We have a precisely similar arrangement in the electric wire. The copper wire, about the size of a common bell-wire, is the essential part. Its office is to conduct the electric influence from the galvanic battery round the requisite circuit. But this copper wire requires to be insulated, so that the power which it conveys may not be dissipated. This is done by casing it in gutta percha, which forms the best possible insulator, and corresponds to the white substance of Schwann. The gutta percha is then covered by a tarred hempen rope which is wound round it. This corresponds to the enclosing membrane in the nerve. Again, the nerves are bound up in bundles, and covered by the neurilemma or nerve sheath. In like manner, the various wires, insulated as above, are bound up in one whole, being covered with tarred hempen twine. And, lastly, as the vertebræ are strung upon the spinal chord to protect it, so the iron beads already mentioned are, for the same purpose, strung upon the compound electric rope. The analogies shewn here may appear fanciful, but granting that they are so, they are useful, if for nothing more, as an aid to memory.

I might trace the analogy further, if I adopted the conclusions of physiologists in regard to the various functions of the nervous system. They divide the matter of the nervous system into two kinds, the white and the grey. These two substances are very distinct in their texture. The grey is vesicular, and the white is fibrous, the fibres forming the nerves proper. The function of the grey is supposed to be the generating of the power, and corresponds to the plates of metal in the galvanic battery.

The white fibres are supposed to be the mere conductors of the power to the various parts of the body, corresponding to the wires in the electric telegraph. In the brain proper, the grey forms the exterior part next the skull. In the spinal chord, we have also the white and grey matter, so that it is supposed to be to a certain extent the centre of independent action—the grey generating the power, which is conveyed to the distant parts by the white fibrous nerves. The various ganglia corresponding to various animal functions, are regarded as independent centres of action, each ganglion consisting of grey generating matter, and of white fibres radiating from it. Phrenology is now defunct among the higher class men of science, if, indeed, it ever gained much acceptance with such. The Ganglionic theory is now taking its place. It is far more plausible, and proceeds, for the establishment of its truths, on a regular inductive basis: it shuns the miserable empiricism of the *quasi* science of phrenology. There is no study more interesting than physiology, as its territory lies on the boundary line between mind and matter. It is one of those fields of research that ought to be diligently watched, in order to check the advance of a deadly materialism. We do not by any means dread the advances of physiology. We believe that not the slightest approximation has been made to the resolution of mind into matter. But we believe that most plausible facts may be drawn from physiology, in order to establish such a resolution. The physiologist usually studies human nature from its physical side, and he consequently has a tendency to explain everything by mere physical conformation, and physical conditions. One is often constrained to smile at the dogmatic simplicity with which the most eminent physiologists endeavour to explain the most recondite phenomena of mind by physical, Ganglionic relations. For example, the commissures uniting various parts of the brain are held as a sufficient explanation of the links that bind the mental faculties together, and of the unity of the mind. I firmly believe that religion will gain by every advance that is made to shew the minute adaptation of the brain to the mind as its appropriate instrument; but I at the same time hold, that there is great danger of every fresh adaptation being hailed by the materialist as the triumph of his principles. For this reason, it is all-important that the moralist and the theologian should keep a strict watch over this field of inquiry. Some of the eminent physiologists whose conclusions we dissent from, are by no means professed materialists, but from the inevitable bias of the phase of human nature which they exclusively study, they are inclined to adopt views far too favourable for the position of the materialists.

In the north-west gallery of the Exhibition, there was a vast variety of contrivances for electric communication. I often paused to contemplate the various kinds of apparatus, and had opportunity of ascertaining whether the crowds that were constantly inspecting them really understood the principle of action; I found that the great mass gazed in hopeless stupor, bewildered by the complication of wires, and the apparatus for signals. There was a general wish to understand this modern marvel, but there was as general an idea that it was beyond the comprehension of the vulgar. Now, there is nothing more simple than the prin-

ciple of the electric telegraph, and its arrangements are level to the lowest comprehension. The mysterious power, put in action is, indeed, beyond man's comprehension, but the mechanical arrangements necessary for the regulating of that power are very intelligible. When examining any piece of machinery merely for the purpose of mental gratification, the great aim should be, to fix the mind upon the essential principle of the machine under consideration. The essential principle may be in itself very simple, while the machinery necessary to practical use may be very complicated. Now, the mind is often bewildered by the unessential mechanism, so that the task of mastering the principle of the machine may be given up as hopeless. In all applications of power to manufacturing purposes, and in the various methods by which natural agencies are rendered available as moving powers, there must always be mechanical principles brought into operation common to all machines, and these may be overlooked except by the practical man, when examining any new principle that may be introduced. A great deal must be taken as granted; and instead of tracing minutely every wheel and pinion, attention may be at once fixed on the peculiar features of the machine, which constitute its claim to our attention. The practical mechanic, when exhibiting any contrivance to a stranger, is too apt to bewilder the mind with unessential details. His own mind is most occupied with the practical working of the machine, and he knows how important for this purpose the minutest details are; and he consequently is not accustomed to isolate the essential principle from the common mechanical principles necessary to bring the principle into active operation.

But to return to the electric telegraph;—if we are content to know merely the essential conditions, or principle of the contrivance, there can be no difficulty in understanding it. Take a penny and a half-crown; connect them by means of a flexible wire, and dip them without touching each other into a glass of water, and you have all the essential elements of a galvanic battery, and of the electric telegraph. You have two dissimilar metals attached to the ends of a wire, and these metals dipped into a liquid, which serves as a conducting medium. The essential condition is that the metals be dissimilar. It is upon the dissimilarity that the action altogether depends. Now there are different grades of dissimilarity in metals in regard to their action. Two plates of the same metals may be regarded as dissimilar if they differ in certain points,—as for example, heat. In electric combinations, the great object is to select metals with the greatest amount of dissimilarity in regard to oxidating power. In the case of the penny and half-crown, there is a dissimilarity, but there would be a far greater if the half-crown was zinc instead of silver. And this is the combination actually employed in practice,—copper and zinc. Besides, some acid is poured into the water, which makes the action more powerful. Still, we have in the penny and half-crown united by a wire, and the glass of water, all that is essential to the idea of the telegraph. But what is the essential requisite in telegraphic communication? It is, that you put in action where you are situated, some cause which will produce its effect at a distance. The domestic bell is a familiar illustration. Seated at the fireside, you pull the bell, and in a distant part of

the house, the effect of this mechanical exertion is felt in the sound produced. You could establish a code of signals, by which the servant might know at once what was wanted. One pull might stand for coals, two for candles, and so on. Or you might go more elaborately to work, and represent the letters of the alphabet, by a certain number of pulls attached to each,—one pull might stand for A, two for B, and so on. The principle of the bell is, however, very limited. The wires would be quite unmanageable if the distance was considerable. If this were not the case, a system of bells between Paris and London would do nearly as well as the submarine telegraph. It would be, however, totally impracticable to work wires by mechanical power at such a distance. The submarine telegraph retains the wires, but substitutes a power totally different. Still the desideratum is fulfilled, that of putting some power in operation which will be felt in its effects at a distance. Now the above apparatus fulfils this condition. We have said that the penny and the half-crown have only to be attached to the ends of a wire, and dipped into a glass of water, in order to complete the apparatus,—but there is no limit to the length of the wire. The wire, after leaving the penny, may go round the globe before it comes back to be attached to the half-crown, still the system holds good. The telegraphic virtue of such an arrangement consists in this, that the wire throughout its whole length has acquired new properties, and can at once be distinguished from an ordinary wire. Suppose then that you have the glass in your hand, you can at will communicate new properties to the wire, though it should be wound round the globe. And how is this done? Just by taking one end of the wire, and touching the penny, the other end being supposed permanently fixed to the half-crown. The instant before you made the contact with the penny, the wire was an ordinary wire; but the instant contact is made, it acquires new properties throughout its whole circuit. Or, to revert to the fundamental principle, you put a cause in action which is felt in its effects at a distance. There is no need, as in the case of the bell, to move the wire throughout its whole length. The wire is only the channel for the mysterious, almost spiritual power, which glides with lightning speed along its whole extent. The moment you break contact with the penny, the wire loses its acquired properties, and returns to its original state. A man, therefore, at the other side of the globe, could, by examining the properties of the wire, tell when you touched the penny, and how often. Consequently, a code of signals could be established, as in the case of the bell, by which you could communicate with one another. One contact with the penny would, for example, stand for A, two and a pause would stand for B, and so on.

The question next arises, what are the acquired properties by which a person on the other side of the globe would discover when you touched the penny with the end of the wire? These properties are various, and most of them have been employed for the purposes of telegraphing. The most common property made use of, however, is that by which the wire deflects a magnetic needle. Suppose the wire does not touch the penny, then if a magnetic needle, free to turn round on its axis, be brought near the wire, no effect will be produced; the needle will still point as before.

Let the end of the wire now touch the penny, and instantly the needle will be deflected or turned to one side. If the needle be placed along and under the wire, it will turn in one direction; if it be placed above, it will turn in the opposite direction. All however that it is essential to keep in view is, that the moment contact is made, the wire throughout its whole course acquires the power of deflecting the needle. You stand in Edinburgh, for example, with the glass in your hand; the wire is carried up to London, and returns in an unbroken circuit to the glass again, and the moment you make the contact, a person watching a magnetic needle placed near the wire in London, at once sees it turn aside. He consequently concludes that you have made one contact. You break the contact, and the needle returns to its natural position. You can then deflect the needle as often as you wish, with suitable pauses. And a code of signals is easily formed, by making so many deflections stand for a letter of the alphabet. This is the system actually used in the telegraphs in this country. The complicated apparatus employed, consists only of mechanical arrangements necessary to facilitate the above operations.

There are several other properties acquired by the wire besides the above. The deflection of the needle is a mechanical effect; and there is another of the same nature which I shall now notice before I come to the chemical ones. If the wire in London be wound round a piece of soft iron, just as thread is wound on a bobbin, the iron acquires a remarkable property. It is converted into a powerful magnet; but the moment contact is broken with the penny, it returns to its original inert state. I have seen several savans supported in a scale by a magnet of this kind,—so powerful was the lifting force exercised by it. A piece of iron placed immediately under such a magnet, would rise and fall with the force of a sledge-hammer, by the mere action of making and breaking contact: A person, therefore, with his magic glass of battery in his hand in Edinburgh, could, by merely manipulating the end of a slender wire, work a sledge-hammer in London: This form of telegraphic power is used when considerable power requires to be exerted. It is employed to work the alarm bell, which is rung when the attendant is called to receive some communication. It is also employed when the message sent is printed.

But besides these two forms of mechanical power, there are chemical properties imparted to the wire. In the above illustrations, the wire is supposed to be perfectly continuous from the time it leaves the battery till it again returns. But the battery will still exert its power, though there be a gap in the wire, if that gap be filled up by some conducting medium. Let the wire be cut at London, and the ends separated; the circuit is at once broken, though there be contact at the battery, and the wire loses its properties. But let a drop of water fill up the gap,—let the ends of the wire touch the drop, and the circuit will be complete as before,—the water affording a pathway for the imprisoned spirit, though not so smooth a one as the metallic wire. But a most singular phenomenon occurs when the drop of water is made part of the circuit. The water is decomposed,—being converted into its constituent elements of oxygen and hydrogen. The mode in which this decompo-

sition is effected, forms one of the most baffling mysteries of science. It presents us with one of the most astounding facts that the whole field of human knowledge presents, and on the right conception of this fact depends the understanding of the mysteries of the electric power. We have said that the water is decomposed when it connects the two ends of the cut wire, and this decomposition is shewn by the oxygen rising at one end, and the hydrogen at the other. But let us confine ourselves to one individual particle of water. It is by this power converted into two atoms, one of oxygen and the other of hydrogen. Now, when we see the one atom rising at one end of the wire, and the other at the opposite end, it is natural to suppose that these two atoms are from the same particle of water, that the electric force has merely torn one particle asunder, and attracted the constituent atoms to their respective poles. This is, however, by no means the case. You might conceive such to be the case in a minute drop of water, but you cannot possibly do so, when, instead of a drop, you have a great body of water; and the electric current freely passes through the largest body of water. However great the space may be between the ends of the wire, the two constituent atoms rise at different ends. It is out of the question to suppose that the one end decomposes a particle of water near it, appropriates one of the atoms, and sends the other atom to the other end. Let us suppose that, instead of a single drop of water, we take the Atlantic Ocean. You dip one end into the European side, and the other into the American side of the ocean, and at that instant an atom of oxygen appears at the one side, and an atom of hydrogen at the other. It is altogether impossible that these atoms should come from the same particle of water. What then is the history of these atoms? The answer to this is satisfactory, but at the same time presents to the mind a most astounding conception. Conceive a long row of men and women ranged in regular alternate order, and suppose that they are linked by pairs arm in arm. This long row gives us a tangible conception of a string of particles of water stretching between the opposite ends of the electric wires; the different sexes of the one row corresponding to the different atoms of oxygen and hydrogen, constituting a particle of water in the other. Let us now suppose that, in the row of human pairs, a man is detached from one end of the row, and a woman from the other, and that the conditions of the question require that there should be no solitary individuals, but that all should be mated. There are evidently two conceivable ways in which the solitary individuals at the ends may be mated. The one solitary extreme may pass along the whole row, and join the other extreme. But there is another way in which the object can be effected, without changing the relative positions. The solitary man at the one end may link himself to the woman next him. She relinquishes at the same time her former partner; but he in turn looks for a partner in the next pair, till there is a change in the pairs throughout the whole line. There has thus been a complete dissolution of copartnery, but there are no individuals unmated. Now this represents precisely what is understood to occur, where chemical decomposition is effected. There is a complete decomposition and recombination going on along the whole line of particles, while the individual constituent atoms are detached one by one at the

ends of the wires. We have conceived the change going on progressively, but it is not so. The force must be conceived as simultaneous throughout. But how unconceivable is it, that such a change should instantaneously occur in a string of particles stretching across the whole Atlantic! The thing is utterly astounding, but there is no other explanation but what labours under far greater difficulties. Some find relief in conceiving a fluid passing along the line of particles; but this really affords no relief, it only makes the matter more complicated and inconceivable. Faraday holds, and his views are now generally received, that we have no warrant to speak of anything but an axis of force as representing the line of electric action. At every point of this axis the force is polar, that is, it pulls in opposite directions. It is by this axis of force that we would explain the decomposition of water, and by which we would also explain all the phenomena of the electric wire. The condition of the electric wire is merely this, that its particles at every point are subjected to the tension of this polar force. He discards the idea of an electric fluid, as inadequate to afford any explanation of this polar action.

Let us now see how the power of decomposition may be applied to telegraphic purposes. We have seen how the electric agency decomposes water, but its power is not confined to water. Other substances in a state of solution are readily decomposed. For example, in the case of soda, the metal *sodium* is rent from the oxygen which rendered the soda a protoxide. Let us now suppose that a slip of paper is dipped in a solution of some substance which does not colour in its compound state, but which contains an element which, if set free, would communicate a tinge to the paper. Let us now suppose that a single thickness of this paper is interposed between the ends of the cut wire in London, then the current will freely pass through it, and decomposing the chemical substance, will leave a spot which stains the paper. The question now is, How can this staining power be applied for the purposes of intercommunication? The plan is a very obvious one. Let the strip of paper be pulled slowly through the ends of the wire which press upon it, and a line will be traced upon the paper. But suppose that at Edinburgh the circuit is broken, or, in other words, the end of the wire detached from the battery,—then there is no line produced while the paper is slowly pulled through. Now, it is plain that a code of signals could easily be agreed upon, by which the letters of the alphabet might be represented by the length of the line traced upon the paper. One inch might stand for A, two inches for B, and so on. The person working the telegraph at Edinburgh would only require to know the rate of movement of the paper at London, and continue the contact accordingly so as to produce lines of the requisite length. This plan of communication is extensively adopted in America.

Among the chemical properties of the galvanic wire must be ranked the production of light and heat. Let us suppose, as before, that the ends of the wire are in contact with the metals of the battery in Edinburgh, and that the circuit of the wire is cut in London. We have said, that if the ends of the cut wire be separated, the current will be stopped,

unless some conducting medium, such as water, be interposed. If, however, the ends be brought very close together, without actually touching, the current will make a violent effort to pass, and in so doing light and heat are produced—the spark bridging over the chasm between the ends of the wire. If gunpowder be placed in contact with the ends of the cut wire, it will be immediately ignited. In this way it is obvious that a person in Edinburgh, by merely touching a metal plate with a wire, may fire off a cannon in London. On the occasion of opening the submarine telegraph, this feat was performed. A cannon on the English side of the Channel was fired off by a person on the French side. At a certain moment previously fixed upon, he touched the battery-plate with his wire, and the cut ends of the wire being placed on the priming of the gun, a spark was produced, and the gun was at that moment discharged. When the battery is strong, the ends of the cut wire may be held at a greater distance, and a brilliant sustained flame will stretch in the form of an arch from the one to the other. In this case, the ends of the wire must be tipped with charcoal. This is the remarkable electric light of which so much was heard some time ago, when it was attempted to apply it to ordinary illuminating purposes. It is the most intense of all artificial lights, but there are practical difficulties which have hitherto prevented it from being brought into practical use.—I have now enumerated the properties of the electric wire which have been made available for telegraphic purposes. The various ingenious patents that have been taken out, are merely mechanical contrivances for bringing these properties into practical operation. In the actual battery, you must conceive your penny and half-crown expanded to plates of copper and zinc of considerable size, and instead of one pair, you must conceive a good many so linked together as to act in combination. Still our miniature battery sufficiently represents in kind, though not in degree, the action brought into play in the electric telegraph.

One would suppose that this wondrous invention, combined with other improved means of intercourse by which time is economised, would be the strongest argument for devoting ungrudgingly to the service of God the seventh part of our time. When, by the mysterious powers which God has placed under man's command, our six days are practically expanded to double the number, surely we have less reason to grudge the rest of the Sabbath; but it would appear as if this economy of time effected by science, was now to be regarded as the strongest argument for denying God's right to his own day. This subject brings me to the consideration of Sabbath observance in London.

One of the days which I spent in London was a Sabbath; and it was a matter of no little anxiety to me, to see how this day was kept in the greatest city of the world. I have always regarded the keeping of the Sabbath as the most important test of a nation's or an individual's spiritual welfare. When a spirit of religious declension begins, the first symptom usually shewn is a disregard of the sacred duties of the Sabbath. Some people affect to despise the sacredness of the Sabbath as a mere mechanical thing, and insist on holiness of heart as far more acceptable to God than any external observance. But it ought to be re-

membered, that in this imperfect state, without such aid—call it mechanical aid if you choose—we could not well rise above the gross secularities of time, and fix our thoughts without distraction upon the great realities of a future world. No doubt it may be said, that every day should be a Sabbath to the Lord, and that we ought to be continually offering up the sacrifices of a holy heart on the altar of God. This is true, but it is plain that the highest forms of devotion could not well live in the world, unless we had the hallowing influence of the Sabbath. The world is ever hemming us round, and ready to intrude its withering influence into our holiest feelings; and had we not the barrier of the Sabbath, we would be ill able to resist its constant invasions. Were we dependent only on an hour or two every day snatched from our worldly avocations, we would have but a slender argument to keep back the world from the sacred circle within which it ought not to intrude. Our weak hearts could not well resist the temptation to push religion into a corner, or extinguish its light altogether. But the Sabbath wonderfully fortifies us against worldly invasions. It affords a clear line of demarcation between the world and the spirit, and it affords less scope for an unholy compromise. It is idle to say that a holy life should be a perpetual Sabbath; for who is it that feels most the need of the Sabbath? who welcomes its returning dawn with the most joyful heart? Is it not the man that walks most closely with his God? Who, within the bounds of a parish, is gladdest when it is said unto him, "Let us go into the house of the Lord?" Is it not the man who, during the past week, breathed most of the spirit of his Lord and Master. So far from this man thinking that he could get on well enough without the Sabbath, he is of all others the most thankful for its blissful, elevating influence.

Of all sights under heaven the most blissful, in my estimation, is that of a rural congregation met within God's house on a Sabbath-morn, to render unto God the homage of their hearts, and listen to the message of salvation spoken by the servant of the Lord. In town congregations there is often too much classification. You have rich, and you have poor congregations—fashionable and unfashionable. And too often there is the carnal excitement of mere popular preaching,—a greater apparent desire to hear something new, than to render unto God the homage of the heart. It may be a mere vain partiality on my part, but the solemnity of a quiet country congregation never ceases to strike me with its superior solemnity. A country congregation has the additional interesting feature, that all the members are well known to each other. All the incidents of their family history may be known for generations back; and, consequently, the idea of a family union is completely realized in the church. In a town of large extent, on the other hand, the members of the congregation may be comparatively strangers to one another—scattered as they are through a wide population. In the country congregation you have all gradations of rank—from the peer in his family-pew to the old deaf pauper in the letter-n, who, after a hard struggle, was compelled, sore against his will, to accept of parochial relief. But you feel that

there is a blessed spirit that pervades the whole, and obliterates the distinction of rank. There is a feeling of common brotherhood in the Lord, that puts them on the same level as candidates for immortality. As travellers towards Zion, the distinctions of time are forgotten, and the humblest peasant assumes the position of the loftiest dignity. What sight more elevating than that of a plain pious congregation, where every look plainly declares that they seek a better country, that is, an heavenly ! But this feeling of equality does not interfere with the ordinary relations of life, when the parties go down to the world on the morrow. The laird does not forget his position when he has to deal with his humbler fellow-worshipper—neither does the peasant neglect to touch his hat as respectfully to the laird, though mingled with a more kindly feeling. It is said of Augustine, that he was once asked what was the first step to heaven ; he answered—humility. He was asked what was the second—the answer was, humility. The third—still humility. The first and last step to heaven, he asserted, was humility. But while I would, with Augustine, magnify the grace of humility, I would not blind myself to the great value of self-respect as an aid to a virtuous and holy life—and you see this self-respect at work when the peasant will have, at whatever cost, his decent broad cloth and his clean linen for the Sabbath. And, dressed in his Sunday's best, you see that he has a self-respect, which it would be both wrong and cruel to quarrel with. Long may Scotland's sons of toil cherish the ambition of their fathers, to appear decently attired in the house of God as regularly as the Sabbath comes round.

I felt the London Sabbath to be very different indeed from the Sabbath with which I had been accustomed among the quiet scenes of nature. No one can have lived amidst such scenes, without feeling the truthfulness of Graham's picture of the Sabbath. All things seem to combine to produce a Sabbath feeling. The sun shines with a milder radiance. The wind moderates its fierceness on the Sabbath. The very birds, though they cease not from their warblings, strike those notes most in unison with your feelings. The solemn stillness of the Sabbath morn makes you feel as if nature paused, to let your inmost soul listen to the still small voice of God. The peasant, as he wends his way along the mountain bridle-road, or the level cultivated valley, has a different mien and gait. The measured walk proclaims that he is bent for the house of God, to lift up his heart with the worshipping assembly.

The usual outward tokens of the return of the blessed Sabbath morn were wanting in the great metropolis. Yet there were tokens, which might be as helpful to a devout mind in sanctifying the day as those which we consider as inseparable from the Sabbath in the country. There was, indeed, the same never-ending tide of people, and the same perpetual rattle of chariot wheels,¹ but it was gratifying to observe that in the great thoroughfares the shops were all shut, and you saw no symptoms of buying and selling. I had a mind to hear Mr. Henry Melvill preach, and therefore set out for the Tower, where he is chaplain, though I afterwards found that he rarely preaches there. In my way thither it was pleasant to hear the many bells and chimes summoning the wor-

shippers to the house of God. The city proper is thickly studded with churches. A great proportion of them were built by Sir Christopher Wren after the great fire of 1666. Church-building, however, has not kept pace with the extension of the city; and there is, in consequence, a great want of accommodation beyond the walls of the ancient city. I was under the guidance of my worthy host, who, though a Wesleyan, kindly volunteered his services to conduct me to the Church of England service in the Tower. He named the various churches as we passed along, and I had a great pleasure in recognizing names that were familiar to me in the religious history of London. I was very much struck by the number of charity-children marching in file along the sides of the streets on their way to church. Each school had its own peculiar garb, but they were all very old-fashioned, especially the head-dresses of the girls. Some are disposed to question whether charity, bestowed in such a form, when the children are removed from the blissful influences of home, is really beneficial, but at all events it is pleasant to observe such abundant proofs of Christian generosity; and well may we rejoice in a faith which can so open the hearts and the purses of the rich to shed down blessings upon the poor.

As I entered within the battlements of the Tower a flood of associations rushed upon my mind, but the most vivid picture that presented itself was the group of holy martyrs—Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and Bradford. In the days of bloody persecution they were imprisoned in a small cell in the Tower, but the holy faith which sustained these men made their prison a little heaven to them. They had the privilege of reading the word of God, and, as the sacred page lay open before them, many were their devout meditations, and many the cheering promises that animated their hearts. I cannot here refrain from quoting the words of good John Fox, the martyrologist:—"The Tower was crowded with prisoners; inasmuch that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford were all put into one chamber, which they were so far from thinking an inconvenience, that, on the contrary, they blessed God for the opportunity of conversing together; reading and comparing the Scriptures, confirming themselves in the true faith, and mutually exhorting each other to constancy in professing it, and patience in suffering for it. Happy society! blessed martyrs! rather to be envied than the purple tyrant, with the sword deep drenched in blood, though encircled with all the pomp and pageantry of power." How little, after all, can persecution do to a Christian! It can fetter and torture his body, but it cannot limit that holy spring of joy which enables him to rise superior to all worldly trouble.

On another occasion, I had an opportunity of examining the many national curiosities in the Tower; and, among the rest, saw some instruments which made my flesh creep. They were instruments of torture destined for the conversion of this land, when the Spanish Armada set sail with hostile intention for our shores. These instruments were taken from some of the captured ships, and they could not be more appropriately placed anywhere than in the Tower, where so many devout men

pined in prison, that we might be delivered from the power which these instruments were designed to establish in this land. Oh, what a mockery it is to confound a religion that deals with the rack, and the boot, and the thumb-screw, with the religion of the holy Jesus, who used only the instrument of love and tender entreaty when he came to seek and to save them that were lost ! When I looked on these fiendish instruments, and contrasted them with the spirit of Christ, I felt how appropriate the term *Antichrist* was to him who put these instruments in requisition to extend his dominion in the world. When I thought of Antichrist once more raising his head audaciously in the midst of us—when I saw the priest with flowing garb sailing along in every part of the Crystal Palace, and in the streets of London—I did feel that we had much need to think more than we do of the prison and the martyrdom of Cranmer and his heroic associates, and of the terrible instruments which they died to rid us from.

But I must return to the services of the sanctuary on the Sabbath morn. The spectacle that presented itself on the esplanade before the chapel jarred much, at least as far as my feelings were concerned, with the solemn duties of the day. It seemed to me very strange to be summoned to hear a message of peace by the warlike flourish of trumpets and the roll of drums. The military band was playing while the soldiers were going through some exercise preparatory to entering into the chapel. It appeared to me that these exercises might surely be dispensed with on such an occasion, but no doubt the authorities satisfied themselves as to the necessity of them. I was somewhat amused by an almost ludicrous illustration of strict adherence to military rule. The soldiers were ordered to march into church, but while the head of the column was making its way in at the door, the rear for a short time did not advance at all. But it would likely be contrary to military rule to suppose one part of a column advancing while another was stationary—the idea of perfect unity being aimed at—for the men in the rear continued to move their feet up and down, representing stationary progression. Nothing, however, could give a better idea of that rigid military discipline which has contributed so largely to the triumph of our armies.

I was disappointed in my expectation of hearing Mr. Melvill preach. I, however, never enjoyed the service of the Church of England more. There was no instrumental music but the singing of the soldiers, and their responses were of so hearty a kind, that it would be a pity to have the effect spoiled by a “kistfull of pipes.” The clergyman who officiated read a simple and well put together sermon, and the strain of his remarks was altogether of an evangelical character. His text was—“Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment ?” His remarks were quite unexceptionable in themselves, but they did not seem to me singularly well timed. It is not enough that a preacher preach the truth, but that the truth be adapted to time and circumstances. It would be hardly a suitable mode of attack, to lecture a miser on the danger of squandering

money—and so, in a lecture to the soldiers, it did not appear to me to be the most suitable line of argument to paint in strong colours the sin of worldly-mindedness in hoarding up money. I should suppose that this is not a sin to which a life-guard's-man is very liable. I saw some of the young gay officers smiling to one another, as if they perfectly agreed with the worthy preacher—and intended to quote his words when they would have next occasion to meet the arguments from home about a diminishing rent-roll. The sermon was not quite twenty minutes long. And the one I heard in the afternoon was precisely a quarter of an hour. I am no advocate for long drier sermons, but this appeared to me considerably too short. Length is a relative term, if we measure it by our feelings. The hour of the ephemeron may, in this sense, be as long as the fourscore years of man. And one sermon may feel to be twice longer than another, though they may be of equal length by the clock. Or, taking another view, a dead congregation will think a sermon to be twice longer than is felt by a congregation with spiritual life. The suitable length of a sermon, in any particular case, will then depend on two factors—the power of the preacher to interest, and the susceptibility of the people to be interested. Surely, if a people can be got to listen to a sermon half an hour, or even a whole hour long, it is preferable to one of a quarter of an hour's length of similar quality. In former days our fathers, perhaps, exceeded in length, but there is greater danger in going to the opposite extreme, in curtailing the services of the sanctuary to suit the demands of a heartless formality. If there is no religious life, a preacher, however much he may curtail, will never come to a minimum that will please—and by this very curtailment he deprives himself of the appointed means of awakening religious life.

In the course of the day I had opportunities of meeting parties setting out on excursions by steam-boat and railway, and parties returning after spending the day in ungodly amusements and recreations. I may be a prejudiced witness, but it did strike me that their aspect gave a woful contradiction to those who advocate such Sunday trips, as beneficial to the health and happiness of the working-classes. The parties I saw returning in the evening from the steamers, wore anything but the aspect of contentment and happiness. They seemed fagged and worn out, and to have anything but an untroubled spirit within. When I compared with these Sabbath-breakers, the humble worshippers of the same class who regularly attended the house of God, I could not have a moment's doubt, from the calm, cheerful, happy aspect of the latter, that they were in the true way of promoting the welfare both of body and mind. Talk of health and recreation! For one that has lost his health by attending the house of God, there are hundreds ruined both as to body and soul, by Sabbath recreation and its attendant evils. When a minister finds a parishioner ruining his health and bringing his wife and family to starvation and misery, is it not most frequently the case that that man is a noted Sabbath-breaker? He has jeered at his pious fellow-parishioners going to the house of God, while he boasted of the superior pleasures of healthful recreation. But he has lived to be a monument of the swift retribution that awaits the hardened Sabbath-breaker.

Though I found the London Sabbath far different from the quiet rural Sabbath with which all my religious feelings were associated, yet I doubt not it presented to the many foreigners visiting the Exhibition, a most favourable contrast to the Sabbath of the Continent. It is to be hoped that many of the more thoughtful foreigners were able to trace the connection between England's Sabbath and England's greatness: for assuredly the Lord is as true to his promise in these latter days as in the days of old: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The Lord hath exalted our nation above all other nations. He has made us to ride in the high places of the earth,—and why? just because we have above all nations honoured his day; because we have devoted it to his service, instead of finding our own pleasure. It is to be hoped, I say, that many were brought to see that a nation's greatness may be made to turn on what they may have hitherto considered a very small matter,—the difference between a day of pleasure and a day of devotion. The accomplished editor of the *Journal des Débats*, who wrote a series of letters on the Crystal Palace, attempted to turn our dull sanctimonious Sabbath into ridicule. He considered it the height of absurdity to have the Exhibition shut on Sabbath, the day above all others he thought it should be open. As an especial favour, he was allowed to visit the Exhibition alone on Sabbath. In walking through it he observed a policeman alone in the vast building, with his whole attention absorbed in reading a book. On going up to him, he found that this book was a hymn-book. It seemed to the Frenchman an excellent joke to read a hymn-book to drive away lassitude. All honour to that good policeman. May God shed down heaven's richest blessings on his head, for this practical rebuke to the brilliant Frenchman.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATION.

SPEECH.—*On the Second Reading of a Bill to Reform and Extend the School Establishment of Scotland.* By LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

SPEECH.—*On a "Vote in Supply" on "Public Education in Great Britain."* By LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

DURING the last session of Parliament, the subject of National Education occupied, as it deserved, a very prominent place in its deliberations. To a question addressed by Lord Melgund to the Head of her Majesty's Government just before the rising of the House, Lord John Russell replied, that Government did not contemplate introducing

any educational measure, as regards Scotland, on the re-assembling of Parliament; while he added, that the subject was one to which their most serious attention would be given.

In consequence of this declaration, there are many, warmly attached to the educational economy of Scotland, who are flattering themselves that her Majesty's Government have come to see the impolicy of disturbing this long-established system; and that they shrink from the responsibility of dealing with it after the manner so lately attempted by Lord Melgund. We should feel very well pleased could we entertain this hope; but, in the meantime, we cannot but regret the vote which Lord John Russell gave on the second reading of the bill for the "Reform and Extension of the School Establishment of Scotland," or altogether divest ourselves of alarm when we look at the speech by which this vote was supported.

The General Assembly, at its late Commission, has adopted a series of resolutions, expressive of the satisfaction felt by the Church at the defeat of Lord Melgund's bill, but at the same time indicative of an apprehension, which we certainly look upon as far from groundless, that hostilities against our parish schools have only been suspended. Had not circumstances prevented any discussion taking place on these resolutions, which were submitted by Dr. Bryce, it would, we think, have been an easy matter to have shewn that, although the obnoxious measure of the member for Greenock has for the time been thrown out—the clouds that have lately overcast our parochial school system are far from being dissipated. The support given to the measure by her Majesty's present Ministers cannot fail to create alarm; and if there are circumstances attending this support that would appear to mitigate its disheartening character and aspect, there are views of the Educational Question, as it regards Scotland, brought forward by Lord John Russell, that appear to us to demand the most serious attention of the Church, and to call upon her to look at this question in the light in which the debate on Lord Melgund's Bill, and especially the speech of the Prime Minister, in supporting its second reading, has now placed it. It cannot fail, we think, to excite surprise, that, in the whole of the discussion which took place at this time, not the remotest allusion should have been made to the solemn "*Testimony, Declaration, and Protest* on the subject of a National Education," put forth by the Assembly 1849, on the prospect of Lord Melgund's Bill being first introduced. It is to be presumed, that Lord John Russell must have been altogether unacquainted with this Act, as the views entertained by the dissenting bodies in Scotland on the question of Education were treated by him with becoming courtesy and respect. But it is extraordinary that neither Mr Forbes Mackenzie nor Sir George Clerk should have alluded to the Act 9. of the Assembly 1849. Looking to this Act, and the terms in which it is expressed, it will be admitted on all hands, that, on the subject of a National Education, "the trumpet" of the Church of Scotland has given forth no "uncertain sound;" and it is scarcely possible to believe that the zealous friends of the existing parochial school system of Scotland could have

been ignorant of its existence. In the proceedings of the last General Assembly, reference was made to certain "Notes" put into the hands of Members of Parliament by a deputation entrusted with making known the Church's views, which "Notes" it might be difficult to reconcile with the principles to which the Church stands pledged by the act 1849, but after the generally condemnatory reception of these "notes" by the Assembly 1851, and the solemnly reiterated declaration of that body, that the Church abides unflinchingly by her "*Testimony, Declaration, and Protest*," we may feel assured, that when the question is again before Parliament, the position so solemnly taken up by the Church of Scotland will not be again cast into the background.

We have already alluded to views, as promulgated in the speech of Lord John Russell, to which we cannot help attaching so much importance, which serve to allay the apprehensions that might otherwise be entertained by the friends of a "godly upbringing of the young." While his Lordship gave his support to the second reading of Lord Melgund's Bill, he guarded himself against being supposed to countenance any system of National Education, from which *religious instruction* should be excluded; in other words, he avowed himself a friend to the "godly upbringing of the young" within the National School, and he found, of course, that provision for this purpose was not at least shut out by the now-defeated Bill of his noble relative. He could not, indeed, maintain that this instruction found a place in that Bill through any *positive* enactment; but his Lordship's inferential reasoning, drawn from its negative, amounted to this, that as the measure did not in words forbid *religious instruction* from being given within the "Reformed and Extended Schools," and was not, in terms, confined to *secular* instruction; and as the pious and Christian temper and habits of the people of Scotland would always demand that religious instruction should be given to their children; it was a measure that did not, at least, shut the door against what his Lordship desiderated, as did the Bill of Mr Fox on an educational measure applicable to England.

It is certainly so far satisfactory that we should be informed of the line of argument likely to be pursued by so high an authority, on the re-introduction of any educational measure for Scotland, as it may lead us to a knowledge of the course of policy that will be pursued. It appears to us, we confess, to savour not a little of the far-fetched reasoning which is not unfrequently resorted to when a foregone conclusion has been come to, and when nearer and more cogent arguments to support it are not exactly at hand. It may, no doubt, be regarded as very honourable to the people of Scotland, and we should be sorry to reject the compliment as altogether undeserved by them. But we need not say that the very progress of Scotland, in manufacturing, mining, and commercial prosperity, has—so far unfortunately—dried up this once one of the most fertile sources of Scotland's reputation as a religious, happy, and contented country; but to which source, notwithstanding, the Prime Minister of England would still entrust so much of her religious progress. Undoubtedly, as the religious and moral deterioration of the Scottish population has been the work of the State through the legislative and fiscal

measures by which it has increased the power and grandeur of the empire, so is it clearly the duty of the State to provide, as far as possible, a remedy for the evils attending the very success of its own policy: And the great question is, what is the remedy to be applied? Not surely, as now seemingly hinted at by Lord John Russell, to trust the *religious instruction* of the rising generation of the manufacturing, mining, and commercial classes to their own parents, legislating only for their better education by the State in the branches of a *secular* knowledge, from their ignorance of which no one will venture to say that the present dangers to social order have chiefly arisen, and their advancement in which may, with comparative safety and assurance, not to speak of good policy, be trusted to their own energies, as the circumstances in which they may be placed by providence may call these energies forth. The measure of Lord Melgund, even as interpreted by Lord John Russell, promised to be anything but successful in attaining the great object which the head of her Majesty's Government has again and again declared that he will not relinquish. It overlooked the fact, that the most formidable obstacle to be encountered in reaching the *religious instruction* of the people, arises from the naturally corrupt aversion of the human heart to the reception of religious truths, and the guidance of religious motives. And it is, moreover, built upon a reasoning that is altogether suicidal; as it first assumes that the existing demoralization and crime now threatening the very existence of social order, has arisen from the inability of parents, unassisted by the State, to bring up their children after a "godly manner," and yet argues, that this duty ought to be laid upon them. In what manner Lord John Russell would have dealt with this Bill in committee, in order to guard it against ever becoming an instrument by which the population of Scotland might be shut out from all *religious instruction*, and in this manner an inlet to the most fearful evils that can overtake a country, we have not enjoyed the opportunity of knowing. That opportunity may, however, soon occur. It has been admitted by Lord John Russell himself, that such an instrument the Bill might become, in the hands of a parochial committee inclined to wield it for this purpose; but relying, as we have seen, on the pious feelings and habits of the people of Scotland, he regards such an occurrence as next to impossible. It is the province, however, of all sound legislation, to provide against all possible evils, not to leave such doors as these open to their entrance. In the meantime, his Lordship's speech on the second reading of the Bill, to which he gave his support, is otherwise pregnant with instruction and warning, demanding from the Church of Scotland the most serious attention; and we feel that we shall be doing good service to the cause in which she is now engaged, if we direct attention to some of the views on the Education Question as touching on Scotland, contained in this speech. Our limits will not permit us to do that justice to the subject which it deserves; but if we succeed in warning the Church of some of the dangers that are before her, we shall have attained one great object in our view.

In the speech to which we are now attaching so much importance, and which we cannot help regarding as intended to indicate his views on

the Educational Question, as it refers to Scotland, Lord John Russell has asked—why the three great religious bodies, into which Scotland is now divided, “should not unite together, both in establishing and regulating the schools of a national system?” The view of this subject, involved in this question, will demand the most serious attention from the Church of Scotland when the matter is again taken up in Parliament. We must take leave, in the mean time, to say, that it indicates a very alarming disposition to desert the foundation, on which at this moment rest both the ecclesiastical and educational politics of this country, while it has an air of an *ad captandum* liberality about it, likely to gain over those who do not look deeper into the question, and may affect to look at it from what they will call a *Catholic* point of view. It opens the door, however—and it may be yet in time—to the removal of misapprehensions, in which his Lordship appears, among others, largely to partake, as to the real position of these bodies to one another. These misapprehensions come out in full relief, in what he is reported to have said in addressing himself to this particular view of the subject, that “although the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church differed from the Established Church, they did not differ from it in any matter in which it was necessary to teach the children in these schools.” And in still farther illustration he added, that “the Free Church differed from the Established solely upon the point of patronage.”

We shall first notice the ground here taken up in regard to the Free Church, and the view seemingly entertained of the position in which it stands to the Established. The point of “patronage,” in which alone it is said that the Free and the Established differ, is precisely the point on which those who now constitute the former always approached so near to the latter, that, had this been the sole ground of difference, Her Majesty’s Government would have had no Free Church to perplex them in their educational policy towards Scotland. It is forgotten, that the point of “patronage” was distinctly surrendered by the Non-Intrusionists, when they acquiesced in the bill introduced in those days by the late Duke of Argyll; and that the argument founded on the act of Queen Anne 1711 having been an invasion of Christian rights, and a breach of the Revolution Settlement, was thus relinquished by them as untenable alike on statutory law and Christian principle. After the prominent part taken by Lord John Russell during the non-intrusion controversy, we are certainly surprised that he should have so completely overlooked the fact, that the question of patronage merged in the far more important question of *spiritual independence*; and that the Established Church, in acknowledging the jurisdiction claimed and exercised by the civil courts in the cases of *Auchterarder* and *Strathbogie*, had, in the language of a distinguished Non-Intrusionist of these days, ceased to be “a Church of Christ at all,” having cast off its allegiance to the Great Head in heaven, and acknowledged a supremacy in the Court of Session as antichristian as that of the Pope of Rome himself. How far this creed is still maintained within the Free Church, we cannot take upon us to say.—It is fair, however, to state, that practically the Free Churchman and the Established are frequently found on the same platform advocating the

same great Christian objects. And we are not only willing, but happy, to give Lord John Russell the advantage of this fact, in supporting the views which he appears to take of their relative position, in opening a door to the adjustment of the educational question. We are not, therefore, so much astonished that, represented as these "religious bodies" must have no doubt been, he should see no reason why they should not unite together, as he says, in "establishing schools, appointing schoolmasters, and regulating the schools." But let the great and fundamental tenet, as respects the Established Church, on which we have shown that the late secession from its communion was rested, be taken into view in conjunction with his Lordship's declaration, that the "reformed and extended schools" are to be the channels of conveying *religious instruction* to the young, and let it be regarded as one that still finds a place in the creed of the Free Church, and we think we may safely leave it to his Lordship to pronounce on the practicability of what, without regard to this tenet, he seems to think so easy, and which, it must be admitted, when so regarded, appears to present very few difficulties. We are bound, indeed, to acknowledge that *Dr. Candlish*—whom we have no hesitation in quoting, as the highest authority on Free Church views of education—has declared, like Lord John Russell, that he knows no reason why the Three great Presbyterian Bodies in Scotland should not, as he also expresses it, unite together in establishing schools, appointing schoolmasters, and regulating the education to be given. Now, so far as this indicates a desertion of the ground occupied in 1843, and recognizes that in the very important duty of bringing up the young in a "godly" manner, the Established Church may be trusted as "a Church of Christ," we are most ready to hail it with delight. When it is thus admitted that the pastors of both churches may unite in looking after "the lambs of the flock," may we not hope that the gulf, which separates the National from the Free Church, in so far as the *religious instruction* of the old is concerned, may still farther be narrowed? May we not look for the interdict against the parent entering the parish church being removed, which was imposed by some of the leading ministers of the Free Church, in their examination before the Sites Committee of the House of Commons? And may we not expect that the sentence, then pronounced by the most eminent and distinguished of their number, that the Church of Scotland, from a "moral nuisance" had become a "moral nullity," will be at length withdrawn; when the sentence, that once stood against the parish schools, of being "godless institutions," and that from the mouth of the living leader of the Free Church, will be disavowed, as a "buried speech;" when the road, in short, will be fully opened up for the "sheep" who have wandered from the national "fold" being brought back to the Church of their fathers; and when, in this most desirable manner, one of the three great Presbyterian bodies, whose existence, it seems, must at present enter into and perplex the educational problem, may be taken out of the way?

But Lord John Russell, in his speech on Lord Melgund's bill, also anticipates an agreement in the educational question on the part of another of the three great bodies, into which—somewhat arbitrarily, we

think—he was pleased to divide Scotland,—we mean, the United Presbyterian Church. And his Lordship evidently contemplates basing any educational measure for Scotland—should he ever propose one—with a reference to the place and interests of this body in the great national question. There certainly was a time, and that but lately, when this highly respectable and influential body presented fewer difficulties than they now do in the way of solving this all-important problem. But the United Presbyterian Church has within these twenty years altogether changed the ground on which they once stood in common with the Established Church. Is his Lordship aware, that the vast majority of this Church have become *Voluntaries*, and have shut the door, at once and on principle, on any such educational system as that to which alone he will assent? They hold it to be contrary to Scripture rule and precept in the State, to provide in any shape for the endowment and support of a *religious instruction* to its subjects, whether afforded within the Church or within the School; and equally so in any religious body to accept of it. They are quite willing to take State assistance for a *secular education*, but when his Lordship has, in effect, declared that such will not be given, where State assistance is not also afforded and accepted for *religious instruction*, there certainly appears but little room in this quarter for union with the Established Church. So firm and consistent is the United Presbyterian Church in maintaining these principles, that we believe, with one solitary exception, all the schools now in connection with the body have refrained from partaking in the grant at the disposal of the Privy-Council committee on education, even although that grant may be regarded as a voluntary donation, not a State-endowment! Until, therefore, the United Presbyterian Church relinquish tenets now so strenuously upheld, her co-operation in any educational system, such as his Lordship says can alone receive his sanction, seems altogether impossible.

Looking, therefore, to the obstacles in the way of such an union for educational purposes in Scotland, Lord John Russell seems to contemplate as possible, whether they are found in the *Spiritual Independence* of the Free Church, or the *Voluntaryism* of the United Presbyterian, it will be allowed that the time has come when the Church of Scotland must step forward and tell the world, that there are other contingencies, which it may, indeed, be forbidden to us to look at, as very likely to occur; but which Lord John Russell is not the less bound to regard, in any educational measure presented to his notice; and which, regarded from what is still happily the constitutional point of view, may lead to the very opposite conclusion to that which he has reached; and may demonstrate, that if the education of the people of Scotland is to be conducted on the principle of *religious instruction* being given within the National Schools, that Church is just the body, and *the only body*, in the proper position to reach this object.

Having regard, therefore, to the question of “Education”—“*religious instruction*,” as interpreted by his Lordship—as it stands related to the Church, rather than to the School, we would venture to ask, how—in the absence of all establishment—it would be possible to provide this in-

struction for the thousands and tens of thousands in our great cities, now "living without God in the world?" The Voluntary System might be shewn, even in theory, to be utterly inadequate to overtake this object; and all past experience has but confirmed the theory. It is meagre in the supply of spiritual food and parochial superintendence which it affords; it is partial in the distribution of these supplies, doling them out only to those who happily, and through other, and perhaps rival channels, have acquired a desire after them, and are able, moreover, to pay for them. It thus altogether overlooks the thousands and tens of thousands, who "care for none of these things;" and from whom, when they grow up within a country, social order and peace have so much to fear. Adopting the congregational instead of the territorial rule in providing religious services, the energies of the Voluntary System have no concentration; and while within the chapel it may boast of summoning a large attendance on religious ordinances, they forget the many hundreds, within the locality by which it is surrounded, on whose ears the gospel tidings have never broken. Of nothing are we more persuaded than of this, that had the State kept pace, in meeting the religious wants of the country, *pari passu* with the encrease of these wants, the spectacle now exhibited of so many thousands within our great cities, who never enter the door of a Christian temple, would not have been witnessed. Had the State done its duty, "Endowment" and "Home Mission" schemes might not indeed have found the place which they now occupy in the Church of Scotland. These may be said by some to blend together the advantages of the *established* and *voluntary* systems; but it may be doubted, if they are, on principle, the modes of maintaining religious ministrations of which an out and out sound policy can most approve. They have doubtless been imperatively demanded by the circumstances in which, in regard to these ministrations, the country has come to be placed; and beyond all controversy, they are standing between us and the most fearful evils that must flow from the ignorance and demoralization of the masses, and this in a manner that entitles them to the highest praise. We are not ourselves afraid that the *voluntary* element, which has again mixed with our established polity, will lead to the evils within the Church of Scotland that, under its unmitigated working, it might be expected to produce; while it supplements "ways and means" that are now found inadequate to meet the great object in view—the supplying of religious instruction and gospel ordinances to our population—especially the poor and destitute, unable to procure them for themselves.

With these views of the Voluntary Principle and its workings, as the channel for diffusing religious instruction, and providing religious ordinances, we need scarcely say that we speak with all manner of courtesy of the dissenting bodies in Scotland; but, looking to Christian churches as the great conservators of the religion and morality, the peace and good order of every country, we think they will be better able to acquit themselves of their high destiny, that their judicatories are relieved from the constant care of sustentation funds, and found watching over immortal souls, rather than stirring up Deacons Courts to make good the pecuniary assessments laid upon their flocks; and however blind to all

this may be the policy which governments seem now inclined to follow, we believe that the eyes of not a few are beginning to be opened to its truth, who, during the fever of Non-Intrusion and Spiritual Independence, could not perceive the evils to which the voluntary and precarious rule of maintaining ministrations within the Christian temple may expose the interests of "pure and undefiled religion." We have ourselves little faith in the gigantic scheme which has so recently been organized in Scotland, as a channel of diffusing and maintaining religious services over the country. All past history teaches us to fear that—the feverish impulse which has given rise to it once permitted to subside—Scotland may sink into an indifference to her religious state, commensurate with the apparent zeal, and pious fervour, that are now measured by the vast pecuniary resources placed in the hands of the Free Church; or else—and this is certainly no very desirable alternative—may become, through this very wealth and means, unchecked in their growth and employment, the victim of a *spiritual despotism*, not surpassed by that from which the Reformation in 1560 happily rescued it. Such corporations—call them *spiritual* if you please—governed by their own laws, and under the authority of their own self-appointed office-bearers, may affect to regard alone the things of another and eternal world, while they are yet eager and successful in appropriating a goodly portion of this world's gear; they ought not, therefore, to be objects of indifference to any wise Government; they are only the more dangerous that they affect to reject the advances of the secular power to assist and promote their objects, declining to be subject and subordinate—which they designate being bound—where they cannot be paramount and supreme alike in the *preceptive* and the *restrictive* departments, which they are pleased to call "being free," and only "biding their time" until they shall put all such authority under their feet.

It is at such crises, when such bodies are again arising in the world of Christendom, that we are called on to look back on its past history. We may peradventure be on the eve of witnessing events, more and more verifying the saying of Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" teaching us that the occurrences of the third century of the Christian era find their counterpart in those of the nineteenth, which are, after all, but the repetition of an already told tale. It is not a new or hitherto unheard of arena of ecclesiastical strife, that is now opening up. The forces once more to be pitted against each other in this arena, have again and again held each their alternations of triumph and defeat. For three hundred years after the birth of Christ, the voluntary principle, as that on which the government and support of the Christian Church necessarily rested, was in the ascendant; or more properly speaking, had exclusive possession of the field. And the great fact to which we would now direct attention is,—that under the operation of this principle, those chains of fanaticism and spiritual despotism were forged, which the Christian world has never been able effectually to cast off. This fanaticism and spiritual despotism did not indeed vanish from the Christian world, when at length the Church was united to the State, and the Establishment superseded the voluntary rule in providing religious ministra-

tions. The Emperor Constantine was compelled to divide his power, mighty as it was, with the new religious corporation that had grown up in his dominions; had enlisted by that time so many in its ranks; and had acquired, under the sanction of the Roman laws themselves, the command of immense influence flowing from the wealth and property which it had even already accumulated. When the Western Empire fell at length under the assaults of its barbarian invaders, the fruits of Voluntaryism were fully reaped under the Established rule itself, in the rise, progress, and ultimate triumph of the Papacy. Had Constantine arrested the career of the first "Sustentation Fund" of the Christian Church, and assigned to her a fixed property under the control of the State, and adequate to support the clergy, he might have nipped the Papacy in the bud. The Reformation in the sixteenth century, shaking as it did the Popedom, struck indeed a heavy blow at the Voluntary principle, on which it really rested; but in more countries than one it really outran the necessity of the case, and substituted a *secular* for a *spiritual* despotism and usurpation over the rights of conscience, and the liberty of the Gospel of Christ, as intolerable as those of the *Gregories* and *Innocents* themselves. In proof of this we have only to turn to the treatment of the Puritans and Covenanters of our own country, the men to whom, above all others, and with all their eccentricities, we owe the civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy. The remedy itself produced the very evils which it was brought forward to remove; and now, in the nineteenth century, the voluntary principle is striving to make head against the Establishment; and under the specious colour of the *Free* and the *Independent*, the *rational* and the *liberal*, is again paving the way for the triumph of fanaticism and spiritual despotism. The eventful "Ten Years," from 1833 to 1843, already chronicled in the rival histories of Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Bryce, have given to establishment within the Church of Scotland, a more sound and signal triumph than it has achieved since the Reformation in 1560. They have conducted indeed to a large body of ministers and elders taking up a position beyond the pale of a Church, which but lately they had so often eulogized as all that is excellent; and who, in running from what they esteem the Scylla of a *Papatus Politicus*, are driving fast back upon the Charybdis of a *Papatus Spiritualis*, not less anti-Christian than that of His Holiness of Rome, that its seat may be transferred from the Vatican to Canonmills. It is true they tell us, that they still cling to the Establishment principle, as under their celebrated PROTEST of the 18th May 1843,—"*unanswered* and *unanswerable*," as they boast, they are still the Established Church of Scotland, and may again take possession of the Parish Churches from which they have been driven.

But what, our readers will by this time be ready to ask, has all this to do with our Parish Schools? Now we submit, that looking upon the School as under the demand that *religious instruction* must be furnished by it, it must be regarded, "part and parcel of the Church," the same reasoning is obviously applicable as that, which we have been employing in the more strictly *Ecclesiastical* department of "Education;" and a

national school, as a school of religion, can no more be trusted to voluntary efforts, than a national Church.

What, then, are the contingencies to which we have alluded, and which we would have Lord John Russell to look at, when the educational question, as it regards Scotland, is again before Parliament? Would it not well become Her Majesty's Government to consider how much the way would be paved for a sound and efficient legislation on this most important matter, were the Free Church to admit that the Established is still within the Christian pale, and to acknowledge that, in recognising the jurisdiction of the civil power in matters ecclesiastical to all the extent she has done, she has been guilty of no despite towards the Great Head of the Church, but has, in truth, obeyed the command, to be subject in all things to the magistrate as the minister of God? Were she to admit the fundamental error, into which she has herself fallen, of confounding the *preceptive* with the *restrictive* power of the civil magistrate in matters of religious faith and worship, and in this manner return to the doctrine of the Confession of Faith, which she still professes to reverence and receive, and to the creed of the Established Church; and were the United Presbyterian Church to concede, that to afford and receive State-endowment and support to the teaching of religious truth both in church and school, is noways opposed to Scripture, when not enforced under temporal pains and penalties—then would be the time to ask, as has been done somewhat prematurely, why these three great bodies should not unite together in a system of national education based upon religion, seeing they receive the same great rule of faith,—the BIBLE, as expounded by the same catechism,—that of the Westminster Assembly? But we should, doubtless, in this case feel bound to carry our enquiry a little farther, and ask—why these bodies should any longer be found constituting separate religious communities, or churches, in carrying on the “godly upbringing” of the old, when, under this supposition, they are one in the carrying forward that of the young? This question must be left to the Dissenting bodies in Scotland to answer. On them depends the converting of the contingencies, to which we have directed attention, into the “*faits accomplis*,” and in this manner the removing of the obstacles which secession and sectarianism have thrown in the way of such a national general education as Lord John Russell has declared that Her Majesty's Government alone will sanction and support. To demand that the whole ecclesiastical and educational polity of Scotland shall be recast, that these obstacles may be removed, seems to us unreasonable, as it might prove a dangerous experiment, and altogether uncalled for by any circumstances to which a wise and cautious statesman can lend an ear. They have not arisen in *consequence*, but in *spite* of the laws and constitution of this country enacted for the government of Church and State; and they are evils, which, if the Legislature cannot prevent or remedy, it can as little fail to regret. But on the other hand, it is equally clear that, if this risk is not to be encountered, and if our national education is to continue based on *religious instruction*, the problem now perplexing legislators and statesmen, can only be satisfactorily solved

through a consistent and steady adherence to the principle of Establishment,—that principle on which the educational polity of Scotland has rested since the Reformation; and to the integrity of which, in all time coming, the good faith of the nation was pledged at the Revolution, and Union between the two kingdoms; and which the reigning Sovereign, on her accession to the throne, bound herself by the most sacred obligations to uphold. That a public policy resting on this foundation can co-exist with toleration in all the latitude that can be fairly demanded for it, has been demonstrated by the experience of many years. Whether it can long be preserved under the levelling and liberalizing doctrines of the present day, may well be doubted. But in the mean time, light would appear to be breaking in upon this subject from a quarter of all others the most potent for good or evil to our Christian commonwealth. In a recent speech on a "Vote of Supply" on "Public Education in Great Britain," Lord John Russell is reported to have said, that in any scheme for a general national education—and he contemplated such a scheme as practicable—he would demand respect to be paid to two essential principles, as he esteemed them; first, that instruction should not be divorced from religion; and, secondly, that no child who is brought up at any school supported by the State, should be compelled to attend any *religious instruction* to which the parents conscientiously object. The carrying out of the first of these rules, is just an acknowledgment of the Establishment principle, and necessarily involves the adoption of the Establishment machinery, to which we have already directed his Lordship's attention. The carrying out of the second, is just the paying respect to that of *Toleration*, now so long and happily known in this country. *Establishment* and *Toleration* within the same school in matters of religious faith and worship, is however manifestly impossible, without the surrender of all distinction between religious TRUTH and ERROR. But the teaching of the TRUTH, as it is held by the State, can alone have a place within the Schools of the State. Error, as measured by the standards of the State, may be taught with the permissive authority of the Civil Magistrate, so long as this teaching does not outrage public morals, or disturb the public peace; but it must be *extra parietes* of such public institutions as the Prime Minister—the guardian of the national orthodoxy—can possibly sanction. When, therefore, allusion is made to the great difficulty of reconciling these principles, the *Establishment* and the *Denominationalist*—and Lord John Russell proclaims them to be the main difficulties he will have to encounter in any plan of general religious education that can be devised—the only and obvious solution is, that they are irreconcilable in practice, as they are contradictory in theory.

But there is another and more special view of the question, to which we would direct attention:—the difficulties and dilemmas which Lord John Russell regards as before him, are mainly to be encountered where, in the matter of a National Education, in which *religious instruction* is to be an element, the legislature may have, as in England, a *tabula rasa* on which to inscribe what laws it may see fit. But having to deal, as in Scotland, with an existing system, which is not less sanctioned by sound

principle and Christian rule than it has been found eminently successful in practice, and which is moreover fenced round by constitutional bulwarks the most inviolable, as these are found in the statutes of the Revolution Settlement, the Articles of Union, and the Act of Security, the Statesman ought, in truth, to have an easier task before him, when called on through the means of a "Reformed and Extended School Establishment," to stem the tide of demoralization, ignorance, and crime, now so fearfully setting in.

It remains to be seen, and Scotland looks forward with the deepest interest to discover, whether Lord John Russell will listen to the Established Church, or to the *Dissenters* from her communion, in framing for her a general system of Education, based on *religious instruction*. His declaration, that this instruction must find a place in any school to which the sanction of Government can be given, appears to exclude one of the "Free Presbyterian Bodies," into which his Lordship has divided Scotland, and to shut him up to a choice between the *Established* and the *Denominational*. The learned Lord Advocate of Scotland, on this most important matter, is more *liberal*, as it will now-a-days be called, than is the head of her Majesty's Government; and rather than mathematics and political economy should not enter our schools, he appears willing to remove the religious guard which the piety and patriotism of our forefathers have placed at their very threshold alike against the entrance of infidelity and atheism. Hints have already, however, been thrown out within the Church of which the Lord Advocate is a member and an office-bearer, that the views which he entertains of National Education are not without support from the ablest and most influential of its members. In these circumstances, the Church of Scotland cannot be insensible to how much depends upon Lord John Russell. She feels that, if she is regarded as no longer in a position, *as the instrument of the State*, (for that is the question with which we are now dealing,) to give *religious instruction* to the young, neither is she, *in this character*, in a position to give *religious instruction* to the old; and her days, as the hitherto recognised religious institute of the country, must, on this reasoning, be held as numbered. She would fain flatter herself that, whatever may be the railway speed with which "Reform" has been driving on, he would be a bolder "minister of progress" than is yet to be found, who would call upon a British Parliament to disestablish the Church of Scotland. But whatever may be the course pursued by others, the Church of Scotland has solemnly recorded her "*Testimony, Declaration, and Protest*," on the all-important question of a "national education;" and by the principles therein laid down, she will, doubtless, abide "through good report and through bad report." She will employ every constitutional means within her reach to maintain her own rights and duties, as identified with those of the parish schools of the country, which have so long and so deservedly been the boast and honour of Scotland. She is at this moment, we learn, urgently pressing upon the head of Her Majesty's Government, the introduction of such improvements into these schools as time and circumstances clearly point out as necessary to render them more and more efficient. It is, indeed, not a little dis-

couraging, that in the midst of these exertions she should be met by something like a declaration from the head of Her Majesty's Government himself, that she is not now in a position to undertake the superintendence of the education of the people of Scotland—meaning, of course, the overlooking all that she pretends to provide for—a “godly upbringing to the young;” and should be told on the same high authority, that if she come to Parliament, in the attitude of maintaining the rights of superintendence and control over the national education, which she now enjoys under the most solemn international treaties and the most fundamental statutes, she will not succeed in obtaining the extension and assistance which she demands. In persevering, in the midst of these discouragements, to press her claims on the attention of Government, she cannot be understood as compromising any of the principles which she has so solemnly adopted, or as making any concession to either the *Educationist* or the *Denominationalist*. Her course is clearly marked out by beacons, which she has herself solemnly re-erected, since the present war was opened against her parish schools, and by these she will stedfastly steer, come “weal or woe” to the all-important and national interests, with the guardianship of which she is constitutionally entrusted. While, as she has proclaimed in her *Testimony, Declaration, and Protest*, she “looks with no envious eye” on assistance being given to those Christian denominations who, differing from herself in minor points, and thereby, unhappily as she thinks, so far rending asunder the garb of Christian unity, yet teach to the young “the truth as it is in Jesus,” she is not to be regarded as demolishing all distinction between Truth and Error, and has not committed herself to sanction the teaching of the pestilent and pernicious doctrines of Popery, at the cost of the Protestant treasury of the country. She will, we doubt not, prove her consistent adherence to principle, by supporting the move now making to withdraw the support given to Maynooth College under Act of Parliament; and she will not permit herself, when carried away by the shallow sophistry, that the right to this grant, existing under Acts of Parliament, is a “*vested right*,” and cannot, without the greatest danger, be disturbed. She will propose to herself a previous question—Is this policy right, and sound in principle, and warranted by Christian rule and requirement? and by the answer to this question she will be guided:—If the first Minister of the Crown, on whose *fiat* may ultimately depend the course to be pursued in this educational question, will preserve the Church to the people of Scotland in all its rights and privileges; if he will maintain inviolate the bond that unites the parish church to the parish school; if he will extend these schools to the localities where they are still wanted; if he will enable the schoolmaster to occupy the place to which his truly important office entitles him, and to retire into a comfortable and competent independence, when age and infirmities shall have disabled him from active duties—that minister will earn for himself a rich reward,—not more in witnessing the happy fruits of this policy, as they will assuredly appear in the increasing piety, peace, and welfare of the empire, than in gaining the good-will and affections of the people of Scotland. Lord John Russell must not be deceived by the noisy clamour raised by *sectarianism* and *se-*

cession against our parish schools. The Scottish people do not sympathise in this clamour. The defeat of Lord Melgund's bill has been hailed with the greatest satisfaction over Scotland; and it cannot be doubted that, as this has proved on the one hand, how strong is the attachment of the Scottish population to what is so peculiarly a Scottish institution, so, on the other, will it stimulate those to whom the superintendence of this institution is committed, to be more and more zealous and diligent in rendering it all that Scotland has a right to expect at their hands. Would! that in so truly holy and patriotic a cause we could make ourselves heard over the length and breadth of Scotland, and alike in the ears of the thousands of busy artisans that crowd our populous cities, and in those of the honest and hardy peasantry that prosecute their less noisy labours in her peaceful hamlets, and amidst her secluded glens, should one voice at least be raised—trumpet-tongued—calling upon the people of Scotland to be more and more resolute, in striking down the sacrilegious arm that would tear from them the palladium of all the Christian and patriotic virtues, for which they have been so long and so happily distinguished—THE GODLY UPRISING OF THE YOUNG.

Anecdotes of the Aristocracy. Second Series. By J. B. BURKE, Esq.
2 vols. London: E. Churton.

These are interesting volumes, and doubtless the author could supply the public with many more such. Mr. Burke may be said to have spent his days and nights in studying the genealogies of the aristocracy, and it would be surprising if, in his elaborate investigations, he did not meet with anecdotes worthy of separate publication. Among these we prefer selecting the concise account given of the eccentric proprietor of Fonthill Abbey, the late Mr. Beckford, author of *Vathec*, a man who was nursed in the lap of luxury, and of whom it may be said, that all the pleasures of the world were at his command. His wealth was enormous, and a fortune was expended by him in the erection of that noble edifice, which was at once the wonder and the envy of the aristocracy. Of the decadence of the old English nobility there are sufficient memoranda in these volumes, showing the mutability of human affairs, and the instability of families, even of the greatest territorial possessions. "Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevils, the three most illustrious names on the roll of England's nobility. What race in Europe surpassed, in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that "the aspiring blood of Lancaster" had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl

of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. S. James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square." Scotland and Ireland tell the same tale; and what is true of the nobility is equally true of the landed gentry. What with forfeitures, extravagance, and speculation, many who for ages occupied large estates in our counties, are literally unheard of and forgotten. But it is to the late princely proprietor of Fonthill Abbey that we are anxious to direct the reader's attention, and not to the numerous episodes of ancestral story which abound in the volumes before us, and of which they are chiefly composed. Mr. Burke did not require to condescend to amass so many dubious and ridiculous fables to fill his volumes, as history authenticates facts of such a startling nature as even in interest to surpass the most outrageous of all the superstitious legends he has misspent his time in collecting. We have selected Fonthill Abbey from these anecdotes, as there is connected with it the history of two individuals totally dissimilar in birth, education, and habits. The one was possessor of an enormous fortune by inheritance, and spent it in a manner more than princely; and commoner as he was, he saw the ducal coronet on his daughter's brow. The other, though born in poverty, succeeded in purchasing his princely abbey, and, after he obtained it, did not know what to make of it, and with all his possessions died, and left not an heir of his own behind to inherit it.

"Mr. Beckford was the son of the celebrated Lord Mayor of London of that name. He purchased Fonthill Gifford, an ancient manor of the Merwyns, and when, in 1755, the old manorial residence was actually burnt down, he determined upon the erection of a mansion worthy of his great fortune. The expenditure of £150,000 made him master of a house, grand in its proportions, and beautiful in internal decoration. The centre was adorned with a splendid portico, and expanded at each side into spacious and handsome wings, connected by corridors with the main house. Here for fifteen years the powerful Alderman resided in great state, but died in 1770, when in the zenith of his popularity and power, and whilst he was serving for the second time, the high office of Lord Mayor of London. He had married a lady of ancient and illustrious blood,—Maria, daughter and co-heir of the Hon. George Hamilton, M.P., and grand-daughter of James 6th Earl of Abercorn, by whom he left at his decease one son, called by his own name, who never could conceal the pride he took, and the pleasure he found in his Hamilton descent.

"This son being only ten years old at his father's death, his large income was made still larger from the accumulations of a long minority, and when he became of age in 1781, he found himself possessed of an immense fortune, a name known from one end of England to other, and the fine seat of Fonthill Gifford. Enough apparently to satisfy most men, certainly you or us, gentle reader; and we add, that two years afterwards, he wedded the Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, whose noble descent and Huntly blood was valued by none higher than by her fortunate husband: if we had not heard, as we all have, of his singular subsequent career, we certainly should suppose he must have felt that he had all man need legitimately desire. But the younger Beckford was a being of most extraordinary tem-

per, great but wayward, and of wild imagination. He was ambitious; his father had bearded his king, sitting in all the state of sovereignty;—he had been for some time almost a king himself, among his faithful lieges of the city; and his son could not brook to be known only as the heir of such a father. For the contests and victories of parliamentary life, for courting and leading the populace, he was not fitted; and though on more than one occasion he obtained a seat in the house of commons, his career there has left no trace worthy of notice. Fretted perhaps at the difficulties which encumbered him on his search after celebrity in England, where so many others were as wealthy, so many more noble,—he first left his native land for the southern countries of Europe, to seek renown in those imaginative lands, to strike with wonder the less wealthy grandees of foreign courts, strengthened in this plan by the death of his wife, who only survived her marriage three years, dying in France in 1786. Who has not read *Childe Harold*? Whose is the mind that does not ponder with pleased and wondering interest over the being whose palace, once the resort of the wildest, most pleasure-hunting, must we add, most profligate court in Europe; now ruined and lone, is pointed out to the English traveller by his Lusitanian guide, and scarcely discovered amid the luxuriance of the almost tropical vegetation which surrounds it!

‘There thou too, Vatheek, England’s wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise, as not aware
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done;
Meek peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.
Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain’s ever-beauteous brow.
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds, a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasures on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by time’s ungentle tide.’

“Beckford wished to astonish, and wishing it energetically, he succeeded. All Europe knew his name, and wondered at his wealth, and the wild splendour in which he lavished it around him. But singular and picturesque as is the short history of his Portuguese nation, it is with his Wiltshire property we are now anxious to become acquainted, when the eccentric owner of Fonthill Gifford returned to take up his abode finally in England. The house erected at so much expense by his father, seated in a handsome park, in a beautiful part of the county of Wilts, was a fine example of an English country seat of the highest class; but there were others in other districts, and belonging to other men, which were of similar dimensions, fitted up in the same style,—and Beckford must have no equal, none to rival him. And so this mansion was at once mentally handed over to the care of the auctioneer, by its morbid owner. This was in 1796.

“Ten years afterwards, Fonthill Abbey was sufficiently advanced towards completion to permit its lord to take up his residence in it; and then was Fonthill Gifford consigned to the hammer of Mr. Phillips, the George Robins of the day, one wing only being preserved, and remaining a prominent object in the Abbey Park, doubtless to impress upon the passing visitor how vast must be the mind of that man, whom a mansion, of which this was but a small appendage, was not sufficiently splendid to satisfy. On a lofty eminence in its vicinity, the singularly magnificent creation of his erratic genius, was now rearing its proud and pinnacled crest. It was built

after the plan of the most rich of the abbeys of bygone days, and like them, its superstitious foundation occupied the ground in the form of a cross.

"From about the centre of the pile of buildings sprung the tower, which was the abbey's distinguishing feature, and of which the elaborately ornamented walls attained the great height of 278 feet. Though not so attractive at first sight as the far-famed tower, other portions of the edifice were, on examination, found quite as admirable and astonishing. An arch is mentioned in Neale's *Views of Country Seats*, (a very interesting work, from which we have derived much information,) which was nearly six times as high as it was wide—a comparative height exceeding by one-third that of the highest of the lofty arches which support the groining of the nave in Westminster Abbey. The great hall was 78 feet high, whilst its length was only 10 feet less. Its width was 28 feet. The great western doorway, also, was of remarkable dimensions, reaching the height of 31 feet; and the other portions of the extraordinary structure were not inferior, in comparative grandeur of dimensions, to those we have more particularly selected for mention.

"Having once resolved to erect this palace, the energy of him who planned it refused to submit to the slightest delay. The eternal laws of great nature herself were set at nought. Night was no longer at Fonthill the season of rest; where Beckford chose to build, darkness no longer reigned when the light of waning day had fled; countless torches shed their lurid light around the rising walls, and not the busy hum of labour alone, but even the master-spirit's watchful eye often knew no difference between night and day. Even the Sunday, with its sacred rest, was too frequently forgotten, though he for whose gratification all this was done had brought home, from his sojourn in Italy and Portugal, so much of the true spirit of superstition as to carry, it is said, a silver image of that amusing anchorite, St. Anthony, constantly about his person. The splendid works at the Sovereign's Castle of Windsor, where the knightly chapel of St. George was then being decorated, had to cease for a while that the workmen might adorn Beckford's Young Abbey; the agriculturists of the vicinity had to delay, postpone, and mismanage the labours of husbandry, that there might be no lack of horses or waggons at Fonthill. And what thinkest thou, reader, fair or wise, as the case may be, was gained by all this wondrous haste? Mr. Beckford amazed the public; his palace, his character, his talents, his riches, were the wonder of the moment; and, above all, by dint of these unparalleled and almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded, at the close of ten years, in being able to take up his habitation in an unfinished palace, which he was only to possess fifteen years, and of which there is now nought but a ruined memorial remaining. Well might the wisest of men exclaim, "Vanity, vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"With thick woods and lofty fences, with gloomy firs and cypresses, and pines, he kept at a distance from him that vulgar world, whom he ruined himself to astonish; he spared no expense to appropriate all the most costly curiosities and objects of vertu, with which he crowded walls upon which no eye but their master's was ever willingly permitted to gaze; and whilst his lofty tower, built upon the highest ground in the vicinity, seemed intended to attract the attention of, and be visible over, half his county, he had practically rendered it and its treasures almost inaccessible to the most persevering curiosity.

"In 1796 he commenced this creation of his brilliant fancy; in 1807 he first inhabited it; in 1822 he sold it to John Farquhar, Esq. for £340,000, and all the articles of vertu and taste which he had spent these years in accumulating, were sold by auction in 1823. Mystery had added much to the interest felt in Fonthill and its wonders, and such was the curiosity excited

by the sale, that of the catalogues admitting to the view which preceded it, and which were charged one guinea each, over 8,000 copies were sold. It is generally believed, that the decision thus unexpectedly come to by Mr. Beckford, and which transferred the property to others, was the unavoidable result of very serious pecuniary difficulties, which made it impossible for him to continue the lord of these monastic halls, where his retinue and expenditure were on the scale of a prince's household. He now settled at Bath, where Lansdown Tower, its owner, and his singular life, present as well as past, attracted as much attention as ever he could desire, and where he died in 1844, having survived by many years Mrs. Orde, the eldest of his two daughters, (the present Duchess of Hamilton is the youngest,) and having reached the patriarchal age of 84; he is said to have left Fonthill with perfect calmness, having previously, however, thought of residing in a small cottage on the estate, where he said he could live in peace on £3,000 or £4,000 a year, and letting the noble structure, which had cost its hundreds of thousands to maintain in proper style, become a vast and lonely ruin. But had he carried out this wild plan, he would have lost the greater part of the large price for which it sold, and he certainly did more wisely in parting with it.

"An anecdote related in the little biographical work called the 'Unique,' from which we have drawn several particulars concerning this wonderful man, makes the story of his calmness at bidding a long goodbye to Fonthill sufficiently likely. It is there said, that when the great tower caught fire during the progress of the building, owing, perhaps, to the frequent use of torch-light, the lord of the thousands which had been expended upon erecting that which was thus being devoured by the flames, looked upon the wild and majestic but melancholy sight, with feelings apparently of the most perfect composure."

So far Mr. Beckford, the inheritor of a princely fortune, the spoilt child of affluence. John Farquhar, Esq., his successor in the possession of Fonthill Abbey, was a man of a very different stamp. Born in poverty, he left his native city, Aberdeen, in pursuit of wealth, and found it beyond his utmost expectation in India, where, by rigid economy and industry, combined with fortuitous circumstances, he speedily amassed an enormous fortune, and returned to England. The habits of early life clung to him in his greatest prosperity and affluence, and acts of meanness and penuriousness are recorded of him which would hardly be credited. We are told that, in many instances, the possessor of a fortune to which few ever attain, condescended to acts which a tradesman of limited income would not be guilty of. It is reported of him that he would put a crust of bread in his pocket, to save the outlay of a penny at an oyster shop.

"This was the man who succeeded the selfishly luxurious Beckford at Fonthill. Truly those splendid walls which had so lately sprung from the ground, to which they were so shortly to crumble in ruin again, must have discovered the change of ownership, even though their new lord had not torn from them the proud escutcheons with which they had been adorned by him who had erected them, haughty in the consciousness of his descent from the rich blood of Chatelherault. Their new proprietor did not long possess those vaulted walls. Four years after his great purchase, Mr. Farquhar was no longer an inhabitant of the busy, idle, talking world which had stared at Beckford, and which stared at him. The immense fortune he had long and earnestly struggled to make, and to increase which he had lived a

solitary and apparently comfortless life, he made no disposal of by will; the law distributed it among his next-of-kin, and those he favoured and those he neglected inherited equal portions. Three nephews, Messrs. G. Mortimer, J. Mortimer, and Frazer, and four nieces, Lady Pole, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. Aitken, and Mrs. Trevezant, became entitled to about £100,000 each. The abbey he had sold some time previous to his death, and it was demolished, merely enough of its ruins being left to shew where it had stood; and to add to the interest of a spot which will always be a pleasing subject of meditation, not only to the Wiltshire lover of the picturesque, but also to the cosmopolitan student of human nature."

The defect of these volumes is, the proneness of the author to indulge in descriptions of "the dark side of nature," a love for supernatural legends, which he verifies or attempts to verify with the same detail as established historical facts—in short, to coin a word, a disposition to *Crowism*, which almost throws discredit upon anecdotes and statements which have never before been questioned. This radical defect will prevent these volumes from obtaining the amount of consideration to which they are entitled from the judicious, just as it will enhance their value to those to whom the stern facts of history are unpalatable, unless they are served up in the shape of historical novels and romances.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. By R. P. GILLIES. 3 Vols. 8vo. Bentley, 1851.

These are about the most interesting memoirs which it has ever been our fortune to peruse. They have all the charm of romance; all the interest of fiction, and a reality which can almost dispense with the authentication of dates. They extend over a period of fifty-four years, from 1794 to 1849, and embody correspondence and anecdotes of the most distinguished literary characters, with several original letters of the late Lord Carnarvon, Sir Walter Scott, and Wordsworth. The author was a gentleman of independent fortune, whose estates lay in Kincardineshire, and who cultivated literature in early life as a pastime. He was well known in Edinburgh, where he resided, and kept open table at the beginning of the century, and in these days never dreamed that for nearly half a century he would be compelled, by adverse circumstances, to resort to literature as a profession. In 1827 he migrated to London, and was the originator and editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, for which he was well qualified by an intimate acquaintance with Continental, especially with German literature. There are few literary men who have seen so many vicissitudes of fortune as our author. At one time he was courted by the first society, and entertained at his table the noblest in the land; subsequently we find him writing the leading articles of a London weekly newspaper, translating works from foreign languages, and composing romances in the Fleet and Whitecross prisons; anon, barricading his door, his wife and family within, for three months at a time, the bailiffs meantime keeping watch and ward without, and resorting to every conceivable stratagem to effect an entrance. In our limited space we cannot give our readers any adequate idea of such varied scenes; we prefer transferring to our pages the following interesting reminiscences of the Ettrick Shepherd, and an account of the Highland Chief Glengarry, as he appeared in Edinburgh on the occasion of George IV.'s visit:—

"Here I feel right glad to break the yam of egotism, by introducing for the first time to my readers, a character with whom I kept up habits of intimacy for many years, and who certainly was the most thoroughbred and indubitable original with whom it was possible to meet in all Scotland—I mean James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Most truly, if Burns was deservedly considered a wonder on account of the disadvantages which he surmounted in early life, Hogg was, by parity of reasoning, a supernatural wonder, seeing that, up to the age of twenty, he could scarcely read his Bible, and at that epoch first taught himself writing, by copying, with great effort, from printed books.

"From this date onwards, I believe his literary career to have been *sui generis*, and altogether unexampled. I never forget a remark of Mr. Southey's, when he honoured me with a visit at a time of year when Edinburgh was deserted, namely, that among all our literary characters, the only one whom he then felt particularly desirous to meet again was the Ettrick Shepherd. With very pardonable vanity, Hogg repeatedly wrote memoirs of himself. He has recorded the feelings of surprise, delight, and triumph with which he heard one of his own ballads chaunted by a country girl, who had no suspicion that the Shepherd, whom she daily met, was its author. But it may be noted as a yet more remarkable instance of his unexpected influence, that long before James Hogg was generally known, my learned uncle, Dr. Gillies, who had never even heard of his name, nevertheless got hold in London of his afterwards well known stanzas, commencing

"My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I live in the Highlands *sae* grand," &c.

and these he treasured in memory, and sang as often as he felt himself in jovial or patriotic mood.

"I don't think that any two poets could be more unlike in disposition and temperament than Burns and Hogg. The former was, from youth to manhood, a prey to alternating fits of excitement and despondency; he wrote for the most part with care and difficulty, and in his productions there was condensed force. Hogg, on the contrary, had his joyous moods, seemingly without any reaction of gloom; with the help of "the slate," he composed with great facility, and had a dislike to corrections afterwards; his temper was sustained and equable; his ambition, though steadfast, was of a quiet character, and though baffled, as it often happened, in his purpose, he was never for a moment cast down.

"Surely there never has been any instance of the pursuit of literature under circumstances more untoward than those which the Shepherd so cheerfully encountered. Take, for example, the difficulties attending his first attempt at publication. Being appointed to the vastly pleasant and poetical task of driving a herd of cattle from Ettrick to Edinburgh (for All Hallow Fair) in the dreary month of November, he suddenly conceived the notion of getting a volume into print, but having no manuscript in hand, he tried, during his walks, to remember the verses, and as often as they re-occurred, ran into a shop to borrow a stump of pen and morsel of paper to note them down. In this way copy was provided; luckily for his purpose, he found a good-natured printer, and an octavo volume or pamphlet was produced in a week, with which he returned in triumph to the Forest.

"Walter Scott could not persuade himself that the author of this *brochure* could ever live by mere verse-making, and, as a better speculation, recommended that the author should turn his thorough knowledge of sheep-farming to account in districts where it was not so well understood as in Ettrick and Yarrow. In furtherance of this plan, Hogg took a walk from Ettrick, across hill and dale, into Argyleshire, whence he embarked for the island of

Harris, intending, if he met with encouragement, to take a farm there, but nothing came of it. The next we hear of him is, that he had found some kindly-disposed, though humble friends, at Edinburgh, and had, with their help, put together a volume of poetry entitled the 'Forest Minstrel'; moreover that, to the utter amazement of the said friends, he had set up a new weekly paper entitled 'the Spy,' consisting of strictures on the state of manners, morals, and literary taste in the modern Athens, and varied by original stories and poems. Wonderful to tell, the work written by himself (in large quarto sheets with double columns) went on regularly for a year or more. A new weekly journal, to be penned exclusively by one and the same hand, would have been a stout undertaking for any literary man; it was altogether marvellous on the part of a lonely illiterate shepherd.

"About this time James Hogg tenanted a room at a suburban residence near Stockbridge. It was a weather-beaten, rather ghostly, solitary-looking domicile, like an old farm-house in the country. At this tranquil abode, he finished, within an incredibly short time, the 'Queen's Wake,' which, as he said, when once begun, 'went on of itself.' Indeed, he always ascribed a separate vitality and *volonté* to his compositions, so that it was not his business to carry them on; on the contrary, they carried on their author, and carried him away, till at last he wondered, even more than others did, at his own work! 'Aye, ye're a learned man,' he sometimes said to me in after years; 'there's nae doubt about that, wi' your Virgils, and Homers, and Dantes, and Petrarchas. But aiblins ye mind yon fragment upon the slate that ye despised t'ither morning; eh man, sinayne, it's etling to turn out the very best thing I ever composed, and that's no saying little, ye ken.'

"The 'Queen's Wake,' when completed, was so extraordinary that it soon found a publisher. It appeared in 1813, just after I had migrated from Castle Street to Northumberland Street, and I never forget the impression it made on my mind at the first perusal. Till then, Hogg had only been talked of as an eccentric being, uncouth and rude in manners, who had written divers clever songs and ballads, which appeared in magazines and newspapers. But the 'Queen's Wake' instantly lifted him up to an entirely new and unexpected grade on the Scottish Parnassus. Almost every poem of length which came out in these days, was less or more an imitation of Scott or Byron. But Hogg decidedly struck a key-note of his own. There was a freshness, a vigour and variety, a bold and joyous spirit in the long ballads here strung together, which riveted the attention of every one not insensible to poetical impressions."—P. 122, vol. ii.

"By mere chance I have mentioned Glengarry, one of the few friends whose memory I yet sincerely cherish; but who besides deserves special commemoration, as a character *sui generis*, moving alone in society, the only example left to us of the veritable Highland chief; one whose misfortune, as Sir Walter Scott observed, 'was having been born two or three centuries too late.' Under this disadvantage it was little to be wondered at if Glengarry was not always understood and appreciated in our working, ordinary, one idead, modern world. He was intelligible among his own rocks, lakes, woods, and mountains, where every man, from the humblest gilly to the independent farmer or cock laird, would, at an instant's warning, have died for him. But with the common-place 'men of the world,' the cautious, plodding, sordid formulist, or the modern sprig of fashion, with his finical *mannerism*, the chief was *malplacé*; as much so as when, in his full Highland costume at the coronation, he most unconsciously terrified a fashionable dame out of her wits, who thought because he wore pistols in his belt, and happened to rest his hand on one, that he had come to shoot her. She screamed out, and pointed at the supposed assassin, who, *malgré* his explanations, was forthwith taken into custody and removed by force

from the scene. The world was not wide enough to contain his wrath at this indignity, or his contempt for English ignorance and *savageism*. Under such irritation he could write better than he could speak, for he was inarticulate and stammered in his wrath; so he published a long manifesto about it in the newspapers, declaring how he had worn that dress, pistols included, at all the most distinguished courts of Europe, and never was insulted before.

"Undeniably Glengarry had his faults and failings, but it is equally true that these were integral traits of his character, and, paradoxical as it may sound, inseparably blended with his virtues. He was proud of his position and ancestral dignity, and would not relax in that sentiment, for he regarded it as part of the duties of a chief to be proud thereof. He was, of course, tenacious of his rights, especially of his right to boundless respect and deference as commander and captain of a great clan, duly upholding the dignity of his rank by fulfilling its functions; consequently was always ready as gunpowder to catch fire and explode, even at the most distant indications of slight or provocation, real or supposed.

"During the ceremonials in honour of George the Fourth, being *en costume* at a review, attended as usual by his 'tail' all in their Highland costume, he started from the barouche-box, and, sword in hand, challenged a whole troop of yeomanry for presuming to encroach on what he considered his proper station on the field, or interfere with his movements; but luckily their leader knew him well, and by a few mild and respectful words, turned aside the current of his indignation.

"As I have said, Glengarry's faults and virtues were blended. He was not courageous of course, but, to own the truth, was not merely unsuspensible of fear, but too often seemed incapable of prudential caution. It is mournful to reflect, that had it not been for the impulses of parental affection, triumphing over all thoughts of personal safety, Glengarry might have been alive at this hour. He was generous and profusely hospitable, ready to help even a remote clansman with purse or with claymore, as the case might be; but his generosity and hospitality were never stinted or checked by the rigid surveillance of calculating prudence. If his yearly rents proved insufficient, he would recklessly grant a mortgage over the broad lands which he loved so well; but I cannot imagine that any amount of embarrassment would ever have led him to acquiesce in the sale irrevocably of a single acre.

"I have said that he was exigent of the respect due to him, as chief of an old great clan, but *per contra*, and in return for it, he never, under any circumstances, forgot or neglected a clansman or faithful adherent. Glengarry's friendship was not of that adulterated sort which effervesces in mere *talks, talkes*, and on the first approach of a change of weather, turns sour, or, in a better metaphor, he did not veer about like a weathercock, but in his friendships and affections was steadfast as the magnet amid winds and waves, or one of his own oaks amid the wintry storms."—P. 75, Vol. III.

For farther entertainment we refer our readers to these tell-tale Memoirs of a Literary Veteran.

Shorter Catechism agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster.
Now for the first time translated into the Hebrew Language. Edinburgh:
Robert Young, Foreign Bookseller and Printer, Head of the Mound.

We are delighted at meeting with this additional testimony to the learning and perseverance and pious zeal of Mr. Young, the respectable bookseller, who is at once the author and the publisher of this most curious and interesting little work.

When we last met with Mr. Young, it was as the translator and publisher of a little treatise entitled "The Ethics of the Fathers," and, on that occasion, we took leave to express our surprise at the few instances of acquaintanceship with the Hebrew language which are to be met with among our clerical instructors—and at the fact, that most of the works illustrative of Hebrew history and poetry, which occasionally issue from the press, are rather the productions of men from whom other things might have been expected, than of persons whose professional pursuits and habitual studies might be supposed to give them a deeper and more permanent interest in such pursuits.

Here, however, we have Mr. Young again, in a capacity somewhat different from the former. He then was the translator of a Hebrew work into English, and he accomplished his task in such a way as did honour to himself, and we hope has proved satisfactory and useful to not a few of the persons best fitted to pronounce an opinion on such subjects. Now he appears before us as the translator, not of a Hebrew book into English, but of an English book into Hebrew—a far more difficult task, as every person acquainted with either the principles or the practice of translation very well knows—and our wonder, upon looking at the little volume, and studying its attractive title, is, how it should have happened that the thing here accomplished was not done before—and why, in short, amidst so many zealous efforts to change the feelings and convictions of the descendants of Abraham, our own portion at least of the Christian Church did not think, that one of the most likely ways of attaining the desired object—or, at any rate, one of the best facilities that could be put into the hands of the missionaries—must be a translation into Hebrew of our fundamental principles in their most concise, yet most stringently connected form—in a word, a Hebrew version of our *Shorter Catechism*—a work which on every Sabbath, or, at least, whenever parents present their children for baptism, we hear most solemnly and emphatically recommended from the pulpit, as an excellent summary of the essential contents of both the Old and New Testament—indeed, as a concise exhibition of all that is necessary, both in the way of principle and of practice, for the eternal welfare of the human soul.

From Mr. Young's preface, which we are just about to quote, it will appear, that the Church of England has far outstripped us in this instance, and that, while the *Catechism*, and *Liturgy*, and *Articles* of the sister establishment have been translated into a great variety of languages, and into Hebrew among the rest, our excellent standards have been restricted to a far more confined circle, and have never till now been permitted to make their appearance in the Jewish dress—or to express their pregnant meaning in the language and idioms that were used by such revered persons as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—and all the patriarchs, psalmists, and prophets.

In confirmation and further amplification of what we have now stated, we beg to call the attention of our readers to the following extract, which forms the whole of Mr. Young's preface to his curious little work:—

"It has often been matter of surprise that, though the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland have excellent dogmatic Standards, they have been so indifferent to the translation of these into other tongues. While the Church of England has nobly exerted herself, and translated (in whole or in part) her *Catechism*, *Liturgy*, and *Articles* into a large number of languages,* so far as we are aware, the *Confession of Faith* and the *Larger Catechism* have only been translated into Latin, and the *Shorter Catechism* into Latin,

* Welsh, Manks, Irish, Gaelic, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Finnish, Ancient and Modern Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Amharic, Hindostanee, Siamese, Cingalese, Tamil, Sherbro, New Zealand, Mohawk, Latin, &c.

Gaelic, French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Tamil. No translation has appeared in Hebrew, which is the more remarkable, as the various Presbyterian Churches have taken the lead (as churches) in endeavouring to reclaim backsliding Israel to the "old paths" of Moses and the prophets, and to remove the veil which prevents them from acknowledging Jesus of Nazareth as their long-expected Messiah. The missionary deputation sent out to Palestine by the Church of Scotland in 1839 has produced the most blessed results. The Jewish missions of the Established and Free Church of Scotland are daily increasing in stability and strength, and in Constantinople, Pesth, Hamburg, Berlin, Aden, Bombay, &c. are bidding fair to accomplish their glorious enterprise. In 1848 a Society was formed in Glasgow for the 'Conversion of Israel,' under the auspices of members of various denominations, which employs two missionaries in Hamburg and Algiers. In England, Ireland, and America, the Presbyterian Churches are aiding in the same work, and no one bearing in mind the value of the blessings received through the seed of Abraham will hesitate to bid each and all of them God speed. 'Salvation is of the Jews!'

"It is for the purpose of aiding these and similar societies that this attempt has been made to furnish an edition of the Shorter Catechism in Hebrew. All who have ever attempted anything of a similar kind, are well aware of the extreme difficulty of rendering into a foreign language, and especially into Hebrew, the concise and mathematically exact terms which are employed in all dogmatic standards, and they will readily make allowance for a first attempt.

"If this little work should accomplish in any degree the objects sought—the glory of God, and the salvation of Israel—the labour bestowed on it will not be in vain."

Of the singular excellence of the Shorter Catechism, there can be, among competent judges, but one opinion—for precision of language, compactness of form, and perfection of systematic argument, we do not know that there exists, not merely in any Christian community, but in any secular branch of study, an elementary treatise that surpasses it. We have, indeed, been acquainted with several persons—the late Mrs. Brunton among the number—who regularly, at stated intervals, went over the contents of this Catechism, with the view of giving practice to their own powers of systematic apprehension, and who trained the minds of such young persons as felt under their management, to a similar exercise of their logical faculties; and this attempt, we believe, was in all cases attended with the most satisfactory and successful results.

Nor can there be any question as to the wonderful effect which their early familiarity with this Catechism has had in forming the opinions and guiding the habits of thought, and fixing the taste on all theological subjects of almost the whole of the youthful population of Scotland. Indeed, this effect has been so great, that we very safely state that the efficacy of the Shorter Catechism, in all the respects now enumerated, has been greater than that of all the other appliances that have been made use of, for forming the minds of our people to their peculiar and very respectable habits of thought on all religious topics.

But whether the translation of this little treatise into Hebrew can be expected to have any similar effect, may, we think, at least be doubted. Mr. Young, in his preface, quoted above, has very properly alluded to the difficulty of 'translating into a foreign language, and especially into Hebrew, the concise and mathematically exact terms which are employed in all dogmatic standards;'—and we question, even if this translation were made with the greatest precision and success, whether the peculiar style of didactic, metaphysical, or logical thought that pervades such treatises as the dogmatic

standards noticed by our author could ever find its just appreciation in the highly imaginative and sentimental habits of meditation and of expression that characterise the Hebrew tribes, as well as all the nations and languages that are to be found peopling and making 'articulate' the wide-stretching regions of the eastern portion of our globe.

However, the attempt was quite suitable to be made by Churches, which, of course, consider their standards as the very arks of the covenant, by which they are bound together as peculiar or favourite portions of the common household of God. For ourselves, we give Mr. Young great credit for the motive which has prompted him to make the attempt, and for the manner in which he has executed his intention;—we mean to keep the book as a great curiosity, as well as a means of occasionally brushing up our rather rusted acquaintance with one of the most ancient and venerable of all the dialects that have been spoken by men;—and we sincerely believe, that every Minister of our Church would be benefited by having such a treatise in his possession, if, at least, he has even so slight an acquaintance with the Hebrew letters and idiom as may enable him to read but an occasional verse of Mr. Young's translation.

In a word, we wish the work all success;—and beg, in this form, to convey to Mr. Young our most respectful sense of his accomplishments and good intention.

Scripture Difficulties: Predestination. By SIMON MACKINTOSH, D.D., Minister of the East Parish, Aberdeen. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1852.

In this little volume the subject of predestination is skilfully treated. We are not aware that anything has been advanced by the author which is positively new. After the masterly treatment of it by President Edwards—whose mind was one of the highest order—we are not to expect that much that is new can be brought forward. Dr. Mackintosh, however, has arranged and condensed the various arguments on the subject with much tact, and, as the style is both clear and chaste, it is calculated to be extensively useful. We were much pleased with the following remarks on man's responsibility in the matter of believing the gospel:—"Under the gospel, man is to be viewed, not as what in himself he is, but as what, in contact with the promises which the gospel makes, he has the power of becoming. Now, there is no one so situated, and not given up to hardness of heart, to whom the offer of salvation is not addressed, and for whom the power required to save him is not ready to be employed. Responsibility must, therefore, have reference to man, as knowing that such a power is accessible. Consequently, whatever man may be in himself, the power thus accessible to him renders the plea of inability to do good utterly worthless. Should an opposite view be held, it follows that the gospel is inapplicable to man as fallen. We are not concerned to carry the matter further, and to inquire into the responsibility of those who have never heard and never could have heard the gospel. It is enough to know that, in their case, as in every case, 'the Judge of all the earth shall do right.'"

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Hugh Morton Jack, to the Church and Parish of Girthon, in the Presbytery and Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. George Murray, late Minister thereof, to the Church and Parish of Balmacellellan.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Hugh M'Donald, to the Church in the Island of Bernera, in the Parish of Kilbride, in the Presbytery of Uist, and shire of Inverness, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Bethune, late Minister thereof.

The Queen has also been pleased to appoint the Rev. Walter Ross Munro to be preacher to the Church or Chapel at Cromarty, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. John M'Lennan to the Parish of Kilchenan.

Presentation.—The Rev. Thomas Hardy, presently Minister of the Chapel at Wishawtown in the county of Lanark, has been presented to the Church and Parish of Wester Foulis, in the Presbytery of Auchterarder, and county of Perth, vacant by the death of the Rev. Alexander Maxtone.

Presentation.—Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Baronet, has presented the Rev. Duncan Campbell, of Fossaway, in the Presbytery of Auchterarder, to the Church and Parish of Luss, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Robert Wright to Dalkeith.

Presentation.—The Duke of Argyll, at the unanimous request of the Parishioners, has presented the Rev. Donald M'Farlane of Muckairn to the united Parish of Killean and Kilkenzie, in the Presbytery of Kintyre, vacant by the death of the Rev. Donald M'Donald, late Minister thereof.

New Parish.—Mr. John Tawse, Secretary to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, appeared before the Presbytery of Dunkeld, at their last meeting, and laid upon the table an extract decret of the disjunction and erection, by the Court of Teinds, of the Church and district of Tenandry into a Parish *quoad sacra*, to be called the Church and Parish of Tenandry. The name of the Rev. Patrick Grant, Minister of the new Parish, was added to the roll of the Presbytery.

St. Mary's Church, Dumfries.—The Rev. William Brown, assistant at Kilwinning, has been elected to this Church.

St. Bernard's Church.—The Rev. D. Brown of Liverpool, a native of this town, has accepted a call to the Church and Parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr. Caesar to the Parish of Tranent.

Hope Park Chapel.—We understand that, on the recommendation of the Committee of Management of this Chapel, the Kirk-Session of St. Cuthbert's have appointed the Rev. Charles Morrison, some time assistant at Dalton, Dumfries, to succeed the Rev. James Cuthbert, lately appointed minister of Ballingry, Fife, and formerly Missionary to the Chapel; and that Mr. Morrison will commence his duties there on Sabbath next, the 7th inst. We are also glad to learn that active measures are being adopted for having this very important place of worship erected into a Parish Church *quoad sacra*.

Scotch Church, Manchester.—The Rev. Mr. Dunipace of Port-Glasgow has accepted the charge of the Scotch Church, St. Peter's Square, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland. He is to be inducted on the 18th inst., on which occasion the Rev. Dr. Cumming of London will preach.

Cores.—Death of the Rev. Mr. Cook.—We are sorry to have to record the sudden death of this gentleman at the manse of Monimail, on the morning of Saturday last, the 20th inst. Thursday being the fast-day at Monimail, Mr. Cook had gone there to preach on that occasion, and while so engaged, he dropped down in the pulpit. He was removed to the Manse, where he died on Saturday morning. Disease of the heart, we understand, was the cause of his death. Mr. Cook was twice before seized in the same sudden manner while engaged in his pulpit ministrations. He was highly esteemed by his parishioners as a talented, pains-taking, and faithful minister of the Gospel.

Death.—At Edinburgh, on the 17th instant, the Rev. Thomas Lockerby, Minister of the Parish of Cadder, aged 74.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

H. & J. PILLANS, Printers, Edinburgh.

INDEX.

- A German's Glimpse of Us, 165.
Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, reviewed, 372.
- Book of English Songs, noticed, 57.
Burke, J. B., his Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, reviewed, 372.
- Chalmers, Dr., his Memoirs reviewed, 138.
Cicero, the Death of, 257.
Confessional, the, and Dr. Pusey, 1, 65.
- Dunn's Counsels to Christian Parents, noticed, 317.
- Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64, 128, 192, 256, 320, 384.
Education, Lord John Russell on, 358.
Ethics, the, of the Fathers, 308.
Exhibition, the Great, Notes on, 237, 281, 344.
- Fairbairn, the Rev. P., his Ezekiel, noticed, 51.
- Gillies, R. P., his Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, noticed, 377.
Grierson, the Rev. Thomas, his Autumnal Rambles, noticed, 128.
Gregory, Professor, his Mesmerism, by a Candid Enquirer, reviewed, 18, 98.
- Honey, the Rev. J. A., his Sermon, noticed, 317.
- Inglis, Henry, his Marican, reviewed, 132.
- Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes, noticed, 315.
Knight's, Mrs., her Valley of Decision, noticed, 315.
- Lamartine, his History of the Monarchy in France, 248.
Lely, Peter, his Modern Æsop, 60.
Literary Intelligence, 51, 123, 190, 315, 377.
- Macintosh, Dr., his Scripture Difficulties, noticed, 383.
M'Lauchlan, the Rev. Paul, his Bible, its Use and Abuse, reviewed, 86.
M'Lauchlan, his Reply to Dr. Lee on Papal Infallibility, reviewed, 321.
Marican, by Henry Inglis, reviewed, 132.
Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, noticed, 377.
Mesmerism, by a Candid Enquirer, 18, 98.
Modern Æsop, the, by Peter Lely, 60.
Mormons, the, noticed, 125.
- Notes of a Visit to the Great Exhibition, 237, 281, 344.
- Olympus and its Inhabitants, by Agnes Smith, noticed, 190.
Original Poetry,—
The Beauty of the Lord, 128.
Sappho to the Sea, 319.
Earth's Treasures, 320.
- Parliament, the, House, its Song Birds, reviewed, 129.

- Pascal's Provincial Letters, noticed, 126.
- Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, reviewed, 176.
- Pusey, Dr., and the Confessional, 1, 65.
- Puseyism and Popery, Thoughts on, 221, 295, 333.
- Russell, Lord John, his Speech on Education, reviewed, 358.
- Sappho, her Age and Works, 193.
- Shorter Catechism, the, in Hebrew, noticed, 380.
- Song, the, Birds of Parliament House, reviewed, 129.
- Stapf, Dr., his Spirit and Scope of Education, reviewed, 86.
- The Free Church tried by her own Arguments, 221, 295, 333.
- The Intercessor, 43.
- The Frogs Petitioning for a King, 60.
- Thomson, Dr., his Lectures on Luke, reviewed, 157.

1

